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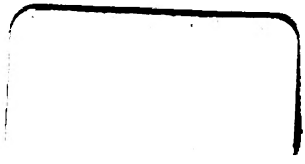

THE SCRAP BOOK

VOLUME III

MARCH TO JUNE

1907

NEW YORK
THE FRANK A. MUNSEY COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
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1907

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ERRATA.

Page 59.—"Poetry as an Aid to Correct Pronunciation." The two lines quoted from "The Lady of the Lake" should read thus:

> The Saxon paused: "I ne'er delayed
> When foeman bade me draw my blade."

Page 165.—"When Was Mrs. Browning Born?" The sentence "This opinion was based solely upon reference" should read "This opinion was based solely upon inference."

Page 171.—"Don Quixote and the Windmills." In the introductory sketch of Cervantes, the statement that the hero of his famous romance lived "in the little village of La Mancha" should have read "in a little village of La Mancha." La Mancha, of course, is a province of Spain.

Page 197.—"The Pay of Parliaments." Ten kroner in Danish money is equal to about $2.65, not $1.65 as stated.

Page 232.—"The Future Sovereigns of Europe." The succession to the Spanish throne has been changed by the birth of a son to Alfonso XIII, May 10.

Page 250.—"Salome." In the fifteenth line of the second column the word "scene" is a typographical error for "seen."

A few additional errors have been noted in the first two volumes of THE SCRAP BOOK since the list of "Errata" for those volumes was closed.

Vol. I, page 235.—"Field's Appreciation." This poem is dedicated to Mary French Field, cousin, not sister, of the author.

Vol. I, page 256.—"The Bivouac of the Dead." The final word of the last line but three should be "blight," not "flight."

Vol. I, page 433.—"Little Glimpses of the Nineteenth Century," 1849. President Taylor did not use the phrase attributed to him. The quotation is based on a sentence in his first message to Congress which reads, "We are at peace with all the world, and seek to maintain our cherished relations with the rest of mankind."

Vol. I, page 515.—"Men Whose Names Live in Their Inventions." It is not quite correct to speak of the guillotine of the French Revolution as the "invention" of Joseph Guillotin. Similar machines had been used in several countries long before Dr. Guillotin, from humanitarian motives, suggested what he regarded as a more merciful method of execution than the sword and block.

Vol. I, page 526.—"Casey's Revenge." Two members of the staff of the Cleveland *News* state that this poem, attributed by many to James Wilson, was published in that paper on February 24, 1906, and was written by Grantland Rice, sporting editor of the *News*.

Vol. II, page 30.—"Man May Not marry Whom He Will." Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is no longer illegal in Virginia.

Vol. II, page 148.—"Looking at the Debit Side." The exemption law of Arizona mentions no specific articles, such as pianos, shot-guns, or rifles, but holds a homestead in one compact body, not exceeding two thousand five hundred dollars in value, as exempt, and personal property to the sum of five hundred dollars.

Vol. II, page 691.—"The Earth's Most Curious Lakes." The statement that the water of the Boiling Lake, in Dominica, reaches a temperature of three hundred degrees Fahrenheit is probably incorrect. Except under pressure, water becomes steam at two hundred and twelve degrees.

THE SCRAP BOOK

Vol. III. MARCH, 1907. No. 1.

BLOW, WINTER WIND!

BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

[From Act II of "As You Like It," where it is sung by *Amiens*, one of the comrades of the banished duke in the Forest of Arden.]

BLOW, blow, thou winter wind!
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude:
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho, unto the green holly!
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky!
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! Sing heigh ho, unto the green holly!
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

SELF-MADE MEN IN ALL AGES.

In Every Land, and Throughout All History, Success Has Been Won by the Sheer Force of Unaided Merit.

WE are accustomed to speak of the United States as the land of the self-made man, and it is no doubt true that more poor boys have won their way to wealth and fame in America during the last forty years than at any other period or in any other country. Yet everywhere, and in all ages—even where the lines of caste have been most strictly drawn—merit and genius have forced their way to the front through all social obstacles, and in spite of humble birth and adverse circumstances men of forceful personality have stamped themselves on the history of the human race. Here are some historic instances:

ÆSOP and **Homer**, the most famous of the early Greek writers, were respectively, if the stories told of them are true, a hunchback slave and a blind beggar.

Sir Richard Arkwright, inventor of the cotton-spinning frame, was a barber.

John Bunyan, author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," was a traveling tinker.

Robert Burns, Scotland's lyric poet, was the son of a poor nurseryman, and was himself a small farmer and a revenue officer.

Miguel de Cervantes, author of "Don Quixote," was a page and a common soldier.

Christopher Columbus, discoverer of the New World, was a sailor, the son of a woolcomber.

Confucius, the Chinese sage, was a poor boy who began life as a store-keeper.

Captain James Cook, the famous English navigator, was the son of a farm-laborer.

Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," was the son of a butcher.

Charles Dickens was a label-sticker in a shoe-blacking factory.

Michael Faraday, the famous chemist and physicist, was a journeyman bookbinder, the son of a blacksmith.

Benjamin Franklin was a journeyman printer, the son of a tallow-chandler.

Giuseppe Garibaldi, whom Italians revere as their liberator, was the son of a sailor, and was at various times a candlemaker and a small farmer.

Ben Jonson, on whose grave in Westminster Abbey is the famous inscription "O rare Ben Jonson," was a poor boy, the stepson of a bricklayer.

Edmund Kean, the celebrated tragedian, was the son of a stage-carpenter.

John Keats, author of "Endymion," was the son of a hostler.

Linnæus, the great Swedish naturalist, was a poor student who mended his shoes with paper and often depended on chance generosity for a meal.

Jean Francois Millet, painter of "The Angelus," was a farm-laborer, the son of a small farmer.

Mohammed, founder of a great religion, was a shepherd and a soldier in early life.

Thomas Moore, author of the "Irish Melodies," was the son of a country grocer.

Napoleon was a penniless second lieutenant in 1785; in 1804 he was crowned an emperor.

Thomas Paine, author of "The Rights of Man," was a stay-maker.

Samuel Richardson, one of the first famous novelists, was a journeyman printer, the son of a carpenter.

William Shakespeare was the son of a glover in a little country town; both his grandfathers were husbandmen.

George Stephenson, the inventor of the locomotive, was the son of a fireman at a colliery, and began life as his father's helper.

Terence, the Roman comic poet, was a slave.

Trajan, perhaps the greatest of all Rome's emperors, was the son of a common soldier, and began his career in the ranks.

Vergil, whose "Aeneid" is the typical Latin epic, was the son of a small farmer.

James Watt, inventor of the condensing steam-engine, was the son of a small merchant who failed in business.

Cardinal Wolsey, Henry VIII's famous prime minister, was the son of a butcher.

Caprice in Women.

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BY LYNDON ORR.

It Is a Dangerous Attribute of Feminine Character; for While It May Not at First Lessen Its Possessor's Circle of Admirers, Sooner or Later Even the Most Forgiving Will Find It Intolerable.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

CAPRICE is the child of selfishness and of imagination. A capricious person is, in the first place, one whose own pleasure or convenience must be consulted before the pleasure or convenience of any one else; and imagination is ever present to depict with vividness the delights and fascinations of the thing which is absent or unrealized, as contrasted with the thing which is at hand and actual. Hence, the capricious person's mind is a perpetual kaleidoscope, continually turning; and as fast as each combination appears and is made possible there arises a sudden curiosity and desire for the next, so that no pleasure, no achievement, and no emotion really satisfies, but rather disappoints, and must give way to what is new, or, in other words, to something which the imagination upon the instant conceives as being better and to whose attainment selfishness admits the existence of no obstacle.

Capriciousness, as a marked trait of character, is far more common in women than in men, and for the reason that it is necessarily kept under and discouraged by the sort of life that most men have to lead. Only one who has attained great eminence, and who is, therefore, absolutely secure of his immediate *entourage,* is permitted to be capricious; and by the time that he has reached a position of such personal irresponsibility as would lead his associates to regard his caprices as not only pardonable, but even interesting, he has gone through such a discipline as both tames his selfishness and limits and chastens his imagination.

With women, however, the case is very different. For the touch of insolence which is inseparable from caprice in men is absent from women, as a rule, or is so covered up by other attributes as to make even those who suffer from it quite unconscious of its real nature. Another reason why woman is permitted to be more capricious than man is due to the fact that those about her view her in a different light from that in which they view a man. By tradition, and especially in our own country, woman is a being whose wishes in small things (and life is made up of small things) stand as law to almost every one about her.

It is, indeed, one of the finest traits of the normal man that where a woman is concerned he finds far greater pleasure in giving than in receiving. A sentiment of chivalry, a manly generosity, a large tolerance, and a love of lending an ever-present protection to that which appeals to him as needing it—these traits all tend to foster in the selfish and imaginative woman an unrestrained and unlimited spirit of caprice. Caprice, indeed, enters into the gift of fascination as an essential element. It charms because it supplies the attraction of the unexpected, because it affords a continuous succession of little mental and emotional shocks, because it piques one's curiosity and keeps one's interest perpetually active and alert, and, therefore, because it is the antithesis of the commonplace. When it does not exceed the bounds of reason, and when it is found united with a certain superficial sympathy and intelligence, it is very charming, and, indeed, it is almost in-

separable from the universally accepted ideal of the fascinating woman.

The danger of capriciousness lies in the fact that it seldom remains under control and subordinated to the other qualities that ought always to be blended with it, but that by constant exercise it comes, in the end, to dominate them all, and therefore to make of its possessor a thoroughly impossible and unhappy person. When a woman becomes so absolutely given over to caprice that she loses all stability of character, all sense of obligation, all generosity, and even the slightest consideration for another, then she has reached the stage when, though she may still attract and fascinate to a marvelous degree, she cannot long retain and hold the loyalty of those whom even she considers worth retaining.

The Limits of a Man's Patience.

For there are limits to the patience and endurance, and to the blindness, also, of even the most tolerant and generous of men; and what at first appears entirely charming will at last repel, when it is understood, and when it is stripped of its disguises, and when it stands forth to the disillusioned mind as the most wanton selfishness—hideous and heartless. All affection, all love, requires intervals of repose and rest; and in the presence of capriciousness, repose and rest are never found. When caprice, at last, becomes almost a mania, it spoils all pleasure, it checks and chills devotion, it repels enthusiasm, and it wears out even the deepest and tenderest affection.

A man may love a woman very dearly; but if, after he has studied all her tastes and has done his best to please her, and has sacrificed his own interests right and left, and comes to her with something of a glow in his heart and a hope that he has deserved a moment's happiness, and then discovers that her whole mental attitude has changed, and that the very things for which she wished a little while before are now the very things that she dislikes to think about, he cannot help a feeling, which at first is nothing but a feeling of disappointment, but which, when it has been many times repeated, will become inevitably a feeling of disgust and disillusion. When he is blamed for doing the things that he was asked to do, and is pettishly repulsed for not understanding through some miraculous prevision in just what particular direction the ever-present capriciousness will next turn, he will at last be disheartened and discouraged, and will find the task of giving pleasure one that quite transcends the power of even the most intuitive and the most devoted.

There is nothing so fatal to a perfect understanding and to perfect love as a perpetual succession of little checks and disappointments, which go on and on until they become expected, and therefore induce a habit of mind which is either cynical or unfriendly. That five minutes' inevitable delay in keeping an appointment should be allowed to spoil an evening's pleasure; or that a brougham was provided when the capricious person happened at the moment to prefer a hansom, and that two persons should immediately be out of touch with each other because of such a trivial mistake; that an error in the ordering of a dinner should seem to be weighed against the devoted service of months and years, and that some little turn of phrase should become far more significant than eloquent actions and perpetual self-sacrifice—these things in the end become intolerable to any man; and after a time, whether it be long or short, he will reach the very sensible conclusion that he has been a fool; and that in fostering caprice, which once seemed to be a charming thing, he has only bred a moral monstrosity to ruin and destroy his happiness.

The capricious woman, therefore, is one who is likely always to have admirers, but never for very long a lover who will be true to her and whose patience will endure forever. Perhaps at last she will, if she be very clever, awaken to something like a real understanding of how fatal even to herself is the selfishness that has become the greater part of her very being. And if she once comes thoroughly to recognize the real meaning and the real danger of unlimited caprice she will, before it is too late, grow weary of herself. If so, she is likely at last to accept the control of some one of a very different type from those who pampered her, and will end by becoming the meek and submissive plaything of a brute.

The Diamond Necklace.

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

Translated from the French for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THIS short story relates to what Thomas Hardy would call "one of life's little ironies." It is not cynical, as are so many stories which its author wrote; but it is grim and touched with a certain fatalism which is very characteristic of his manner. Perhaps the most remarkable thing about it is the subtle, elusive fashion in which Maupassant half suggests, without appearing to do so, a doubt in the reader's mind as to whether, after all, *Mathilde's* life might not have ended in a far worse tragedy had the event not happened precisely as it did; for then, intoxicated with pleasure and greedy for admiration, her fate might have been that of a *Mme. Bovary,* as drawn so pitilessly in the great novel of Flaubert.

SHE was one of those pretty, charming girls, born, as if by a mistake of destiny, in a family of the lower middle class. She had no dowry, no expectations, no way of being known, understood, loved, married, by a rich and distinguished man, and she had accepted, without enthusiasm, an under-clerk in the Department of Public Instruction.

She was simple, knowing no art of the great world, but wretched as an outcast. When women possess neither rank nor lineage, their beauty, their grace, their charm, serve them instead of birth and family. Their native fineness, their instinctive elegance, their easy adaptability, are their only distinction, and these place the daughters of the common people on a par with the noblest ladies.

She suffered constantly, believing herself born to all that was delicate, all that was exquisite. She suffered from the poverty of her home, the cheap hangings, the well-worn furniture, the ugly carpets. All the things that another woman of her rank would not even have noticed tortured and maddened her. The very sight of her little maid of all work awakened in her mind hopeless regrets and passionate longings. She dreamed of silent antechambers, hung with oriental draperies, lighted by tall bronze candelabra, and of two superb lackeys in knee-breeches, asleep in large armchairs, made drowsy by the luxurious warmth of the apartment. She dreamed of great drawing-rooms whose walls were ancient silk, with beautiful furniture and priceless ornaments, and of little boudoirs, tempting, fragrant, made for an hour's chat with the most intimate friends, men of renown and position whose notice all women envied and desired.

When she sat down to dinner at the round table with its half-soiled linen, opposite her husband, who uncovered the soup saying, in a tone of supreme satisfaction, "Ah, how good this is! I don't know anything better than beef broth," she dreamed of costly dinners, of polished silver, of tapestries peopling the walls with lords and ladies of ancient times, with strange birds in the midst of a fairy forest; she dreamed of exquisite dishes served on rare china, of whispered compliments heard with the smile of a sphinx, while the fair listener was eating the rosy flesh of a trout or the wing of a hen thrush.

She had no pretty clothes, nor one single jewel, and she cared for nothing

else; she felt that she was made for that. She wanted so to please, to be envied, to be flattered and sought after.

She had one rich friend, from her convent days, but she no longer cared to visit her, it was so dreadful when she came home. And she wept whole days together with anger, with regret, with resentment, and with despair. But one evening her husband entered with an air of triumph, holding in his hand a large envelope.

"Look," said he, "here is something for you!"

She tore the wrapper eagerly, and drew out a card on which was engraved these words: "The Secretary of Public Instruction and Mme. George Ramponneau beg the honor of the presence of M. and Mme. Loisel, at the Mansion of the Department, on the evening of Monday, the 18th of January."

Instead of being delighted, as her husband hoped, she threw the invitation contemptuously on the table and demanded:

"What do you want me to do with that?"

"But, my dear, I thought you would be charmed. You never go out, and here is a chance—a great chance! I had a world of trouble to get it. Everybody wants one; they are very special, and but few, I can tell you, are given to employees. You will see there the whole of the official set."

She looked at him scornfully and asked, with much irritation:

"What do you want me to put on my back to go there?"

He had not thought of that, and stammered:

"Why, the dress you wear to the theater; I'm sure it is very becoming——"

He stopped, astonished, desperate, on seeing that his wife was in tears. Two great drops were rolling slowly down from the corners of her eyes to the corners of her mouth.

"What is it? What is it?" he begged soothingly.

But, by a violent effort, she controlled herself, and answered in a calm voice, wiping her wet cheeks:

"Nothing. Only I have no dress to wear, and so, of course, I cannot go. Give the invitation to some friend of yours whose wife has some clothes to put on."

He was wretched, but would not give up.

"See here, Mathilde, how much would it cost to get a suitable dress—one that you could wear other places, too; something very simple?"

She thought a moment, running over the items in her mind and at the same time trying to hit upon a sum that would not startle her husband's economical soul and be met with an immediate refusal.

At last she said, with much deliberation:

"I don't know exactly, but it seems to me that with four hundred francs I could manage."

He grew a shade paler. That was just the sum he had saved up for a gun, so that he might join a hunting-party the next summer, in the fields around Nanterre, with some friends who went gunning there every Sunday.

He said, nevertheless:

"Very well; I can give you four hundred francs, but try to have a pretty gown."

The great day was approaching, and Mme. Loisel seemed preoccupied and distressed. Still, her gown was ready. Her husband said to her one evening:

"What in the world is the matter? For the last three days you have not been like yourself."

And she answered:

"I am worried because I have not a single piece of jewelry to wear—not one. And without it I shall look poverty-stricken in all my new things. I would almost rather not go."

"Get some natural flowers," he said; "they are very much worn, and for ten francs you could get two or three beautiful roses."

She was not a bit convinced.

"No; there is nothing more humiliating than to look poor among a lot of rich women."

But her husband cried:

"What a goose you are! Why don't you look up your friend Mme. Forestier and ask her to lend you some of her jewelry? You know her well enough for that, I am sure."

She gave a little cry of joy.

"Why, yes; I never thought of that."

The next day she went to her friend and explained her trouble.

Mme. Forestier took out her jewel-box and opened it and said to Mme. Loisel:

"Take your choice, dearie."

She looked first at the bracelets, then at a collar of pearls, then at a Venetian cross of gold and precious stones of beautiful workmanship. She tried on the necklaces before the glass, hesitating, not able to make up her mind to take them or to leave them. She kept asking:

"You haven't any other?"

"Why, yes; look. I don't know what you would like."

All at once she discovered, in a black satin case, a magnificent *rivière* of diamonds; and her heart began to beat with immoderate desire. Her hands trembled as she took it out. She fastened it around her neck, over her street gown, and stood in ecstasy before her own reflection in the mirror.

Then she asked hesitatingly, with her head in a whirl:

"Could you lend me that—nothing but that?"

"Why, yes; of course."

She threw her arms about her friend's neck, kissed her rapturously, and fled with her treasure.

The day of the ball arrived. Mme. Loisel was a great success. She was the most beautiful woman in the room, exquisite, gracious, and beside herself with joy. All the men looked at her, asked her name, and wanted to be presented. All the members of the cabinet asked to waltz with her. The secretary himself noticed her.

She danced on air, her head completely turned, intoxicated with pleasure, thinking of nothing in the triumph of her beauty, in the glory of her success, in a sort of dream of happiness, made up of all the flatteries, of all the admiration, of all the newly awakened desires, of that triumph so complete, so dear to a woman's heart.

She left about four in the morning. Her husband, since midnight, had been asleep in a little room deserted except by three other men whose wives were having a beautiful time. He threw over her shoulders the outdoor wraps she had brought, plain little garments whose poverty sorted ill with the elegance of her ball gown. She felt it, and made her escape, so as not to be noticed by the other women who were wrapped in rich furs.

Loisel tried to detain her:

"Wait a minute. You will catch cold. I'll go and call a cab."

But she did not hear, and ran quickly down the stairs. Out in the street, they could not find a carriage, and began to search, calling to the cabbies they saw in the distance.

They walked toward the Seine, desperate, shivering. At last they met, on the quay, one of those dilapidated nighthawks that are never seen in Paris until after dark, as if they were ashamed of their wretchedness during the day.

It set them down at their own door, Rue des Martyrs, and they climbed languidly to their apartment. It was over for her. And he, poor fellow, remembered that he had to be at the office at ten o'clock!

She threw off her wraps in front of the mirror, so as to see herself once more in her glory. But suddenly she gave a cry. She no longer had the diamonds around her neck.

Her husband, already half-undressed, asked:

"What is the matter?"

She turned to him dazed:

"I—I—I have lost Mme. Forestier's diamond necklace."

He sprang up wildly.

"What! What! It can't be possible!"

And they searched in the folds of the gown, in the folds of the mantle, in the pockets—everywhere. It was not to be found.

He asked: "Are you sure you had it still when you left the ball?"

"Yes; I had my hand on it in the vestibule."

"But if you had dropped it in the street we would have heard it fall. It must be in the cab."

"Yes, I think so. Do you remember the number?"

"No. And you—didn't you notice it?"

"No."

They looked at each other, horrified. Finally Loisel dressed himself.

"I'll go," said he, "over every step

we went on foot, to see if I can't find it."

And he went out. She remained in her ball gown, without strength to get to bed, sunk in a chair, cold, stupefied.

Her husband returned at seven o'clock. He had found nothing.

He went to the police headquarters, to the newspaper offices, to offer a reward; to the cab companies; everywhere, in fact, where there was the shadow of a hope.

She waited all day in the same state of terror at this frightful disaster.

Loisel returned at night—with his face wrinkled and pale. He had found out nothing.

"You must write to your friend," said he, "that you have broken the clasp of the necklace and that you are having it mended. That will give us time to look around."

And she wrote at his dictation.

At the end of a week they had given up all hope. And Loisel, who had aged five years, declared:

"We must think about replacing it."

The next day they took the case in which the necklace had been and sought the jeweler whose name was on the inside. He consulted his books.

"It was not I, *madame,* who sold that *rivière;* I only furnished the box."

Then they went from one jewelry shop to another, looking for a similar necklace, trying to remember just what it was like, their hearts filled with anguish and despair.

They found in a shop of the Palais Royal a diamond necklace which seemed to them exactly like the one they sought. It cost forty thousand francs. They could get it for thirty-six thousand.

Then they begged the jeweler not to sell it for three days. And they made the condition that he take it back for thirty-four thousand francs if the other were found before the last of February.

Loisel owned eighteen thousand francs, left him by his father. He would borrow the rest.

He did borrow it, asking a thousand francs of one, five hundred of another, five louis here, three there. He gave notes, made ruinous engagements, had to do with usurers and all the race of money-lenders. He compromised his whole life; he risked his signature, not knowing whether he would ever be able to honor it, and, shuddering at the agony of the future, at the black misery that was closing down upon him, at the thought of all the physical privations to be endured, all the mental tortures, he went and bought the new necklace, paying down on the merchant's counter thirty-six thousand francs.

When Mme. Loisel carried back the necklace to Mme. Forestier the latter remarked, rather coolly:

"You ought to have returned it sooner, because I wanted to wear it."

She did not open the case, as her friend had feared. If she perceived the substitution, what would she think? Would she not take her for a thief?

Mme. Loisel came to know the horrors of grinding poverty. But she did her part, grown suddenly brave and strong. The dreadful debt must be paid. She would pay it. They sent away the maid; they changed their apartment; they rented an attic above the roofs of the city. She came to know the drudgery of housework, the odious tasks of the kitchen. She washed the dishes, breaking her pretty finger-nails on the coarse pots and pans. She washed the soiled clothes and the heavy house-cloths, and hung them out on the lines to dry. Every morning she carried down the refuse into the street and carried up the water, pausing for breath on each landing. And, dressed like a woman of the working classes, she went to the fruit dealer, the grocer, the butcher, her basket on her arm, bargaining, slighted, defending, sous by sous, her poor little all.

Every month some of the obligations must be met, and others contracted, to gain time.

Her husband worked in the evening straightening out accounts; in the night, often, he did copying at five sous a page.

And this life lasted for ten years.

At the end of ten years they had paid back everything—everything, even with the usurious interest added. Mme. Loisel looked like an old woman now. She had become the stout, hard, coarse housewife of the lower classes. With unkempt hair, her skirt all awry, her hands rough, she talked loud, and knew only how to sweep and scrub. But sometimes, when her husband was at the office,

she sat down by the window and thought of that evening long ago, of that ball where she had been so beautiful and so flattered.

What would have happened if she had never lost the necklace? Who knows? Who knows? How strange life is—how uncertain. How little it takes to make or mar it all!

One Sunday, when she had gone out for a turn on the Champs Elysées to forget the dull cares of the week, she came suddenly upon a woman walking with a little girl. It was Mme. Forestier, still young, still beautiful, still attractive.

Mme. Loisel trembled. Should she speak to her? Yes, certainly. And now that the debt was paid she would tell her everything. Why not?

She went up to her.

"Good morning, Jeanne."

The other failed entirely to recognize her, and was astonished at being addressed so familiarly by this *bourgeoise.* She stammered:

"But—*madame!* I do not know—you must be mistaken."

"No; I am Mathilde Loisel."

Her friend gave a little cry.

"Oh! My poor Mathilde, how you have changed!"

"Yes, I have been through very hard times since I saw you last, and many miseries—and it was on account of you!"

"Of me! What do you mean?"

"Do you remember the diamond necklace that you loaned me for the ball at the secretary's?"

"Yes. Well?"

"Well, I lost it."

"Why, you returned it to me."

"I returned another just like it. And for the last ten years we have been paying for it. You can guess it was no easy task for us, who had no money, or none to speak of; but at last it is done, and I am very glad."

Mme. Forestier was amazed.

"You say that you bought a diamond necklace to take the place of mine?"

"Yes; and you never found it out? They certainly were very much alike."

And she smiled with a naïve, satisfied joy.

Mme. Forestier, deeply moved, took both her hands.

"Oh, my poor Mathilde! But *mine was imitation!* It was worth, at the most, a hundred francs!"

SENSITIVENESS OF A TELESCOPE LENS.

Astonishing Effects Produced by Simple Means Lead Many People to Believe That There Is Something Almost Supernatural in the Big Glasses.

WITH the exception of astronomers, few persons have any idea of the wonderful sensitiveness of the lens of a telescope. These marvelous artificial eyes can be produced only by the exercise of the most scrupulous care in the selection of the glass itself, consummate skill and inexhaustible patience. The process of grinding and polishing often occupies several months. When the lens of a big telescope in completed it constitutes one of the greatest marvels wrought by man.

An article in the *Literary Digest* describes how the sensitiveness of a lens was illustrated by Alvan Clark, the greatest lens-maker America has produced:

Mr. Clark walked down to the lens and held his hand under it about two feet away. Instantaneously a marvelous spectacle burst into view. It seemed as if the great glass disk had become a living volcano, spurting forth jets of flame.

The display was dazzling. Waving, leaping, dancing, the countless tongues of light gleamed and vibrated; then, fitfully, reluctantly, they died away, leaving the lens reflecting only a pure, untroubled light.

What is it? How do you account for the wonder? were the eager questions. It is only the radiation of heat alternately expanding and contracting the glass. If the hand had been put upon the lens itself, the phenomenon would have been more violent.

To a person ignorant of lenses the almost supernatural sensitiveness of a mass of glass weighing several hundred pounds is astonishing, but to the scientist it is an every-day matter, for he has instruments that will register with unfaltering nicety the approach of a person fifty or a hundred feet away.

TOBACCO

GEORGE WITHER (1588—1667) was an English soldier and poet, a notable and interesting character of the period of the Rebellion and the Restoration. Educated at Magdalen College, Oxford, he served Charles I as captain of horse, but later became a Puritan and joined the Parliamentary army. Cromwell appointed him "major-general of the horse and foot in the county of Surrey." In his old age, when Charles II recovered the lost throne of the Stuarts, Wither was imprisoned for a time, and his possessions were confiscated.

As a writer of verse he is usually compared with his contemporary, Francis Quarles, since both of them reveled in abundant imagery and tried to find moral parables in everything about them. Nevertheless, Wither wrote easily and smoothly; and in such a poem as the present his love of comparisons found expression in similes that are ingenious as well as quaint. The five stanzas of this poem are all that Wither himself composed. There have been modern additions made to it, but they are so inferior to the original as to make it hardly worth while to reproduce them. Readers of Scott's romance, "Rob Roy," will recall the scene in which the shrewd old *Justice Inglewood* quotes with an air of sage gravity a stanza apparently from "Tobacco," but found in no version of the poem. It is quite likely that Scott wrote this stanza himself; for, like Kipling, he was given to inventing scraps of poetry and ascribing them to old or unknown authors.

It was in 1586, two years before Wither's birth, that Ralph Lane, governor of the colony of Virginia, and Sir Francis Drake, first brought to England the implements and materials of tobacco-smoking. The popularity of the wonderful Indian weed spread with amazing rapidity, in spite of its condemnation by lawmakers and by the church. Wither, a deeply religious man, was one of the first English writers to champion it.

BY GEORGE WITHER.

THIS Indian weed, now withered quite,
Though green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay—
All flesh is hay:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

The pipe, so lily-like and weak,
Does thus thy mortal state bespeak;
Thou art e'en such—
Gone with a touch:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Then thou behold'st the vanity
Of worldly stuff—
Gone with a puff:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soul defiled with sin;
For then the fire
It does require:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

And seest the ashes cast away,
Then to thyself thou mayest say
That to the dust
Return thou must:
Thus think, and smoke tobacco.

Remarkable Coincidences.

BY HAMILTON OSGOOD.

Many Scientists Are of the Opinion that the Most Extraordinary Feature of These So-Called "Extraordinary Phenomena" Lies in the Fact that They Do Not Occur More Frequently than They Do.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

MEN who have studied the subject scientifically are agreed that the most remarkable thing about coincidences is that they do not occur more frequently. In the vast and complex variety of incidents that makes up the daily history of the world, it is only natural that similar happenings should often take place. It is equally natural that such parallelisms should attract an undue share of attention, and should ofttimes be magnified by the tongue of gossip or superstition till they attain the proportions of a mystery or a miracle.

An odd coincidence occurred a little way out of Boston Harbor some years ago. Two schooners came into collision, each of the vessels being a six-master. This does not appear to be remarkable, as schooner collisions are common, but when the fact is added that they were then the only two six-masters in the world the coincidence is worthy of note.

In the Dundee (Scotland) *Advertiser* of May 2, 1884, the following paragraph appeared:

On Saturday the four-masted ship Glencairn arrived from Chittagong with a cargo of jute. She hails from Glasgow, and has made the passage in one hundred and sixteen days.

In the same paper, a few days later, appeared these words:

On Monday the four-masted ship Trafalgar arrived from Chittagong with a cargo of jute. She hails from Glasgow, and has made the passage in one hundred and sixteen days.

A writer in *Knowledge* relates that the Fairy, of Lowestoft, England, on December 11, 1883, lost her small boat as she was leaving the harbor and could not recover it. She kept on her way to the fishing-grounds. Eight days later, on her return, while she was yet eighty miles from Lowestoft, she collided in the dark with something, which upon investigation proved to be the missing boat.

Evidence in a Shark's Stomach.

In the United Service Museum, London, are exhibited the jaws of a shark, wide open, and enclosing a tin box. The history of this strange exhibit is as follows:

A ship, on her way to the West Indies, fell in with and chased a suspicious-looking craft which had all the appearance of a slaver. During the pursuit the chase threw something overboard. She was subsequently captured and taken into Port Royal as a slaver.

In absence of the ship's papers and other proofs, the slaver was not only in a fair way to escape condemnation, but her captain was anticipating the recovery of pecuniary damages against his captor for illegal detention.

While the subject was under discussion a vessel came into port which had

followed closely in the track of the chase above described. She had caught a shark; and in its stomach was found a tin box which contained the slaver's papers. Upon the strength of this evidence the slaver was condemned.

Coincidences in figures have been strikingly numerous, Richard Wagner's association with the number thirteen being one of the most remarkable. He was born in 1813; those figures added give the sum of thirteen. He composed thirteen great works, and always said that he "set his head" on his after-career on the 13th of the month. "Tannhäuser" was completed on April 13, 1845. Wagner left Paris on September 13, 1861; and he died on February 13, 1883.

A Chapter of Thirteens.

The Boston *Journal* of July 14, 1906, gave a thrilling "thirteen story." An alarm of fire was rung in on the 13th from box thirteen at 3.13 o'clock. Its location was 193 North Street, which numbers added amount to thirteen. The damage was thirteen dollars. There were present thirteen firemen. Thirteen policemen were detailed to the fire; there were thirteen men at work in the building; the alarm was pulled by a boy thirteen years old, whose name, Giovanni Cecci, contained thirteen letters.

A writer in *Chambers's Journal* vouches for the following: In 1869 a man died at Troyes, France, whose name contained only three letters and his left hand three fingers; his home was No. 3 Rue des Trois Aveugles (Street of the Three Blind Men). His death occurred at 3.33 o'clock after drinking three glasses of spirits with three friends. In his purse were found three francs and three sous, and in his pocket three small cakes. He wore three coats and three pairs of trousers.

An amusing coincidence, to the bystanders, occurred when Frederick Robertson, the famous English preacher, told Lady Charlotte Lindsay a story about Lord North. Some one inquired of his lordship, as a lady entered:

"Who is that horrid creature?"

"That is my wife."

"No, no; I mean that monster next her."

"That is my daughter."

"The story is true," observed Lady Charlotte; "I was the 'monster.'"

Not many years since, a pastor in New York State read in his pulpit this portion of a hymn:

"Well, the delightful day will come
When my dear Lord shall take me home,
And I shall see His face——"

Just then he was stricken with paralysis, and died in a few moments. Thirty-three years before, in the same pulpit, another pastor was reading the very same stanza, when he, too, was stricken and died.

Fate Plays a Strange Trick.

Hutton, the historian of Derby, tells a curious story about his grandfather. He was serving under Cromwell in 1647, when one day in crossing over St. Mary's Bridge he saw a girl standing by the stream filling her pail with water. He flung a large stone toward her to frighten her with the splash, missed his aim, and hit her on the head. She fell motionless, and he ran away, fearing he had killed her. For years he was haunted by the idea that the girl's blood was on his hands. After his discharge from the army he married a Derby woman, and one day entrusted this secret to her. He was both relieved and surprised to learn that the girl had recovered, and that he had married her.

The extraordinary coincidences associated with dreams are a part of almost every one's experience. Izaak Walton, in his "Life of Sir Henry Wotton," tells the following story:

Wotton was staying in Kent, when one night he dreamed that the treasury of Oxford University was robbed by five persons. The next day he happened to be writing to his son, Henry, who was a student at Oxford, and in a postscript he mentioned the curious dream. The letter arrived the morning after a robbery actually had been committed at the university. Henry Wotton took his father's letter to the authorities, who acted on the light of the information he gave, and five men, who proved to be the robbers, were discovered, apprehended, and imprisoned.

A remarkable story is told of a tragedy in Ireland. One evening two strangers presented themselves at a wayside inn near Portlaw, and after taking refreshment continued on their tramp in the direction of Carrick-on-Suir. The incident was commonplace enough, but it led to startling developments, for in the wayfarers the landlady of the inn recognized two men of whom she had dreamed a very strange dream the night before.

In her dream she had seen one of them kill the other with a blow from behind, and stealthily bury him beneath a hedge.

So impressed was her husband when this dream was told him that he made his way to the spot indicated and there discovered the body of the buried man. The assassin was pursued and arrested, and at the ensuing assizes was sentenced to death.

Dream Prevented Murder.

The following story is, perhaps, the strangest of all. One night the Rev. Herbert Powys, a Church of England clergyman, dreamed that the daughter of one of his parishioners had gone out into the darkness to meet her lover, who at the time was waiting for her in a secluded spot and spending the time in digging a grave for her.

Jumping out of bed Mr. Powys rushed to the place indicated in his dream, and arrived just as the man hurled the girl to the ground by the side of the open grave and was about to kill her with his spade.

In the *Popular Science Monthly* for September, 1879, Dr. George M. Beard told of how one R. J. Bush, of Brooklyn, wrote an "April fool" letter to his sister in a distant town, asking her to get her Uncle Hiram to keep a lookout for one "John Nasium," an absconding scoundrel. He described him minutely, adding for positive identification that the forefinger of his left hand had been shot off.

Imagine his surprise on receiving a telegram, shortly afterward, saying that the man had been found, and asking if he should be arrested. The writer remarks:

"More striking still is the fact that this individual did not reside in the place where the letter was sent (which is not a large place), and was there by chance only the day the letter reached there."

The late Richard A. Proctor, the English astronomer, related how an old woman came to Flamsteed, the first "astronomer royal," begging him to locate a bundle that she had lost. She evidently mistook him for an astrologer. Wishing to have a little fun with her, Flamsteed drew a circle, put a square in it, and gravely pointed out a ditch near her cottage, where he said she must look. To his utter astonishment, shortly afterward she "came back in great delight, with the bundle in her hand, found in that very place."

Here's What's in a Name.

Names have figured frequently in coincidences, one of the most remarkable cases being that recorded of a series of men named Hugh Williams, whose escapes from shipwreck are recorded by an English chronicler.

On December 5, 1664, according to this authority, the English ship Menia was crossing the Straits of Dover and capsized in a gale. Of the eighty-one passengers on board, one was saved; his name was Hugh Williams.

On the same day of the same month, in 1785, a pleasure-boat was wrecked on the Isle of Man. There were sixty persons on the boat, among them one Hugh Williams and his family. Of the threescore, none but old Hugh Williams survived the shock.

On August 5, 1820, a picnicking party on the Thames was run down by a coal-barge. There were twenty-five of the picnickers, mostly children under twelve years of age. Little Hugh Williams, a visitor from Liverpool, only five years old, was the only one who was saved.

Now comes the most singular part of this singular story: On August 19, 1889, a coal-laden craft, with nine men, foundered in the North Sea. Two of the men, each of whom was named Hugh Williams, an uncle and nephew, were rescued by some fishermen, and were the only men of the crew who lived to tell of the calamity.

JOKES ON THE DIRECTORY.

Though Men with Indolent Minds May Think It as Easy to Extract Sunbeams from Cucumbers as to Get Humor Out of the Solemn Register of Gothamites and Their Places of Residence, the Task Is Not so Formidable as It Seems.

A DIRECTORY is not the kind of book a person would take up and peruse as an antidote for the "blues," but with a fair amount of patience and a sense of humor much entertainment can be got out of one of those dry-looking volumes.

If a man is going to make puns on other folks' names, and a good many of us aren't always able to resist the temptation, the directory is the best place in which to do it, because there are plenty of names to choose from, and he can make a butt of Mr. Mark, or Mr. Goodfellow, and avoid people like Mr. Savage and Mr. Kick. Also, any man with a few friends can keep them more easily if he will only go to the directory and pick out the name of some stranger to pun with, when the fit is on him. The New York city directory is a peculiarly rich field for such opportunities. Says the pun expert of the New York *World:*

Take, for instance, our own city directory. That it has more names than its immediate predecessor, and that this indicates that New York has grown just as much in population in just such a time—these things go without saying.

But what reference is made in the directory to that great matter of Love, which has ruled the world for no one knows how many years? Go through the book, dear reader, and you will find that it contains forty-seven Loves, one Heart, and one Lover. There are twenty Spooners, two Huggers, sixty-one Darlings, three Dears, five Petts, three Sparks, six Kisses, three Smacks, and ten Hugs.

A study of the directory shows, too, that, despite its boasted democracy, New York is endowed with five and one-half columns of Kings, twelve Queens, one column of Princes, twenty-four Dukes, thirty-eight Earls, and eighty-two Lords. There are sixteen Castles for all this royalty to dwell in.

The spiritual welfare of the city ought to be well looked after, also, for we find listed sixty-three Popes, four Cardinals, one hundred and thirty-two Abbots, nine Abbeys, eleven Priests, twenty Parishes, two Chapels, thirty-eight Elders, one column and three-quarters of Parsons, two columns of Deans, twelve Deacons, one column of Churches, forty-eight Sextons, twenty-eight Christians, and eight Bibles.

It speaks pretty well for New York's sobriety and general good character that notwithstanding the vast number of people whose names are in the directory there are only two Lushers, one Bum, fourteen Bunns, thirteen Batts, four Lushes, fifteen Stills, three Lodes, and one Booz. In the matter of smoking, great temperance is shown, too, for there is listed but one Smoker, one Pipe, and one Smoke.

Father Knickerbocker's barber-shop is well filled. It has sixty-seven Barbers and five Shavers. Quite a bunch to look after only thirty Beards and one Hair, but it has one Pole out and is ready to do more business.

There are four and one-half columns of Bakers, fourteen Rolls, one Cakebread, and one Pies, and he is a Harlem baker, by the way.

That New York is still a young town is shown by the fact that there are seven columns of Youngs and only six Olds. The comparison of seven Fatts as against one Skinney doesn't constitute a bad showing, either.

Considering the greatness and goodness of the big burg, it is hard to see why the directory should hand it twenty-one Lemons. The fact that we have also fifteen Apples, eighteen Citrons, five Oranges, five Peaches, one Grape, three Plums, and one Pear doesn't make entire amends, but New York isn't going to cry about it; it is too light-hearted, for, as the directory shows, it has eighteen Joys and seven Happes to only one Tear.

The first name in the directory—the Abou ben Adhem who leads all the rest—is Jacques Aa, and the last name is Louis Zyss. There are twelve names that begin with X, nine columns of Joneses, thirty-five columns of Smiths, two columns of John Smiths, and nineteen columns of Browns.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY LYRICS.

Songs for the Glorious Seventeenth of March, by the Famous Irish Poet Samuel Lover and by Bards of Lesser Renown—Rollicking Good-Humor is the Salient Characteristic of These Hibernian Singers.

THE BIRTH OF ST. PATRICK.

By Samuel Lover.

ON the eighth day of March it was, some people say,
That Saint Pathrick at midnight he first saw the day;
While others declare 'twas the ninth he was born,
And 'twas all a mistake between midnight and morn;
For mistakes will occur in a hurry and shock,
And some blamed the babby—and some blamed the clock—
Till with all their cross-questions, sure, no one could know
If the child was too fast or the clock was too slow.

Now, the first faction fight in ould Ireland, they say,
Was all on account of Saint Pathrick's birthday:
Some fought for the eighth—for the ninth more would die,
And who wouldn't see right, sure, they blacken'd his eye!
At last both the factions so positive grew
That each kept a birthday; so Pat then had two,
Till Father Mulcahy, who show'd them their sins,
Said, "No one could have two birthdays but a twins."

Says he, "Boys, don't be fightin' for eight or for nine,
Don't be always dividin'—but sometimes combine;
Combine eight with nine, and seventeen is the mark,
So let that be his birthday."—"Amen," says the clerk.
"If he wasn't a twins, sure, our hist'ry will show
That at least he's worth any two saints that we know!"
Then they all got blind dhrunk—which complated their bliss,
And we keep up the practise from that day to this!

* * * *

IRISH ASTRONOMY.

By Charles Graham Halpine.

O'RYAN was a man of might
Whin Ireland was a nation,
But poachin' was his heart's delight
And constant occupation.
He had an ould militia gun,
And sartin sure his aim was;
He gave the keepers many a run,
And wouldn't mind the game laws.

St. Pathrick wanst was passin' by
O'Ryan's little houldin',
And as the saint felt wake and dhry,
He thought he'd enther bould in.
"O'Ryan," says the saint, "avick!
To praich at Thurles I'm goin';
So let me have a rasher quick,
And a dhrop of Innishowen."

"No rasher will I cook for you
While betther is to spare, sir;
But here's a jug of mountain-dew,
And there's a rattlin' hare, sir."
St. Pathrick he looked mighty sweet,
And says, "Good luck attind you!
And when you're in your windin'-sheet,
It's up to heaven I'll sind you."

O'Ryan gave his pipe a whiff—
"Them tidin's is thransportin',
But may I ax your saintship if
There's any kind of sportin'?"
St. Pathrick said, "A Lion's there,
Two Bears, a Bull, and Cancer—"
"Bedad," says Mick, "the huntin's rare;
St. Pathrick, I'm your man, sir!"

So, to conclude my song aright,
For fear I'd tire your patience,
You'll see O'Ryan any night
Amid the constellations.
And Venus follows in his track
Till Mars grows jealous raally,
But, faith, he fears the Irish knack
Of handling the shillaly!

* * * *

A TOAST.

ST. PATRICK was a gentleman
Who, through strategy and stealth,
Drove all the snakes from Ireland;
Here's a bumper to his health.
But not too many bumpers,
Lest we lose ourselves, and then—
Forget the good St. Patrick
And see the snakes again!

Four-Track News.

* * * *

THE SLAUGHTER OF SNAKES.

By Henry Bennett.

OH, St. Patrick was a gentleman,
Who came of decent people;
He built a church in Dublin town,
And on it put a steeple.
His father was a Gallagher;
His mother was a Brady;
His aunt was an O'Shaughnessy,
His uncle an O'Grady.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

The Wicklow hills are very high,
And so's the Hill of Howth, sir;
But there's a hill much bigger still,
Much higher nor them both, sir.
'Twas on the top of this high hill
St. Patrick preached his sarmint
That drove the frogs into the bogs,
And banished all the varmint.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

There's not a mile in Ireland's isle
Where dirty varmin musters,
But there he puts his dear forefoot,
And murdered them in clusters.
The toads went pop, the frogs went hop,
Slap-dash into the water;
And the snakes committed suicide
To save themselves from slaughter.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

Nine hundred thousand reptiles blue
He charmed with sweet discourses,
And dined on them at Killaloe
In soups and second courses.
Where blind worms crawling in the grass
Disgusted all the nation,
He gave them a rise which opened their eyes
To a sense of their situation.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist
And bothered them forever!

No wonder that those Irish lads
Should be so gay and frisky,
For sure St. Pat he taught them that,
As well as making whisky;
No wonder that the saint himself
Should understand distilling,
Since his mother kept a shebeen shop
In the town of Enniskillen.
So success attend St. Patrick's fist,
For he's a saint so clever;
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist,
And bothered them forever!

Oh, was I but so fortunate
As to be back in Munster,
'Tis I'd be bound that from that ground
I never more would once stir.
For there St. Patrick planted turf,
And plenty of the praties,
With pigs galore, *ma gra, ma 'store,*
And cabbages—and ladies!
Then my blessing on St. Patrick's fist,
For he's the darling saint, oh!
Oh, he gave the snakes and toads a twist;
He's a beauty without paint, oh!

JAPANESE PROVERBS.

THOUGH Japan is the youngest of the world-powers, it is second to none in national spirit and commercial enterprise; nor in courteous conduct, personal cleanliness, or love of home and country are its indomitable people excelled by those of any other nation. These characteristics of the subjects of the Mikado indicate that they are a people of high ideals, and it is in a nation's proverbs that its ideals frequently find expression.

Many of the national proverbs of Japan were collected and translated several years ago by Ota Masayoshi, and were published under the title of "Japanese Proverbs." It is from this entertaining little volume that the following are taken:

PATIENCE is the rope of advancement in all lines of life.

The ignorant are never defeated in any argument.

It is more easy to evade the trouble which Heaven sends us than that which we bring upon ourselves.

If the water be too pure, fish cannot live in it; if people be too exacting, fellow beings cannot stand beside them.

Where there are no birds, the bat will be king.

If the mind is clear, even in a dark room there will be radiance; if the thought is dark, at noonday there will be demons.

Be not lenient to your own faults; keep your pardon for others.

When the sense of shame is lost, advancement ceases.

Genius hears one individual and then comprehends ten.

Negligence looks at the battle-field, then makes its arrows.

Seeking information is a moment's shame; but not to learn is surely a lasting shame.

A woman without jealousy is like a ball without elasticity.

Unless blind and deaf, one cannot be impartial.

In trying to straighten her horns, the cow was killed.

"Remember the Alamo!"

BY PHILIP COAN.

The Sixth of March is the Anniversary of One of the Most Dramatic Events in the History of the American Border—The Last Fight of the Famous Frontiersmen Crockett and Bowie.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

SEVENTY-ONE years ago on the 6th of March was fought the battle of the Alamo, an event, like Marathon, always to be remembered as a proof of what brave men can do. The heroes of the Alamo were American frontiersmen, although Texas, their home, was not itself a part of the Union until nine years later. These men, less than two hundred in all, held the Alamo, an old Spanish mission converted into a makeshift fortress, against several thousand Mexican soldiers until, outnumbered twenty to one, and refusing to surrender, they died fighting, to the last man.

Determined to quell the revolt that threatened to sever Texas from Mexico, General Santa Anna marched across the Rio Grande in February, 1836, with a force of seven thousand men. It was a dark moment for Texas. About two thousand men could be got together to oppose the Mexicans, but they were so scattered about the country that it would take weeks of hard riding before they could be gathered into an army. In this predicament, what was to be done? The Texans were divided in their councils.

The commander-in-chief, with whom the decision rested, was General Sam Houston. He determined to retire behind the Colorado River and await reenforcements. The bolder spirits were disgusted. The retreat would mean the abandonment of San Antonio without a blow. The event proved the wisdom of Houston's strategy, for a few weeks later he was able to turn upon the enemy and inflict a crushing defeat. But the bolder spirits, men accustomed to the rapid warfare of the border, scorned to retreat before the Mexicans, whom they hated and despised.

The impulse took the hot-headed David Crockett to hold San Antonio in spite of Houston. The proposal was worthy of the man, a lifelong taker of desperate chances. The frontiersmen of the day were all familiar with danger, and Crockett was the foremost of that hardy race. He had represented a border district for several years in Congress, and came from Washington in order to fight in the Texan cause.

Crockett's Desperate Enterprise.

With a handful of men, Crockett rode to San Antonio, joined the little garrison that still held the place, and prepared to defend the town against the Mexicans.

A small command they were, but made of men accustomed to fighting with heavy odds against them. One was Colonel William Travis, a noted border leader, who commanded the regular garrison. Another was the famous Colonel James Bowie, duelist and adventurer, who devised and first used the bowie-knife.

So, when the Mexicans marched into sight, on February 22, and the defenders of San Antonio shut themselves up in the Alamo to await attack, the walls of the mission enclosed the most-renowned adventurers, not to say the most terrible fighters, that the Southwest recalls. Most of them, of course, were crack

marksmen; they were well armed, and fairly well fortified, and they hoped for reenforcements.

The Alamo was a well-chosen defense. It was an old stone structure, erected by the Franciscans more than a century before, for protection against the Comanches quite as much as to the greater glory of God. The walls of the building were thick, and the windows small and well out of reach, with the look of so many cannon-ball holes.

About the mission yard ran a high blind wall of adobe, since torn down. This formed the outer line of defense. The garrison had one small cannon.

A Summons to Surrender.

Santa Anna's thousands marched unopposed into San Antonio. The Texans, he was informed, were awaiting him at the Alamo. He sent a messenger, summoning them to instant and unconditional surrender. If they refused, he promised to storm the place and give no quarter—a promise well kept.

What uproar there must have been among the rough frontiersmen within when this summons came! The defenders, indeed, were disappointed in the hoped-for reenforcements, except for a single band of thirty men that hurried in at the last hour from Gonzales, near by. Bowie, too, was ill, inopportunely taken down with a fever. Yet there was no thought of parley with the Mexicans. The messenger was sent back to Santa Anna, and a discharge of the Alamo cannon was the only reply.

The siege began in earnest on the last day of February. Early that morning, it is said, Crockett was awakened by a cannon-ball that struck close to his head. He sprang up, to see the Mexicans, in the light of dawn, training a cannon within rifle-range. Crockett laid the cannoneer to earth with a bullet from his rifle. Again he shot, and again, in quick succession, with loaded guns handed him by those who stood behind. A man fell at every shot. Five gunners went down in a few moments, and the enemy withdrew the cannon.

Marked with such incidents, the siege dragged on until the 6th of March. The Texans lost few men, the Mexicans many, without any advantage gained. Santa Anna then decided to take the place by storm.

The Storming of the Alamo.

The Mexican commander surrounded the Alamo with close masses of troops before daybreak. Dawn showed the Texans posted along their wall in readiness. The adobe wall, strong on three sides, was weak on the north. Here the main attack was directed. The columns against the other faces marched up and exchanged shots, to keep the defenders busy at all points. On three sides the riflemen thought that the enemy were checked, and cheered.

But a close column under General Castrillon was meanwhile assaulting the north wall. It suffered heavy loss. Again and again it was beaten back. But it gained a clutch on the weak point. With hand-to-hand fighting the combatants wavered along the top of the adobe wall for nearly two hours. Men fought at grips, with no leisure to load pieces. At last the ornamented coats of the Mexican regulars poured over in fearful numbers. The outer defense was taken.

Remained still the inner. Back into the old building fell the remnants of the Texan force, Crockett with them. Travis hurled a last discharge of his cannon fairly into the flank of the enemy, now thronging the courtyard, and abandoned it.

The Last Act of the Tragedy.

The Mexicans were at the defenders' very heels. There was hardly time to stuff the windows with bags of rubbish and barricade the doors. Hot with victory, the Mexicans no longer hung back from the deadly fire of the rifles. They hurled themselves at the mission in one huge mob. They forced in everywhere by very weight, though behind them they left the courtyard pavement garnished with bright uniforms. The fighting sank back into the interior of the Alamo, where the last bloody act took place.

The Texans still alive stood cut off from one another, in various apartments, at bay. They were shot or beaten down as they swung their clubbed muskets, backs to the wall. Crockett was still up, in a group of six. He had smashed his fine rifle in the clubbing, so that only

the barrel, printed with the blows it had dealt, remained in his hands.

He stood with the other five, too exhausted to do more than await the final rush, while the ring around them paused, wary of entering the circle of blows. General Castrillon, the leader of the assault and a brave man, found them thus, and wanted to spare their lives. He made a truce, and pleaded with his commander-in-chief. Crockett overheard Santa Anna's cold refusal. He sprang out in the desperate hope of reaching the Mexican general with his knife; but, he fell in a few times his length, riddled with bullets.

The Death of Bowie.

Bowie, who lay on his bed all through the siege, unable to fire a shot, met death valiantly. Scarce strong enough to move, he took command of the wounded men in the hospital-room. Hearing the commotion that told them that the building was being stormed, the invalids made ready to sell their lives as dearly as well men might. When the first Mexican rushed against the narrow, blockaded doorway, Bowie, it is said, shot him dead with a pistol. Several more pistols lay by him. Each time that he shot, a Mexican fell dead, for with the pistol Bowie was unexcelled, as Crockett with the rifle.

The Mexicans devised another way, cheaper in men than taking the hospital by storm. They set the Alamo cannon, muzzle to, against the barricade, and fired in a load of canister. The discharge destroyed every living being in the room. Bowie, horribly torn with shot, lived only long enough to kill his last man—a Mexican who stopped to look at him to see if he needed a finishing blow.

Bowie bounded up at the man, knife in hand. He was a terrible sight, with the look of a corpse come to life. The soldier turned to run, but Bowie was too near. With a last effort, he seized the Mexican and buried his great knife in his ribs. They fell, grappled together, and both dead.

Four people escaped the massacre, all non-combatants. Two were negroes. The others were Mrs. Dickinson, wife of one of the Texan officers, and a daughter, Emily, then an infant, later known as "the child of the Alamo."

"Remember the Alamo!"

A few weeks later, Houston's men took revenge upon Santa Anna's soldiers. The Mexicans were routed at San Jacinto, their commander was taken, and the battle-cry of the Texans in that engagement was "Remember the Alamo!" Nor has the State in whose cause the defenders of the old mission died forgotten them.

"Thermopylæ had three messengers of defeat; the Alamo had none!" Texas inscribed that sentence on the commemorative shaft raised later at Austin.

Joaquin Miller has written a commemorative poem on the Alamo, in part as follows:

Santa Anna came storming, as a storm might come;
  There was rumble of cannon; there was rattle of blade;
There was cavalry, infantry, bugle, and drum—
  Full seven thousand, in pomp and parade,
The chivalry, flower of Mexico;
And a gaunt two hundred in the Alamo!

Then came Santa Anna; a crescent of flame!
  Then the red *escalade:* then the fight hand to hand;
Such an unequal fight as has never had name
  Since the Persian hordes butchered that doomed Spartan band.
All day, and all night, and the morning so slow,
Through the battle-smoke mantling the Alamo.

Then silence! Such silence! Two thousand lay dead
  In a crescent outside! And within? Not a breath
Save the gasp of a woman, with gory gashed head,
  All alone, all alone there, waiting for death;
And she but a nurse. Yet when shall we know
Another like this of the Alamo?

Shout victory, victory, victory, ho!
  I say 'tis not always for the hosts to win;
I say that the victory, sudden or slow,
  Is given the hero who grapples with sin,
Or legion or single; just asking to know
When duty fronts death in his Alamo.

The Bridge-Builder.

BY VINGIE E. ROE.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

KATY MULLIGAN lifted, balancing on her left hand, a great tray of empty dishes and went down the long dining-room, her slim body bending away from the weight, her right hand swinging free. Nobody knew better than Katy the effectiveness of that graceful bare-to-the-elbow hand and arm, unless it was grim, silent Casey at the head of the long table.

Casey ate with his men. Whether it was liking or fear that held them to him, no one could tell. Casey had picked his men roughly, with command, and the picking was not without flattery.

It was characteristic of Casey that he had taken McGrath to be his foreman, even though McGrath smiled openly at Katy Mulligan under his very eyes. McGrath was the best man for the place. That was enough for the bridge-builder.

As the men rose with clatter of heavy boots on the bare white floors of the Mulligan eating-house the girl stopped at the swinging doors to bandy a few words with one and another.

"Better come out to the work to-day, Katy," said little Dixon; "we're coming on fine."

"Katy's bashful among so many boys," laughed McGrath, tapping her lightly with his cap on the bare arm.

"Ah, g'wan wid yez, Tom McGrath!" said Katy. "It's overbould ye are, I'm thinkin'—or is 't overmodest?" and her blue eyes narrowed prettily.

As the men trooped out she shot a quick glance at Casey. He did not smile, but the look in his eyes sent the girl's heart bounding. She stood a moment at the kitchen-window watching the great frame of the man as he strode forward and up the embankment where the hand-cars stood waiting.

His swinging stride never lessened as he went up the muddy grade. In half an hour every man was in his place and the business of the day was going forward, a mile down the blind track, where a tiny dot on a great railroad company's maps meant "Bridge across the Creeping Water."

Very insignificant was this dot, but it meant more to the company than all the miles of untroubled track among the precipitous hills, for it signified only puny endeavor against years of recorded defeat.

The Creeping Water was a deceptive stream. For years it had caused the company much trouble and expense with its sudden and powerful floods. The men of the early life of the road had spanned it confidently with cheap material, only to have constantly to repair the weakened bridges or replace them with stronger types.

In sixty-eight came McAdams and put across a bridge that stood well, but at last had to be rebuilt. He tried again, but that one was never finished, for the stream took the skeleton of the work, and McAdams, too, one night in June. The Creeping Water, named by the Indians, sang and whimpered and roared to madness in a night, swollen by the sudden fearful rain-storms that swept over the hills, and sank in a day to a hand's depth above its white sands and stones, with still, deep pools along its course.

And then one day a man stood on its drink and thought back over its history and compared the various kinds of bridges that had spanned it. This was Casey, silent, stern, masterful, come to conquer a little stream. For a month he studied the engineering problems, living at the Mulligan eating-house, at the station on the line a mile away.

At last he sent word to the company

and began to pick his men. But knowledge of the river was not all that Casey found, for in the blue eyes of Katy Mulligan he met something he had never considered or intended to bow down to. Having seen and recognized, he took into his life as a thing above price that which had come to him.

While he studied and thought and laid again his plans he studied too the sound to Katy's laughing voice and the dancing of her eyes—Katy, happy, dominant, spoiled. Casey the uncompromising, the reliant, the self-made, had found the force of love, and by the time work was begun at the edge of the Creeping Water he had taken her glad promise, as was his way, quietly, as a thing settled from the beginning, and his right.

Katy was very proud of her lover. Was he not the envy of the scant feminine portion of the station? Casey, the boss! But Katy Mulligan was a born coquette. She could no more forego the joy of playing one man against another than she could cease to breathe. So it was that McGrath got smiles and bewitching equivocal glances when the boss was not likely to see. For much as the girl loved Casey, no jot or tittle of her lifelong arrogant independence was abated.

Casey began his bridge. He had a gang of the best men he could find, that laid hand to the work, and from the first day they felt the personality of the big silent boss behind them.

The blind track became a center of activity. The work-train rumbled back and forth with supplies, tools, giant beams and girders, and huge cubes of stone. Every block and piece went under the searching eyes of the master builder.

From the first shovelful of earth thrown out far back in the bank where the great stones were to be sunk, he seemed to enter bodily into the work. Each day saw him content with the progress made. He was no nagger. It was not haste he wanted, but honest work. As the bridge grew slowly and became more intricate in detail Casey was everywhere—at every man's back, watching, noting, directing with a terse command, tearing down careless work with his own hands, or thundering orders that none would care to disobey.

As the weeks dragged into months the bridge became to the man a thing of more and more importance, created by his own power, stretching sturdily across the unconquered stream. He lived with it all the day, and at night he would sometimes drive his light car out to it to solve some new problem. And Katy, with her piquant face and laughing eyes, was intermingled, in subconscious tenderness, with all his plans. Life to the master builder held just two things: the woman who represented all the happiness, all the softness he had ever known, and the bridge which should stand for his greatest victory.

It was not alone the structure—Casey had built greater ones—it was the matching of himself with the peculiar uncertainties of this water-course.

He saw, through his victory, the great distorted veins of commerce throbbing more easily through a straightened channel; saw the mails across the continent hurried through with a gain of hours; saw old failures turned into success. All this he saw, and though he, Casey, the bridge-builder who had done it, should be forgotten as soon as the task were completed, he would hold forever in his secret heart the joy of victory; and Katy would share it.

But it was not all smooth sailing. Difficulties presented themselves which seemed insurmountable. But Casey drew on the company for enormous supplies, and at last a firm bed for the foundations was reached.

When the bridge was two-thirds done a new factor began to insert itself, cunningly, silently. A vague feeling in the air, a something which crept in in the careless talk of a group here, a little knot there, rumors and questions. From the main line came whispers of discontent. Casey paid no heed.

The rumors grew in a week to open assertions. Down at Claremore there was a crisis pending. Any day the Union, which was in its youth in those days, might declare a strike. One night the bridge-builder, coming in with his men, found Katy leaning over the counter with sparkling eyes while a brakeman harangued a little squad of men.

"D'yez hear, Casey?" she said, turn-

ing to him. "A strike for higher wages."

Casey did not answer. There was something in the scene which did not please him.

Next day old man Mulligan and Tim laid off work. Casey sent McGrath back to the station with word, and at noon they were back. An electric feeling began to pervade the gang.

There were low conversations and eager questions. The bridge-builder went among the men as if unconscious, but he knew the signs, and within him an angry strength was rising and growing to meet anything it must. For another week the slow tension and excitement grew.

The bridge was nearing completion. Ungraceful, longer than there seemed any need, reaching back into the land, it looked a thing invincible. Casey regarded it with a fierce affection. Only a few more days' essential work and it would have reached its full strength.

With an unexplainable presentiment, he worked the gang harder than ever before in all the months of toil. Then came the day, the last, when many things happened.

Standing on the structure looking down at the water, Casey suddenly knew that trouble was near. He could swear that the water was rising. There was a soft purling of the little stream, an increasing sound, as of defiant power, as it flowed over fresh pebbles and boulders. The Creeping Water was making ready to reach up after Casey's bridge, to try its strength with this new piece of man's ingenuity.

The man knew it through the certainty of experience and knowledge, and his lips tightened and his eyes shut to narrow slits as he braced himself for his final preparations. Somewhere up among its hills the stream was making ready with its mighty strength. Casey clinched his hands. Within him began to glow the exaltation of one on the eve of battle.

"By all that's howly," he said beneath his breath, "'tis th' battle now! An' ye'll stand—on my sowl, I know ye'll stand!"

Even as he spoke he heard the Creeping Water begin to wash angrily against the solid buttresses of the bridge. With head erect the master builder went down among the men.

"McGrath!" he called. "McGrath!"

An uneasy light leaped into his eyes when he saw that his foreman was not on the work. A moment ago he had been there. Casey turned to the gang.

His voice rang strong and commanding as he ordered them as one man to a certain place. "Drop all else!" he thundered, and the men sprang forward instinctively, recognizing some unusual thing.

Only four went unwillingly—old man Mulligan, Tim, and two others who had been among the group attendant on the brakeman that night when he saw where Katy's sympathies were. These went slowly, with a certain sullen expectancy.

Casey turned on them in fury. Every man's hand was of account to-day. And then began a race between the water and a man's determination. The bridge was nearly ready, perhaps might stand as it was, yet it had not its full fine chance. It should have it. Have it before three hours, if the bridge-builder must move heaven and earth.

Silently and swiftly they wrought, while beneath them the wild stream, ever gaining in depth, boiled and eddied, roared up and up, racing away between crumbling banks like a spring freshet, and the master builder himself worked with glowing eyes.

Presently out of the hills there came a mist of rain, the vanguard of that which was responsible for the flood. Up and up came the Creeping Water, reaching, tearing, at the structure, leaping for the girders, and Casey knew that underneath the shifting sand it was feeling with eager fingers for the foundations.

But they would stand. He knew it. One more hour's concentrated work within those last few feet and the bridge would have its chance—its whole chance.

And then as he leaned out looking down in triumph already, above the roar of the water with its boasting threat there came a voice, sharp, decisive, with a note of command that lifted the master instantly. In the center of the bridge stood McGrath, the foreman, his face white with the magnitude of his undertaking, declaring—"Strike!"

Just behind him, her skirts blowing in the damp wind, was Katy.

In a second's time old man Mulligan and his three followers had thrown down their tools. For a moment there was undecided wavering silence. Then, as Casey stood immovable, a man dropped a hammer, then two more, quickly, and then there was a rattling of dropped implements which splashed into the water below.

The slumbering feeling had been ignited. A man broke the strain and started sullenly for the land. The bridge-builder barred his way, a crowbar in his hand.

"Stop!" he said quietly. Old man Mulligan leered forward.

"Yez betther come over yerself, bhoy," he said.

Casey's hands closed. "Any man," he said thickly, "that leaves this bridge I'll kill wid me own hand. Get back to place." There was a sudden movement, and Katy Mulligan, her blue eyes flashing, fronted her lover.

Her face was blazing with excitement. The little curls blew in her face.

"Casey," she cried above the rush of the Creeping Water—"Casey, av ye love me ye'll go aff th' wurrk. I'm in th' sthrike—an' me father an' th' bhoys. It's me—or the grindin', blood-suckin' corporation"—the words of the brakeman—"me or it."

The girl leaned forward. Beneath the little group of workers the water cried and gurgled and leaped and raged, but there was never a tremor of the squat, ugly bridge.

The blood had gone from the master's face, leaving it lined and clear-cut with sudden anguish. He looked straight into the eyes of the woman he loved, Katy leaning forward and asking him to give up or lose her!

A deep hush held the others, waiting. Then the girl, with the guile of women, said ringingly:

"Casey, av ye love me ye'll come."

Over the man rushed all the tenderness of his strong love for her, the only woman he had ever loved. It flooded his heart, and the pain of it was sweet.

Then slowly, while he watched the rain against her face, there rose within him the thing he had obeyed forever—that strength which follows the straight road without count of cost or compromise.

He loved her with all his soul, and she would make life his only heaven, but it was only his life—Casey, the bridge-builder's—that would be affected thus. What was he? But if he failed in his duty it would reach out into that great tangled web of lines across the continent—would affect the years. And one more hour's work would give him victory complete.

Slowly the thing within him began to creep to the surface in the swelling and tightening of the huge cords of his hand upon the bar. With a long breath Casey lifted his shoulders. He gripped the bar with both hands.

The men might be right in their demands, but he had hired them to build that bridge, and build it they should.

"Get back to work," he roared, "every man, or I'll brain ye one by one! McGrath, go get more tools." The foreman did not move for a moment, then sullenly he turned and went.

Man by man they quailed before the undaunted might of him, the strength that would not be denied either by himself or others, man by man they bent to the finish of the bridge. And Casey stood above, calm, dominant, victorious, while the Creeping Water raged in impotent fury, its reign of supremacy done, and Katy looked at him and was ashamed, and glad.

A MAN may be buoyed up by the affiation of his wild desires to brave any imaginable peril; but he cannot calmly see one he loves braving the same peril; simply because he cannot feel within him *that* which prompts another. He sees the danger, and feels not the power that is to overcome it.

—George Henry Lewes (1817—1878).

Talks With Our Readers.

In this Department the Editor of THE SCRAP BOOK Answers Letters, Replies to Criticisms, and Chats Informally With Those Who Read the Magazine.

BEFORE answering some of the numerous letters that have come to us, we want to say just a few words to the readers who favor us with their correspondence. Some of them are desirous of contributing to THE SCRAP BOOK. Others make suggestions for our guidance. Still others request us to reprint old favorites of theirs. To all these readers we are grateful. Their interest in the magazine is stimulating, and their contributions, their suggestions, and their requests are often very valuable and of practical service.

At the same time, there are two or three points that we should like to have these friends of ours note for future reference, thereby occasionally sparing themselves a certain amount of trouble and lightening our epistolary labors. For instance, in suggesting literary selections for THE SCRAP BOOK they too often refer to the writings of living men and women whose works are copyrighted. Such suggestions we are both unable and unwilling to adopt.

Again, we have been requested to publish some one's favorite selection when that identical piece of verse or prose had appeared in THE SCRAP BOOK only a few months—sometimes only a few weeks—before. Of course, these last requests are made by casual readers, and not by regular subscribers. To all such we may venture modestly to suggest that instead of being casual readers they should become permanent subscribers. Then they will not miss any of the good things that we are printing from month to month, and sooner or later they are likely to come upon all their old-time favorites, as well as upon much other excellent and suggestive reading in almost every department of popular literature.

* * *

There is an irreverent tradition which prevails in other cities to the effect that Philadelphians are slow. We have some evidence that tends to prove the opposite. THE SCRAP BOOK for January had not been on the news-stands for more than twelve hours when there flashed into our office the following missive on a postcard:

DEAR EDITOR: Among your "Modern Rivals of the Tower of Babel" you forgot the Philadelphia City Hall (five hundred and thirty-five feet high). We are still on the map.

A little later other Philadelphians began sending us letters. These letters show evidence of deep feeling, although they are invariably polite. Some of them contain pictures of the Philadelphia City Hall, in order that we may see for ourselves how tall it is. Their statistics, however, do not always agree. Thus, a gentleman writing from Hilton Street says:

From the crown of Penn's hat to the sidewalk is just five hundred and forty-seven feet.

Another, with laudable civic pride, but with a touch of sarcasm, observes:

While our dear old Quaker City has the reputation of being slow, it strikes me that the slowness with which certain cold facts percolate the craniums of the average Gothamite, and the nicety with which they are withheld from the reading public, are slower still.

Still another letter, from Lansdowne, Pennsylvania, says:

It is a well-known fact that the tower of

the City Hall of Philadelphia is next in height to the Washington Monument, and I herein enclose you a picture showing the tower, surmounted by a statue of William Penn, which of itself is thirty-six feet in length.

Another Philadelphian, who writes from Grand Rapids, Michigan, after signing his letter, describes himself as "one of those who rode in Philadelphia's last horse-car." We cannot help wondering how this gentleman got so far from home. It may be that after the horse-cars were abolished the pace in the Quaker City became too speedy for him. And yet this hypothesis is difficult, for why, in that case, should he have betaken himself to a place with so tumultuous a name as Grand Rapids?

Finally, some one else wishes to know whether the omission of the City Hall was accidental. We beg to inform all these correspondents that the omission was entirely accidental, and that we apologize for it with much humility. We also salute with deferential homage the memory and the statue of the late Hon. William Penn.

* * *

The following letter from Mr. E. D. Stiles, of Streator, Illinois, answers a question which was asked of us in January. It reads:

I noticed a letter from "a legal gentleman" in Tekamah, Nebraska, on page 659 of the January SCRAP BOOK, and in answer to this will say that I have Volume I of "The Orator," published at Buffalo, in 1857. This volume contains the poem "Crazy Lulu," some three hundred and five lines, which must be the poem that the legal gentleman inquires about.

Will the legal gentleman in Tekamah, Nebraska, please take notice and communicate, if he desires to do so, with Mr. Stiles? We are glad to have been the means of restoring "Crazy Lulu" to one who has been seeking her so long.

* * *

In this magazine for January the words of "Dixie," or, rather, one version of the words, were ascribed to General Albert Pike. A correspondent in Jacksonville, Texas, writes:

I think that the author of your article is in error. The original version was written by D. D. Emmet as a "walk-around" for Bryant's Minstrels, in 1859, two years before the War, and had no political significance. It was a negro dialect song. General Albert Pike was of Northern birth—from Vermont, I think—but had identified himself with the South, and claimed Arkansas as his home. He was a major-general in the Confederate army, and a friend of Jefferson Davis.

Another correspondent, in Washington, D. C., points out the fact that General Albert Pike's poem was entitled "Dixie," and was adapted to the original music.

As the subject seems to interest our readers, we desire to inform them that General Pike's version is to be found in Mr. Stedman's "American Anthology," on pages 165 and 166. The first stanza, with the chorus, runs as follows:

Southrons, hear your country call you!
Up, lest worse than death befall you!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Lo! all the beacon-fires are lighted—
Let all hearts be now united!
To arms! To arms! To arms, in Dixie!
Advance the flag of Dixie!
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For Dixie's land we take our stand,
And live or die for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!
To arms! To arms!
And conquer peace for Dixie!

This, of course, is a purely literary composition, and differs entirely from the familiar original mentioned in the letter first quoted.

* * *

A different and more romantic account of General Pike is given in an interesting letter from a SCRAP BOOK reader in Carson City, Michigan:

General Albert Pike was an Indian. He was an attorney at law before the Civil War, but became a general in the Confederate army, and, if I recollect correctly, first made his appearance with his Indians at the battle of Pea Ridge, in Arkansas, in the spring of 1862. He was under McCullough and "Pap" Price.

I am a "relic of the Rebellion," and some of those matters are quite fresh in my mind yet. I was at Little Rock during the war times, and remember seeing a small sign tacked up on a building opposite the State House with the words "Albert Pike, Attor-

ney at Law," upon it. There might possibly have been two generals of the same name, but I never heard of but the one. I merely mention this so that matters of history that are still in the memory of some of the living may be kept straight.

As a matter of fact, Albert Pike was not an Indian, but a Bostonian, a Harvard graduate, and the hero of a remarkable career as a teacher, a lawyer, a journalist, a soldier, and an explorer. During the Mexican War he commanded a squadron in a regiment of volunteer cavalry from Arkansas. He fought at Buena Vista, and later rode with forty-one men through the province of Chihuahua, receiving the surrender of much larger bodies of Mexicans. At the outbreak of the Civil War the Confederate government commissioned him a brigadier-general and sent him to negotiate treaties with Indian tribes. He organized an auxiliary body of Indians, which he commanded at Pea Ridge and on other battle-fields. It was no doubt this fact—coupled, perhaps, with his habit of wearing his hair in flowing locks—that led our Michigan friend and correspondent to mistake General Pike for an aborigine.

From Exeter, California, comes this doubtful, and we may almost say agnostic, letter:

I am very much in doubt as to whether the profound Latin professor with the puerile cognomen has correctly translated from the Latin of Gaius Petronius (if there ever was such an author), as given in your July number. I would like to see the Latin of Petronius and this professor's version in parallel columns before I, and a number of others, can be satisfied.

Why does not this gentleman do as he suggests—get the Latin of Petronius and compare it with the professor's version? There is a very good edition of the Latin text, lately published, with notes, by Professor W. W. Waters, of the New York University.

As for the other professor with the puerile cognomen, we are authorized on his behalf to make an offer to this critic and the critic's friends. He will very gladly discuss the accuracy of his translation with these gentlemen in public, anywhere at a reasonable distance from New York, and before an audience composed of such scholars and specialists in Latin as the critic and his friends may choose to invite to be present. This seems to be a fair proposition. Will our correspondent take it up?

A request for information comes from Ridgedale, Tennessee:

In the January SCRAP BOOK you refer inquirers regarding the descendants of the Mayflower company to "The Mayflower and Her Log." If you can tell me how I may secure similar information regarding the descendants of Pocahontas I shall greatly appreciate it.

This inquirer can find all the information that he desires by consulting a book entitled "Pocahontas and Her Descendants," written by a Virginian genealogist named Brock. It appeared at Richmond in 1887, and can probably be obtained at any large library, or through any leading bookseller in the United States. Pocahontas, it will be remembered, married John Rolfe; and at her death, in England, she left one son, Thomas Rolfe, who subsequently went to Virginia and there took a leading part in public affairs. Many leading families of that State are now proud to reckon Pocahontas and Rolfe among their ancestors. This is true of such well-known families as the Flemings, the Willoughbys, the Bollings, and that branch of the Randolph family from which sprang the celebrated John Randolph, of Roanoke. His traits were surely Indian, as was his cast of countenance. Our correspondent has touched upon a very interesting subject.

A bit of information is given us from a reader in Muncie, Indiana:

I have been interested in reading THE SCRAP BOOK, and especially your reference to the oldest newspaper. If your reference to the oldest newspaper includes the religious press, you may announce that the oldest religious newspaper in the world is the *Herald of Gospel Liberty*. The first number of this journal was published September 1, 1808, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, by Elias Smith, and it is still published by the Christian Publishing Association, whose

headquarters are at Dayton, Ohio. I have a facsimile copy of the first issue.

A correction comes from Northampton, Massachusetts:

In the January number of THE SCRAP BOOK you speak of the singing sands of Manchester, New Hampshire. This should be Manchester-by-the-Sea (Massachusetts) instead of Manchester on the Merrimac, which has no beach.

A physician in Patterson, Louisiana, referring to an article which appeared in the January number of this magazine, entitled "The Mystery of Dust on the Ocean Highways," writes:

If you will refer to the first chapter of Charles Darwin's "Journal of Researches," under the date of his landing at Porto Praya (January 16, 1832), you will find the matter referred to at considerable length.

We publish this note for the benefit of such readers as are interested in the phenonenon described.

In October we published an explanation of why one speaks of the "near" and "off" horse. A reader in St. Johns, Newfoundland, provides us with another explanation, which he thinks more probable than ours:

The use of these words to distinguish the opposite sides of a horse or a team probably arose after the man with the sword became a horseman. Naturally, he wanted his right arm, or sword-arm, free for the proper handling of his weapon, and therefore it was placed on the left, for ready access to its hilt. For convenience in mounting, the horseman had to approach his animal on the left side, so that the dependent sword should not be between the horse and the man. The necessity of this is obvious. The side on which the horse was approached—the left—was the "near" one, and naturally the other was the "off" one. The terms were easily transferred to opposite animals in a team.

The habit of approaching horses from the near side has educated them to expect it, and heredity helps to fix in the creatures *one idea*. Many of them rather dislike your coming up on the off-side—some in a very pronounced manner. One mare of mine would scream if the off forefoot was first touched when about to examine her feet, and there would be a regular circus. Begin on the other side, and each foot would be lifted to you when you passed around, even when the mare was untied in a loose box or field.

Several readers have tried to inveigle us into discussing the authorship of "The Beautiful Snow"; but we must decline to revive that controversy.

A reader in Los Angeles, California, asks for a poem describing a little girl's destruction of her toys. One of its stanzas runs thus, to the best of his recollection:

The Whank-whank-whank used to squeak her joy—
That is, when properly pressed—
In a voice which was hidden away somewhere
In the depths of her hollow chest;
But I wish you could see the Whank-whank now
A lying upon the bed;
Oh, a ghastly sight is the Whank-whank-whank
Since the Goo-goo tore off her head!

It may be worth while to explain that of the *dramatis personæ* in this nursery tragedy the Goo-goo is the young lady of destructive propensities, while the Whank-whank is of course a squeaking doll.

A reader in Portland, Oregon, inquires for a poem which he describes as beginning thus:

A shoemaker on his work-bench sat,
With a shoe about half done;
His bright eye twinkled in such a way
That you would have thought he was only at play,
Or having a bit of fun.

Another correspondent, in Indianapolis, wants to find a poem called "I Held the Colleen Back." Still another, hailing from Chicago, asks for some verses about the voyage of Columbus. "I heard them recited about a year or two ago," he says, "but do not know where to find them. Columbus's order, 'Sail on!' frequently occurs in the poem."

Can any learned reader of THE SCRAP BOOK put us on the trail of these lost gems of literature?

Contested Peerages.

BY F. CUNLIFFE OWEN.

Strange Romances of English Titled Families—Domestic Skeletons Which Have Been Brought to Light in Cases Decided by the Committee on Privileges of the House of Lords.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

OF the near a thousand peerages of England, of Scotland, of Ireland, and of the United Kingdom, relatively few of the older ones have not at one time or another formed the subject of sensational contests. The actual possessors of the titles have had to meet the attacks of claimants thereto, drawn from every class of society and from every clime. One claimant, even, was the dusky son of a Hottentot mother. But for a slight flaw in her marriage lines he would to-day be occupying a seat in the House of Lords as Earl of Stamford.

Contests of this kind do not come within the jurisdiction of the ordinary tribunals of the land. They are submitted to the House of Lords. When an individual believes that he has valid claims to a peerage which is either in the possession of some other person or else in abeyance, he presents, through his legal representatives, a petition to the sovereign, requesting that he may be recognized by the crown as duly entitled to the honors in question. The sovereign refers this petition to the House of Lords, which, in turn, submits it to the Committee of Privileges.

After hearing counsel for and against the claimant, and the testimony of witnesses duly sworn, the committee gives its advice, through the House of Lords as a whole, to the sovereign, who is at liberty to accept or override its recommendations, although he, as the fountain of all honors, alone determines the issue and gives final judgment.

It is well that this procedure should be understood, for a very wide-spread impression prevails that the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords is a regularly constituted tribunal, whereas it is nothing of the kind, being merely a parliamentary committee, organized by the upper chamber for the purpose of advising the crown in matters relating to the peerage. Let me add that the proceedings before the Committee of Privileges are so costly that there are many persons with excellent claims to peerages who are deterred from taking the necessary steps to enforce them by considerations of expense, especially in cases where mere barren honors are concerned and there are no such estates to go with the title as went, for instance, with the barony of Barnard.

The Fight for the Barnard Barony.

This particular peerage was one of the minor dignities of the last Duke of Cleveland, stepfather of the present Lord Rosebery. The duke, foreseeing that there would be a contest with regard to the right of succession to his barony of Barnard, and anxious, at the same time, that this ancient title of his should be maintained with fitting dignity and splendor, left in his will the magnificent Raby Castle estates, a stately mansion in London, and an income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year to "whoever shall, within the space of five years from my death, establish his claim to the barony of Barnard, failing which the property in question is to be transferred by my executors to my wife's grandnephew, Captain Francis Forester."

As soon as the duke died, a distant relative, until then known by the name of Harry Vane, who had been living on eight hundred dollars a year, his sole income, which he received as a subordinate clerk in the Department of Public Charities, put forward a claim to the barony of Barnard. In due course the claim came before the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords. It was contested by Captain Forester, and the question turned on the legitimacy of Harry Vane. The committee pronounced in favor of the claimant, and issued a recommendation to the crown to recognize him as duly entitled to the barony of Barnard and to summon him, as such, to the House of Lords.

The late Queen Victoria, who was on the throne at the time, complied with this advice, and Harry Vane, who is a descendant of that Sir Harry Vane from whom Oliver Cromwell publicly prayed the Lord to deliver him in the House of Commons, having therefore become Lord Barnard, was placed by the executors of the last Duke of Cleveland's will in possession of Raby Castle, its extensive estates, and the income of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year.

The Famous Poulett Case.

About four years ago the committee was called upon to investigate a claim which in certain respects presented an analogy to the Barnard case. The late fifth Lord Poulett, according to the story told before the House of Lords, had while a young subaltern made a drunken bet to wed the first woman he met, and for the sake of winning this idiotic wager had contracted a questionable marriage. His bride gave birth to a son under circumstances which placed the boy's legitimacy in doubt. The old earl always declined to recognize him as his descendant, but the son, as he grew up, persisted, nevertheless, in assuming the title of Viscount Hinton, which is always borne by the eldest son of the Earls of Poulett.

The so-called Lord Hinton, after growing up, resorted to all kinds of professions, and after figuring for a time as clown in a traveling circus, eventually took to earning his daily bread as an organ-grinder. After the death of the organ-grinding viscount's mother the late Earl Poulett married again, and becoming a widower for a second time, led to the altar a third wife, who presented him with a son.

To this boy he bequeathed his entire property, as he was entitled to do; and the lad having reached his twentieth year, the widowed countess, his mother, as his guardian, petitioned the crown to recognize him as Earl Poulett and as heir to his father's honors. This action on her part led the titled organ-grinder to put forward his own pretensions, and after hearing a good deal of evidence on both sides the Committee of Privileges decided that the organ-grinding claimant could not possibly have been the child of the late earl, and accordingly recommended that the king should recognize the son of the late lord by his third marriage, and the actual owner of Hinton St. George and of the Poulett estates, as Earl Poulett.

A Prerogative of the Sovereign.

It may not be amiss to point out here that the Committee of Privileges, or, rather, I should say the sovereign, alone possesses the power to determine the illegitimacy of a child born in wedlock. No court of law is qualified to consider the matter or to decide otherwise than in accordance with that old adage according to which a child must be always regarded as the offspring of its mother's husband, except when the husband is *extra quatuor maria*—that is to say, out of England, with the sea between himself and his wife for more than a year.

It was the existence of this particular exception that enabled the present Lord Aylesford to secure an injunction from the ordinary courts during the lifetime of his elder brother, preventing the latter's wife from styling her son Lord Guernsey, which is the title always used by the eldest son of the Earls of Aylesford. It was pointed out that at the time of the birth of the boy in Paris the countess had been separated from her husband for more than two years, she residing in France and he living in England and in the United States, where he died.

But save in the case of exceptions such as this, the sovereign can alone de-

termine the question of legitimacy, and inasmuch as he decides only on the strength of recommendations from the Committee of Privileges of the House of Lords, which considers nothing but peerage cases, it naturally follows that people who do not happen to belong to the nobility are, as a general rule, unable to prevent children whom they know to be illegitimate from legally remaining members of their family.

Nor can the Committee of Privileges take up a question of this kind except when there is the succession to a peerage at stake. The late Earl Poulett, who died at an advanced age, was compelled to go through life without any means of legal repudiation of the claims of his first wife's son to be his offspring, and could not prevent him from styling himself Viscount Hinton.

The Berkeley Romance.

Among the most romantic of the contested peerage cases of the nineteenth century was undoubtedly the fight for the earldom of Berkeley, which occupied the attention of the Committee of Privileges at intervals throughout a period of one hundred years; the final decision was given in July, 1891. Among the principal elements of the contest were an alleged secret marriage, charges of mutilation and falsification of public records, forgery, perjury, and fraternal strife, the only redeeming feature being the chivalrous behavior of the sixth Earl Berkeley.

It was claimed by the wife of the fifth earl that a secret marriage had taken place in 1785, an assertion in which she was supported by her husband during the closing years of his life. The concealment of this alleged first marriage was ascribed to fear of giving offense to wealthy relatives, and during the eleven years intervening between the secret and the public ceremonies the countess, who had been a servant-girl in the fifth earl's family, lived with him under the name of Miss Tudor.

On the death of the fifth earl, in 1810, his eldest son, born in 1786—that is to say, ten years prior to the public marriage of his mother—petitioned in due course to be called to the House of Lords as his father's successor. After hearing an immense amount of evidence the Committee of Privileges came to the conclusion that the first and secret marriage of the fifth earl had never taken place, that the records thereof had been forged either by the fifth earl or at his instigation, prompted in the matter by his affection for his wife and for his eldest son, that the witnesses of the alleged ceremony had committed perjury, and that, inasmuch as the claimant was illegitimate, the earldom must devolve upon his younger brother, Thomas—that is to say, upon the eldest son of the fifth earl, born after the public marriage ceremony in 1796.

Thomas, however, declined to avail himself of this decision, or to respond to the summons of the crown to assume his father's honors. He had taken no steps to defend their possession against his elder brother, and considered that his adoption of the style of Earl Berkeley would appear in the light of a recognition of his mother's dishonor and of his father's forgery and conspiracy. Moreover, he remained on excellent terms with his eldest brother, who by virtue of his father's will had inherited the grand old castle of Berkeley and the estates, and who, being a great favorite of King George IV., was created by the latter, Earl Fitzhardinge.

The Fitzhardinge Claimants.

When Thomas, the sixth *de jure* Lord Berkeley, died unmarried and childless, about thirty years ago, the earldom devolved upon a cousin, the son of his father's younger brother, who, having none of the scruples of the sixth earl with regard to the assumption of the family honors, proceeded to style himself seventh Earl Berkeley. Meanwhile, Lord Fitzhardinge had died, and was succeeded in the possession of his castle and estates by his equally illegitimate second brother, Maurice, a distinguished admiral, who—his illegitimacy barring him from the inheritance of his dead brother's title—was created by Queen Victoria Baron Fitzhardinge.

Both the admiral and his son, the present Lord Fitzhardinge, several times renewed the contest for the earldom of Berkeley, the entire case being threshed out afresh before the Committee of Privileges on each occasion. But it was en-

tirely without avail; the committee found no reason to modify the decisions reached in 1810, and the claims of the two Lords Fitzhardinge were rejected.

The present Lord Fitzhardinge is quite an old man, and since he has no children, his peerage will became extinct at his death. With regard to the disposition of Berkeley Castle and of the extensive estates, it is possible that he may bequeath them to one or another of the children of his two sisters. But a considerable amount of influence has been brought to bear upon him to induce him to leave the property in question, and especially Berkeley Castle, to the present Earl of Berkeley, who has neither country-seat nor lands. It is felt that Berkeley Castle, where King Edward II was put to death, having been the ancestral home of the Lords of Berkeley ever since the reign of King Henry II—that is to say, for some seven hundred years—should remain in the possession of the family.

The dukedom of Roxburghe, which is of especial interest to Americans in connection with the marriage of its present holder to Miss May Goelet, of New York, formed the subject of a very remarkable contest in the early part of the nineteenth century. The claimant was Andrew Ker, who had been with John Paul Jones as a powder-boy and had fought through the American War of Independence, thereafter establishing himself in business in New York. His interests were represented, both in the United States and in England, by Hamilton Fish, grandfather of the Stuyvesant and Hamilton Fish of to-day, but the claim was rejected, and Andrew Ker's grandson and heir to-day is Lewis Ker, who is—or not long ago was—a truckman in New York City.

Lord Mowbray has been engaged in legal proceedings with the Duke of Norfolk, before the Committee of Privileges, for the possession of the ancient earldom of Norfolk, which carries with it the dignity of Earl Marshal of the Realm. Then there was the claim of the late Earl of Crawford to the dukedom of Montrose, which was rejected by the Committee of Privileges in 1853. A year later, public attention was aroused by the romantic features of the contest between Pierce Butler and Henry Butler for the ancient Irish viscountcy of Mountgarret.

Many Other Contests for Titles.

The earldom of Ferrers; the Earl of Melfort's claim to the earldom of Perth; the claim to the barony of Belhaven; the celebrated marquisate of Townshend case, in 1843; the sensational fight for the earldom of Wicklow; the earldom of Dundonald case, in which the question turns on the existence of an alleged secret marriage; the claims to the dukedom of Somerset and to the earldom of Howe; the contest for the dukedom of Portland, which has lately been reopened with all its romance of the supposed double life and bogus burial of the fifth duke; the claims to the earldom of Eglinton and Montgomerie; the great battle for the earldom of Shrewsbury, which carries with it the dignity of Premier Earl of England and the Lord High Stewardship of Ireland; the Dunboyne, Newburgh, and Borthwick peerage cases—these are only a few of the suits that have formed the object of appeals to the crown, and that have received a hearing by the Committee of Privileges during the last hundred years.

Indeed, only a few of the older British peerages have not at one time or another been the subject of a contest—only a few are absolutely safe from the danger of being called upon to defend the possession of their dignities at great expense against claimants before the Committee of Privileges.

THE most unfortunate of women was not the plaintive Ariadne deserted in her island, nor Irene, nor even Rachel lamenting the loss of her children, but it was Eve, whom fate compelled to live so long without other women, about whom she might talk evil.—Jean Jacques Weiss.

What Yo' Gwine to Tell de Lawd?

A Negro Sermon in Rime.

THIS striking piece of dialect verse was first printed in the Denver *Post*, and was, it is said, composed by Mr. James Barton Adams, at one time connected with that journal.

The poem is really a rendering into metrical form of one of the exhortations of the negro preacher, John Jasper, of Richmond, Virginia, who won a sort of fame a good many years ago by his strenuous assertion that "the sun do move." That remarkable negro, with his unquestioning faith in the literal interpretation of the Scriptures, died only a few years ago, at a very advanced age. He was born a slave in 1812. After "gettin' religion" in his twenty-seventh year, he pored over a spelling-book until he could read well enough to familiarize himself with his beloved Bible. At another time readers of THE SCRAP BOOK will have opportunity to read of the sermon which made him famous—the sermon in which he tested the truths of modern science by the literal application of Scripture texts.

Jasper had a strain of wild eloquence which he sometimes brought into play with great effectiveness, and the spirit of it is reproduced admirably in this poem. Something of the barbaric wildness of Africa has become blended with the tremendous imagery of the Bible, and the dialect merely adds to the strange impression of wrath and terror which thrill and shudder through every stanza.

WHEN de trumpets am a tootin' an' de stahs dey am a shootin' an' de owls dey am a hootin' in de trees,
When de earf it am a quakin' an' de dead dey am a wakin' an' de people am a shakin' in de knees;
When yo' hea' de rollin' thundah, an' de rocks am rent asundah, an' de hosts am in deir wondah standin' awed,
An' yo' fin' yo'self a tremblin' while de nations am assemblin',
Oh, sinner, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

When de planets get a knockin' at each udder an' a rockin',
an' de tempest seems a mockin' at yo' wo,
When de darkness am a fallin' an' de buzza'ds am a squallin'
an' de angels am a callin' yo' to go;
When de sun hab quit its shinin' an' de brack wolves am a
whinin' an' de mo'nahs lay repinin' on de sod,
An' yo's asked to tell de story, what yo' doin' up in glory,
Oh, sinner, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

When yo' see de righteous swingin' up de road an' all a
singin' twul de earf it be a ringin' wif de psalm,
When dey fol' deir wings an' rally in de golden rivah valley
singin' hallaluyah-hally to de Lam';
When de hills dey am a crashin' an' de sulfur fia's flashin'
an' yo' feel de cuttin' lashin' ob de rod,
When de sheep am bein' chosen from de goats, what yo' sup-
posen, wicked sinner, yo' am gwine to tell de Lawd?

Oh, befo' de vial's broken an' de wrathful fi'ry token wid its
awful flames am chokin' up de sky,
Fo' de dragon gets a barkin' an' de earf begins to darken,
ask de Mastah fo' to harken to yo' cry.
Stop yo' sinnin' an' transgressin', listen to de wahnin' lesson,
get yo' wicked knees to pressin' on the sod;
When yo's at the bar, an' Satan am a eyin' yo' an' waitin'—
tremblin' sinner, what yo' gwine to tell de Lawd?

How "Wild Bill" Made Good.

BY CHARLES FRANCIS BOURKE.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE Western Express pulled into the station, and "Wild Bill" Godfrey slipped from his seat and swung out of the cab of the locomotive with his oil-can and wrench. He had reached the end of his run, but it was his custom to go over the running-gear before handing the engine over to the hostler. Besides, on the run just ended engine "Thirty-Six" had been badly jolted up.

The engineer had hardly stepped down from his cab before the trainmaster called to him from the door of his office, across the platform.

"Hello, Bill; the super wants to interview you; wants you in the office."

"All right, Casey," the engineer responded gruffly. "I'm done."

He swung back to the cab and threw in the oil-can and monkey-wrench.

"So long, Jim," he said, holding up his hand to the fireman. "You've been a good pardner; I hope you get the job."

As the engineer's tall figure disappeared up the stairway that led to the superintendent's office the conductor joined the trainmaster beside the engine.

"How did that Ysleta thing happen, Jim?" the trainmaster asked the fireman. "How did Bill come to jump the engine?"

"Don't ask me," the fireman answered. "I was back in the tender crackin' coal when he—fell off."

"Fell off your grandmother!" the conductor grinned. "If Bill didn't jump at that open switch I'll eat my head. Didn't Jerry Connor see him from the freight-caboose when he jammed in the throttle? Fell off!"

"Well, I'd 'a' beat him off if I wasn't screwed into the tender," the fireman said. "Old Thirty-Six didn't stop ten feet from the freight."

"I wouldn't ha' believed it of 'Wild Bill,'" the trainmaster remarked. "I never knowed him to be on the carpet before except for busting up things with his reckless running. Crack engineer on the road, too, for three years; regular daredevil he was."

"Well, he's been mighty careful for three months," the fireman retorted. "Don't know what he used to be, but he's always fussin' over the engine now. You'd think he'd almost jump at a cloud on the track."

"Nerves got him, I reckon," the conductor commented. "Well, I bet he's on the carpet for the last time. Super won't stand for jumping from passenger-trains. It's a darn shame!"

"He'll get his suspenders cut, all right," the trainmaster assented. "It is too bad. Bill's only been married a little while, hasn't he?"

"Only three or four months," the conductor answered. "Well, a fellow can never tell what's goin' to happen, railroading."

II.

"WILD BILL" GODFREY fully expected that he was going "on the carpet" for the last time when he took his way to the office of the division superintendent. No one knew better than himself that he had failed—failed for the first time! The thought of that fearful thing that had happened still dazed him.

He had earned his nickname through daredevil engine-driving, and had proved his skill and daring a hundred times, often in the face of death. And now he had jumped at an open switch!

Well, there was nothing left but to take his medicine—better to get that over with as quickly as possible. He gritted his teeth as he threw open the door of

the superintendent's office and stood before the official with a look half sullen, half defiant, on his face.

"Well, Godfrey, how about that affair at Ysleta?" the superintendent asked, swinging around in his chair. They were alone in the room, and as the engineer closed the door he turned his broad back to it. "You're reported to have jumped your engine."

"Wild Bill" shrank back a little. He had braced himself for what he knew was coming, but the words struck him like a blow in the face.

"The switch——" Godfrey put his hand to his throat; something seemed to choke him; he could not go on.

"The switch was open. I know that," the superintendent said impatiently. "It was left open after the freight pulled on to the siding. What I want to know is, how did you come to—get spilled out of the cab, in face of a possible smash-up?"

The engineer's arm dropped, and his fist clenched at his side.

"I didn't get spilled off, Mr. Lanier," he said steadily. "I'm not making excuses; I can only tell you I don't know how it happened. The engine was headed for the freight, and—I jumped."

There was silence for a moment. The superintendent's eyes dropped to his desk, which he tapped softly with his pencil. "Wild Bill" Godfrey turned to go, but stopped with his hand on the door-knob.

"You've got the story, sir," he said, trying to steady his voice. "There isn't anything more to say."

"Wait a moment, Godfrey." The superintendent looked up with a curious expression on his face. "Come back here."

The engineer obeyed wonderingly. The superintendent left his chair and took a turn across the room and back.

"You've been a crack engineer, Godfrey," he said finally. "You've been a little expensive for this division of the road, at times, but maybe that isn't altogether your fault."

"You wanted the Limited pulled on time, sir," the engineer said, with a touch of his old spirit. "You know what the engines and the road-bed are. I plowed through that bunch of cows making time, and I burned the boiler out o' Thirty-Six making time, an' that slow freight I smashed once was on *my* time——"

"And they christened you 'Wild Bill' for making time. I know." The superintendent nodded. "I never spoke of those episodes at the time. But what has got into you these past three months? You've been off schedule a dozen times—you're not the same man at all; and now this—this thing at Ysleta."

The superintendent paused. In his heart he hated to let this man go, who had made a record for himself—"Wild Bill," for two years his best and speediest runner, the crack engine-driver of the division. He had failed, and the failure was almost a crime, but——

"Why did you do it, Bill?" he asked sharply. "What under the sun has been the matter with you lately?"

The engineer returned his gaze steadily. His eyes dropped after a moment, and when he raised them he spoke softly.

"I've been afraid, sir," he said simply. "I've just been afraid—because—because of the wife." He swallowed a lump in his throat, and then went on quickly in a tone of eager, boyish confidence.

"You know the kind of fear that gets creeping on your nerves, Mr. Lanier? I mean the fear of being killed, or done up, an' thinking what would happen to Her! It isn't being afraid for yourself, but I got thinking about it day and night, and I got to being careful. I've never been afraid of anything in my life till now; I've only been married a little while, and"—again the lump stopped him—"I found out how I changed today, sir," he finished slowly.

For ten seconds the superintendent fought through a hard mental struggle with himself. When he spoke his voice had the sharp ring of a challenge.

"Godfrey, do you want another chance?" he asked abruptly.

"Wild Bill" stared at him with a face gone suddenly white.

"Do I want another chance, sir!" He caught his breath quickly. "My God, Mr. Lanier, if you would!"

"You take the Western Express out to-morrow, Bill!" The superintendent swung on his heel and went back to his desk. "Remember, I'm banking on you,

Bill Godfrey. It's up to you to make good!"

III.

WHEN "Wild Bill" Godfrey went home to his wife that night she saw something in his face that made her retain an anxious hold on his broad shoulders after he had kissed her.

"Why, what is it, Will?" she cried. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost. Has there been any trouble on the road?"

The engineer took her face between his hands and kissed her again with a choked laugh.

"There isn't any trouble, honey," he said. "Leastwise, there isn't any trouble only I've been loving you like mad over every foot of the rails—every foot of 'em!"

"Oh, that's nice!" she cried. "And you'll keep right on loving me just the same, won't you, Will?"

For answer "Wild Bill" gathered her up in his arms; but his face was still pale under the bronze.

The fireman of Thirty-Six, who was stoking up a strange engine when "Wild Bill" Godfrey arrived at the roundhouse next morning, looked surprised at seeing the engineer report for duty; he had expected that Godfrey would get a long "lay-off." The engineer appeared not to notice the expression on the other's face.

"Why, where's old Thirty-Six?" he asked. "What are you doing with this old teakettle?"

"Master mechanic wheeled Thirty-Six over to the shop for new tires on the rear drivers. Her flanges got ground up some yesterday." The fireman grinned as the engineer mounted the cab and ran his eye over the operating-gear of the locomotive.

"This is old Twenty-One," Godfrey remarked in a slight tone of disgust, climbing on to the engineer's box and pulling the reverse-bar back across his body. "It's the old long-lever. Now, what do you think of that for a man-trap!" he muttered. "When you reverse her that bar locks ye in tighter'n a sardine in a tin box. She sure is an old-timer! Well, I hope she'll pull something, anyway."

"They're sending us over a heavy pull this morning, all right," the fireman said. "Operator told me two tourists and the regular sleepers, an' we got to pull the super's private car along, too."

"Well, we'll try and get something out of her, Jim," Godfrey said cheerfully. "Back her over to the shed; they'll be along in a minute or two."

As he crossed the tracks the express from the east rolled into the yard. A few minutes later Godfrey mounted the cab of engine Twenty-One, which had been coupled on, and the train pulled out of the station to continue its long journey westward.

The Western Express had not been long on her run before the astonished fireman began to wonder what under the sun had come over "Wild Bill" Godfrey. From the moment the engineer pulled open the throttle of the "man-trap" locomotive, the work of pulling the train went with a snap and a vim that the coal-shoveler had never before experienced. But he had not much time for wonder, for "Wild Bill" kept him on the jump to "squeeze every ounce of steam he could get out of the old teapot."

With his face set and hard, and his eyes blazing with a light of defiance, Godfrey nursed every inch of speed out of the locomotive. Twenty miles out he had a meeting-point with a freight, which was still pulling into the siding when the express thundered along.

The engine of the express missed the last car of the freight by a few inches, and "Wild Bill" laughed at the affrighted yell of the fireman.

"If they don't want to get banged up they'd better be on time," he said grimly.

The track was soft from heavy rains, but Godfrey ignored the bad sections and drove the "man-trap" over good and bad at a rate of speed that no engineer had ever dared venture with the Western Express before.

A dozen miles beyond the point where he had passed the freight-train they came in sight of a little herd of cattle feeding around a culvert. One of them tried to scramble across the culvert; the engine struck it and hurled it fifty feet from the track.

"Culverts ain't no place for a bunch of long-horns," "Wild Bill" growled,

as he nursed the lever and throttle to get the utmost power out of the drivers.

He had forgotten all except that he was fighting for his good name, and his blood sang with joy at every additional spurt of speed from the old locomotive. His old iron nerve had returned.

Not far ahead there was a mile of trestle to cross—shaky trestle, undermined by the flooded river at one end—and "Wild Bill" determined to make time now while he had a clear right of way.

"We'll take water at the next tank," he called to the fireman over the rattle and roar of the flying train. "We'll have a clear track right through to Closterville then. Stoke up, son!"

The fireman had caught something of the spirit of the whirlwind run and slaved at his fire-box until he was dripping with perspiration; it was not necessary for "Wild Bill" to watch the water-gage or the fire, for one was as low in fluid as he dared carry it on the rolling grade, and the other hissed and seethed like white-hot steel.

"The old machine can run, after all!" he said grimly. "I'll make her burn up fifty-five miles and better before I'm through with her."

But fast running has its penalties. When they pulled up at the water-tank an axle was found heated on one of the tourist-cars, and the train was delayed half an hour while the "hot box" was being cooled and packed. Godfrey, chafing at the delay, assisted at the work himself.

The division superintendent strolled up from his private car while Godfrey was directing the packing operation and looked curiously at the engineer, but made no comment on the unusual running-time.

He knew that when the long trestle was reached the engineer would lose as much time as he had gained, and the additional delay at the water-tank gave the engineer an opportunity to "open her up" again.

IV.

WHEN "Wild Bill" climbed back into the cab his face was hard and white. The sight of the division superintendent had roused thoughts he had been trying to beat back in his mind all day. His jaw was set as he pulled open the throttle again and started into the final stretch to the trestle.

"We ain't off schedule now," the fireman ventured to remark as the train began reeling the miles behind faster and faster, speeding through the storm of rain that nearly blotted out the view of the rails ahead. He was thinking of that long stretch of track on stilts that they were approaching, and he began to wonder whether "Wild Bill," under the influence of the strange change that had come upon him, would "take that on the run."

"It's good that long curve's on this side o' the river," the fireman shouted. "We'll know when we're on top of it. Gee! It's thick up front, ain't it?"

"Wild Bill" made no answer. The locomotive had settled down to the final burst of speed, and was splitting the rain like a knife. The excitement of the run and the iron grip he had held on his one thought—of making good in spite of everything—had tired him physically. His mouth was dry, and he took his hand from the "man-trap" reverse-bar long enough to search through his pockets.

"I ain't got a bit of tobacco, Jim," he said to the fireman. "Would ye mind going back and getting me some from the candy-butcher? You can't get any wetter, and the old machine's all right till we strike the trestle. Look out ye don't get spilled off the coal when she strikes the curve. Hello! Here's old Modoc Jack!" he exclaimed. "Signalin' away like mad, out in the rain."

There was a curious note in his voice that made the fireman turn back and look at him. "Wild Bill" was staring through the window at a giant red image that was sailing past. It was an old Indian totem, set up on the Western prairie, holding up its wooden arms in an attitude of wonder or warning. The image fled behind them and "Wild Bill" laughed grimly.

"That's the way he was shouting at me when I picked up a yearlin' back there one day," he said, noticing that the fireman was watching him. "Carried the little cuss on the cowcatcher half a mile, lookin' round the boiler head at me. 'What d'ye think o' this for gymnastics, old boy?' he says as plain as

talkin'. 'I'm deadheadin' ye this trip, all right!'"

"Did ye smash him?" the fireman asked, laughing in spite of himself.

"Not him! I pulled her up, an' the little devil jumps down, big as life, whiskin' his tail back to ma, going to tell her what a great time he had jumpin' Bill Godfrey's engine!"

Left alone in the cab, hurling the iron monster through the storm, "Wild Bill's thoughts escaped his grip and turned back to the little home he had left that morning—to the innocent cause of his failure, his weakening, and the quick grip he had taken on his courage and manhood when the last chance came.

Would it last? Would he recover the ground that he had lost during the past three months, when he had felt his nerve being slowly sapped away by that growing fear of some terrible catastrophe that would leave her—all he cared for on earth—helpless and alone?

"I wasn't afraid—I wasn't!" he muttered, clutching the iron bar beside him with both hands and rocking upon it with the swaying of the engine. "I wouldn't do it again—no, not even for her!"

He flushed red with shame and agony as he remembered how fear had caught him on that other engine and made him turn his back on the face of danger. It wasn't me. It wasn't me," he moaned. "I never showed yellow before—— My God!"

Behind him a shrill cry rang out over the thunder of the train. His hands were torn from the long reverse-bar and he was flung back against the cab-window. For a moment the engine reared on the side drivers; then, grinding and scraping, it took the curve, shooting ahead on the long swing at top speed.

Immersed in his torturing thoughts and deceived by the blinding rain, he had taken the curve that led to the long trestle under full headway. But it was the strange cry that had startled him and caused him to throw a quick glance over his shoulder.

"That couldn't be Jim," he muttered. "He ain't had time to get back on the tender."

He did not bother about the speed at which he had taken the curve. He realized in the flash of the moment that he could take the trestle on the run and pull in gradually. To jerk her up suddenly on the soft track of the curve meant jumping the rails.

The glance backward was but momentary; his hand went out to the throttle as he turned to look ahead, and he saw something that brought a sharp cry to his lips. The engine had nearly passed the curve; the track ahead had opened to his view through the slanting rain. Instead of the high stringers of the trestle-end, three hundred yards ahead, an open gulf yawned. He saw the broken timber-ends, and the truth shot through his brain.

"The trestle's gone! We're done for!"

The words or the thoughts passed, and the hand that grasped the throttle dropped back to the reverse-lever. All the possibilities of the situation flared before him like sheet lightning. He knew there was no time to shut off steam, put the engine in back motion, and then open up again and push back that heavy train that was ramming the machine toward the watery chasm.

The only alternative was appalling—to reverse the engine and put the drivers in back motion under full head of steam without shutting off! Ten to one, even if the cylinders and running-gear stood the strain, the engine would jump the track; if not, she would be wrecked on the rails. Trestle or ditch, it was death to him either way—if he stayed!

In the instant that he had, "Wild Bill" saw the terrible picture. His strong hands had already clenched the reverse-lever—that "man-trap" bar—to throw it back across his body and lock himself in to certain death, when the face of his wife crossed his vision and a wild hope. There was one way to safety! One quick leap intervened between death and life and love. There was just time.

"Wild Bill's" heart gave one strong beat. Then——

V.

BACK in the private car, at the end of the flying train, the division superintendent glanced at the speed-indicator, and then out through the rear window at the track flying away from under the train.

"Fifty-two miles!" he exclaimed. "We're almost on top of Monon trestle. We must stop this!"

He jumped from his seat and reached for the air-cord. At the same instant the brakes ground upon the wheels and the car flung back with a jolt that sent him reeling upon the cushions. Struggling to rise, his eyes caught something rolling over and over in the ditch behind the train.

"My God!" he said. "He's jumped the engine. The trestle——"

There was a noise like the distant falling of a pile of planks, and a ripping, tearing sound, as the train came to a full stop, the car shaking with a sickening tremor.

"We've got it! I knew he'd do it! We're in the ditch!"

To his practised ear the sounds and stopping needed no explanation. Springing to the door, he jerked it open and swung out from the side of the rear platform. Far ahead he saw a confused mass beside the track, covered with smoke and steam. Behind it cars were slewed across the rails; from the tourist-cars and sleeping-cars passengers and trainmen were scrambling out, springing and falling to the ground.

"Thank God," the superintendent cried, "the passenger-coaches are on the rails!"

He leaped from the platform and ran forward. Hurrying alongside the train, he glanced at the cars as he passed.

Frightened passengers ran back from the forward cars, crying to one another that the boiler of the locomotive was about to explode. The baggage-car had been thrown on its side, and the baggageman, yellow-faced and crazed from fear, sat upon the top jamb of the door laughing and crying.

In front of the baggage-car the mail-car had been tilted off the track, and the clerks, bracing their feet on the floor and side, gathered up their scattered letters and papers, casting not even a glance out upon the wreck.

The superintendent reached the head of the train. One quick glance showed him the washed-out trestle, twenty yards ahead of the wrecked engine. Bewildered, he looked at the solid rails that led right up to the edge of the chasm.

"How in the name of Heaven did he go off?" he exclaimed. "She must have jumped bodily at the end of the curve."

There was no time for speculation. The cries of the trainmen brought him to the mass of broken iron that lay beside the track. The tender stood on end, but the locomotive lay on her back in the ditch, her big driving-wheels in the air and a connecting-rod with a mass of iron at the end thrusting up through the smoke and steam like the helpless paw of some huge animal.

Beside the upturned cab trainmen with axes and shovels were chopping and digging, fanning away the blinding smoke and steam with hats and coats.

"One of them jumped," the superintendent cried. "We passed him in the ditch. Don't wait to dig, men—chop through the side of the cab!"

A man shrank back from the scalding steam. "There's only one under," he said. "I saw him through the hole. Must be the fireman. He was back in the baggage-car, but he went on the engine again——"

"He'll be gone in that smother before they reach him," the superintendent groaned. "It was my fault—trusting that coward!" he said, as the conductor of the train joined him, rubbing the smoke from his blinded eyes.

"One of them jerked her back," he said. "She must have jumped the rails when he reversed her. My God, Mr. Lanier, what a close shave!" He shivered and glanced at the broken trestle.

The superintendent did not answer. His eyes were glaring back at a man who was approaching them, hobbling along beside the cars. Even at that distance, he saw the blue clothes of the engineman. As he came nearer, the superintendent sprang toward him with an exclamation that sounded like a cry of joy.

"'Wild Bill' is under the engine!" he cried. "It was you that jumped."

The tottering fireman grasped the rail of a car for support.

"I was throwed from the tender—she struck the curve," he said weakly. "Poor Bill's under? Poor Bill—poor Bill!"

A murmur of voices came from the wreckage, then silence.

The superintendent turned from the fireman, his face working as he went back to the wrecked engine. The trainmen were gathered at one side of the cab, closing in about something that was stretched out upon the side of the track.

Pushing his way through them, the superintendent knelt down beside the grimy form. "Wild Bill" Godfrey lay with closed eyes, his broad chest slowly rising and falling.

"He was in his seat with the reverse-lever jammed across him," the conductor whispered. "He must have reversed without shutting her off, 'cause the cylinder-head's blown out. That's what made her jump the track—just in time—my God! Just in time!"

The superintendent gently lifted the engineer's hand. No one knew better than he what had happened—how this man had sacrificed himself to save his train-load of souls—and he saw in his own mind something of the picture that had flashed through the engineer's brain as he jerked the reverse-lever back across the way to safety—he had given "Wild Bill"—the sting of remorse that had urged him into reckless running—the dash into the curve and the wrecked trestle flashing into sight—the terrible alternative that confronted him—with the bare hope of leaving the rails in time. All this the superintendent saw even as had "Wild Bill."

As the picture of the tragedy unfolded itself to the superintendent's mind "Wild Bill" slowly opened his eyes. His lips trembled as the superintendent bent lower, and the words came faint and weak, as from afar off:

"I didn't jump—that time, Mr. Lanier," he whispered. "I—took her pretty fast, but—guess I made good—all right, didn't I?"

There was a thin ring of triumph in the engineer's voice, but the eyes waited hungrily for the answer.

"You did—make good, Bill," the superintendent said softly, and a smile flickered across the blackened face as "Wild Bill's" eyes closed. His run was ended.

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CROWN JEWELS MADE OF PASTE

Few Visitors to the Tower of London Know that the Famous Collection of Gems Exhibited There Consists Largely of Counterfeits.

AMONG the treasures of the British Empire which now find lodgment in the Tower of London it is doubtful if any inspire more respectful interest than the articles which are exposed to view in the apartment which is reserved for the "crown jewels."

In the center of this apartment is a great circular, iron-barred glass case which, day and night, is most carefully guarded by watchmen. But how many visitors who gaze upon the articles within the case know that most of the blazing gems are merely paste, and that although the Tower might be considered a safe enough place, most of the famous stones are in reality stored in the vaults of the king's bankers, their places being taken by cleverly executed counterfeits?

It was the early custom to provide an ornate but inexpensive crown for the queen consort, and though these circlets blaze with jewels, none of them are real. When Victoria was to be crowned queen regnant it was realized that it would never do to offer her paste, and a new crown was provided, for which stones were taken from the earlier masculine crowns. Among them is the ruby which Henry V wore in his helmet when he invaded France.

Oddly enough, many of the paste jewels attract more appreciative comment than the few crowns set with genuine stones, and the sightseer goes on his way rejoicing or envious, according to his temperament, although any fashionable jeweler's store will display ten times the number of real precious stones.

Intrinsically, it is said, the entire display is not worth more than a quarter of a million dollars.

The Partnership of Gilbert and Sullivan.

The Veteran English Librettist Tells How "Pinafore," "Patience," "The Mikado," and the Rest of the Famous Series of Operettas Came to Be.

HUNDREDS of thousands of young and old who have been brought up, so to speak, on the music of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas would have been deeply interested to hear W. S. Gilbert give his memories of Sir Arthur Sullivan at the Savoyard dinner, in London, a few weeks ago. The Savoyards are the coterie who were associated with the Savoy Theater in the old days. As Mr. Gilbert said at the dinner, death has thinned the ranks. He referred to his former collaborator as "a composer of the rarest genius, as modest and as unassuming as a neophyte should be but seldom is." To quote him further:

I was introduced to him thirty-seven years ago by my friend Fred Clay. Our acquaintance began, merrily enough, with a jest to which he often referred in after-years. I was at that time engaged in writing a three-act blank-verse comedy called "The Palace of Truth." One of the characters is a musical impostor who had succeeded in establishing a reputation by the use of high-flown technical commonplaces.

Curious to know how one of his speeches would impress a skilled composer, I turned it from blank verse to colloquial prose, and said to Sullivan:

"My friend Fred Clay and I have been discussing a technical point upon which you may be able to throw some light. My contention is that if a musician who is master of all instruments has a musical theme to express he can express it as readily upon the simple tetrachord of Mercury, in which, as we all know, there are no diatonic intervals whatever, as upon the more elaborate disdiapason with the three tetrachords and the redundant note, which, as I need not remind a composer of your distinction, embraces in its perfect consonance all the simple double and inverted chords."

He thought it over for a few seconds, and then said that he was not prepared with an answer offhand, but that he would think it over and let me know. I believe he left me under the impression that he had been speaking to a master of harmony and counterpoint—an illusion that was quickly dispelled at our first business interview.

Mr. Gilbert then told of his early collaboration with the composer:

When Sullivan and I began to collaborate, English comic opera had practically ceased to exist. Such musical entertainments as held the stage were adaptations of the crapulous plots of the operas of Offenbach, Audran, and Lecoq. The plots had generally been Bowdlerized out of intelligibility, and when they had not been subjected to this treatment they were frankly improper, whereas the ladies' dresses suggested that the management had gone on the principle of doing a little and doing it well.

A New Departure In Comic Opera.

We set out with the determination to prove that these elements were not essential to the success of humorous opera. We resolved that our plots, however ridiculous, should be coherent; that our dialogues should be void of offense; that, on artistic principles, no man should play a woman's part, and no woman a man's. Finally, we agreed that no lady of the company should be required to wear a dress that she could not wear with absolute propriety at a private fancy ball; and I believe I may say that we proved our case.

As regards the sumptuary law which we imposed upon ourselves, I may say that it is indorsed to-day by the producers of musical comedy, for you must all have remarked that the ladies who play in those very unfairly depreciated entertainments are generally clothed in dresses of irreproachable propriety.

We are credited—or discredited—with one conspicuous failure, "Ruddigore; or, the Witch's Curse." Well, it ran eight months,

and, with the sale of the libretto, put seven thousand pounds into my pocket. In the blackness of my heart the worst I wish to my rival dramatists is that they may each have a dozen such failures, and retire upon the profits.

By the way, it is not generally known that, bending before the storm of press-execration, aroused by its horrible and blood-curdling title, we were within an ace of changing it from "Ruddigore; or the Witch's Curse," to "Kensington Gore; or, Robin and Richard Were Two Pretty Men."

Mr. Gilbert concluded by avowing his indebtedness to the author of the "Bab Ballads," who, he said, was present. He topped off this delightful bit of Gilbertian humor by expressing his trust that the thefts of Gilbert the librettist from Gilbert the Bab balladist had been justified by their improvements over the originals.

HERE'S TO GEORGE WASHINGTON!

Justice Brewer, of the United States Supreme Court, Tells the People that the Father of His Country Is Still "It" and Should Not Be Neglected.

WHEN a nation grows great its people show a tendency either to glorify their beginnings—to surround them with the enchanted and luminous mist of tradition—or to minimize them in emphasis of the country's subsequent progress. Thus, to-day we think of George Washington either as a demigod—a hero like Hercules—or as a country gentleman of moderate gifts who enjoyed an exceptional opportunity. It is just as well that now and then some one should indicate how extreme our judgments are likely to be.

Speaking at New Rochelle, New York, not long ago, Justice Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, sprang to the defense of the immortal George, saying:

There is a patronizing new way of looking at George Washington. With some, the tendency is to say that the Father of his Country did very well as commander-in-chief of a very small army, did tolerably well as the chief of state of a very small and struggling new republic.

They say that if George Washington were alive to-day he would not be able to cope with the demands upon his statesmanship. They would speak of him in the Western phrase, as "a back number," a man not up to the requirements of the present day.

Just so there are some persons who look upon the Constitution of the United States as something useful in the past, like the code of Hammurabai—a sort of a back number for which the cemetery of past things is yawning.

I believe that the Constitution of the United States was never intended to become a mere cemetery ornament. I believe that it is a living wall, erected by statesmen against the ever-encroaching greed of power to preserve the liberties of the individual. And I am one of those who still believe in George Washington.

It is not necessary to believe the fine old story of the cherry-tree. Neither should we attribute to the Father of his Country the sinful attributes of Ananias. Let us by all means believe in him for what he was—the great persevering leader in the movement which made the American colonies independent, and the far-seeing first President of the new nation.

A charge recently brought against Washington—not for the first time, for Jefferson said the same thing in his "Memoirs"—is that he had no religious belief, and that therefore his allusions to the Deity, occasionally to be found in his state papers, were a piece of hypocrisy. There is some conflict of evidence on this question—a question not easy of settlement in the case of so reserved and even taciturn a man; but on the whole we may safely accept the statement of one of his first biographers, Dr. David Ramsay:

He had religion without austerity. He was the friend of morality; steadily attended on public worship; encouraged and strengthened the hands of the clergy. He carried the spirit of piety with him, both in his private life and public administration.

CONSTANCY.

AMONG the poetical works of Thomas Moore none has been more popular than this very famous poem of sentiment, which appeared in the collection called by him "Irish Melodies." The words were intended to be sung to a simple plaintive air, the origin of which was unknown, but which had long been known to the peasantry in Ireland, and which was coupled in England with the old ballad "My Lodging is on the Cold, Cold Ground." In this respect it resembles some of the airs that were such favorites with Robert Burns as to lead him to write new words for them.

It is worth noting that the melody for which this especial poem was composed has been appropriated by the sons of Harvard University, and is now generally known to them and to thousands of others by the name of "Fair Harvard."

The 25th of February was the fifty-fifth anniversary of Moore's death.

BY THOMAS MOORE.

BELIEVE me, if all those endearing young charms,
Which I gaze on so fondly to-day,
Were to change by to-morrow, and fleet in my arms,
Like fairy-gifts fading away,
Thou wouldst still be adored, as this moment thou art,
Let thy loveliness fade as it will,
And around the dear ruin each wish of my heart
Would entwine itself verdantly still.

It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,
And thy cheeks unprofaned by a tear,
That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known,
To which time will but make thee more dear;
No, the heart that has truly loved never forgets,
But as truly loves on to the close,
As the sunflower turns on her god, when he sets,
The same look which she turned when he rose.

Uncle Toby and Lieutenant Le Fevre.

From "Tristram Shandy."

BY LAURENCE STERNE.

LAURENCE STERNE was the first Englishman to write fiction after the mode and manner of the French—with their indescribable blend of mischievous wit, crisp phrase, and artistic, if artificial, description. Sterne flourished in the middle period of the eighteenth century. He was a clergyman who led a somewhat unclerical life, even for those easy-going days—flirting, dining, and seeing the world. His two books, "A Sentimental Journey" and "Tristram Shandy," won popularity instantly, and have never lost it. Both of them abound in quips and jests, not always of a very decorous character, but marked by great ingenuity; while at times a touch of real pathos makes an effective contrast to the fun. In "Tristram Shandy" Sterne gave several new men and women to the throng of those whom genius has created. Among these are *Tristram's Uncle Toby*—otherwise *Captain Shandy*—a testy but benevolent old soldier of the French Wars; *Corporal Trim*, his body-servant; *Widow Wadman*, who has designs upon the *Captain's* heart, and *Yorick*.

The episode here reprinted is among the best known in the book—its most famous passage being that in which the Recording Angel blots out *Uncle Toby's* well-meant profanity. It is worth noting that many phrases and sayings of which the origin is not generally remembered are drawn from the pages of Sterne. Thus, the very beautiful sentiment quoted in the form "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb" is often mistakenly credited to the Scriptures; but it was in reality penned by Sterne.

IT was some time in the summer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the Allies,—which was about seven years before my father came into the country, and about as many after the time that my Uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's house in town in order to lay some of the finest sieges to some of the finest fortified cities in Europe,—when my Uncle Toby was one evening getting his supper, with Trim sitting behind him at a small sideboard: I say sitting, for in consideration of the Corporal's lame knee (which sometimes gave him exquisite pain), when my Uncle Toby dined or supped alone he would never suffer the Corporal to stand; and the poor fellow's veneration for his master was such, that with a proper artillery my Uncle Toby could have taken Dendermond itself with less trouble than he was able to gain this point over him: for many a time when my Uncle Toby supposed the Corporal's leg was at rest, he would look back and detect him standing behind him with the most dutiful respect; this bred more little squabbles betwixt them than all other causes for five-and-twenty years together.

But this is neither here nor there: why do I mention it? Ask my pen: it governs me—I govern not it.

He was one evening sitting thus at his supper, when the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlor with an empty vial in his hand, to beg a glass or two of sack:

"'Tis for a poor gentleman, I think of the army," said the landlord, "who has been taken ill at my house four days ago,

and has never held up his head since, or had a desire to taste anything until just now, that he has a fancy for a glass of sack and a thin toast; 'I think,' says he, taking his hand from his forehead, 'it would comfort me.' If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy such a thing," added the landlord, "I would almost steal it for the poor gentleman, he is so ill. I hope in God he will still mend," continued he: "we are all of us concerned for him."

"Thou art a good-natured soul, I will answer for thee," cried my Uncle Toby; "and thou shalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glass of sack thyself, and take a couple of bottles, with my service, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good.

"Though I am persuaded," said my Uncle Toby as the landlord shut the door, "he is a very compassionate fellow, Trim, yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his guest, too; there must be something more than common in him, that in so short a time should win so much upon the affections of his host."

"And of his whole family," added the Corporal, "for they are all concerned for him."

"Step after him," said my Uncle Toby; "do, Trim, and as if he knows his name."

"I have quite forgot it, truly," said the landlord, coming back into the parlor with the Corporal, "but I can ask his son again."

"Has he a son with him, then?" said my Uncle Toby.

"A boy," replied the landlord, "of about eleven or twelve years of age: but the poor creature has tasted almost as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day. He has not stirred from the bedside these two days."

My Uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thrust his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took it away without saying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco.

"Stay in the room a little," said my Uncle Toby.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, after he had lighted his pipe and smoked about a dozen whiffs. Trim came in front of his master and made his bow; my Uncle Toby smoked on and said no more. "Corporal," said my Uncle Toby. The Corporal made his bow. My Uncle Toby proceeded no further, but finished his pipe.

"Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myself up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a visit to this poor gentleman."

"Your honor's roquelaure," replied the Corporal, "has not once been had on since the night before your honor received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas; and besides, it is so cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honor your death, and bring on your honor's torment in your groin."

"I fear so," replied my Uncle Toby; "but I am not at rest in my mind, Trim, since the account the landlord has given me. I wish I had not known so much of this affair," added my Uncle Toby, "or that I had known more of it. How shall we manage it?"

"Leave it, an' please your honor, to me," quoth the Corporal: "I'll take my hat and stick and go to the house and reconnoiter, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honor a full account in an hour."

"Thou shalt go, Trim," said my Uncle Toby; "and here's a shilling for thee to drink with his servant."

"I shall get it all out of him," said the Corporal, shutting the door.

My Uncle Toby filled his second pipe; and had it not been that he now and then wandered from the point with considering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tenail a straight line as a crooked one, he might be said to have thought of nothing else but poor Le Fevre and his boy the whole time he smoked it.

II.

It was not till my Uncle Toby had knocked the ashes out of his third pipe

that Corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account:

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back to your honor any kind of intelligence concerning the poor sick lieutenant."

"Is he in the army, then?" said my Uncle Toby.

"He is," said the Corporal.

"And in what regiment?" said my Uncle Toby.

"I'll tell your honor," replied the Corporal, "everything straightforwards as I learnt it."

"Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe," said my Uncle Toby, "and not interrupt thee till thou hast done; so sit down at thy ease, Trim, in the window-seat, and begin thy story again."

The Corporal made his old bow, which generally spoke as plain as a bow could speak it, "Your honor is good." And having done that, he sat down as he was ordered, and began the story to my Uncle Toby over again, in pretty near the same words.

"I despaired at first," said the Corporal, "of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honor about the lieutenant and his son; for when I asked where his servant was, from whom I made myself sure of knowing everything which was proper to be asked"—["That's a right distinction, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.]—"I was answered, an' please your honor, that he had no servant with him; that he had come to the inn with hired horses, which, upon finding himself unable to proceed (to join, I suppose, the regiment), he had dismissed the morning after he came. 'If I get better, my dear,' said he, as he gave his purse to his son to pay the man, 'we can hire horses from hence.' 'But, alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence,' said the landlady to me, 'for I heard the death-watch all night long; and when he dies, the youth his son will certainly die with him, for he is broken-hearted already.'

"I was hearing this account," continued the Corporal, "when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toast the landlord spoke of. 'But I will do it for my father myself,' said the youth.—'Pray let me save you the trouble, young gentleman,' said I, taking up a fork for that purpose, and offering him my chair to sit down upon by the fire whilst I did it.—'I believe, sir,' said he very modestly, 'I can please him best myself.'—'I am sure,' said I, 'his honor will not like the toast the worse for being toasted by an old soldier.' The youth took hold of my hand, and instantly burst into tears."

"Poor youth," said my Uncle Toby: "he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a soldier, Trim, sounded in the poor fellow's ears like the name of a friend. I wish I had him here."

"I never in the longest march," said the Corporal, "had so great a mind to my dinner as I had to cry with him for company. What could be the matter with me, an' please your honor?"

"Nothing in the world, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, blowing his nose; "nothing at all, but that thou art a good-natured fellow."

"When I gave him the toast," continued the Corporal, "I thought it was proper to tell him I was Captain Shandy's servant, and that your honor (though a stranger) was extremely concerned for his father, and that if there was anything in your house or cellar"—["And thou mightest have added my purse, too," said my Uncle Toby.]—"he was heartily welcome to it. He made a very low bow (which was meant to your honor), but no answer, for his heart was full; so he went up-stairs with the toast. 'I warrant you, my dear,' said I as I opened the kitchen door, 'your father will be well again.' Mr. Yorick's curate was smoking a pipe by the kitchen fire; but said not a word, good or bad, to comfort the youth. I thought it wrong," added the Corporal.

"I think so, too," said my Uncle Toby.

"When the lieutenant had taken his glass of sack and toast, he felt himself a little revived, and sent down into the kitchen to let me know that in about ten minutes he should be glad if I would step up-stairs. 'I believe,' said the landlord, 'he is going to say his prayers; for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bedside, and as I shut

the door I saw his son take up a cushion.'

"'I thought,' said the curate, 'that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never said your prayers at all.'—'I heard the poor gentleman say his prayers last night,' said the landlady, 'very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it.'—'Are you sure of it?' replied the curate.—'A soldier, an' please your reverence,' said I, 'prays as often (of his own accord) as a parson; and when he is fighting for his king and for his own life, and for his honor, too, he has the most reason to pray to God of any one in the whole world.'"

"'Twas well said of thee, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.

"'But when a soldier,' said I, ''an please your reverence, has been standing for twelve hours together in the trenches up to his knees in cold water, or engaged,' said I, 'for months together in long and dangerous marches, —harassed perhaps in his rear to-day, harassing others to-morrow; detached here, countermanded there; resting this night out upon his arms, beat up in his shirt the next, benumbed in his joints, perhaps without straw in his tent to kneel on,—he must say his prayers how and when he can, I believe,' said I—for I was piqued," quoth the Corporal, "for the reputation of the army—'I believe, an' please your reverence,' said I, 'that when a soldier gets time to pray, he prays as heartily as a parson, though not with all his fuss and hypocrisy.'"

"Thou shouldst not have said that, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "for God only knows who is a hypocrite and who is not. At the great and general review of us all, Corporal, at the Day of Judgment (and not till then), it will be seen who have done their duties in this world and who have not; and we shall be advanced, Trim, accordingly."

"I hope we shall," said Trim.

"It is in the Scripture," said my Uncle Toby, "and I will show it thee to-morrow; in the meantime, we may depend upon it, Trim, for our comfort," said my Uncle Toby, "that God Almighty is so good and just a governor of the world that if we have but done our duties in it it will never be inquired into whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one."

"I hope not," said the Corporal.

"But go on, Trim," said my Uncle Toby, "with thy story."

"When I went up," continued the Corporal, "into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do until the expiration of the ten minutes, he was lying in his bed with his head raised upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambric handkerchief beside it. The youth was just stooping down to take up the cushion, upon which I supposed he had been kneeling; the book was laid upon the bed; and as he rose, in taking up the cushion with one hand he reached out his other to take it away at the same time. 'Let it remain there, my dear,' said the lieutenant.

"He did not offer to speak to me till I had walked up close to his bedside. 'If you are Captain Shandy's servant,' said he, 'you must present my thanks to your master, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courtesy to me: if he was of Leven's,' said the lieutenant—I told him your honor was—'then,' said he, 'I served three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him; but 'tis most likely, as I had not the honor of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me. You will tell him, however, that the person his good nature has laid under obligations to him is one Le Fevre, a lieutenant in Angus's—but he knows me not,' said he a second time, musing. 'Possibly he may my story,' added he. 'Pray tell the captain I was the ensign at Breda whose wife was most unfortunately killed with a musket-shot as she lay in my arms in my tent.'—'I remember the story, an' please your honor,' said I, 'very well.'—'Do you so?' said he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief; 'then well may I.' In saying this he drew a little ring out of his bosom, which seemed tied with a black ribbon about his neck, and kissed it twice. 'Here, Billy,' said he. The boy flew across the room to the bedside, and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand and kissed it, too, then kissed his father, and sat down upon the bed and wept."

"I wish," said my Uncle Toby, with a deep sigh—"I wish, Trim, I was asleep."

"Your honor," replied the Corporal, "is too much concerned. Shall I pour your honor out a glass of sack to your pipe?"

"Do, Trim," said my Uncle Toby.

"I remember," said my Uncle Toby, sighing again, "the story of the ensign and his wife; and particularly well, that he, as well as she, upon some account or other (I forget what), was universally pitied by the whole regiment. But finish the story thou art upon."—"'Tis finished already," said the Corporal, "for I could stay no longer, so wished his honor a good night: young Le Fevre rose from off the bed, and saw me to the bottom of the stairs; and as we went down together, told me they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders. But alas!" said the Corporal, "the lieutenant's last day's march is over."

"Then what is to become of his poor boy?" cried my Uncle Toby.

III.

It was to my Uncle Toby's eternal honor—though I tell it only for the sake of those who, when cooped in betwixt a natural and a positive law, know not for their souls which way in the world to turn themselves—that notwithstanding my Uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the siege of Dendermond parallel with the Allies, who pressed theirs on so vigorously that they scarce allowed him time to get his dinner, that nevertheless he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterscarp, and bent his whole thoughts toward the private distresses at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden gate to be bolted up, by which he might be said to have turned the siege of Dendermond into a blockade, he left Dendermond to itself, to be relieved or not by the French king as the French king thought good; and only considered how he himself should relieve the poor lieutenant and his son.

That kind Being who is a friend to the friendless shall recompense thee for this.

"Thou hast left this matter short," said my Uncle Toby to the Corporal as he was putting him to bed, "and I will tell thee in what, Trim. In the first place, when thou madest an offer of my services to Le Fevre, as sickness and traveling are both expensive, and thou knewest he was but a poor lieutenant, with a son to subsist as well as himself out of his pay, that thou didst not make an offer to him of my purse; because, had he stood in need, thou knowest, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myself."

"Your honor knows," said the Corporal, "I had no orders."

"True," quoth my Uncle Toby, "thou didst very right, Trim, as a soldier, but certainly very wrong as a man.

"In the second place, for which, indeed, thou hast the same excuse," continued my Uncle Toby, "when thou offeredst him whatever was in my house, thou shouldst have offered him my house, too. A sick brother officer should have the best quarters, Trim; and if we had him with us, we could tend and look to him. Thou art an excellent nurse thyself, Trim; and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and set him upon his legs.

"In a fortnight or three weeks," added my Uncle Toby, smiling, "he might march."

"He will never march again, an' please your honor, in this world," said the Corporal.

"He will march," said my Uncle Toby, rising up from the side of the bed with one shoe off.

"An' please your honor," said the Corporal, "he will never march but to his grave."

"He shall march," cried my Uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a shoe on, though without advancing an inch—"he shall march to his regiment."

"He cannot stand it," said the Corporal.

"He shall be supported," said my Uncle Toby.

"He'll drop at last," said the Cor-

poral, "and what will become of his boy?"

"He shall not drop," said my Uncle Toby firmly.

"Ah, well-a-day, do what we can for him," said Trim, maintaining his point, "the poor soul will die."

"He shall not die, by God!" cried my Uncle Toby.

The Accusing Spirit which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in; and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out forever.

My Uncle Toby went to his bureau, put his purse into his breeches-pocket, and having ordered the Corporal to go early in the morning for a physician, he went to bed and fell asleep.

IV.

THE sun looked bright the morning after, to every eye in the village but Le Fevre's and his afflicted son's; the hand of death pressed heavy upon his eyelids; and hardly could the wheel of the cistern turn round its circle, when my Uncle Toby, who had rose up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology sat himself down upon the chair by the bedside, and independently of all modes and customs, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and asked him how he did, how he had rested in the night, what was his complaint, where was his pain, and what he could do to help him. And without giving him time to answer any one of the inquiries, went on and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the Corporal the night before for him.

"But you shall go home directly, Le Fevre," said my Uncle Toby, "to my house, and we'll send for a doctor to see what's the matter, and we'll have an apothecary, and the Corporal shall be your nurse, and I'll be your servant, Le Fevre."

There was a frankness in my Uncle Toby—not the effect of familiarity, but the cause of it—which let you at once into his soul, and showed you the goodness of his nature. To this there was something in his looks and voice and manner superadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take shelter under him. So that before my Uncle Toby had half finished the kind offers he was making to the father, had the son insensibly pressed up close to his knees, and had taken hold of the breast of his coat, and was pulling it toward him. The blood and spirits of Le Fevre, which were waxing cold and slow within him, and were retreating to the last citadel, the heart, rallied back. The film forsook his eyes for a moment. He looked up wistfully in my Uncle Toby's face, then cast a look upon his boy; and that ligament, fine as it was, was never broken.

Nature instantly ebbed again. The film returned to its place; the pulse fluttered, stopped, went on—throbbed, stopped again—moved, stopped—— Shall I go on? No.

V.

I AM so impatient to return to my own story that what remains of young Le Fevre's—that is, from this turn of his fortune to the time when my Uncle Toby recommended him for my preceptor—shall be told in a very few words in the next chapter. All that is necessary to be added to this chapter is as follows:

That my Uncle Toby, with young Le Fevre in his hand, attended the poor lieutenant as chief mourners to his grave.

IF I knew a miser, who gave up every kind of comfortable living, all the pleasure of doing good to others, all the esteem of his fellow-citizens, and the joys of benevolent friendship, for the sake of accumulating wealth, Poor man, said I, you pay too much for your whistle.—**Benjamin Franklin** (1706–1790).

An Ancient Rural Sign-Language.

BY FRANK LEWIS FORD.

How a Wisp of Straw Is Often Employed by English Country-Folk to Show Something More Than Which Way the Wind Blows.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

IN Great Britain and other parts of Europe straw finds a peculiar use unknown in America. Out of straws is formed a sign-language that speaks intelligibly to the plain countryman on out-of-door matters.

In parts of England and Scotland a lad carrying a straw in his hat, or perhaps between his teeth, is known in every farmyard for a plowman or stable-boy, or the like, in search of a place. Articles for sale, in other rural districts, are marked with a bundle of straw. Farmers, when there are fowls or eggs for sale, plant a pole on the road near the house and adorn its top with the homely symbol.

A horse's tail, well platted with straw, with the straw-ends turned up, marks him as for sale, but garnished more roughly with stray wisps, marks him as a kicker. Straw tied to the stall also indicates a kicking horse, and in similar fashion, a bundle of straw on a gate-post at a short cut may give warning of an unruly bull within. Some farmers give further notice by fastening a bundle of straw to the animal's horns.

This use of straw as a danger-signal is wide-spread. Even vagrants know it and, in the north of Ireland, fight shy of all farmyards where gates are planted about with wisps of straw. Londoners about the streets sometimes meet the same warning. It may mark pavement torn up, and seen outside of a warehouse, it denotes that a crane is in use.

In the country, in winter and spring, the fox-hunter always watches for straw; when he comes upon it tied on top of a tall red pole he must look out for barbed wire; when hedges are strewn with straw he must rein up to keep out of new-sown wheat or clover fields. During the shooting season on the Yorkshire moors tall sticks are placed along the pathways and hung with straw. They bid the peasantry beware of the stray shots of the sporting gentry.

Miners, extending the old-country custom underground, warn comrades of dangerous parts of the working by means of straw thrown about the flooring.

In Germany workmen repairing the roofs of houses hang a bundle of straw from the top window as a danger signal to passers by, while bricklayers in Norway and Denmark tie a similar bundle to the top of the scaffold-pole to signify that the chimney-pots are set and their work is finished.

In the south of England, a bundle of straw left in a field is a sign that the gleaners are not yet allowed to gather the corn left by the reapers. When wheat is being sown, a stick crowned with straw is put up at each end of the field in order to guide the sower and prevent him going twice over the same ground.

Fastened to a pole stuck in a newly sown field, a bundle of straw serves as a scarecrow; secured to the roof of a farmhouse in many parts of Ireland, it is an invitation to passers by to enter and drink the health of the bride and bridegroom, who are within.

In the west of England, neighbors show their disgust of wife-beaters by ty-

ing straw to the door-handles of the houses in which such cruel husbands live.

The driver of the first caravan of a traveling circus invariably throws straw out at intervals, so that those following behind shall know which path he has taken. The same simple, but effectual, means have also been used by the guides of an army on the march.

Despite the invention of knitting machines, some elderly women in the north of Ireland still carry wisps of straw stuck into their belts. These form sheaths for their knitting-needles, and are a further sign to all and sundry who may chance to pass by that their wearer is willing to make knitted goods to order.

MAKING A MAN'S WORD COUNT.

Different Forms Which the Oath Has Taken In Different Countries at Different Times.

TO the man of to-day an oath means a solemn assertion, and little else. Oaths meant more, in the days when Harold swore to give up England to William the Conqueror. When the Saxon prince decided to keep the crown for himself, his perjury filled his followers with gloomy forebodings that the saints would be against them. It was the medieval custom to make the swearer take oath on holy relics, without which the vow was thought scarcely binding; and Harold's breach of faith was thought to have outraged every saint over whose relics he swore.

The ancient theory of an oath was that it represented the invocation of some divinity, as a third party, who should bring down retribution if the vow were not kept. Solemn rituals and sacrifices, varying in form with different nations, called the gods to witness, and secured their vengeance on the oath-breaker.

The Quakers of the seventeenth century in England were the first to protest effectively against the old-style oath. They refused to do more than make a simple declaration of facts. At first they were persecuted and disciplined; but finally, their trustworthiness gave them standing with sworn witnesses.

The statutes in most parts of the United States allow witnesses to swear according to the forms prescribed by their beliefs. In other countries, the customs are various and often curious, as can be seen from the following description, printed in the Boston *Journal:*

There is more than a touch of the grotesque, as well as of the solemn, in the modes of administering oaths in certain countries. When a Chinaman swears to tell the truth he kneels down, and a china saucer is given to him. This he proceeds to break in pieces, and the following oath is then administered:

"You shall tell the truth and the whole truth. The saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth your soul will be cracked like the saucer."

Other symbolic variations of the Chinese oath are the extinguishing of a candle or cutting off a cock's head, the light of the candle representing the witness's soul and the fate of the cock symbolizing the fate of the perjurer.

In parts of India, tigers' and lizards' skins take the place of the Bible of Christian countries, and the supposed penalty of breaking the oath is that in one case the witness will become the prey of a tiger, and in the other that his body will be covered with scales like a lizard.

In certain Mohammedan countries a witness takes the oath with his forehead reverently resting on the open Koran. He takes his "Bible" in his hands, and, stooping low, as if in the presence of a higher power, slowly bows his head until it touches the book.

In Spain the witness kneels solemnly before the Bible and places his right hand reverently upon it. The judge then asks him:

"Will you swear, in the name of God and His Holy Book, to speak the truth in answer to all questions that may be asked you?"

The witness answers: "I swear."

The judge then concludes: "If you do this, God will reward you; but if you fail, He will require an account of you."

An Austrian takes his oath in front of a crucifix, flanked by lighted candles. With upraised right hand he says:

"I swear by the all-powerful and all-wise God that I will speak the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, in answer to any questions that may be asked in this court."

The Story of Beau Brummel.

BY HENRY VALENTINE DAY.

The Career of the Most Famous of All Social Autocrats—His Unchallenged Rule Over English Swelldom, His Quarrel with the Prince Regent, His Downfall, and His Death in a Pauper Asylum.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

The glass of fashion and the mold of form,
The observed of all observers!

THE above lines could not have fitted Beau Brummel more closely if he had inspired them himself. If men of his kind are rare, it must be partly because the qualities of this type are gifts, not attainments; the qualities of a social leader born, not made. Brummel's claim to immortality is that he held undisputed sway over London swelldom for many years, issuing his social decrees, snubbing whom he would without question, and reigning absolute in his world of elegance. Without antecedents, for the most part without a penny of income, he lived in princely fashion on the tribute of his admiring subjects.

George Bryan Brummel's parents were a secretary of Lord North and the youngest daughter of a lottery-office keeper. His father was "not unfairly suspected" of picking and stealing, so that the heritage on either side was hardly calculated to foster elevated character. The boy went to Eton, and thence to Oxford. At Oxford he cut old chums "who went to vulgar colleges," seeking, instead, intimacies with youths of high birth and position.

The Training of a Social Autocrat.

Brummel entered upon his social career by conquering the favor of that impulsive prince, George, Prince of Wales, later to be George IV. At the age of sixteen, Brummel received from the prince a cornetcy in the Tenth Regiment. The young officer possessed a sharp tongue. He insulted men right and left in dashing style, but he had more assurance than courage in his temper and never fought them. The royal favor made the gallants of the time overlook the young favorite's slowness to choose between swords and pistols. As for the men of Brummel's command, they were not known to him, and he shirked every military duty.

He made no pretense of being more than a carpet-warrior. When the regiment was ordered off to Manchester he went to the prince and protested.

"I really couldn't go to Manchester," he objected.

"Oh, by all means do as you please, Brummel," answered the obliging ruler.

Brummel gave up his military commission; other arrangements were made. With some thirty thousand pounds, the favorite set up in Chesterfield Street, in a quiet way, "with but one cook, a single pair of bays, and dinners rarely twice a week." Here began his long and eventful reign as the leader of fashion —the *arbiter elegantiarum* of Cavendish Square and St. James's.

Never Outre in His Apparel.

He must not be imagined to have been a mere dandy—a clothes-wearing man pure and simple. He was scrupulous to wear the correct clothing of a London gentleman of the period, and nothing departing therefrom; he even felt a monstrous horror for eccentric raiment. One article of apparel only he did alter—the cravat, which he had starched. That process, now universal, was then new.

The Beau's stiff neck-cloth, a foot broad, had to be folded down, pleat by pleat, to fit the neck—a task often the despair of his valet. This same tie was never folded twice. The failures were cast aside, with the soiled linen, for the laundress.

But it was not so much Brummel's starched neck-cloths and his exquisite attire that won him his fashionable eminence as his air of breeding, his rare good taste, and his sarcastic tongue. His London vogue grew until he outrivaled —strange though it sounds—the prince himself.

"The prince," a smart tailor of the day tells his customer, "wears superfine, and Mr. Brummel the Bath coating; it is immaterial which you choose, Sir John."

"Suppose we say the Bath coating. I think Mr. Brummel has a trifle the preference," Sir John replies.

Decidedly he has, and all over London. A duchess warns her daughter to be mindful of her manners when "the celebrated Mr. Brummel approaches"; a lord feels honored to walk with him from White's to Watier's arm in arm. Brummel, it is told, more than paid a creditor with a bow from the clubhouse window and a "How de do, Jemmy?" There is, too, his reply to the gentleman who offered to take him to the party in his own carriage.

"But, my dear fellow," exclaims Brummel, "pray, how are you to go?"

Brummel's Unpunished Impudences.

Many of Brummel's impudences would not pass, in these more proper days, as good taste. He went one night to the house of a neighbor and knocked on the closed outer door, for it was late. The neighbor, who had an odd-sounding name, finally, after the neighborhood was aroused, poked his nightcapped head out of an upper window. Brummel called to him in earnest tones:

"Pray, sir, is your name Snodgrass?"

"Yes, my name is Snodgrass," came down the perturbed answer.

"You don't say so! Snodgrass! Snodgrass! A very odd name, that, upon my soul! Good night to you, Mr. Snodgrass."

His fine company seemed almost to feel a sort of brutish gratitude for Brummel's impudences, the prince foremost of all. Brummel himself always denied having said to the prince, "George, ring the bell," but the tale hardly exaggerates his behavior. He used the houses of the nobility as if they were inns, quartering where he pleased, and perhaps speaking of the place where he had stayed as "a good place to spend one night in."

He Quarrels with the Prince Regent.

His quarrel with the prince was what finally pulled him down from his envied place. It grew out of a remark of Brummel's, borne to the prince's ear: "I made him what he is, and I can unmake him." Its element of truth enraged the royal pupil. It recalled hours spent learning the arts of the toilet and days in putting on a certain elaborate appearance of polish in his demeanor. The thought made him hate Brummel as only a debtor can hate his benefactor.

The prince betrayed his animosity in brutal fashion. At a ball given by Brummel and three friends he greeted the three, but refused to recognize Brummel. Said the prince later:

"If he had taken the cut I gave him good-naturedly, I would have renewed my acquaintance."

But in drawing-rooms, at least, Brummel was not afraid to make war. Fashionable London was soon torn into factions, some being for the prince and many supporting the Beau in his disgrace. The cut hurt him little at first. At the great people's parties the prince was asked one night and his antagonist the next.

The most memorable saying of Brummel, no doubt, was that which revenged him on the prince. Meeting a friend walking with that august personage one afternoon, he inquired:

"Alvanley, who is your fat friend?"

The smart of this thrust lay in the serene elegance of Brummel's own slim person, which his royal rival, try as he would, could not approach.

Brummel, save for the slight matter of birth, had altogether the advantage of the prince in figure, in manner, and even in success with women. He was but a supercilious wooer; yet a boxful

of letters, miniatures, and womanish tokens, found later among his possessions, show that many of the fair sex must have been fond of him.

It was not the prince's disfavor that ruined Brummel. With the sinews of war, he might, it almost seems, have made good his boast and unmade the prince; but the exquisite was overwhelmed, at last, by that base and unworthy trouble, debt. The prince's enmity terminated the prince's bounty. Brummel's own thirty thousand pounds could not last long, nor did he spend them sparingly. He lived like a great lord, and gambled like one, besides. He rolled up debt without a qualm. Finally, after getting a friend to indorse a note, to be divided between them, he lost the entire sum in a night's play; and then he slipped out of England. That evening he sat at the opera, as usual, but left his place early. At nine he was posting for Dover, in the carriage of a rich friend. Morning saw him landed on the quay at Calais, an escaped debtor.

Beau Brummel In Exile.

He could not live without satins and ormolu, even in exile; nor did he lack them. He borrowed, and spent twenty-five thousand francs for an establishment. In his elegant exile he still received his noble friends, who still were glad to be received and patronized. He acknowledged their notes when these contained inclosures, but never alluded to the gifts except when asking again. His life was serenely regular. He rose at twelve, gave two hours to dressing and two more to reading, and dressed for dinner at five; nor would he dine before six to please his largest creditor. With later years only, gluttony came upon him; he could not refuse an invitation, whatever the hour.

His friends began to die off. John Chamberlayne, who had made him a regular allowance, was the first. Brummel plagued the executors to continue the remittances, but without avail. The Duchess of York went next. Her kindness to Brummel had been untiring. Toward her he even felt a gratitude unusual in him, so that her death was a double blow—to pocket and heart.

The remaining friends grew tired of giving. Friends, money, credit gone, starvation began to press close. Brummel was forced to an employment. Through the Duke of Wellington and William IV he obtained a consulship and became the British representative at Caen. There he was well received by many resident Englishmen, for his fame was still great; and he resumed a measure of his former grandeur.

A little common sense would now have made him secure in his old age; but, alas, he could not give up the fopperies of three neck-cloths a day, boots varnished under sole as well as on the top, dinner-parties, and servitors. He was still the leader of fashion in his diminished world; but disaster was in store for him. There came a prospect of vacancies in the consulates of Havre and Leghorn. Brummel eyed these prizes, and wrote advising that the office at Caen was a sinecure and ought to be abolished. This was true, of course, and it was in his best style of impudence to remind the government of it; but, like Napoleon, he had taught his opponents his prowess. The government abolished the office, and left the consul high and dry—a *riposte* worthy of the Beau's own device.

The Beau's Ingratitude to His Friends.

The shock of the news brought on a stroke of paralysis; creditors swarmed upon the sick man. Friends in England once more satisfied the debts, once more fitted out the old fashionable, so that he mended and took heart again, showing recovered spirits by satirically quoting Fitzpatrick's lines:

> Whate'er they promised or professed
> In disappointment ends:
> In short, there's nothing I detest
> So much as all my friends.

A pathetic figure, the old, paralytic Beau! A second stroke followed. Friends raised an annuity of a hundred and twenty pounds, but that was nothing to the inveterate spender, who had not learned penny-wisdom. One day the *gendarmes* of Caen dragged him off to jail for a petty matter of debt. He was locked up in mean company, and slept on a vile trundle-bed. Even in prison he borrowed a few francs from a fellow

prisoner—and spent them on a cheap mirror.

The English friends again sent on the requisite sum, and after eleven weeks' confinement Brummel was seen once more at an evening party.

From cutting princes, he was now reduced to hobnobbing with Jew tailors and cockney snobs for a glass of champagne or St. Julien. He still held to primrose gloves, though he came to a black neck-cloth. He was hard put to it for cologne, oil for his wig, Rheims biscuit for his lunch; so he begged them at the shops, coursing from shop to shop, in spite of his feeble legs.

The Last Scene in the Drama.

He soon failed more rapidly, mind and legs giving way at about the same time. His stomach holding good, he ate gluttonous dinners, his only remaining enjoyment save a foolish game. This was to have them open his door and announce great personages—many long since dead. He would play at turning old phrases, in one-sided conversations with the absent ones, and forget, for the moment, the poor room and its emptiness.

One day, near the end, a fine lady from England came to Caen and asked the innkeeper if she might see Brummel without being seen. The landlord detained the old man near her door, on his way to dinner. The lady left on the same evening, after a seizure of weeping, and did not reveal her name or return again. Brummel was brought, soon afterward, to the Hôpital du Bon Sauveur, muttering, as its gates opened:

"A prison! a prison!"

It was an asylum for the mendicant insane. He lingered there, improved a while, and died on the last day of March, 1848, at the age of sixty-eight.

He has no epitaph, richly though such a career deserved one. He had spent his own phrases bountifully to pay friend and tradesman alike. He died the world's debtor in goods, since he had gone through life gratis; just so, the world, for some years vastly entertained by his sallies, must stay in his debt for them. It paid him not so much as an epitaph. Which is the debtor?

TOPSYTURVY IS CHINA'S REAL RULER.

The People of the Flowery Kingdom Find It Difficult to Break Away from Their Practise of Doing Everything Backward.

UNLIKE the imitative Japanese, their neighbors, the Chinese insist on doing things in their own peculiar way if they are to do them at all. They have been forty centuries earning the reputation of the most conservative folk in the world. Reform is busy in China; but reform in such a land has no easy task. Chinese love their habits as strongly as their life itself.

The Chinese do everything backward.

They commence their dinner with dessert, and end up with soup and fish.

Their compass points to the south instead of the north.

The men wear shirts, and the women trousers; while the men wear their hair long, the women coil theirs in a knot.

The dressmakers are men; the women carry burdens.

The spoken language is not written, and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backward, and any notes are inserted at the top.

White is used for mourning, and bridesmaids wear black—instead of being maidens, these functionaries are old women.

The Chinese surname comes first, and when a gentleman of the Celestial Empire meets and salutes an acquaintance each of them shakes his own hand instead of his friend's.

Vessels are launched sidewise, and horses are mounted from the off side.

In shaving, the barber operates on the head, cutting the hair upward, then downward, and then polishes it off with a small knife, which is passed over the eyebrows and into the nose to remove any superfluous hairs, and the performance is completed by removing the wax from the ears with a bit of cotton-wool on a wire.

Poetry as an Aid to Correct Pronunciation.

BY FRED CLARE BALDWIN.

Those Who Mispronounce Certain Words Which Are Stumbling-Blocks to Many People Might Avoid Error by Memorizing Some Useful Lines from Standard Poets.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

A GOOD pronunciation is the last and finishing touch in the high arts of conversation and of oratory. To have gained the mastery over certain rebellious words in our own language—words that are constantly figuring in polite conversation—is of vastly greater importance than to be able to quote correctly a few French terms and phrases.

The helps toward a correct pronunciation—or, rather, the suggestions of help—given in the following paragraphs were not designed for those whose training may have rendered such assistance unnecessary. Unfortunately, we cannot all be scholars; though any one of us may mend his broken ways of speech.

It is one of the characteristics of English poetry that the rhythmic beat of its lines is provided for by a regular succession of accented syllables. To appreciate this requires no profound knowledge of prosody. All that is needed is the sense of rhythm, which most persons possess. To illustrate:

Said James Fitz-James, "I never staid
When foeman bade me draw my blade."

If in attempting to render these lines one should say, "Said James Fitz-James, 'I never hesitated when an enemy challenged me to draw my blade,'" almost every listener would know that somethings besides the rime had gone wrong.

The perfect riming of words, also, while not so essential to artistic value, yet has its place in the scale of approximate perfection, and often serves to bring out the neglected strength and beauty of one or more terms involved.

Take the word "duty," for instance; how often it is spoken as if it were spelled "dooty"! And how does it then go forth as a giant shorn of his strength, or as a sword that neither flashes nor sings nor cuts as it was made to do!

The following couplet, memorized, would serve as a constant check upon this all-too-frequent fault:

I slept and dreamed that life was Beauty;
I woke and found that life was Duty.
Ellen Sturgis Hooper.

The recollection of a single stanza from a well-worn and beautiful hymn will serve to set us right in the pronunciation of a word which has been known to cause at least momentary confusion:

When gladness wings my favored hour
Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
Resigned, when storms of sorrow *lower*
My soul shall meet Thy will.

"Exquisite" and "Plebeian."

Returning to the question of accent, how many a conversationalist comes to his Waterloo in the use of the word "exquisite"! Whether to accent the first or the second syllable is the query forever arising to terrorize the timid. Two lines from the "Old Oaken Bucket," repeated at odd intervals for their moral as well as their practical value, will help to give us the victory:

I found it the source of an *ex*quisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.

No one will go on saying "*ple*beian" for "ple*be*ian" when he has committed

to memory the following from Lytle's "Antony and Cleopatra":

> Should the base plebeian rabble
> Dare assail my name at Rome.

In the matter of hor*i*zon as against *hor*izon, the trail is blazed for us in these devout lines:

> Upon Thy limits rests my heart;
> Its safe horizon, Lord, Thou art.
> *Louisa Bushnell.*

The practise of quoting French words is not to be commended for those who have but a superficial knowledge of that language, and others rarely commit the folly; but should an emergency force one into the use of "naïveté," and should some doubt arise as to its correct rendering, a stanza from Bourke's "When My Cousin Comes to Town" will guide him safely:

> If she roams about the city
> In her healthy, happy way,
> Miss New York politely witty
> Is about her naïveté.

"Romance" and "Inquiry."

It is ro*mance,* not *ro*mance—as the following from "Tales of a Wayside Inn" testifies:

> He loved the twilight that surrounds
> The border-land of old romance.

It is in*quiry,* not *in*quiry. To quote again from Longfellow:

> If still further you should ask me,
> I should answer your inquiries.

And so we might go on, possibly, with pi*a*nist (for which a certain affected pronunciation seems to be gaining ground), and ad*dress,* and re*search,* and *gal*lant (as an adjective), and a host of others; but my purpose is already realized if enough has been said to start some one working on his own account along this line, and if, perchance, any one is led thereby to discover the more practical uses of English and American verse.

THESE WERE THEIR OWN GRANDPARENTS.

Two Marriages in Different Parts of the World Appear to Hold the Record for Causing Complicated Relationships.

COMPLICATED relationships are not infrequent, but it would probably be difficult to parallel two cases recently reported, one in Italy and one in America.

A Neapolitan sailor thus tells his own story: "I married a widow. She had by her first husband a handsome girl named Silvietta, with whom my father fell in love and who became his second wife. Thus my father became my son-in-law and my stepdaughter became my mother, since she had married my father. Soon afterward my wife gave birth to a son, who became my father's stepbrother and at the same time my uncle, since he was my stepmother's brother.

"But that was not all, for in due time my father's wife also gave birth to a boy, who was my brother and also my stepson, since he was the son of my daughter. My wife was also my grandmother, for she was the mother of my mother, and thus I was my wife's husband and at the same time her grandson. Finally, as the husband of a person's grandmother is naturally that person's grandfather, I am forced to the conclusion that I am my own grandfather."

The case of the fifteen-year-old Pennsylvania girl, Ida Kriebel, is quite as remarkable. When she married sixty-year-old Jacob Doney she did not realize that she would become the wife of her own stepgrandfather, and consequently the grandmother of herself.

Doney's first wife was the widow of John Wieden. She had three more children by Doney. One of her children married Samuel Kriebel, and a year later died. The widower married again. From this second union came Ida Kriebel. By this arrangement Doney became the stepgrandfather of his own child. The second Mrs. Doney also became stepgrandmother of twenty-five men and women, and stepgreat-grandmother of a lot of boys and girls of about her own age.

THE TRUE STORY OF OTA BENGA.

The Little African Pygmy Whose Appearance In the Monkey-House at the Bronx "Zoo" Created Such an Unexpected Sensation.

THOUSANDS of sightseers went a few months ago to the "Zoo" in Bronx Park, New York, to see a negro pygmy who, as some said, was confined in the cage with the large monkeys. According to other reports, he was a missing link, only half man and the rest ape. The papers were full of wild tales of the little fellow's monkey-like ways, and the public grew so curious that they fairly raided the Zoo, and could hardly be controlled by the guardians.

This interesting pygmy, Ota Benga by name, was for a time the subject of as much newspaper discussion as a political candidate. The humane societies took an interest in him because they believed that he was being detained at the Zoo against his will. The negro organizations were indignant that a black man should be forced to herd with monkeys. There was for weeks an uproar of excitement over the little man.

Now that the case has quieted down, Mr. Henry Edward Rood, an editor, has looked up the whole story, and has written to the New York *Sun,* stating the facts about Ota Benga, who, it appears, went among the monkeys of his own choice, though at liberty to go and live with Mr. S. P. Verner, the African traveler who brought him to this country. Says Mr. Rood:

With rare intelligence the pygmy decided that the place for him was to stay there in the monkey-house, where the temperature was kept at an equivalent of the Congo temperature, where everything was done to prevent the primates from suffering during the winter weather, and so on.

After seeing that his pygmy friend was comfortably established under the eye of Dr. Hornaday, Mr. Verner went South for a visit; and during his absence the eruption took place.

It happens that a certain hour of each warm day some of the primates are allowed to step from the monkey-house in to the large exercising quarters, where they can get fresh air and sunshine and have a change of surroundings.

One day Ota Benga was temporarily in the cage, looking after the chimpanzees, when the time arrived for them to be allowed to go into the exercising quarters. The door separating their cage from these quarters was opened and they stepped in, followed a moment later by Ota Benga, who was absolutely unconscious of anything except that he was to look after the rare and valuable little creatures in his charge.

The usual crowd of sightseers was waiting, and when Ota Benga appeared they thought he was a darky confined with the monkeys, and set up a howl.

When employees of the Zoo explained that Ota was a pygmy who had come from the very region where these chimpanzees had been captured the visitors became intensely interested, and the next day and the next the crowds increased so much that the keepers put up a sign mentioning the hour when Ota Benga and the chimpanzees would appear in the exercising quarters.

By this time the newspapers had got hold of the story, which was telegraphed all over the country, and Mr. Verner came up from South Carolina on the jump. The first thing he did was to have the sign taken down, and the second thing was to gasp in amazement, for by that time various well-meaning but uninformed persons were bombarding the mayor, the aldermen, howling for District Attorney Jerome to act, demanding why General Bingham did not do something with the police force, and otherwise making themselves somewhat conspicuous without having inquired into the facts of the situation.

As soon as it became manifest that the management of the Zoo was having too much trouble over the matter Mr. Verner accepted the kind offer of a colored orphanage in Brooklyn, whose management generously suggested that they would care for Ota Benga temporarily, and give him a good home and instruct him as far as possible according to American ideas of education.

So Mr. Verner was very glad to take his little friend from Bronx Park through the Subway and across the bridge to Brooklyn, where he now is.

BRUCE AT BANNOCKBURN.

"SCOTS, wha hae" is the imagined address of Robert Bruce to his soldiers on the morn of the great battle of Bannockburn, and was first published in 1794. Burns himself has left an account of how he came to write it. He had been listening to an old Scottish air, which tradition said was the air to which Bruce and his troops had marched to the field of Bannockburn. He observed: "This thought, in my yesternight's evening walk, roused me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scots ode, fitted to the air, that one might suppose to be the gallant royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning."

At another time, Burns wrote: "Independently of my enthusiasm as a Scotsman, I have rarely met with anything in history that interests my feelings as a man equal with the story of Bannockburn. On the one hand a cruel but able usurper, leading on the finest army in Europe to extinguish the last spark of freedom among a greatly daring and greatly injured people; on the other hand, the desperate relics of a gallant nation, devoting themselves to rescue their bleeding country or perish with her."

Certain it is that this poem, wedded to stern and solemn music, has an indescribable effect upon all men of Scottish blood. It is to them what the "Marseillaise" is to the French, and in singing it their martial spirit is intensely stirred. The poem is, therefore, one of the great battle-lyrics of literature.

BY ROBERT BURNS.

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has often led,
Welcome to your gory bed
Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour:
See the front o' battle lour,
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?—
Let him turn, and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand or freeman fa',
Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
By your sons in servile chains,
We will drain our dearest veins
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

The Best Books.

A Symposium in Which More Than a Score of American College Presidents Give Their Opinions on the Choice of the Most Helpful Things in Literature.

THE choice of books—of those books which, amid the vast multiplicity of printed literature, are most likely to prove a mental and moral stimulus to the reader—is a subject that interests every intelligent man and woman. With this fact in view, THE SCRAP BOOK recently placed the two following questions before a number of leading American educators:

1—What book, excepting the Bible, has had the most powerful and lasting influence upon your life?

2—What three books or authors, excepting the Bible, do you consider most desirable for every one to read?

Below are given some of the answers that have been received. Some of them, it will be seen, are non-committal, but all are interesting and significant:

From William L. Bryan, president of Indiana University:

1—Shakespeare.

2—There is no book except the Bible which makes a universal appeal to all nations and to all classes. My personal choice would be Shakespeare, Goethe, and Aristotle.

From Russell H. Conwell, pastor of the Baptist Temple and president of Temple College, Philadelphia:

1—Plutarch's "Lives."

2—Milton's "Paradise Lost," Shakespeare, and English and American history.

From Charles William Dabney, president of the University of Cincinnati:

1—Probably Shakespeare.

2—Shakespeare and "The Pilgrim's Progress." No third stands anywhere near these two.

From M. P. Dowling, president of Creighton University, Omaha:

1—"Spiritual Exercises," by St. Ignatius Loyola.

2—"The Imitation of Christ," attributed to Thomas à Kempis; "Fabiola," by Cardinal Wiseman; and "Apologia pro Vita Sua," by Cardinal Newman.

From Allston Ellis, president of Ohio University:

1—Emerson's writings—all of them, not any one book.

2—Emerson's writings, Shakespeare, and Bacon's "Essays."

From Frank W. Gunsaulus, of the University of Chicago and of the Central Church, Chicago, and president of the Armour Institute of Technology:

1—Shakespeare's "Tragedies."

2—Plato's "Dialogues," Shakespeare's "Tragedies," and Emerson's "Essays."

From Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University:

I do not think that I could name a single book, not even Shakespeare's plays, which would be useful and desirable for *every* person to read. The question what people should read is as

complex as the question what they should eat. One man's meat is another man's poison. The older I grow the more I am disposed to doubt the value of general prescriptions for everybody to take, either physically or mentally.

Even on the much simpler point covered by your first question I am myself in a good deal of doubt, and I would therefore rather not try to answer it.

From G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark University:

After mulling over the subject a good deal, I cannot possibly specify any one book that next to the Bible has most influenced me. I do not believe, nowadays, in the man of one book or two. Looking back to college, there was a time when I should have said Carlyle or Emerson, but for the last decade or two I cannot get up much interest in them. There was a period, too, when I should have placed Plato at the head of the list; another, Kant; another, Hegel; another, Schopenhauer; another, Darwin and Spencer. But of late years none of these move me very much; what stirs me most is especially good things in my own department.

As to books that everybody ought to read, I am unable to name one, except the Bible, any more than I would be able to name one article of food that all people on earth should have in their dietary. This favorite book business is a purely individual matter. I think in one's reading one desires to go outside any accepted standards or canons and give his individuality a little vent by reading and liking what nobody else does, instead of what everybody else does.

From Frederick M. Hamilton, president of Tufts College:

I am unable to answer these questions specifically. Ever since I was a young boy I have been a wide reader, and have found information and inspiration in many fields. I should say that the answer to your second question would depend entirely upon personal considerations on the part of the reader.

From De Witt C. Huntington, chancellor of the Nebraska Wesleyan University:

1—The writings of Charles G. Finney and of Asa Mahan.

2—"A Young Man's Religion and His Father's Faith" (Waters), "The Autobiography of Charles G. Finney," and "The Philosophy of the Christian Religion" (Fairbairn).

From David Starr Jordan, president of the Leland Stanford, Junior, University:

1—In my early days, the essays of Thoreau.

2—This depends so much on the person, that I cannot answer it. The books most helpful to one might be undigested by another, and there are many works of minor merit which do great good in the right hands.

From Henry Churchill King, president of Oberlin College:

1—I cannot tell. The primary influences have been not from books, but from persons; and, so far as from books, not from books as wholes, but from certain great ideas that I cannot definitely trace to their sources.

2—Shakespeare and a good history of one's own people. I shouldn't know what to put beside these two as a third.

From George E. MacLean, president of the State University of Iowa:

1—How can I tell? Shakespeare, perhaps, and "Ecce Homo."

2—"The Imitation of Christ," "The Pilgrim's Progress," and Huxley's "Lay Sermons."

From Charles F. Meserve, president of Shaw University, Raleigh, North Carolina:

1—"The Life of Horace Mann."

2—Shakespeare, "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Luther and the Reformation."

From Lemuel H. Murlin, president of Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas:

1—The essays of J. G. Holland and of Emerson, because they came to me just when I needed them; the addresses and sermons of Phillips Brooks; the addresses of Henry Drummond.

2—Shakespeare, "The Pilgrim's Progress," and any of the best American poets or prose-writers. You ask a question impossible of a categorical answer; so many conditions would change the list entirely.

From L. C. Seelye, president of Smith College:

1—I do not know.

2—It would imply an omniscience which I do not possess to name three books which would be the best for every one to read.

From Albert B. Storms, president of the Iowa State College:

1—The poems of Robert Browning.

2—Shakespeare; the life of some great patriot statesman, as Lincoln or Gladstone; the prose works of some great essayist, as Emerson or Carlyle; the works of some great leader and pioneer in natural science, as Darwin.

From M. W. Stryker, president of Hamilton College:

1—I cannot tell.

2—"The Pilgrim's Progress," Tennyson, and Shakespeare.

From Charles F. Thwing, president of the Western Reserve University:

1—I do not know what book has had the most powerful and lasting influence on my life. Many books have had a powerful influence which still lasts.

2—It is, I think, quite impossible to select books which every person ought to read. The personal equation counts for much. The book that is best for the individual in the fields of biography, history, and poetry should be selected; but the book which is best for one individual may not be the best for another.

From Booker Washington, president of the Tuskegee Institute:

1—The biographies of Lincoln, especially the one written by Nicolay and Hay. In addition, I have read practically every book bearing upon Lincoln that I could get hold of.

2—The biographies of Lincoln and the works of Shakespeare.

From Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president of the University of California:

After dwelling for some time on the two questions you propound, I find that the first one is in my case unanswerable, and the second one so difficult that no competent answer appears to me now. I am afraid there are too many books in the world for us to give any answer to questions such as these.

From Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University:

I am sorry to say that the questions you send me are the particular kinds which it is impossible for me to answer. I could not for the life of me say what book has had the most powerful and lasting influence on my life, and I do not think that there are any three books, besides the Bible, which are to be preferred to all others in such a way as to make it desirable that every person should read them, even if they read nothing else.

From Mary E. Woolley, president of Mount Holyoke College:

1—It is impossible to say what book has had the most powerful influence upon my life. Shakespeare is the author whom I should be most reluctant to lose.

2—I think that I have gained more from Shakespeare, Emerson, and Browning than from any other three authors; but I do not know that these are the most desirable for every person to read.

THE INFLUENCE OF BOOKS.

BOOKS have always a secret influence on the understanding; we cannot at pleasure obliterate ideas: he that reads books of science, though without any desire fixed of improvement, will grow more knowing; he that entertains himself with moral or religious treatises, will imperceptibly advance in goodness; the ideas which are often offered to the mind, will at last find a lucky moment when it is disposed to receive them.—**Samuel Johnson.**

The Coming of Napoleon.

From "The Story of a Conscript of 1813."

BY ERCKMANN-CHATRIAN.

Translated from the French for THE SCRAP BOOK by S. Ten Eyck Bourke.

EMILE ERCKMANN, the son of a librarian at Pfalzburg, in Lorraine, and Alexander Chatrian, whose father was a glass-blower from Soldatenthal, in the same district, were born, respectively, in 1822 and 1826. Their literary partnership was begun in 1847, during their college years, but proved at that time so unprofitable that they did not accept it as a means of livelihood. After a period spent by Erckmann in the study of the law, Chatrian, meantime, becoming an instructor in the college at Pfalzburg, they renewed their earlier literary collaboration, this time with more success. The publication, in 1859, of "The Illustrious Dr. Mathéus" created a sensation. Subsequently their historical romances, admirable and virile studies of peasant life during the Napoleonic wars, assured their position in the world of letters. Among these, "Friend Fritz," "The Story of the Blockade," and particularly "The Story of a Conscript of 1813" and its sequel, "Waterloo," are best known.

All of their writings bear the impress of anti-warlike sentiment. Rather curiously, however—for in France the license to sell books depends wholly upon government sanction—this note of opposition to militarism did not interfere with the popularity of their works. Indeed, Napoleon III extended his most distinguished patronage to them at all times. The war of 1870 furnished the inspiration for a later anti-warlike novel, "The Plébiscite."

Several individual publications by the two authors failed of even minor success, being wholly lacking, oddly enough, in the qualities which distinguished their collaborative work. To the English-speaking public, the authors are probably best known through Leopold Lewis's dramatization of their story "The Polish Jew." This play, under the title of "The Bells," was made famous by the late Sir Henry Irving, who found in it the opportunity for one of his most striking characterizations.

The incidents so dramatically described in the accompanying extract formed part of the great battle fought in and around Lützen and Grossgörschen, near Leipsic, in May, 1813.

THE French forces were encamped near Grossgörschen, awaiting the attack of the allies, whom we had thought to be far distant.

Before us stretched a vast marshy plain, intersected by the course of the Grunabach and the Flossgraben, two small streams with uneven and hilly banks, while in the distance flowed the river Elster.

From the rear, the steeple of the church in Grossgörschen was visible in the valley, and farther on the spires of five or six little hamlets nestled in the hollows of the hills. The villages of Kaya, Eisdorf, Starseidel, Rahna, and Kleingörschen, which were destined to be the scene of the bloody work of battle, were situated in a rolling country, the most distant being Kaya, the last upon

the highroad leading past Lützen to Leipsic, whither Marshal Ney had followed the Emperor Napoleon. And over all lay the mists of early dawn.

Suddenly the bugles rang out; soldiers scrambled for their muskets, officers hurried hither and thither, bringing order out of chaos; cannon and caissons were despatched hastily to the top of a hill, while in the more distant villages all was excitement and disorder.

We were the first to meet the concerted attack of the Russians and Prussians, in a position which we had taken up on a hillside. The enemy halted just out of range of our guns, their officers swarming around us by hundreds to reconnoiter.

The sight of these throngs of Prussians, blackening the borders of the Flossgraben, and already forming in columns, chilled my blood. I murmured to myself:

"This is the end, Joseph. Fight for your life! Spare no one. Fight for your life!"

Just then General Chemineau dashed across our front on horseback, shouting:

"Form squares!"

Right and left the other officers took up the order, ranging us at intervals in four different squares, of four battalions each.

A shower of bullets fell stinging into our midst. The enemies' artillery, posted on an adjacent hillside, thundered out a continuous fire—there seemed to be no ending to that belching devastation! They had at least thirty pieces, and you can imagine how those cannon decimated our ranks. The shells whistled through space, mowed down our soldiers, and embedded themselves in the ground, exploding with a hideous clamor and sending up showers of earth.

Our own cannon kept up a continuous thunder, half drowning the roar of the enemies' artillery, but failing to silence their guns. The repeated command of our officers to "Close ranks! Close ranks!" as man after man went down under that plunging fire from the hilltop only served to augment the dire impression caused by our own ineffectual fire.

We were enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke long before we had ourselves discharged a shot. Just as the thought occurred to me that we should all be slaughtered without being given an opportunity to defend ourselves, the first of the Prussian columns debouched into the open plain between the two hills, advancing to the attack with a strange rushing sound like that of a rising flood. Instantly three sides of our hollow square opened fire, the right and left ranks firing obliquely, and the front shooting directly down upon the enemy.

God alone knows how many of the Prussians fell under that storm of bullets, but, instead of hesitating or halting, they continued to advance, howling out their battle-cry like so many wolves:

"Fatherland! Fatherland!"

They held their fire until they reached a point within a hundred feet of our square, where they paused for a moment, and returned our fusillade with a sheet of living flame.

Surging onward, they fell upon us like madmen, with bayonet and musket-butt, in a vain attempt to break through our ranks. All my life long I shall remember that Prussian battalion, clubbing and stabbing at us, while we thrust back without leaving our ranks—and then its sudden annihilation as our cannon, some fifty paces in our rear, opened fire upon them.

This put an end to the hand-to-hand fighting. Down the hill the Prussians fled, while we loaded, fired, and reloaded our muskets in the effort to exterminate them. Then their large guns thundered out again, and a great noise swelled above the din to our left.

The Prussian cavalry was upon us, seeking to profit by the lanes their cannon had cut in our ranks. And over and above all, that never-ceasing rain of bullets kept mowing us down by the dozen. General Chemineau was wounded in the thigh, and the end was already in sight when the order came to retreat.

We swept through the village of Grossgörschen, followed by the Prussians, exchanging shot for shot. Two thousand of our men who were stationed in the village checked the enemy's advance with a rolling fire from the windows of the houses, while we fell back upon Kleingörschen. But the entire Prussian cavalry—hussars and dragoons—circled around us, trying to cut off

our retreat and to force us to halt under their fire.

We were still retreating when from an eminence near at hand came the order to halt, and upon the instant our artillery raked the pursuing hussars with terrific havoc, killing them by hundreds. The Girard division, hastening to our support from Kleingörschen, had posted sixteen cannon a little to our right. The effect was admirable; the hussars fled more swiftly than they had come.

Six squares of the Girard division combined with us in Kleingörschen to repulse the Prussian infantry, which advanced upon us, three columns in the lead, followed farther back by three others equally strong. We had lost Grossgörschen, but now, between Rahna and Kleingörschen, the conflict promised to become even more appalling.

As for me, I had but one thought—vengeance! I was mad with rage and indignation against these brutes, who were twenty to our one, and who sought our very existence.

"Shoulder arms!"

The order echoed above the din of battle. The first three columns of the enemy had halted near Grossgörschen, awaiting the others, who came on with muskets leveled. The village in the valley that separated us was in flames, the thatched roofs burning hungrily, the smoke rising in dense clouds. Then to the left, working its way through the farm-lands, we caught sight of a long file of cannon, intended to take us on the flank.

About noon the six columns resumed their advance, while the hussars and dragoons deployed on either side of Grossgörschen. Our own artillery, entrenched behind the squares at the summit of the eminence, directed a merciless fire against the Prussian batteries, which in return belched viciously all along the line.

The roll of our drums warned us of the enemies' approach, their muffled roar sounding like the buzzing of a fly during a storm. And always from below, in the valley where the Prussians were herded, came that fierce:

"Fatherland! Fatherland!"

Their fire as they scaled the hill covered us with smoke, for the wind was blowing in our direction. This prevented us from seeing them, but, for all that, we had already opened fire.

For at least a quarter of an hour we had been unable to see or hear anything, when suddenly we discovered the hussars in the very heart of our hollow square! How they had penetrated our ranks I do not know, but there they were, a whirlwind of men and light horses, in our midst, chopping us down on all sides without quarter.

We gave them blow for blow—thrust for thrust with our bayonets, shrieking at them—they answering with pistol-shots. The carnage was terrible!

Some twenty of us held together facing those grim, haggard hussars, with their long mustaches, their small shakos held in place by chin-straps, their horses trampling the dead. And oh, those fearful shrieks in French and German that rose above the roar of battle!

How we escaped I have never been able to recall. We plunged ahead through the smoke, the clashing of steel, and the discharge of musketry, until we stumbled upon one of the other squares that had come off almost intact.

We looked like butchers—so grimy and ensanguined we were.

"Load!" commanded the sergeant. Then, as we obeyed, I noticed that my bayonet was covered with blood and matted human hair.

"The regiment has been broken—those Prussian scoundrels have cut half of our men down; we'll join the other half later. Now, we must keep the enemy out of the village. Right about face; forward, march!"

We hurried down a flight of steps leading to a garden in the village of Kleingörschen and entered a house.

The sergeant barricaded the rear entrance with a huge kitchen table; then, pointing to the street-door, he said:

"There is our retreat!"

Then we ran up to a room on the next floor, overlooking the road that led from the hill, where the enemy still kept up an intermittent fire.

Our sergeant flung the window open and began shooting at two or three Prussian hussars who were attempting to force an entrance into the village.

The French troops were retiring in

good order some five or six hundred paces away, keeping up a constant fire from all four sides of the square against the surrounding Prussian cavalry. Through the pall of smoke the colonel loomed, a fat little figure on horseback, his sword in his hand; and beside him the flag drooped, so torn that it was a mere rag fluttering from its standard.

Farther to the left the enemy debouched at a turning of the road, advancing upon Kleingörschen. This column was directed to cut off our retreat from the village. But hundreds of stragglers from the broken regiments, like ourselves, flocked to the village, and others came pouring in on all sides, some pausing every few steps to shoot at the enemy; others, severely wounded, dragging themselves to a place of shelter. Like ourselves, they sought shelter in the houses, and, as the attacking column drew on, a terrible rolling fire flamed out from every window.

This checked the advance, and the more effectually as at that instant the Brenier and Marchand divisions, sent by the Prince of Moskowa to our support, deployed on a hill to our right.

The Prussians halted at this place, and the firing stopped on both sides. Our squares and columns climbed the hill facing Starseidel, and in the village men, abandoning the houses, scurried right and left to rejoin their regiments, which were gradually reforming.

Unfortunately, the end was not yet in sight. The Prussians, overflowing with insolent pride at our retreat, were already preparing to attack us again at Kaya. They were constantly receiving fresh reenforcements, and their army now numbered almost a hundred thousand men.

As we were reforming behind the Brenier division eighteen thousand veterans of the Prussian guard advanced upon us at the charge, carrying the caps of our dead upon their bayonets in token of victory. At the same time the conflict still raged near Kleingörschen and Starseidel.

The mass of Russian cavalry, whose accouterments we had seen glistening in the morning sun, endeavored to take us on the flank, but the sixth corps had arrived in time to cover us, and the regiments of marines withstood the onslaught, solid as a wall.

The entire plain was swept with a pall of smoke, through which the glitter of helmets, cuirasses, and thousands of lances was dimly visible.

We were still retreating, when suddenly an officer dashed past like a flash. It was Marshal Ney, who, hearing the roaring of the cannon in the distance, had come galloping back with his staff from the main army, which Napoleon had launched against Leipsic.

I have never seen such a sight as the marshal presented when with flashing eyes and features convulsed with rage he thundered among us.

In an instant he had swept down our entire line and placed himself at the head of our column.

Regiment after regiment followed in his wake, as if drawn by some miraculous power. Instead of retreating, he hurled us on against the Prussian ranks, and ten minutes later artillery and muskets were belching flame from one end of the plain to the other.

But the enemy still offered an unbroken front to our attack. Believing themselves already masters of the field of battle, they had no thought of relinquishing their victory, the less so as they were constantly being reenforced, whereas we were exhausted by five hours of continuous fighting.

This time our battalion was in second line, and the bullets whistled over our heads, while the rattle of balls against the naked bayonets resounded like an appalling strain of music that could be heard afar.

In the midst of the shrieks, the vociferation of commands, and the noise of the fusillading we began to retrace our steps, tramping over piles of our dead, and our first divisions reentered Kleingörschen.

The battle raged around us, and we fought man to man. The main street was alive with swinging gun-stocks and the flashing of swords. Generals joined in the fray like simple soldiers.

This lasted a few moments, when word ran through our ranks that we were gaining ground. But fresh troops arrived on the Prussian side, and a second time we were driven back, and so

rapidly, unfortunately, that a large number of our troops fled as far as Kaya.

This village, the last before Lützen, was composed of detached houses separated by little gardens. If the enemy succeeded in driving us back that far our army would be cut in half.

Indeed, the battle seemed to be lost, for Marshal Ney himself, in the center of one of the squares, was slowly falling back. All around, our soldiers, to escape from the carnage, retreated, bearing their wounded officers with them on litters formed of crossed muskets.

I leaped over a hedge into one of the little gardens of Kaya and ran around the corner of a shed. Then I swung into the main street of the village, where I saw men, women, and children scuttling into their dwellings to hide themselves in their cellars.

The roar of battle grew momentarily in volume, and gusts of smoke hung lowering above the housetops; bits of slate from the roofs came crashing down here and there into the streets, and a storm of cannon-balls went crashing through the walls, ripping the roof-beams loose with a deafening noise.

All this time our soldiers, leaping over fences and hedges, and always turning and turning to answer the enemy's fire, kept pouring into the village. There were men from every regiment—wounded, bleeding, hatless, in a very frenzy of fury; and all of them lads, mere children from fifteen to twenty years old, with never a mustache among them. But all Frenchmen are brave men!

The Prussians, guided by veteran officers with their never-ceasing "Forward! Forward!" piled in after us—at our very heels, as it were—like a pack of wolves, driving us before them. Then some twenty or thirty of our men made a stand at an angle of a barn opposite a pretty little garden, with a beehive and tall cherry-trees, and fragrant with flowers, and opened a rolling fire on the Prussian rogues as they attempted to scale the low wall in front of us and capture the village.

How many mounted that wall only to bite the dust I cannot say, but others followed always in their stead. Hundreds of bullets whizzed past our ears, flattening against the stones. We rushed back and forth, shooting, and pausing only to fire and load, and then fire again.

Five or six of our number had fallen, but we were in a passion of rage, and gave no heed. Then my turn came, and I dropped down, down into a black void, while my comrades kept shooting across my prostrate form.

Night was falling when I regained consciousness. The Prussians were running through the streets, overflowing into the village on every side. Opposite me, in the garden, a big white-haired German general, who was none other than Blücher, was sitting his horse bareheaded. He was shouting orders, in a voice like a clarion, to bring up the artillery, and his officers sped away to execute his orders. Beside him, a surgeon, standing on a bench, was dressing a wound in his arm, and behind I could see a slender young Russian officer. And back of all, some five or six hundred yards down the valley, our soldiers were reforming into squares and columns.

The fire had ceased, but a terrible wailing, loud shouts, rough oaths, the sound of heavy wheels, the snapping of whips, and the neighing of horses came from somewhere between Kleingörschen and Kaya, and presently two sixteen-pounders, drawn by six horses, thundered around the angle of the first house in the village. Mounted artillerymen lashed the horses with the flats of their sabers, and the wheels crushed over the heaps of dead as if they had been straw, ruthlessly crushing them. And *thence* came that terrible wailing I had heard. My hair rose in horror!

"Here!" shouted the old German. "Aim between those two houses near the fountain!"

Instantly the cannon were wheeled into place, while caissons of ammunition were brought rapidly forward. I saw the old general with his arm in a sling go down the street, and caught the words he addressed to the young Russian officer:

"Notify the Emperor Alexander that I have taken Kaya. The battle is won if they send me reenforcements. But no delay! Napoleon is at hand, and that means a furious attack. Cost what it

may, I'll hold out against him, but for God's sake don't lose an instant!"

The young Russian promptly set spurs to his horse, and was soon lost in the distance.

The continued slaughter grew fairly sickening. Here a sergeant of the French dropped beside a Prussian grenadier stretched out beneath a hedge with a bayonet-thrust in the stomach; there another fell back, cursing with his last breath, and on all sides the piteous clamor of the dying rose above the sounds of conflict and carnage.

The enemy had firmly entrenched themselves in the houses and gardens by six in the evening. The two cannon, and several others that had been mounted on the walls, sent shot after shot hurtling over the town, and with each explosion a quick flash illuminated the main street, where Russians and Prussians crowded together; and from every window a musket spoke.

But this was naught as compared with the decimating fire from the French ranks. There, at the foot of the hill, the Young Guards, in crowded ranks, waited the order to charge, while colonels, captains, and generals, on horseback, flocked in the midst of the bayonets, brandishing their swords. The entire atmosphere was gray, with flashes of light playing across from second to second, emitted by the eighty cannon which Napoleon had thrown forward in a single battery to support the movement. These eighty cannon kept up a hideous roar that shook the houses in the village to their very foundations.

In the street, shot and shell mowed down the files of Russians and Prussians, like the sweep of a scythe in a field of wheat. It was their turn now to close ranks. They began to give ground after fifteen or twenty minutes of this raking fire, crowding through the alleyways that led into the open.

The cries of "Long live the Emperor!" came nearer and nearer. The Prussian artillerymen labored at their pieces like galley-slaves, when a couple of shells bursting at their feet shattered a wheel and covered them with a flying cloud of dust and earth. One of the cannon toppled over; two of the artillerymen were wounded, and two others killed outright.

Beside me, an old French sergeant who was among the wounded dragged himself to his knees. Together we watched our enemy's flight. Behind us the walls of the barn tottered and the roof caved in, but we had no thought for it, and the crash was lost in the terrific roar of the battle.

Suddenly the sergeant went white.

"There he is!" he cried, swaying forward on his knees. He steadied himself with one hand on the ground, and, waving the other above his head, he shouted wildly:

"Long live the Emperor!"

Then he fell forward upon his face and lay there, without another sound or movement!

I, craning forward, saw Napoleon gallop forward through that hail of bullets. With hat drawn close on his great head, his gray cape floating wide, a broad red ribbon stretched across his vest of white, he advanced, cool, calm, self-possessed, and illuminated, as it were, by the reflection from the bayonets. All gave way before him. The Prussian artillerists abandoned their guns, despite the protests and commands of their officers, and fled, and their officers, too, fled before the coming of Napoleon!

These things I saw, and they are graven in letters of fire on my soul. But from that moment I lost all recollection. I was as one dead in the midst of the dead in the moment of that wild hope of victory that surged within me with the coming of the Emperor!

THERE are nations of genius that invent and nations of business that execute; there are thinkers who discover and skilled ones who exploit the discovery, and often for their own benefit only. Behind a Columbus there is almost always a Vespucius.—**Hippolyte Rigault** (1821—1858).

Is There a Yellow Peril?

The Novel Views of an American Army Officer Who Declares that the Western World Would be Bettered, and Not Ruined, by Commingling its Civilization with That of China.

THE dominant color of the world has been white for so long that people seldom consider the possibility of a change of hue. Yet it is only a comparatively few centuries since the battle of Tours stopped the danger of its becoming brown, and before that, for some time, the governing shade was nearer the color of the olive than the color of snow. There are those who prophesy that the world of the future will be yellow—who assert that some day the swarming millions of Chinese will pour over the edges of the Middle Kingdom and inundate America and Europe. Here, the alarmists say, is your yellow peril—the danger of disappearance under a torrent so vast and so violent that it would make the original Aryan invasion of Europe look like a trout-brook in a meadow.

But Colonel H. O. S. Heistand, who was chief of staff and adjutant-general of the American forces in China in 1900, does not appear to be greatly alarmed. At least, he praised the Chinese very highly in a recent address to a military audience at Governor's Island, New York. He said:

I believe the individual Chinaman represents an element of human excellence unsurpassed anywhere on the face of the earth. Chinese business affairs are characterized by great personal integrity. It is not the custom to give and take notes for indebtedness. The verbal promise to pay is all-sufficient, and all accounts are settled annually on the Chinese New Year.

If for some reason an individual cannot meet his obligation, he does not deny it because there is no written note. On the contrary, he admits his indebtedness, proclaims his inability to pay it, and straightaway goes and takes his own life. To do otherwise would bring to him and his family such an expression of adverse sentiment and public indignation that they could find in the whole empire no peaceful asylum. There is seldom any "plunging" in the Chinese commercial world, and when there is it generally makes business for the undertaker.

Are the Chinese Our Moral Superiors?

The Chinese are a law-abiding and peaceful people, who dwell in contemplation of a favorite motto, "If right is right—what's the use of might?" Hitherto they have not been able to resist the armed encroachments of the Western world. Upon one pretext or another, Europeans have seized China's best harbors and most valuable seaboard until the empire finds itself with scarcely a doorway to the sea that is not dominated by a foreign power.

There are those who see in the awakening of China what they call the Yellow Peril. The only peril I see is the peril of the highwayman, when caught with his plunder; the peril of the bully when the spirit of the gentleman is aroused; the peril of laziness in competition with industry; the peril of knavery, surrounded by probity; the peril of a lie when assailed by the truth.

Let mankind and the nations of the earth disclaim these things, and they will cease to see yellow. What I see in the awakening of China is to release her from the bondage of superstition, quicken her latent forces, and make her resources and her virtues the heritage of the world, and from a commingling of the two civilizations, the creation of a higher and loftier civilization, incorporating the best features of both for the betterment of all God's children, and the uplifting of the human race without prejudice to color or country.

If the Chinese are such paragons, then what about the Japs? Count Tolstoy recently expressed the belief that the Japanese are likely some day to rule the world, for the reason that with them religion and patriotism are synonymous.

The yellow man is and must ever remain more or less of a mystery to the white. It is doubtful whether any Cau-

casian can look into the eyes of a Chinaman and read their meaning. The occidental man may know some of the things that are in the oriental's mind. He may know what the yellow man is thinking about; but he cannot know *how* the yellow man thinks. Try it some time, if you doubt this.

It may be, then, that our alarm over the yellow peril is akin to a child's dread of the dark.

Those Americans who fear a Japanese admixture have a more definite ground for alarm in a recent speech which Viscount Siuzo Aoki, Japanese ambassador to the United States, made to some of his fellow countrymen in New York. He is reported as having said:

I hear some of you are married to American women. I sympathize with you. In associating with Americans in gentlemanlike, formal ways, our countrymen have no trouble. But when it comes to more intimate friendship our countrymen may be backward.

Make yourselves worthy of the love of millionaires' daughters. When your fathers-in-law see in you something, they will assist you in every way possible.

Let us see what the American girls will do to save their country in this matrimonial emergency!

SUNS THAT ARE LARGER THAN OURS.

Some Comparisons Made by a Celebrated English Astronomer Tend to Show that Earth's Great Luminary Is a Veritable Celestial Infant.

IN the course of a lecture on "The Stars" which Sir Robert Ball, the distinguished astronomer, delivered at the Royal Institution, in London, the lecturer, as reported by the London *Daily Telegraph*, said that those orbs which appear so small to us because of their immense distance are in reality, of course, great and shining suns. If, he said, we were to escape from the earth into space, the moon, Jupiter, Saturn, and eventually the sun, would become invisible; but, far as we are from the stars, they would still shine brightly upon us.

Many of these stars are heavier than our sun. For example, Mizar, the middle star in the tail of the Great Bear, is forty times as heavy as the sun. To the naked eye there are five or six thousand of these heavenly bodies visible. In all probability there are planets—perhaps habitable worlds like ours—revolving around them.

Sixty-one Cygni is the nearest star to us in this part of the sky. Alpha Centauri, in the constellation Centaur, in the Southern Hemisphere, is the nearest of all the stars. The sun is a long way off—ninety-three million miles. Now, multiply this by two hundred thousand, and the result is, roughly speaking, twenty trillion, and this is our distance from Alpha Centauri.

Take the speed of an electric current, which is nearly the same as that of light—one hundred and eighty thousand miles per second. Suppose a message to be sent at this speed from a point on the earth's surface, it would go seven times around the earth in one second.

Again, let it be supposed that messages were sent off to the different heavenly bodies. To reach the moon at this rate it would take about one second. In eight minutes a message would get to the sun, and, allowing for a couple of minutes' delay, one could send a message to the sun and get an answer all within twenty minutes. But to reach Alpha Centauri it would take three years; and as this is the nearest of the stars, what time must it take to get to the others?

If when Wellington won the battle of Waterloo, in 1815, the news had been telegraphed off immediately, there are some stars so remote that it would not yet have reached them. To go a step farther, if in 1066 the result of the Conquest had been wired to some of these stars, the message would still be on its way. If the tidings of the first Christmastide in Bethlehem had been sent to the stars, there are some orbs, situated in the farthermost depths of space, yet not beyond the reach of our great telescopes, which could not receive the message for a long time yet.

At the Sign of the Belle Hélène.

BY KATHERINE HOFFMAN.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THREE or four times as we followed the trail through the forsaken hills we came upon him, a gaunt, shaggy giant of a man who slunk to one side of the road for our passing, and from whose sunken eyes some desperate, swift appeal seemed to flash before he averted them with resigned humility. The gay, unintelligible chatter of our muleteers was stilled at sight of him, and even Spiros, most loquacious of guides, grew silent, vouchsafing only to our inquiries the words, "Demetrius, the Accursed."

Once we marked him ahead of us at the edge of a hill-village at dusk. He loitered, hesitated, and then, seeming to square his shoulders to some deed of valiance, strode forward. But by the time our cumbrous caravan had come to the center of the town, we met him, head bent, shoulders purposelessly relaxed again, shuffling rapidly back. A band of children ran at his heels, harrying him with small missiles.

The watchful Spiros, though he drove the children back with fluent scolding, gave no glance or word to the man, and interposed himself and half our mules between us and the fugitive. Immediately after he offered us such wealth of picturesque information on all subjects unconnected with Demetrius, the Accursed, that we half forgot the forlorn figure, or recalled him vaguely as a mere unfortunate of the countryside, barbarously harassed for his simplicity.

A day or two later, coming out at noon upon the ruins of a small temple, its pillars gleaming through the thick-grown grass of centuries, we saw the man again. He sat in the midst of desolation, solitary and awful, his eyes raised to the translucent sky. It was as though he appealed to the old gods of Greece for an understanding or a pity which the new denied him.

He bore then no look of the village simpleton we had half believed him. As we advanced we saw a woman creep with stealthy manner and furtive glances from behind a pillar. She slid through the grass and, in sight of the wanderer, laid a bowl upon the vine-wrapped, mutilated head of some benignant deity of the ancient faith. As he ate from the dish, Demetrius, the Accursed, looked long in the direction whither she vanished.

Finally our guide's silence was broken. We had left the mountain trail, crossed the narrow plain of silvery green young wheat, and come into the huddled village on the coast where we were to spend our last night in Upper Idalis. We had exclaimed over the grim stone jail that crowned an island lying a little strait's breadth from the hamlet. We had watched Spiros, at sight of the prison, touch the tiny icon he wore tied to his coat, and had heard him murmur an invocation against evil.

Then he had sighed, and had said: "Ah, the wretched Demetrius!"—no longer the "accursed Demetrius." And we had demanded from him the story of the man who wandered, shunned like Judas, up and down the hills and valleys of Idalis.

It was evening when he told it. He and Agamemnon, the cook—alas for the glory that was Greece!—had cleared the dinner from the table, and there remained only the coffee-cups and candles, accessories of civilization without which Spiros's patrons never took the trail.

II.

"ON the island that you saw there," he began, "for twenty years Demetrius

was in prison. Four men he killed in one night. There were "—succulently he rolled forth the list—" the two *gendarmes*, the brother, and the jealous husband of Helena. Madam and the young ladies will forgive me that I speak of what is unknown in New York, where I, too, once had the happiness to be—in a Greek coffee-house. You know it, that shop of Aristides? No? But, of course! What do I ask? It is but a poor place. But, as I began to tell you, Demetrius was no poltroon of a fellow.

" Demetrius loved Helena, wife of the old Alexander who kept this very inn and coffee-shop which you now honor with your visit. She was very beautiful, Helena, and the old Alexander had made a new sign for his inn when they were married. Before, it had been the Hotel of the Grecian Heroes. Now he made it the Hôtel de la Belle Hélène. There was a Helen once in Greece—but all know that ancient tale. Ah! he was very proud of her, was Alexander. But, alas! he was old and a miser. And Helena had loved Demetrius before he left the village to be a soldier. He was one of the king's own guards, and the king had no better—so straight, so tall, so broad was he.

" He came back from Athens on a leave, very fine in his new uniform of the guards. You have seen it, madam and young ladies, with the linen skirts whiter than the snows upon Parnassus, and the embroideries stiffer than the priest's before the altar, and the colors more bright than the sky at daybreak, the sea at sunset? And Helena had loved him before, remember. How, then, should she harden her heart to him now?

" Ah, it was very sad, very wrong, madam, and you and the young ladies are shocked! But I pray you to remember that this is a poor, wild place, not like your glorious America. In France, where I was courier once—but that has nothing to do with Demetrius.

" Well, when Demetrius found his well-beloved one married he but desired her the more, for it is in man to long for that which is denied him. And when he found that her heart was still his, he vowed he would not go again to Athens to wear the king's beautiful uniform, leaving her to the old Alexander. He made of himself what you call a deserter. And when they came to seek him, the soldiery, that they might court-martial him for his desertion, they did not find him.

" You remember, *messieurs*, the mountains we rode down to-day? What chance was there, I ask you, that men of the cities, knowing only bazaars and coffee-shops, should find one hidden there, and that one a man who had known the hills from boyhood? So, by and by, they went away, and there was a paper stuck on a post in old Alexander's shop, promising a reward in money to the one who should capture the deserter from the king's guard.

" You see it all now, I perceive, madam; how they used to meet, those lovers; how old Alexander grew suspicious—do not ask me how, but there were maidens who watched Helena with angry eyes; how they planned, the two, some escape to your own land of freedom—elopement, you call it.

" You perceive, too, how Alexander wanted all things—to keep his wife and torture her that so he might torture Demetrius, too, to have revenge upon Demetrius, and above all else, I do believe, to win the reward of money. So he bided his time, working slowly and patiently like the spider that he was.

" Then one night, when he had planned all well, he led the two officers and the brother of Helena, to whom he had told of the sister's wrong-doing, to the hollow in the rocks where Demetrius lay hid. But all four of them he slew, that shaggy mountain lion, Demetrius. Then daring all things, he rushed down the mountainside, nimble, sure, like the goat of the hills; he crossed the plain; he ran through the town and came before the dawn to Alexander's house.

" You see how it was with him; he must know if they had taken any vengeance on Helena before they sought him out. But no; she waked from sleep at his call beside the door, she came forth and heard. And while she wept with grief and shrank from him because he had slain her brother whom she loved, and while she held him to her breast because her heart was his and he was in great danger, even then two other *gendarmes* crept upon them. For old Alex-

ander, guileful fox, had provided against failure in the hills, with spies set near the inn.

"When they had bound Demetrius and were dragging him away, she broke from those who held her and threw herself before him, accusing herself that she had brought him to this pass. Then the men raised her harshly and Demetrius passed on, and her cry that she would love him forever followed him.

"So far, you see, madam and the young ladies, it is a common enough story of such rough places as this. It is but love and intrigue, hatred, jealousy, and murder. What would you? Here is but a narrow strip between the untracked mountains and the untraveled sea. Here all things are wild, and the heart of man also is fierce and unbowed. It is not as if great engines labored up our peaks bearing civilization, or steamboats belched black smoke and bitter wisdom upon our blue sea, as in your own thrice-blessed land. But I talk too much, delaying myself upon the path of my story. It is only that I desire your pity for Demetrius and the fair Helena.

"They took from him all with which he might harm himself. They tried him for the murders and the desertions. They convicted him—no, madam, not here; this hamlet is no place for lordly justice to be done. No, in the city yonder that we left two days since. And the hour of the execution was set.

"Then it befell that the public executioner of Upper Idalis—he was no native here—sickened and died, and no one could be found to take his place. No bribe and no command would induce an Idalian to be official killer. They are primitive people, the Idalians"—the sonorous voice of Spiros took on the light inflections of a citizen of the world—"and they see no reason for the law and its penalties. If they have been robbed of goods or of wife, or if their brothers have been slain, then it is their custom to exact repayment themselves for their wrongs.

"Ah, but they know how, here in Idalis! So no Idalian was found who would kill Demetrius. Then one of the wily ones that sit in offices and spin webs for free men's feet bethought him of a plan. Demetrius was made to choose between death—for the executioner of Athens, even, might be summoned to the work—and becoming himself the public executioner of Idalis during twenty years' imprisonment. Then he might go out, a free man, and no more the executioner.

"At first, of course, he refused. But Helena heard of it, Helena, who burned with anguish and love, and who was, besides, a woman, not knowing the honor and the shame of men. She reached him with a prayer—the wily one in the office arranged that, too, one perceives. And Demetrius harkened and became the public executioner of Idalis.

"For twenty years when there was killing to be done in the State's name, he came with his guard out from that prison on the island and went to the public square of death in the city yonder. For twenty years, the killing done, he came guarded back to his stone cell. For twenty years Helena, whom the women scorned, dwelt alone, waiting and counting the years, the months, and the days, eating her beauty up with impatience, burning her youth away with misery. And the day, the very day, madam, that was to set him free, they found her lying dead in her hut on the edge of the village. In New York, when I was in the coffee-shop there, they called such a thing as that she died of heart-failure. But our women called it the judgment of God.

"So Demetrius came out and there was none to speak to him, not one. They showed him the dead Helena and he turned unbelieving away, remembering her as she had looked that last dawn when she had fallen before him and had cried that she would love him forever.

"And no one will speak to Demetrius, the public killer, who, had the State willed it, must have murdered his neighbor, his friend, his brother—nay, Helena herself; Demetrius, whose hands are red with the blood that is not his enemy's. Therefore up and down Idalis Demetrius goes, as you have seen. He has not, like the money-recompensed executioner, gold to carry him hence. And perhaps he loves Idalis—who can say?—where he was young and a soldier and the chosen of Helena.

"But all men shun him and the chil-

dren spit upon him. Sometimes, as you have seen, the women, remembering Helena and their own youth, shove him bread or water, or motion him to a mown field where he may lie at night. But no voice is ever raised in greeting to him as he goes up and down. So it is that Idalians treat the hired henchmen of Death."

III.

He ceased, and we sat silent in the dingy little room, with the candle-light throwing distorted shadows on the walls. Only the sea, beating at the foot of the narrow street, made any sound. Then suddenly the tense, sad stillness was broken by a shrill scream. Shouts and moans and the hurrying of feet along the road followed. Spiros dashed from the room and joined the crowd running in the moonlight.

By and by he came in again. His face was pale beneath its olive, and his pleasant, shallow eyes held the look of one who has faced mysteries. He shut the door softly.

"It was Demetrius," he said. "Under cover of night he came. He found the hut where Helena used to wait for him. Through the door some one saw him, and ran for others to drive him hence. But when they came, there was no need. He had driven a knife into his heart."

He paused, oblivious of our horrified murmurs.

"So it will ever be," he declared. "Never a nod or a word or a smile of the eyes for the man who has been executioner. And without these how shall one bear life—here, I mean, where the folk are ignorant and have not wisdom to weigh the love of men a trifle?"

CHAIRS THAT ARE WORTH FORTUNES.

The Late Shah of Persia Had One That Was Made of Gold and Studded with Precious Stones.

Among the enormous prices paid by collectors for specimens of antique furniture are some startling figures concerning chairs, notably one hundred thousand dollars for a set of half a dozen Louis XIV chairs, upholstered in Gobelin tapestry, which were originally made for Marie Antoinette. Even this price, by the way, was exceeded by the sums paid for three of the Hamilton Palace tables, one of which brought thirty thousand dollars.

A most valuable and historically interesting suite of furniture is that which, more than a century ago, was presented to Warren Hastings by Tippoo Sahib, and which was purchased at the Londesborough sale for five thousand dollars. The suite consists of a card-table, a sofa, two small cabinets, and four armchairs, all of solid ivory most exquisitely carved.

But probably the most costly chair in the world is one that belonged to the late Shah of Persia. It is of solid gold, thickly incrusted with diamonds, rubies, pearls, and sapphires, and its value is estimated at half a million pounds.

In the House of Commons at Westminster are two armchairs which are highly valued for their historic associations. They once belonged to Gladstone, and one of them was his favorite seat when at Downing Street.

Some time ago a romantic story was told in the French papers of two dilapidated armchairs which were sold among the effects of a Mme. Borg, a widow, who died at Dellys, an Algerian seaport town. The widow was reputed to be rich, but a search of her rooms failed to disclose any of her hoardings, and it was assumed by her relatives that she had died practically penniless.

Not long after the sale of her furniture, however, it was observed that the purchaser of the chairs, a Spanish stevedore named Perez, ceased to work, began to walk about in fine clothes, to purchase land and houses, and generally gave evidence of having come into a fortune. Suspicion being aroused, Perez was arrested and accused of having appropriated to his own use the old lady's fortune, of at least twenty thousand dollars, which had been concealed by her in the dilapidated armchairs.

A Warning to America.

Great Regions in Asia and Africa, Once Fertile, Have Become Barren Through the Destruction of Their Forests—By the Same Ruinous Policy the United States Risks a Like Disaster.

THE grandeur of the American forest as it once was is hard to realize. To the early pioneers, its wealth of timber was a curse as well as a blessing. To cut or burn the trees off the land, to draw out the stumps, and to clear the fields for planting, was the labor of months or even years; but the settlers accomplished it. Acres of the tallest timber went roaring up the broad old-time fireplaces in winter, and the rest was hewn or sawed into lumber. As the forests grew thinner, timber ceased to be an incumbrance, and the word lumber, first applied, possibly, because the woods "lumbered up the land," came to be a commercial term, and to stand for a commodity of rising value. The smaller the amount of timber that remained standing, the better the price that it brought, and the swifter, in consequence, the disappearance of what remained.

The merchantable wood was swept off from county after county, and State after State. Many regions once celebrated for their forests are bare to-day, while modern lumbering is running through our remaining tree-clad areas as fast as the fires of old. Many a farmer, who formerly burned his own wood, now depends on the railroad for coal. In our cities, builders are hampered in their operations because the price of lumber is so high, and the cessation of building raises rents. Alternate droughts and floods occur in devastated regions where once the forests acted as natural reservoirs that equalized the flow of the streams and rivers.

We are appreciating, perhaps just before it is too late, the importance of saving at least a portion of our forests. Not all of us yet realize that while a tree may grow in a generation or two, a forest will not spring up again perhaps for hundreds of years on soils thoroughly denuded and washed away.

Lessons from the Old World.

A recent article in the New York *Tribune* offers some facts that should interest all readers in the question of forest preservation:

An impressive object lesson, threefold in scope, against our mad destruction of forests comes to us from the Old World. One is in the Indian famine. What causes the famine? Drought. And what causes the drought? The answer is in the dryness of the treeless plains and in the abundant moisture of the forest and jungle. The bewildering increase of population under the benign peace of British rule has increased proportionately the demand for arable land, and to supply that demand forest and jungle have been swept away by thousands of square miles. And now come the penalties of drought and famine.

Another lesson comes from Egypt. The Nile is drying up. Not only does it never even approximate the height and depth it knew in ancient times, but it is perceptibly dwindling now from year to year. Why? Because in those remote wildernesses toward the sources of the great river forest destruction is proceeding at a rate unrivaled ever by our own œstrus-goaded tree-slayers.

And the third is from the Congo, where the seemingly inexhaustible forests have already suffered such ravages that men are now talking of the need of protective measures.

We have only to look at Persia and at the Sahara to see the full fruition of the forest-destroying policy. Once Persia was the most fertile land of Asia, well watered and richly wooded. North Africa was the granary of the Roman Empire. Now both regions consist largely of treeless, barren, and thinly peopled wastes.

In some of the driest and most forbidding tracts of Asia and Africa there are subterranean water-courses, hidden below sands as sterile as a furnace floor, through which, however, if a well be sunk, the hidden

stream is surely tapped. Wherever by artificial irrigation the area of vegetation, and especially of woodland, is extended, Nature gladly responds with a return toward her former benign conditions.

What the French are Doing in the Sahara.

The French in the Sahara are taking advantage of this fact, and are making measurable progress toward reclamation of that desert. It is reasonable to believe that through irrigation and reforesting, conditions may be reached in which artificial irrigation will cease to be necessary, for Nature will do the work she used to do before her principles of climatic economy were outraged by artificial deforestation.

These lessons, all of them, are directly applicable to the United States. We have actually known famine in some of the Western States through the malign effects of drought. Some of our streams are dwindling as is the Nile, and threaten to vanish entirely as those of the Sahara have done.

The laws of Nature cannot be violated with impunity. She gave the forests as mediums of natural irrigation. If we destroy the means we lose the end. The law is inexorable. Men now see trickling rills where in their boyhood they saw full brimming streams. And they also see bare, sun-scathed hillsides where then they saw dense primeval forests. It is cause and effect, nothing more. But should not rational men learn the lesson?

SHEEP SUPPLY VIOLIN STRINGS.

Nearly Seventy Thousand Pounds of So-Called "Catgut" Used Annually in the Manufacture of Musical Instruments in Germany.

WHILE the strings of violins and other stringed musical instruments are usually designated as "catgut," most of the material employed in their manufacture is taken from the bodies of sheep.

An investigation of the sources of supply of the materials entering into the manufacture of musical instruments in Germany has revealed the fact that nearly seventy thousand pounds of sheep-gut are used annually for strings.

Nearly the whole of this quantity is imported from abroad, chiefly from Russia, which furnishes about sixty-four thousand pounds, the rest coming from England, Australia, and India.

The hope that some managers of great American abattoirs would care to examine this field for an article that may be more profitably disposed of than at home has led Consular Agent Fiedler, of Markneukirchen, in Saxony, to make inquiries of the local manufacturers.

He has been informed by them that English sheep-gut is preferred to all other kinds, and very high prices are paid for it, different grades selling at $5.95, $7.14, and $7.61 per kilogram (about two pounds and a quarter).

The gut of the English sheep is of a fine white color and very durable. In Russia, where the sheep are slaughtered principally on account of their meat, only young animals are killed, whose gut is lighter and softer.

In South America and Australia the sheep are bred specially on account of their wool. Young sheep are accordingly very seldom killed, and the mature gut is dark.

In tropical countries much gut is spoiled because there are too few workmen and the cleaning should be begun as soon as the sheep are killed. Only the stronger gut is salted and exported. In Hamburg and Berlin there are importers of gut who get the salted product from all parts of the world.

THIS setting down and folding our arms and waiting for sumthing tew turn up, iz just about az rich a spekulashun az going out into a four hundred acre lot, setting down on a sharp stone with a pail between our knees, and waiting for a cow tew back up and be milked.—Josh Billings.

The English Drama Before Shakespeare.

BY WILLIAM S. BRIDGMAN.

The Church Was the Parent of the Pictorial Representation of Life Which We Call Drama—How the Miracle-Play Developed into the Morality, and Later into Comedy and Tragedy.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

FOR the last three or four seasons the hall-mark of a cultured taste in dramatic matters has been a familiarity with "Everyman," "Parsifal," and the scenery-less productions of certain of Shakespeare's plays. Poets have experimented with "miracles" and "moralities"; clergymen have denounced the presentation of sacred themes or have oracularly approved them; managers have hypnotized audiences into breathless joy at the sight of bleak backgrounds, bare boards, and mere signposts where once the most magnificent and realistic settings were demanded.

Should some of the good church people who were sadly distressed over the foot-washing scene in "Parsifal," who debated gravely the irreverence of permitting the voice of God to be heard in "Everyman," and who thought "Salome" blasphemous and shocking, take time to look over some ancient theatrical credit and debit bills they would find their present mountains of disapproval dwindling to mole-hills. For they would read such items as these:

> Paid to the players for rehearsal—
> Imprimis to God, eightpence.
> Item to Pilate his wife, two shillings.
> Paid for mending hell, twopence.

That is a record of the days when the drama dealt with no trifles, but when the entire scheme of creation and salvation was deemed not too vast for mimic portrayal, when the stage was the church's chief ally.

The Mass itself was and is a drama—the enclosed chancel, the altar, the choir, all separated from the congregation, and the celebrants engaged in a memorial representation of the Last Supper. In the early days the teachings of the Mass were helped out to the minds of the unlettered congregations by supplementary scriptural drama appropriate to the church festivals. Thus, at the Feast of the Annunciation the Angel Gabriel descended to Mary with his tidings of great joy. At Epiphany, the Three Wise Men came journeying, led by the portent to the cradle of Christ. At Christmas itself, the space behind the altar-rail was the stable at Bethlehem, and the Blessed Child lay there in a manger. Good Friday saw the tragedy of the Christian year enacted, and three days later Christ rose again before the eyes of the devout and the promise of immortality was made plain to them.

From this—the acting out in the church itself of the events which the unlearned could not read for themselves, and which were, therefore, strongly impressed upon them by sight—the function of the religious drama was extended.

The Miracle-Plays, or Mysteries.

First of all, after the stage representations, which were merely to emphasize certain features of the liturgy, came the miracle, or mystery, play, originally called *ludus,* but gradually assuming a name in the vernacular as the dialogue itself changed from Latin. As early as 1110 a miracle-play, the "Ludus de St. Katharine," was presented at Dunstaple by Geoffrey, abbot of St. Albans, and by the middle of the thirteenth century miracles were familiar all over Europe.

In France they were called the *mystères*, in England miracles, and in Spain *autos*. On the Continent they were confined to certain subjects of sacred history, but in England, as John Addington Symonds says, "in the cyclical miracle the human race itself was the protagonist, and the action was commensurate with the whole scheme of man's salvation."

Of the English miracle-cycles, three remain to us—those of Widkirk, Chester, and Coventry. The Widkirk cycle, in thirty parts, is the oldest; there is evidence that it was performed in the reign of Henry VI. That of Chester, in twenty-four parts, was first performed in 1268, "during the mayoralty of Sir John Arnway," who thus achieved his earthly immortality by the linking of his name with a performance which may, perhaps, have been designed to honor him. The Coventry cycle, which is in forty-two parts, is less archaic in its language than either of the others, and the evidence is that it was played by the Gray Friars of Coventry at the Feast of Corpus Christi, in 1468.

At first, as all the miracles were written by monks, so they were enacted by them, with the help of a few pious laymen. But before the drama was a very ancient institution in England there were companies of actors who went from place to place performing and aiding in performances.

Before the time of the Chester miracles, in 1258, an ordinance had been passed forbidding them to play in monasteries, and this was the beginning of the end of the monkish actor; for the strollers continued to act, and laymen came generally to take the place of the clergy in the performances. By 1398 the gilds in the larger English towns furnished the actors for the miracles, each gild having its own part assigned to it.

Chester, with a fine sense of the fitness of things, tried to apportion the acts of the great drama of the Redemption appropriately among its various gilds. Thus, to "the good simple waterleaders and drawers of Dee," upon which river the ancient walled city lies, the Deluge was suitably committed; the tanners had the Fall of Lucifer for their own, and to the gild of cooks, familiar with the uses and abuses of fire, fell the Harrowing of Hell.

The Medieval Traveling Stages.

As for the manner of exhibiting a miracle, imagine a combination of circus and cathedral, and something not unlike one of these medieval performances should be the resulting picture. That "delight of the nobility and gentry and peculiar pet of royalty," Mrs. Jarley, of the wax-works, in her traveling cart, was a lineal descendant of the miracle-players. Like hers, their place of exhibition was a cart; and like hers, this was also adapted to other than merely exhibitory purposes. With them it consisted of two stories, the upper one open to the world, in which the performance was given, and the lower one closed and used for a dressing-room.

The carts appeared in due order, passing the spectators, so that there was no break in the continuity of the performance. It was like the imposing procession of "floats" which we sometimes see on occasions of patriotic celebration in the smaller cities, when the "heroes of '76" are closely followed by scenes from the War of 1812, the Mexican, the Civil, and the Spanish wars, until the Goddess of Liberty and her attendants bring up the rear.

In the miracles, when the situation demanded action from without the stage, it was furnished from the crowds. Thus, messengers rode up on horseback, charging through the throngs; *Herod* and the *Devil* leaped from the stage to rage among the spectators, adding a fearful delight to the performance.

To these dramatic forebears of ours the *Devil* supplied the comedy. His development or deterioration from the bright and awful leader of the rebellious angels into the harlequin of Shakespeare's day is clear. In the miracles he leaped upon the scene with his cry of "Out-harrow!" or "Ho-ho!" and his appearance was a signal for mirth. He was not even the dreadful enemy of mankind, much less the daring opponent of God himself. He was merely a ridiculous being, a mirth-maker among the superior humans, and he was to become, through the moralities and interludes, the property clown of early Eng-

lish comedy. Noah's wife, garrulous, disobedient, gossiping, nagging, was another figure of fun—a remote prototype of *Mrs. Caudle, Mrs. Nagg,* and their sisterhood. Joseph also supplied comedy of a sort that we in these nicer days could tolerate only through a veil of French.

The Morality Plays.

From the miracle to the morality was a short step. In the former, personifications of abstract qualities had appeared upon the stage; in the latter, these personifications were all the *dramatis personæ.* They were allegories teaching moral lessons, all of them pretty much on the lines of the now familiar "Everyman" in construction, though that stands preeminent for beauty of language and delicacy of thought. When comedy of a coarse sort had been introduced into the miracles representing the relations of God and man, it is not wonderful that there was more and coarser comedy in the moralities.

After "Everyman"—that exquisite portrayal of the soul of man seeking companionship to the grave to which he is ordered and finding it only in that which he had most neglected, his own good works—the most famous of the moralities is probably "Lusty Juventus." Its title is almost sufficiently explanatory. It was described in its foreword, however, as "an interlude, livelily describing the frailty of youth: of nature prone to vice: by grace and good counsel trained to virtue."

Before long one real person was introduced into the midst of the abstractions. In the morality which takes its name from him *Hick Scorner* is a traveled youth who comes home from his journeys full of all manner of foreign vices; he is a scoffer at all things, human and divine, and having quarreled with *Contemplation* and *Perseverance* and indulged in nagging with his own evil companions, *Freewill* and *Imagination,* he puts *Pity* in the stocks. He is chiefly valuable for having brought real personages upon the English stage, though his reality is of a shaky sort and he is more like a combination of Youth, Hard-Heartedness, Arrogance, and Sinful Living than like a human being.

The moralities were acted by companies of strolling players either in the halls of the nobles and gentry or in the squares of the town. Often they were the interlude between the parts of a banquet, and hence came their secondary name. When a great nobleman entertained royalty, for instance, it was his pride to furnish a dramatic pageant for his guests. When the plays were given in the towns the occasion was like a fair. Booths were erected, innkeepers put up their prices, people from the countryside poured in, as nowadays when the circus-tents are erected in favored spots, and a two or three days' revel was inaugurated.

The Birth of English Comedy.

The transition from the morality to the comedy was easy, once the introduction of real characters had been accomplished. Soon we find comic interludes—in a more restricted sense than that in which the word was used to describe the morality itself—being played. John Heywood was a diligent producer of these. "Johan the Husband, Tyb His Wife, and Sir John the Priest" is one of the earliest of his. Its humor is of a sort too robust for our tastes today, but it introduced distinct English characters upon the stage.

"The Four P's," which Heywood also wrote, is a lengthy dialogue between a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedler, all of them well-known types of the time. The play was written, apparently, to give the Palmer a chance to father a jest which has never ceased to delight certain intelligences, and which is doing duty to-day. Each of the men is to tell the greatest lie he can; the Palmer receives the reward because, great traveler though he has been, he declares: "I never saw or knew any one woman out of patience."

In "Ralph Roister Doister," written about 1550, the author, Nicholas Udall, shows his classical knowledge—he was a head master of Eton and a student of Plautus and Terence—by introducing the classical form into English drama, and, indeed, by making his hero an English *Miles Gloriosus,* a boastful, vain, cowardly fellow, preyed upon by a clever parasite.

"Gammer Gurton's Needle," probably by John Still, owes nothing to classical models. It is an English farce. The chief character is a distinctly English one—*Diccon the Bedlam,* one of the sharp beggars who made their livings by their wits after the dissolution of the monasteries and the consequent ceasing of the monastic doles had thrown them upon their own resources.

The First English Tragedies.

By this time the influence of the revival of learning was felt throughout England. The rich youths finished their education by making a tour to Italy. The classics were studied. Tragedy, demanding a somewhat cultivated audience, began to be written; Seneca was the model for the early tragedians. Lord Brooke wrote "Alaham" and "Mustapha," two carefully pruned and lifeless plays. Classical themes were the rage among the learned playwrights. "Dido," "Ajax Flagellifer," "Leander," "Sapientia Salomonis," "Adrastus Parentans," are names which sufficiently indicate the models for the plays.

Treated on the lines of the Senecan model came two tragedies, which were, however, founded upon ancient English legends—"Ferrex and Porrex," or "Gorboduc," and "The Misfortunes of Authur." The former is the sanguinary tale of a legendary king who divides his kingdom between his two sons. One kills the other in order to reign alone; the mother kills the survivor because his brother was her favorite son. The people, horrified, rise in rebellion and slay the king and queen, whereupon the nobles promptly destroy them, afterward falling to war among themselves. It was written by Thomas Norton and Thomas Sackville, it was performed at Whitehall before Queen Elizabeth on January 17, 1561, by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple.

"The Misfortunes of Authur" was also played before the queen. It, too, was written and acted by learned men and gentlemen—Thomas Hughes being the author and the gentlemen of Gray's Inn, this time, the actors. And it has all the faults that so learned a parentage and production would insure for it. But tragedy had been introduced to the English stage and the value of legends and chronicles shown. Another form was in the process of forming, to be molded by Marlowe, Lyly, Greene, Nash, Lodge, and the early Elizabethans until it was perfected by Shakespeare.

At this time all the great noblemen kept, not only musicians for their chapel services, but players for the moralities, the interludes, the comedies, and the tragedies with which they entertained guests at their castles. When these companies were not needed by their masters they strolled the country, giving performances where they were wanted. They were called Lord Leicester's Servants, the Earl of Derby's Servants, the Lord Chamberlain's Servants, and so on. As companies not so distinguished—not, indeed, under the patronage and protection of any great noble—began to tour the country also, preying upon the people, it became necessary for an authentic band of nobleman's servants to carry a license from their master to show that they were what they pretended to be. The final outcome of this was that in 1574 one company, that of Lord Leicester, was granted a royal patent and went about the country, when not needed for the court revels, as "The Queen's Majesty's Poor Players."

Gradually theaters were built, or other places of amusement were converted into theaters—here a bear-garden, there an inn, somewhere else a cockpit—all changed to meet the new taste and demand. A nest of small theaters grew up in the suburbs. Finally, in 1593, Richard Burbage, the leader of the Lord Chamberlain's actors, built on the Bankside a theater which he called the Globe, a hexagonal wooden building, with one entrance for the audience and one for the actors. Except for a roof of thatch over the stage, it was open to the air. In front of this, according to the legend, the young Shakespeare held the horses of the theatergoers.

So, all things were prepared for him. Theaters had been built, companies had been licensed, a patronage had been assured for plays. Struggling out of the old liturgical drama, an art had been slowly developed. Forms, materials, awaited him. Shakespeare came, and the English drama was perfected.

The Tempest.

By CHARLES DICKENS.

"DAVID COPPERFIELD" is almost universally admitted to be the finest piece of fiction that ever came from the pen of Charles Dickens. In his earlier novels, such as "Oliver Twist" and "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Martin Chuzzlewit," the fun too often becomes farcical, the appreciation of the ridiculous too often degenerates into the grotesque, and the pathos too often verges upon sentimentality.

When he came to write "David Copperfield," however, the mind and taste of Dickens had become matured and likewise thoroughly refined, while his imagination was as vigorous as ever, and he still wrote with the keen zest which made his books magnetic in their appeal to the whole English-speaking world. Moreover, in composing it, Dickens was half-unconsciously writing his own autobiography.

The character of *David Copperfield* is, in a broad sense, that of Charles Dickens himself, the initials "D. C." being those of Charles Dickens reversed. The story of young *David's* early years, of his unhappy childhood, of his sometimes sordid surroundings, of his struggles with shorthand, of his early literary ventures, and of his final literary triumph—all these are essentially bits of biography interwoven with the fabric of the fiction. *Dora* was drawn from Catherine Hogarth, whom Dickens married; and the delightful *Wilkins Micawber* is a humorous portrait of John Dickens, the author's own father. Recently discovered letters of Dickens show that *Agnes Wickfield* was an idealized portrait of a woman who deeply influenced his life.

The passage quoted here is one of the finest pieces of descriptive writing that can be found in the author's works. In order that its full significance may be understood by persons who are not familiar with the plot of "David Copperfield," it should be added that *David Copperfield* is supposed to be telling the story, and that *Ham Peggotty,* a nephew of *David's* old nurse, was engaged to *Little Emily,* when she eloped with the gay, dashing *Steerforth,* who had been *David's* chum in school. It is *Steerforth,* too, who, at the end of this extract, is described as "lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school."

I NOW approach an event in my life, so indelible, so awful, so bound by an infinite variety of ties to all that has preceded it, in these pages, that, from the beginning of my narrative, I have seen it growing larger and larger as I advanced, like a great tower in a plain, and throwing its forecast shadow even on the incidents of my childish days.

For years after it occurred, I dreamed of it often. I have started up so vividly impressed by it, that its fury has yet seemed raging in my quiet room, in the still night. I dream of it sometimes, though at lengthened and uncertain intervals, to this hour. I have an association between it and a stormy wind, or the lightest mention of a sea-shore, as strong as any of which my mind is conscious. As plainly as I behold what happened, I will try to write it down. I do not recall it, but see it done; for it happens again before me.

The time drawing on rapidly for the

sailing of the emigrant ship, my good old nurse (almost broken-hearted for me, when we first met) came up to London. I was constantly with her, and her brother, and the Micawbers (they being much together); but Emily I never saw.

One evening when the time was close at hand, I was alone with Peggotty and her brother. Our conversation turned on Ham. She described to us how tenderly he had taken leave of her, and how manfully and quietly he had borne himself. Most of all, of late, when she believed he was most tried. It was a subject of which the affectionate creature never tired; and our interest in hearing the many examples which she, who was so much with him, had to relate, was equal to hers in relating them.

My aunt and I were at that time vacating the two cottages at Highgate; I intending to go abroad, and she to return to her house at Dover. We had a temporary lodging in Covent Garden. As I walked home to it, after this evening's conversation, reflecting on what had passed between Ham and myself when I was last at Yarmouth, I wavered in the original purpose I had formed, of leaving a letter for Emily when I should take leave of her uncle on board the ship, and thought it would be better to write to her now. She might desire, I thought, after receiving my communication, to send some parting word to her unhappy lover. I ought to give her the opportunity.

I therefore sat down in my room, before going to bed, and wrote to her. I told her that I had seen him, and that he had requested me to tell her what I have already written in its place in these sheets. I faithfully repeated it. I had no need to enlarge upon it, if I had had the right. Its deep fidelity and goodness were not to be adorned by me or any man. I left it out, to be sent round in the morning; with a line to Mr. Peggotty, requesting him to give it to her; and went to bed at day-break.

I was weaker than I knew then, and, not falling asleep until the sun was up, lay late, and unrefreshed, next day. I was roused by the silent presence of my aunt at my bedside. I felt it in my sleep, as I suppose we all do feel such things.

"Trot, my dear," she said, when I opened my eyes, "I couldn't make up my mind to disturb you. Mr. Peggotty is here; shall he come up?"

I replied yes, and he soon appeared.

"Mas'r Davy," he said, when we had shaken hands, "I giv Em'ly your letter, sir, and she writ this heer, and begged of me fur to ask you to read it, and if you see no hurt in 't, to be so kind as take charge on 't."

"Have you read it?" said I.

He nodded sorrowfully. I opened it, and read as follows:

I have got your message. Oh, what can I write, to thank you for your good and blessed kindness to me!

I have put the words close to my heart. I shall keep them till I die. They are sharp thorns, but they are such comfort. I have prayed over them, oh, I have prayed so much. When I find what you are, and what uncle is, I think what God must be, and can cry to Him.

Good-by forever. Now, my dear, my friend, good-by forever in this world. In another world, if I am forgiven, I may wake a child and come to you. All thanks and blessings. Farewell, evermore.

This, blotted with tears, was the letter.

"May I tell her as you doesn't see no hurt in 't, and as you'll be so kind as to take charge on 't, Mas'r Davy?" said Mr. Peggotty, when I had read it.

"Unquestionably," said I—"but I am thinking——"

"Yes, Mas'r Davy?"

"I am thinking," said I, "that I'll go down again to Yarmouth. There's time, and to spare, for me to go and come back before the ship sails. My mind is constantly running on him, in his solitude; to put this letter of her writing in his hand at this time, and to enable you to tell her, in the moment of parting, that he has got it, will be a kindness to both of them. I solemnly accepted his commission, dear good fellow, and cannot discharge it too completely. The journey is nothing to me. I am restless, and shall be better in motion. I'll go down to-night."

Though he anxiously endeavored to dissuade me, I saw that he was of my mind, and this, if I had required to be confirmed in my intention, would have had the effect. He went round to the coach office, at my request, and took the box-seat for me on the mail. In the evening I started, by that conveyance,

down the road I had traversed under so many vicissitudes.

"Don't you think that," I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London, "a very remarkable sky? I don't remember to have seen one like it."

"Nor I—not equal to it," he replied. "That's wind, sir. There'll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long."

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted with a color like the color of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day, and it was rising then, with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and blew hard.

But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London; and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys.

Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church tower, and flung into a by-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighboring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still, there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea, its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily toward us.

When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant, and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach, I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings; some, now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, leveling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at

their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster.

Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds flew fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people whom this memorable wind—for it is still remembered down there, as the greatest ever known to blow upon that coast—had brought together, I made my way to his house. It was shut; and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by back ways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned, there, that he had gone to Lowestoft, to meet some sudden exigency of ship-repairing in which his skill was required; but that he would be back to-morrow morning, in good time.

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen laboring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore. Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last!

I was very much depressed in spirits; very solitary; and felt an uneasiness in Ham's not being there, disproportionate to the occasion. I was seriously affected, without knowing how much, by late events; and my long exposure to the fierce wind had confused me. There was that jumble in my thoughts and recollections, that I had lost the clear arrangement of time and distance. Thus, if I had gone out into the town, I should not have been surprised, I think, to encounter some one who I knew must be then in London. So to speak, there was in these respects a curious inattention in my mind. Yet it was busy, too, with all the remembrances the place naturally awakened; and they were particularly distinct and vivid.

In this state, the waiter's dismal intelligence about the ships immediately connected itself, without any effort of my volition, with my uneasiness about Ham. I was persuaded that I had an apprehension of his returning from Lowestoft by sea, and being lost. This grew so strong with me, that I resolved to go back to the yard before I took my dinner, and ask the boat-builder if he thought his attempting to return by sea at all likely? If he gave me the least reason to think so, I would go over to Lowestoft and prevent it by bringing him with me.

I hastily ordered my dinner, and went back to the yard. I was none too soon; for the boat-builder, with a lantern in his hand, was locking the yard-gate. He quite laughed, when I asked him the question, and said there was no fear; no man in his senses, or out of them, would put off in such a gale of wind, least of all Ham Peggotty, who had been born of seafaring.

So sensible of this, beforehand, that I had really felt ashamed of doing what I was nevertheless impelled to do, I went back to the inn. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue stedfast to anything. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory, and made a tumult in them. Yet, in all the hurry of my

thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea—the storm and my uneasiness regarding Ham, were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness, either of the uproar out of doors, or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new and indefinable horror; and when I awoke—or rather when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair—my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noises: looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall, tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

It was reassuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished, as if by magic, and I was broad awake.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up, several times, and looked out; but could see nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length, my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes and went down-stairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together, in various attitudes, about a table, purposely moved away from the great chimney, and brought near the door. A pretty girl, who had her ears stopped with her apron, and her eyes upon the door, screamed when I appeared, supposing me to be a spirit; but the others had more presence of mind, and were glad of an addition to their company. One man, referring to the topic they had been discussing, asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier-crews who had gone down, were out in the storm?

I remained there, I dare say, two hours. Once, I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam, were driving by; and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber, when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

That thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some knocking at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprung out of bed, and asked, what wreck?

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamoring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction, to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half a dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the addi-

tional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled;* and the height to which the breakers rose and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable confusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattoo'd arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, oh, great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, tangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave it in.

Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned toward us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam-ends toward the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned toward the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne toward us on the wind.

Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham come breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know, to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was, by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look, out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such

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determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was really accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said cheerily, grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 't an't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make ready! I'm a going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around me made me stay; urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested.

I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but, I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then, I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer color; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood, but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in toward the shore, borne on toward the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it—when a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling it. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled forever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, were ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me, was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But, he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

SOME LENTEN LYRICS.

Verses, Old and New, Which Show that Even in the Church's Penitential Season Worldly Thoughts Will Creep into the Minds of the Flippant Rimesters of the Press

THE LENTEN SEASON.

SOME recreations,
All dissipations,
And giddy pleasures are put aside;
And youth and beauty
In pious duty
Will busy itself till Eastertide.
Though self-denial
Imposes trial,
To practise it we are quite content
When Fashion shares it,
Nay, more, declares it
The proper thing in the days of Lent.

The maid represses
Her love for dresses,
And gives her mind to improving books;
When calls she's making,
Or walks she's taking,
She ne'er into milliners' windows looks.
She has no leisure
For worldly pleasure,
She cares not her person to ornament;
In short, she's pious,
And has no bias
For vanities in the days of Lent.

Boston Courier.

* * * *

HELEN'S LENTEN DREAM.

By Eugene Field.

FAIR Helen, who a day or two
Ago was twinkling in the german,
Now penance pays for thoughtless days
By listening to a prosy sermon.

With rapt face bowed, hid by a cloud
Of golden ringlets clustering round it,
Within her pew she listens to
The parson praise the Book and pound it.

The preacher talks of righteous walks,
Of holy living, holy dying;
Exhorts Miss Nell to ponder well
Upon her sins and follies crying.

And I am sure the maid demure
Obeys, her chiefest sin recalling—
How young Jack France she led a dance
And scorned him at her feet when falling.

The parson there uplifts a prayer;
Perhaps her thoughts are all upon it;
But I will lay what sum you say
She's dreaming of her Easter bonnet!

* * * *

LENT.

NO more, with feast and frolic blent,
Doth Eulalie
Proclaim indulgence of her bent
For revelry;
Upon the polished waxen floor
Her little feet revolve no more,
And candy she refuses, for
It's Lent, you see.

And now each blessèd afternoon
Her ways are bent
To prayer, and pew, and chanted tune,
And Testament.
Ah! When I meet her, I avow,
I shudder at her distant bow.
Alas! I mustn't join her now,
For it is Lent.

But none the less, one gift is mine,
Fair penitent!
To make these dreary days divine
'Twas surely sent.
No more with wistful guile and art
My rivals seek to steal your heart,
Because they know—oh, Cupid's dart—
That it is lent!

* * * *

THE FAIR PENITENT.

SACKCLOTH, ashes,
Drooping lashes,
Penitential pose;
Aspect saintly,
Cheek but faintly
Hinting of the rose;

Prayer-book holding,
Fair hands folding
O'er her virgin breast;
Meek and lowly
Heart and holy
Thoughts her mien expressed.

Scorning pleasure,
All her treasure
Is laid up above;
Too exalted
(Here I halted)
Far for earthly love.

Then I took a
Better look—a
Glance her sad eyes sent;
She came nearer—
I saw clearer—
Spoke the Penitent:

"What a nuisance!
Not seen you since
That delightful ball;
Now it's Lent and
Playtime's spent, and
Conscience has the call.

"Now for forty
Days no naughty
Things or nice for me;
Fasting, praying,
Beads a saying
Upon bended knee;

"For a season
Joy is treason,
Pleasure's board is bare;
But for feast or
Fun when Easter
Comes, you bet I'm there!"

Texas Siftings.

* * * *

AT LENTENTIDE.

By Jean La Rue Burnett.

AT Lententide, in modest gown
And dainty bonnet bright and new,
With fringèd lids turned coyly down
O'er eyes that rival heaven's hue;
With furs and frills in sweet array,
In yonder pew sits merry May
At Lententide.

A single rose gleams from her lace
Pure as a flake of driven snow;
It casts athwart her lovely face
In conscious pride a tender glow;
Sweet type of innocence and love,
An angel message from above
At Lententide.

With claspèd hand and bended head
Upon the hard and chilly floor
She kneels while litany is said,
Nor rises when the chant is o'er;
But with a penitential air
The maiden kneels in silent prayer
At Lententide.

A flood of peaceful, mellow light
Streams through the oriel; unforbid
It clasps her slender fingers tight.
With sunbeam kisses soon they're hid.
Be still, my heart! Fain would I dream
That I am just a bright sunbeam
At Lententide!

* * * *

HER LENTEN SACRIFICE.

HE told her he felt guilty,
As every churchman feels,
Who makes no self-denials
In habits or in meals.

Said he: "I must give up,
Until the Eastertide,
That which I cherished most,
What most would wound my pride.

"I have not yet agreed
With self what it shall be;
At all events I shall
Deny myself," quoth he.

Again he spake: "Dear heart,
Meseems 'twere meet, also,
For you some simple thing,
Some trifle, to forego."

The maiden smiled abruptly,
'Twas mischief in her eye;
"My conscience doth upbraid me
For acting selfishly.

"I will give up a trifle,
Since 'tis your wish, fair swain;
And so, until the Eastertide
You need not call again."

Chicago Tribune.

The Truth About Snakes.

BY CHARLES H. CORBIN.

Only Four of the Many Species That Inhabit North America are Dangerous—The Bird-Charming Snake is a Myth, and the Suicide Theory a Fallacy.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

SNAKES are much maligned creatures, although they are, for the most part, of considerable value to man, as they live almost entirely on insects and the small rodents that are injurious to crops. Of all the snakes that inhabit North America, there are really only four that are dangerous. These are the copperhead, the moccasin, the rattlesnake, and a little snake of southern Georgia and Florida known as the coral snake.

Of course, there are a number of different species of the rattler (about thirteen), but they inhabit different parts of the country, and are all to be known from the fact that they "rattle" when approached. All the rest of our snakes are absolutely harmless, and their bite is to be less feared than that of a mosquito.

A snake has no external ears, from which fact the old saying, "deaf as an adder," doubtless originates. Neither has a snake eyelids, and so it literally sleeps with both eyes open. The place of the eyelid is taken by a thin, transparent skin, which is the first to split when the snake starts to shed its epidermis, and causes it at this period to be blind as well as deaf.

The largest snake of North America is the diamond-back rattler. In length this formidable ophidian reaches five feet, and occasionally more, with a diameter of four to five inches. His bite is almost certain death.

The king snake, the natural enemy of the rattler, is often much longer, sometimes measuring more than twelve feet, but is not nearly so large in girth. A meeting between a rattler and a king snake is always the signal for a fight, in which the latter is usually victorious. With all the rattler's alertness, the king snake is quicker, and, although he has no fangs and his bite is not poisonous, he seizes the rattler by the back of the neck, and, coiling his sinuous length about the stouter body of his antagonist, slowly squeezes him to death despite his struggles.

In most cases the bite of a rattlesnake is fatal. By chemical analysis, the venom of a rattler has been found to consist of ninety-five per cent of blood-destroying element and five per cent of nerve-destroying element. It acts directly upon the veins and heart, eating into the walls and destroying the blood corpuscles. Instances have been known of death resulting in less than ten minutes after the bite.

The bite of any one of the three other poisonous snakes of this country will not result fatally if proper and immediate remedies are used.

Snakes Do Not Charm Birds.

The belief that snakes possess the power of charming birds is ridiculous. It has undoubtedly arisen from the fact that when a bird sees a snake, especially if it be in the neighborhood of its nest, it will invariably hover over the reptile, making frequent darts at it, and trying

to drive it from that vicinity. The snake often takes advantage of this by remaining motionless but alert until one of its tormentors comes close enough to give it an opportunity to act. Then there is an instantaneous straightening of the body, and the bird is caught.

That snakes will swallow their young to protect them from harm is another fallacy. Some of the cannibalistic snakes swallow their young sometimes as articles of food. That young snakes have been found inside the mother snake is quite natural, as the reptile hatches its eggs within. Young snakes are usually deserted by their parents as soon as they are born.

Another mistaken notion is that rattlesnakes commit suicide when cornered.

This is on a par with numerous other senseless beliefs concerning snakes. As a matter of fact, a rattler is immune from its own poison; and consequently, no matter how much it might inject into itself, it would have no effect. That when brought to bay the rattler will often become so wild with rage as to strike indiscriminately, and sometimes puncture itself with its fangs, is true; but it will never die from these wounds unless they happen to reach a vital part.

The Rattler Doesn't Bite.

Speaking quite strictly, a rattlesnake does not bite, but strikes. The same thing is true of the copperhead and moccasin. Their fangs are hinged, so to speak, and when the snake is at ease, and at all times, except in the very act of striking, they are closed up tight against the roof of the mouth.

When the snake strikes, it draws its body back into a tense spiral; the head is raised with the jaws widely distended; the body is shot forward with terrific speed and the curved fangs, now at right angles to the jaw, are driven deeply into whatever they come in contact with. The jaws are never closed into even the semblance of a bite.

The little coral snake of the South, on the other hand, bites in the regularly accepted manner by closing the jaws over whatever it takes hold of. A snake can strike but little over two-thirds of its length, and is incapable of striking in water.

A snake's egg has a thick covering, very tough and flexible. The species that lay eggs deposit them in groups of ten or a dozen in the earth, in piles of decaying vegetable matter, and similar places, where they hatch without any further care from the parents.

The embryo is provided with what is known as an egg tooth. This is a small tooth which is affixed to the upper jawbone and projects beyond the lips. It is shed shortly after the young snake leaves the egg. It is used in tearing the tough shell through which the baby reptile could not otherwise penetrate.

The young of any of the poisonous snakes are just as dangerous, in proportion to size, when they are first born as is an old snake, for they secrete poison which is just as venomous at that time as at any other.

Snakes do not bite from pure malice, and they will invariably run from a human being if they are allowed to have the chance. All snakes will strike at anything that annoys them, but in the case of the harmless species it is a mere feint to scare their enemy and protect themselves.

An Inoffensive Blusterer.

One of the most inoffensive snakes is one of the most dangerous-looking, and therefore has the reputation of being deadly. This is the hog-nosed snake, or blow-adder.

When angered it will raise the head and forepart of its body erect, distend it until it is flat and thin, something like the cobra, and swing itself back and forth and from side to side, emitting constantly a louder hiss than any other American snake can produce. A most fearsome-looking object, it is all bluster, however, for it is absolutely harmless.

Snakes congregate in the fall, roll themselves into balls of from three or four to a dozen or more, and hide in some hole below the frost line throughout the winter, absolutely torpid. They are extremely sensitive to cold, and a slight fall in temperature will numb them into apparent death. When removed to a warmer place they immediately revive, however.

There are a number of noted rattlesnake dens about this country, but per-

haps the most famous is in Routt County, Colorado, where thousands of rattlers are said to congregate every fall and spend the winter. That it is dangerous to live in that locality is evidenced by the fact that, while it is free government land, no one wants to take it up. The only ranch anywhere near is about two miles distant, and this has been deserted on account of the snakes.

ALMOST A CHOIR INVISIBLE.

The Stridulous Love-Songs of the Insect World—The Summertime Orchestra of the Fields, and How Its Music Is Produced.

IT is remarkable music that the common field insects play. For one thing, its loudness—where else can one find sounds so piercing made by organs so minute? On a warm day in August the shrill note of the grasshopper is sometimes almost deafening. A writer in the Philadelphia *North-American* gives some information about the insect's musical mechanism:

The art of fiddling is not possessed by man alone. Insects of the field and forest—many of them harmless, and others classed in the category of pests—have a little fiddle and bow of their own, and use them to strum their songs of love. By such means, indeed, certain insects call upon their mates, give signals, communicate intelligence, and, perhaps, give expression to their emotions.

Upon the tunes produced by the little musicians depends the domestic happiness of the insects. The male alone fiddles, and if his love-tune be true his chances of winning his noiseless bride are much better. Should his fiddle be out of tune or his song be poor, he is likely to remain a bachelor.

The long-horned grasshopper, or true locust, and the common cricket are probably the best known of all stridulating or fiddling insects.

Of the long-horned grasshopper the katydid is a characteristic representation. This little musician is supplied with two sets of wings. The outer and heavier ones are used for flying, while the inner pair make up the bow and fiddle. Near the base of these inner wings is located a set of strong veins. By bringing the veins on each wing into contact and rubbing them together the song is produced.

A talented musician is the common little grasshopper. His fiddle is attached to one wing, and he uses his hind leg for a bow. On this leg is a line of little, bead-like prominences, from each of which grows a number of fine hairs. When the grasshopper draws this leg back and forth over the violin arrangement on his wings his love-songs swell out on the air.

A natural musician, too, is the little cricket, and his tune is louder and more lively than that of the locust. It is said that the fiddling efforts of some of these little chaps have been heard at least a mile from the place where they were rehearsing.

One tune by day and another by night is the program of the cricket. He has even been known to change the tune when the sun has been temporarily obscured by clouds. When approached, he will cease his musical strains. Sometimes, however, he has permitted scientists unobserved to get close to him and watch him conducting his one-instrument orchestra.

Fiddling, however, is not the only means by which these musical insects serenade their loved ones. The seventeen-year locust, for instance, puts the melody of his soul into the reverberations of two abdominal drums. These drumheads are tight. To each is attached a strong muscle, which the insect can tighten or relax at will. The method of operation is similar to that of pressing upon the bottom of a tin pan.

The most simple noise of all insects is that of the deathwatch beetle, who gets its name from the superstition that the person who hears its noise is soon to die. It is fond of burrowing into old wood, and for that reason is often found in old buildings, about which more or less superstition is apt to cling. The tapping noise it makes is supposed to resemble the tolling of bells.

THE severest punishment a man can receive who has injured another is to have committed the injury; and no man is more severely punished than he who is subject to the whip of his own repentance.—**Seneca** (4 B.C.—65 A.D.).

The Dog.

BY HARRY IRVING GREENE.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THIS is the story of a dog, and love enters into it only by implication. Still, if one has imagination——

When the One Hundred and Forty-Eighth went to the Islands, Pine, captain, went with it. Pine was a tall, symmetrical, straight-grained young fellow, good to look at, and very much in love with the Girl. Whether the Girl was in love with Pine or not is another proposition, but she met him in the station as the army train passed through her city, and they talked fast during the five minutes which it took to change engines.

Just what they said is a matter of conjecture, but certain it is that when Pine left her, at the starting of the train, his jaw had dropped a full inch and he walked with the dazed look of a man who has received a sudden and unexpected blow and is having hard work to realize it.

As for the Girl, she seemed a little troubled, too—now that he was gone—and for the first time since she had owned her bull-terrier failed to notice that he was not on the seat beside her as she drove away. The story of the dog really begins at this point.

He had followed her into the station upon the arrival of the train, jabbed his nose against Pine's leg as the soldier came up, wagged his stubby tail into a blur of welcome, and then, finding himself unnoticed, trotted across the platform and boarded the train. The coach was crowded with men who wore uniforms something like the butler in the house of his mistress, and the dog had toothsome memories of the butler and the kitchen that he lorded over.

Half-way down the car he saw a seat with but one man in it. He jumped upon it, and putting his feet on McGrath's leg, stood there with his head tilted alertly to one side and one ear drooping like a broken wing. McGrath loved well-bred dogs, and at first sight he coveted the terrier. Quickly he thieved a glance up and down the aisle, saw that no one was noticing him, and grabbing the dog by the neck, thrust his head into his lap and held him tightly there until the train was once more speeding westward.

McGrath had been born amid the wharves twenty-five years before. In a good many ways he was about as bad as they make them. He was not very tall, but he weighed a good deal, and his arms were plaited with muscles until, except for their size, they looked like a Chinaman's cue. He had a somber, silent mind that scowled blackly at the world, and he took delight in but two things—letting the blood of his fellow man and teaching dumb animals to love him.

For a few years McGrath had been a fairly successful heavyweight pugilist, prosperous in the manner of his kind. Then a mightier man came along and broke McGrath's ribs and heart with a single blow. Thereafter he spent most of his time beneath the wharves with a piece of cracker in his hand, patiently teaching the rats to come and eat from his fingers. When the war broke out McGrath enlisted—not that he had much idea what it was all about, but because he had been told that the dagos had blown up an American war-ship and that there would be fighting—which was plenty to know for Tim McGrath, river-front pugilist.

The train sped on, with the interminable backward leap of telegraph-poles, while gradually the struggles of the dog ceased beneath the rough caresses of the soldier. McGrath had started in to win that dog's heart, and McGrath

knew how to win a dog's heart as certainly as some men know how to win a woman's. It is almost a week's trip across the continent, and in that length of time many things can be done. When the train rumbled up to the city of the Golden Gate the dog had been sworn in and was as much a part of the army as Pippin himself, the newsboy drummer. He had learned to strut on his hind legs with a drumstick held over his shoulder after the manner of a man carrying a gun, and could salute an officer better than the National Guard of some States. And in addition to these things, he could do something else, a something which no man had taught him, but which endeared him to the men above all other accomplishments. He could fight beyond the power of telling.

The One Hundred and Forty-Eighth first became aware of this when they were disembarking from the ferry at 'Frisco. From out of an alley a tan-coated mongrel, three times the size of the terrier, came slouching, and going up to him, threw one leg over his shoulder and began to bully him after the fashion of street-arab canines.

The next instant the terrier was at the bully's throat with a leap that was like that of an uncoiling spring, and the fight which followed raged from the point of beginning to the uttermost end of the square. The One Hundred and Forty-Eighth saw some pretty desperate hand-to-hand conflicts before they were mustered out, but never did they follow the to-the-death struggle of man and man more intently than they now did this battle of dogs.

When, after five minutes, the big mongrel fled yelping up the street and the terrier trotted serenely back to the army luggage and sat down upon it lolling indifferently, the regiment stood upon its tiptoes and caterwauled until the dog threw up his head and added his own self-applause to the infernal din. Beginning at that moment, the dog was no longer a mere mascot, but became an institution. Later on he developed into an idol, also, but that is a matter requiring considerable telling.

On the gray sand-flats where the tents first squatted, and afterward at the Presidio, the dog's military education grew apace. He learned the bugle-calls as quickly as does the average recruit, and took far more interest in seeing that they were obeyed. As the first notes of the reveille went ringing down the company streets of mornings with it plaint of

> I can't get 'em up, I can't get 'em up,
> I can't get 'em up in the morning,

the dog would rush furiously down the white-bordered lane, barking into the tents, tugging at the blankets of loiterers, until the last sleep-befuddled soldier stumbled into line and stood dreamily through the roll-call. Mess-call never failed to find the dog at the head of his company.

But it was at drill that he really asserted his authority. With the first command of the sergeant as he formed the company, the dog would squat on the grass beside him until inspection; then trotting behind the line, he would smell of each heel as he passed, and the farther the heel was out of column the sharper the nip that aligned it.

And so his days passed busily, each with its myriad of duties to perform until "taps" sounded and the men crept into their blankets. But on many a moonlight night a sentry, passing to and fro full of thoughts of the girl that he had left behind him, would see the dog sitting on the grass of the parade-ground, his face always pointed eastward. For though the dog loved the army with the love of a born soldier, he also had a mistress far beyond desert and plain, and he worshiped her from the bottom of his fond dog's heart.

II.

THE Ninetieth Tennessee came to 'Frisco, bringing with them a mascot. He was a pedigreed bulldog, bow-legged and muscular, and he weighed over thirty pounds. The terrier tipped the beam at a scant twenty. The two dogs saw each other for the first time one day after drill, and the next instant met in mid air like a pair of game-cocks. McGrath fell upon them as they rolled each other in the dirt, and after choking them apart, held one in each hand as he called for some one to relieve him of the bulldog. Half a dozen men from the Ninetieth came up at the summons.

"Let 'em fight," said one, with a grin.

"Take your —— cur away," retorted McGrath savagely. "You're a good sport, you are, when your dog is half again as big as mine, and a fighting bull at that. I don't fight dogs. But if you've got a man——" McGrath stopped speaking, glowered at them for a moment, and then walked away, muttering, leaving the owner of the bull looking after him with a vengeful light in his eyes.

"All right fo' yu, suh," the mountaineer murmured as the pugilist disappeared. "But yu dawg has got to fight, all the same." He turned on his companions with a short laugh. "If yu boys happens to meet up with me ovah in the sand-patch at six to-night—well, I reckons you-alls will see a terrier turn up his toes."

McGrath's dog had shown a proper fighting spirit, and nobody loves gameness in man or beast more than do the men from the region of the Great Smokies. They said they would come, and went away looking very much pleased at the prospect.

True to his word, at the hour stated the Tennesseean dropped the kidnaped terrier upon the sand squarely in front of the raging bull. Grotesquely overmatched, half-bewildered, yet realizing that a battle to the death lay before him, the terrier met the rush of the bull halfway, and, grappling him as best he could, silently fought the fight of a heart that fear of beast never entered. What followed is not pleasant telling, but a quarter of an hour later the terrier, with one ear forever missing, one leg that bent under him like a hinge, and to all appearances wheezing his life out, came dragging himself across the parade-ground. As for the bulldog, they were burying him back in the sand-patch.

The rage of McGrath was like the rage of a gorilla that sees its young in the grasp of an enemy. His eyes blurred with hate, his jaws worked, and he beat upon his breast as he stood looking from his pet into the distance. Then with a roar he doubled his fists into knotted blocks and leaped into action. He hit the astonished grave-diggers like a catapult, drove clear through them, and then started back with fists flying like flails. Half a dozen soldiers went down like bowled tenpins at his first wild rush, then some one swung a club from behind and McGrath went down and out like a stunned bullock.

The pugilist had been knocked out before, and had grown accustomed to harsh treatment, but never had he received such a blow as this. Two days passed before he was able to walk again, and then it was with a shamble. But the first thing he did was to go looking for the corpse of his terrier.

He found him at last, and, much to his surprise, the dog still lived. He had crawled under the barracks, where the man could not follow, and lay there licking his wounds with a hot tongue and now and then whimpering a little.

For the next week, when off duty, McGrath spent most of his time lying on his belly in front of the hole trying to coax the terrier forth, but all his efforts were unavailing, and on the seventh day he arose and started for his gun with a great grief in his heart. McGrath had made up his mind that the terrier was about to die, and had decided to put him out of his misery with a bullet. But what was his astonishment, upon returning ten minutes later, to see a one-eared, crippled skeleton of a dog wobbling feebly across the parade-ground and headed in the direction of the sand-patch.

McGrath started after him with a yell, and a dozen other soldiers fell into hot pursuit. Sore, crippled, and half fainting, with the first throb of his convalescing strength the terrier had gone straight back for another bout with his mortal enemy.

It was then that they made him an idol.

III.

CAPTAIN PINE wrote letters to the Girl now and then, and about this time he sent her one that had much about the dog in it. The Girl knew there could be but one bull-terrier in the world with a perfect star and crescent on his breast, and that therefore this dog must be her dog.

Immediately she sat down and wrote a long letter to the officer. It had a somewhat different tone than had her

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preceding missives, and a once rejected but still hopeful lover might not have been utterly discouraged upon reading it. But there was one strain running through it all that was unmistakable, and that strain, now pleading, now commanding, ever voiced the same refrain: "first get me my dog."

After she had mailed it she went to her room and sat there for a long time with a worried look. But that was not to be much wondered at, either, for to have a dog and a man on the mind at the same time is plenty of trouble for any woman.

It takes a good while to send a letter from the Pacific to the Atlantic and get a reply, and when the Girl's missive reached 'Frisco Pine was half-way to the Islands. The letter followed him on the next ship, but, like most very important letters, was misdelivered, and it was a month after he had gone out Camaray way before he got it.

Then he began thinking. He could not get the dog from the men by force or bribe, and to have kidnaped him would have made Pine the worst-hated officer in the army. There seemed to be nothing to do but wait and bide his opportunity, so Pine waited and bided. In the interim he wrote the Girl telling her that nothing but death could prevent him sending her the canine, only begging her to have a little patience and put her faith in him. He also told her other things, but they were confidential, and cannot be repeated.

The Ninetieth Tennessee came to the Islands and went into camp almost within the shadow of McGrath's black scowl. To the core of his soul he hated them—hated them for what they had done to his dog, hated them for what they had done to him, hated them to the last hair on their heads and the last drop of blood in their bodies.

The crisis came when one day he met two of them on a narrow jungle road, and brushing them aside, cursed them with phrases that had been handed down to and improved upon by generations of longshoremen.

Next they fought. The Tennesseeans were muscular and active, and while McGrath could have whipped either of them without difficulty, he had plenty of work to hold his own against the pair. The dog had been trotting along a short distance behind, and now, seeing his master in the midst of a desperate broil, hurled himself into the conflict. With a growl, he fastened his teeth in the calf of one of the Southerners and tried to shake him, and the man, smarting in the grip, whipped the bayonet from his belt and raised it for a thrust which, had it gone home, would have ended the dog's history.

But McGrath, now frenzied with passion and seeing that his dog was about to die, tore himself from his adversary with a bellow and jerked out his revolver. Then in the flash of an eye he shot twice, and the two men fell heavily, while the slayer stood looking down upon them like a bull that has just gored his enemy.

And then suddenly realizing what he had done, the world swam in a blood-red sea before his eyes, and McGrath ran amuck. Moaning, beating upon his breast, he plunged heavily into the jungle, with a hate for all men burning fiercely in his heart. Well he knew that he had forfeited his right to live, but one thing he swore to himself as he ran his last race—he would not die alone. So on he went, flicking his bloodshot eyes about for a place where he could make a stand.

Pine happened to be returning from the village when the affair occurred, and saw it all from a distance. When the men fell he went to them as fast as he could, found that they were beyond human help, and then leaped hotfoot on the murderer's trail.

For five minutes he ran rapidly, guided by occasional crashes ahead of him, and at the end of that time came to a sudden halt. Just before him lay a clearing in the jungle, on the opposite side of which was a half-roofless, doorless nipa hut, with the black face of McGrath glowering from the window, while in front of the face was a revolver that spat a bullet at the pursuer at the very instant of his appearing. Pine made a sidewise leap an instant ahead of the flash and escaped death by a matter of inches; then he sat down behind a palm and began to think hard.

The situation was different in many

respects from anything he had read in his "Tactics," and was pregnant with perplexities. McGrath had ammunition, which he would undoubtedly husband for close, sure work, and to advance openly upon the hut was out of the question.

Then, too, dusk was but an hour away, and should he leave to summon help McGrath might easily enough escape and flee into the arms of the insurgents. Strategy seemed to be the only alternative, and Pine fired a tentative shot at the door as he sat trying to evolve a plan.

As the bullet nipped a splinter from the threshold the terrier leaped forth from the interior, and pouncing upon the piece of wood, worried it as if it had been a rat. At the sight of the dog a new light came into the eyes of the watcher, and throwing himself upon his stomach, he wormed his way out of sight into the long grass.

The ground was still soggy from the rains, and the rank smell of the forest was strong in his nostrils. Thorn-like twigs pierced his palms, and jungle insects settled upon his neck and bit and stung unmolested as he snaked himself through the growth with his body flat and his head on a line with it.

The sweat poured down his face in streams and nearly blinded him with its smart, while the bites and stings of his tormenters grew almost unbearable. It was not more than a hundred yards to the point for which he was headed, yet the better part of an hour had passed before he reached the rear and windowless side of the hut. He lay as motionless as the jungle itself as he coaxed back his breath and studied the limb of a mango that hung low over the roofless end of McGrath's shelter. After that he doubled up, took off his shoes, and silently rose to his feet.

Within the hut, all was silence, and Pine unconsciously folded his coat with as much care as if he had been packing his suit-case as he laid it on the ground beside the shoes. Next he loosened the revolver in its holster, and then swung himself upon the limb above his head.

Very slowly he lifted himself high enough to peer over into the hut. McGrath was crouched in the gloom beside the window, with his eyes fastened upon the opposite side of the clearing, where he thought his pursuer lay in wait, eagerly waiting for the darkness to thicken, that he might issue forth without being riddled.

Pine could easily have shot him in the back, and would have done so but for the fact that Pine did not shoot men that way, while the dog, which seemed to have sensed something, was running nervously about the floor, with low whines, but not looking up. Two long, silent steps Pine made along the limb, and then sprang down into the center of the room, well knowing that he must alight fairly, and in a position for instant attack.

A yelp came from the dog, and out of the side of his eye McGrath saw a coatless, shoeless figure falling upon him from out of the skies. An arm bulging with muscle was flung around his throat from behind and his head was forced back until his neck cracked and a flare of red leaped before his eyes. But, twisting like a worm, he threw the muzzle of his weapon over his shoulder and fired just at the instant that the butt of the captain's revolver crashed upon his head and sent him limply to the ground, where he lay with a third and very bad knock-out against his record. Pine fell, too, but got upon his feet almost instantly, and stood dizzily clutching at the window-sill to keep himself from falling again.

It is hard work for a man with a smashed shoulder-blade to bind even a senseless person; but the victor did it, and then picked up the dog. The terrier knew the captain very well, and liked him exceedingly, and so, while he refused to leave his master voluntarily, he offered no resistance beyond a squirm or two when the officer wobbled away holding him under his sound shoulder. It was rather a bad trip back to camp, but Pine eventually made it, and after telling them where they could find McGrath, he played a heroine's trick upon them. For the first time in his life, he fainted.

IV.

THEY made a good deal out of Pine's exploit over there in the Islands, and his company started a subscription to get

him a silver-plated, gold-mounted, ridiculous sword, but he laughed them out of the notion and said he would rather have the dog.

At first they demurred a good deal, but finally consented, partially for the reason that the terrier had caused enough trouble already, but principally because they had lately become possessed of a game-cock that could whip anything that wore feathers.

Of course, the story of the affair was not long in getting to the coast, and a day or two later the papers over in the States were full of it. The Girl was reading the account with something more than interest when a boy brought her a cablegram, which she held for a full minute before she got up courage enough to open it.

"Have been sent home invalided," she read when she finally broke the seal. "Will bring what is left of your dog with me."

The Girl's lips trembled, and she thrust the message in her bosom and ran to her room, where she shed tears of relief into her handkerchief. She had never thrust the captain's missives in her bosom before, nor had she cried when she got them, so now it was probably because she was glad the dog was coming back.

Fifty evenings later, the captain called upon the Girl, a crooked-legged, battle-scarred, one-eared terrier trotting behind him, and she led them to a seat before the grate, where they watched the advance and retreat of the shadows.

There he told her many things that seemed to interest her, but the one thing that he did not tell was that he would never have gone after McGrath single-handed had it not been for a much-coveted terrier. She attributed the feat to a pure sense of duty, and Pine was scoundrel enough to let her think as she seemed to want to think.

The flames flickered and burned low, and the clock struck many times without stopping, but still the captain and the Girl sat it out.

This is the story of a dog, and love enters into it only by implication, so whether or not they sat close together has nothing to do with the matter. As for the dog, he lay through it all with his head in the Girl's lap and his hind legs on the man's knee. Neither was he a very long dog.

WHERE MEN LIVE THE LONGEST.

Bulgaria, with One Centenarian to Every Thousand Inhabitants, Claims the International Record for the Longevity of Its People.

ALTHOUGH scientists assure us that there is no physiological reason why the average healthy man or woman should not live to be a hundred, centenarians are so rare that most people have never seen one. A German statistician recently compiled figures showing that of the fifty-eight million people, or thereabouts, who inhabit the Kaiser's empire, less than a hundred are more than a hundred years old. The same authority reports a hundred and forty-six centenarians in England, two hundred and thirteen in France, and four hundred and ten in Spain. On the whole, it would seem that where life is less strenuous longevity increases.

The most astonishing figures come from that troublesome and turbulent region, the Balkan Peninsula, where it might have been supposed that life is less secure than elsewhere in Europe. Servia reports five hundred and seventy-three people who are a hundred years old or more; Rumania, one thousand and eighty-four; and Bulgaria, no fewer than three thousand eight hundred and eighty. In other words Bulgaria boasts one centenarian to every thousand of its population.

It is possible, however, that this amazing record is partly to be explained by laxity in the compilation of vital statistics. Among an illiterate peasantry many old people will claim to be centenarians when as a matter of fact they are ten or even twenty years short of the century mark.

Help for the Blind.

The Real Needs of Those Who Are in Darkness, and What Is Being Done to Meet Them—An Address by Helen Keller, the Blind Deaf-Mute Who Has Become a Well-Educated Woman and a Public Speaker.

A BLIND clergyman used to lecture in some of our Western cities on "The Fun of Being Blind." So armored in good humor was he that his optimism seemed never to falter, and through this steadfast regard of pleasant things he got much happiness out of life.

Truly, in some respects the blind hold a seeming advantage over those who see; for to them the existence of sin and wretchedness and misery need never be known. They need never recognize the contrast between the palace and the hovel; there need be no thorns in their roses. Is not the beauty of character in so many of the blind explained by their protected innocence? This happy innocence, of course, cannot equal the larger happiness of seeing misery and alleviating it. But how many of those who can see attain that larger happiness? How many, for instance, do anything to enlarge the sphere of activity for the blind?

Helen Keller, herself blind, deaf, and —until mechanically trained to speak— dumb, is indefatigable in her efforts to help others who are cut off from the light of day. Her wonderful story is well known—how almost miraculously she has triumphed over the dark. She does not even now know what the human voice sounds like—does not know what sound is like, unless by roundabout comparisons in terms of other senses; yet she has learned how to speak like other persons, and at a recent meeting of the New York Association for the Blind she talked to a large audience on her favorite subject.

As she stood on the platform she heard none of the applause. Before the time came for her to speak she did not know what the other speakers were saying, except when some of their thoughts were translated to her through the sense of touch. Much of the time she sat with her face buried in a bouquet of flowers, the perfume of which appeared to give her exquisite pleasure. The sense of smell is one of her three avenues to the material enjoyment of life.

Finding Occupation for the Blind.

Talking about the needs of the blind, she emphasized a point which her own extreme industriousness has made it easy for her to appreciate. She said:

The heaviest burden of the blind is not blindness, but idleness. Our work for the blind is practical. The Massachusetts commission, your association, and the New York commission are placing it on a sincere basis.

The first task is to make a careful census of the blind, to find out how many there are, how old they are, what are their circumstances, when they lost their sight, and from what cause.

The next step is to awaken each town and city to a sense of its duty to the blind. For it is the community where the blind man lives that ultimately determines his success or his failure. The State can teach him to work, supply him with raw materials and with capital to start his business; but his fellow citizens must furnish the market for his products and give him the encouragement without which no blind man can make headway. They must do more than this— they must meet him with a sympathy that conforms to the dignity of his manhood and his capacity for service. Indeed, the community should regard it as a disgrace for the blind to beg on the street-corner or receive unearned pensions.

Miss Keller had her answer for critics who think that the blind should be made comfortable, but kept idle:

One of our critics has suggested that we who call the blind forth to toil are as one who should overload a disabled horse and

compel him to earn his oats. In the little village where I live there was a lady so mistakenly kind to a pet horse that she never broke him to harness, and fed him twelve quarts of oats a day. The horse had to be shot. I am not afraid that we shall kill our blind with kindness. I am still less afraid that we shall break their backs.

Nay, I can tell you of blind men who of their own accord enter the sharp competition of business and put their hands zealously to the tools of trade. It is our part to train them in business, to teach them to use their tools skilfully. Before this association was ever thought of, blind men had given examples of energy and industry, and with such examples shining in the dark other blind men will not be content to be numbered among those who cannot carry burden on shoulder or tool in hand, those who know not the honor of hard-won independence.

I appeal to you to give the blind man the assistance that shall secure for him complete or partial independence. He is blind, and falters. Therefore, go a little more than half-way to meet him. Remember, however brave and self-reliant he is, he will always need a guiding hand in his.

EUROPEANS RULED BY FOREIGNERS.

Few Old-World Sovereigns Have in Their Veins the Blood of Families Belonging to the Nations They Govern.

IT is a curious fact that most of the rulers of European countries are of a different nationality from their subjects. Genealogists figure that the dethroned French princes of the Bourbon family are only one-sixteenth French, being almost wholly of German, Spanish, and Italian descent. Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte is only one-third French and two-thirds a descendant of the Würtemberg and Savoy families. King Alfonso XIII of Spain is four-fifths an Austrian—though this statement is qualified by the doubt as to the true paternity of his father, Alfonso XII, son of the erratic and self-indulgent Queen Isabella. King Victor Emmanuel III of Italy is also more of an Austrian than an Italian, and his descendants will have Montenegrin blood in their veins.

Emperor Franz Josef of Austria is just as much a Wittelsbacher as he is a Hapsburger, and, moreover, some of his ancestors were Bavarians. King Oscar of Sweden is French on his father's side through the Bernadotte and Clary families, and German on his mother's side through the families of Holstein-Gottorp and Leuchtenberg.

The King of Greece is a Dane; the late King of Servia was half a Russian. The Prince of Bulgaria is descended from the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Bourbon houses. The royal house of Romanoff, which has ruled Russia for almost three centuries, was purely a Muscovite family when its first Czar, Michael Romanoff, was elected to the throne; but for generation after generation it has found its wives abroad—usually in Germany—so that to-day there is little of the old Russian blood in its veins. The present emperor, the weakling Nicholas II, is half a Dane, his mother being a sister of King Frederick of Denmark and of Queen Alexandra of England.

The King of the Belgians is descended from the Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Bourbon families. The Queen of Holland is just as much German as Dutch, since she has in her veins much of the blood of the Orange, Nassau, and Waldeck-Pyrmont families.

Among the King of England's ancestors are Welshmen, Normans, and Frenchmen. His father was a German, and his mother was the daughter of a German princess. Though Emperor William of Germany is a Hohenzollern on his father's side, he is on his mother's side connected with the house of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and, moreover, he inherits a trace of French blood from Louise de Coligny, daughter of the great admiral, who became the fourth wife of William the Silent.

King Haakon of Norway has not a drop of Norwegian blood in his veins. He is the son of the King of Denmark and nephew of the King of Greece. His son and future king is half English and half Danish.

How They Got On In The World.

Brief Biographies of Successful Men Who Have Passed Through the Crucible of Small Beginnings and Won Out.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

MADE HIS FORTUNE ON A RUINED FARM.

Man Who Is Now Known as a Tobacco King Began His Career with Fifty Cents and Two Blind Mules.

JAMES BUCHANAN DUKE, president of the American Tobacco Company, was nine years old when the Civil War ended. His father, a farmer at Durham, North Carolina, had fought in the Confederate ranks, and had returned from the war to find his farm devastated, his house ruined, and all his other property wiped out. His only assets were fifty cents and the ruined land. A brother loaned him two blind mules with which to till the soil, and with these he set to work. All the children had to do their share, and James went into the fields to tend the tobacco-plants. Slave labor was forever dead, and there were no men in the vicinity to be hired, even if the Dukes had possessed money to pay them. If the barren farm, overgrown by the weeds and brush during five years of neglect, was to yield anything, it must do so through the efforts of its owners. A good part of the land was utterly useless, and on the rest of it the only thing that could be grown was tobacco. The first year's toil gave a crop that was worth about forty dollars.

But there was one thing of benefit that had happened during the war. Sherman's army, in marching through that section of the country, had chanced upon a lot of the peculiar bright tobacco grown there. The soldiers smoked it, and liked it. The memory of Durham bright tobacco lingered with them when they got to their homes in the North. None could be bought in the market, and requests began to come in to the postmaster at Durham for some of the tobacco.

"Send it on; hang the price," one man wrote. "It's the only pleasant memory I have of the whole march. Send a lot of it. Such tobacco will do more to put an end to hard feelings between the Yanks and the Johnnies than anything else could."

The postmaster, for a while, sent on the tobacco in answer to the requests, and then he got tired of it. The straggling little Duke farm was the place where the best was grown, and the Duke children knew the secret of curing the leaf so as to give it the bright yellowish-brown color and seductive flavor. The curing-house was only an old log hut, and the process consisted simply of building a beechwood fire. But the tobacco that came out of the hut made many a Northerner happy and led him to think more kindly of the people of the South.

The Birth of a Great Industry.

This bright tobacco, made known under circumstances which the raisers thought disastrous, was the beginning of an industry that is worth from twenty-five to thirty million dollars a year, and it was the foundation of the Duke fortune. Other farmers in the neighborhood took up raising the tobacco, and gradually the Dukes stopped toiling on their little farm and gave all their time to curing and selling the leaf. The family did all the work at first, handling the leaf as it came in, curing, packing, and shipping

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

it. But the business grew steadily, and finally there came the first Duke factory. It was a ramshackle wooden building, seventy feet long, forty wide, and three stories high. It employed fifteen men, and in the first year of operation it cleared seven thousand dollars.

That was when James B. Duke was eighteen years old, and as he had not been to school a day since he was nine, his father offered him his choice of a college education or a partnership. He took the partnership, and with it practically the control of the business.

The factory grew and the warehouses increased in size, and inside of five years from the time James B. Duke entered the firm they covered ten acres of ground and were one of the most important establishments in the State of North Carolina.

Duke came to New York in 1884 to look after the cigarette end of the business. The firm, which consisted of the Dukes and a Richmond man, was capitalized at seventy thousand dollars, and was dependent, for the most part, on the bright tobacco that had saved the day in the disastrous times at the close of the Civil War. The demand for cigarettes was good, and the supply of tobacco was adequate. The thing that stood in the way of success was the cost of manufacture. Cigarettes had to be made up cheaply, and skilled hand-labor was far from being cheap. James B. Duke set a number of inventors to work, and finally got hold of a crude machine. Sometimes it would produce a fairly well-rolled smoke. Usually it turned out a lumpy mass of tobacco and paper.

But a machine had to be found, and Duke took this one, experimented with it, worked with it, spent every cent he could get to persuade mechanical experts to experiment with it, and finally wound up by getting a mechanism that would roll out thousands of uniform, neat little cigarettes in a day. The other manufacturers had predicted bankruptcy for him. When he began to turn out his machine-made product the others had to scramble around to get machinery to keep them from bankruptcy.

"How much money have you made?" one of Duke's friends asked him about this time.

"About two million dollars," Duke answered.

The other whistled in astonishment. "But how much of this have you?" he said.

"A few thousand dollars. I've spent the rest preparing for what I'm going to make in the future."

That was one of the amazing things about Duke's method of conducting business. He could have collected large profits, and his partners could have done the same thing. But he took, and allowed them to take, only two thousand dollars a year. The rest of the money went back into the business, building it up, advertising it, and strengthening it for the future.

"If you insist," Duke said to a partner who was clamorous for a larger dividend, "on taking more than what you're getting now, I leave the firm."

The other did not dare to insist. His money went with the money of the others, excepting some ten thousand dollars a year that was divided up among them for living expenses. And the profits of the firm rose all the time.

A Pioneer of Foreign Trade.

A year ago, Duke, in speaking of those times, said:

"I have spent more money in advertising than any other living man. How much it is I can't say, but I know that in one way and another I've given out fifty million dollars to make my goods known. It has built up my business, and has built up the business of others. Some of that money I used in advertising my goods in England, and it not only made a market there for what I had to sell, but it also made a market for the goods of other American manufacturers. I think my advertising is responsible for the export of American tobacco goods to England."

When the consolidation of various

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

tobacco companies took place, in 1890, the Durham tobacco business was sold to the new firm for seven million five hundred thousand dollars, and it earned, the first year, twenty per cent of the price paid for it. The consolidated company could find no better man to direct its affairs than James B. Duke, and he was made president. The company has prospered under him, and personally he is estimated to be worth thirty million dollars.

ABANDONED THE LAW TO CONDUCT A BAKERY.

President of Big Biscuit Company Began As a School Teacher and Found Wealth in Crackers.

ADOLPHUS WILLIAMSON GREEN, president of the National Biscuit Company, was first a school-teacher, then a librarian, and later a lawyer. He organized the company he now heads by combining several small competing companies, many of which were losing money.

Since the organization of the National Biscuit Company, the stockholders have been sure of their dividends, and the company itself has the biggest bakery in the world. This is at Tenth Avenue and Fifteenth Street, New York, and covers about twenty-one acres of floor-space. It is easily as large as two thousand ordinary bakeries, and every inch of the space is devoted to the manufacture of cracker specialties. Of one kind alone nearly one hundred million packages are sold annually. The control of this enormous business rests with Mr. Green, who after his graduation from Harvard was a teacher in the high school at Groton, Massachusetts.

Mr. Green was born in Boston, in 1843, and his family was in fairly comfortable circumstances. Still, he had to economize in order to get through the Boston Latin School and Harvard, and he earned some of the money that paid his expenses. After a year of teaching he decided that the prospects it held were not great enough, and he left Boston to become assistant librarian of the New York Mercantile Library.

The library was founded in 1820, but when Mr. Green came to it, in 1864, it was neither efficient nor prosperous. He shocked the librarian by suggesting that probably merchants and others would be more inclined to use the place if they knew what it contained, and that the way to let them know was to advertise it.

A Startling Suggestion.

"What? Advertise a library!" exclaimed the head. "It is unheard of!"

"But it is the only way to build it up," Mr. Green insisted. "If the library is to be anything other than a moldering heap of books, we must have readers coming here and using them. If we expect to grow as we should, we must interest the greatest possible number of people."

He had his way to a limited extent, though the librarian and some of the directors viewed the new move with trepidation. It was radical, almost revolutionary, from their standpoint, for a dignified institution to make a popular appeal, but it won support such as they had never expected.

Mr. Green remained for three years as assistant librarian, and during that time he did much toward making the Mercantile worthy of continued existence. He had a working catalogue printed, and put the shelves in order. He brought readers in, and he vastly increased the number of books owned. In 1867 his work was recognized by the directors, who made him librarian, and though he only served in that position two years, he made the institution among the most useful in the country.

He was then twenty-six years old, and had made a thorough test of teaching and of library work. They had netted him a couple of thousand dollars, and

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

he figured that if he continued at such work until he was sixty years old he would be able to save enough to retire and insure himself a fair degree of comfort. The prospect did not please him, and he sent in his resignation. The directors labored to keep him, even those who had been most bitter in their opposition to his methods. He was firm, however, and went into the law-office of Evarts, Southmayd & Choate, where he worked as a clerk at five hundred dollars a year and studied law. He was admitted to the bar in 1873, and soon after went to Chicago.

He had very little personal property when he arrived in the city, and had had no experience in practise. But he had legal training that was sound and thorough, and he backed it up with acute business judgment.

Chicago, at that time, had fairly well recovered from the fire of two years previous, but the reorganization of business in all departments was still progressing, and the services of able, trustworthy lawyers were needed. Mr. Green fitted in to perfection. He saw the demands that would be made for men who understood corporation law, and he specialized in this branch to such good purpose that he soon was the leading corporation lawyer in the city. As attorney for the South Park Commissioners and for the Chicago Board of Trade he built up a big reputation, and gained a practise that netted him many thousands of dollars a year.

During the eighties the whole country was dotted with innumerable small baking companies, turning out a variable quantity and quality of biscuit. Some of them achieved a slight measure of success, but it was purely local, and most of the companies were in almost continual trouble. Cutthroat competition had wiped out profits, and about the last business a man would care to risk his money in was that of manufacturing crackers.

In 1890 the American Biscuit and Manufacturing Company and the United States Baking Company were formed. Mr. Green had become interested in the question of consolidation, for he believed that this was the only method whereby a business that was full of great possibilities could be saved from utter ruin. He helped along the organization of the two companies, and became a heavy stockholder in them. Later, when the National Biscuit Company was formed, he was its general counsel.

His Business Methods.

He still carried on his law practise, now grown to be one of the most valuable in the West, but he had shown such success as an organizer and business director that the stockholders of the National Biscuit Company finally prevailed on him to become head of the concern.

When he accepted the position he at once began to revolutionize the methods used in production and distribution. He decided to make the business one that would appeal to the whole nation instead of one limited to the large cities and their immediate vicinity. The first thing in the campaign was to get a receptacle that would keep the products of a bakery in good condition for a longer period than it was possible to keep them when they were packed in large cases or barrels. The result of a series of experiments was the dust-and-moisture-proof box that is now known everywhere.

After the receptacle was found, the product had to be named. Out of thousands of names suggested, Mr. Green finally decided on "Uneeda." The campaign of advertising that followed was one of the finest the country has ever seen. Mr. Green had direct charge of it, and engineered it in many of its details, even to arranging for the make-up of the cartoons and selecting the pictorial effects for the advertisements. There was an artistic element in it all, and this came from Mr. Green's early library days and his wide knowledge of type and designs and the effects they could be made to produce.

In some sections of the country, the products of the National Biscuit Com-

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pany are the only ones sold. This company originated the individual package, which is so arranged that its contents cannot become contaminated by handling.

A Gigantic Sacrifice.

When Mr. Green left his law business in Chicago he sacrificed the chance of making, approximately, one hundred thousand dollars a year, for the practise and the reputation he had built up after nearly a quarter of a century of hard work were worth that sum. The baking business into which he went was one with which he had no acquaintance from a technical standpoint. But he knew business conditions in the United States, and how to handle an industry so that it would pay. The old companies paid sometimes. More frequently they lost all that the stockholders had put into them.

Mr. Green has made the National Biscuit Company pay regularly and well. He has built up a system of distribution that not only covers the big cities, but also takes in the smaller towns and the farming communities.

His success was built upon adequate preparation, in the first place, and then solidified by hard, intelligent work. He began with practically nothing, for such money as he had on leaving college was not enough to enable him to start in any business.

LURED BY GOLD-FIELDS FROM TELEGRAPH-KEY.

Present Senator from Nevada Did Not Strike Yellow Metal, However, Until He Became Rich Banker.

GEORGE S. NIXON, United States Senator from Nevada, was born in Newcastle, Placer County, California, in 1860. The one unfailing topic of the place was mining.

Nixon, much against his will, was forced to go to school instead of being allowed to seek his fortune with pick and hammer. He remained in the public schools of Newcastle until he was sixteen, and then his family, having decided that it was best to give him a commercial education, sent him to a business school in Oakland. Here he studied accounting and telegraphy, and when his course was finished he went back to his native town and became a telegraph operator.

Telegraphers received pretty fair wages in those times, and as Nixon was rapid and accurate, he got good returns at his trade from the first. He became known among the railroad and telegraph people, and received plenty of offers to go to larger cities in the West, or to go East for some of the big railroad lines. The offers were tempting, and they almost persuaded him. But he wanted to remain near the mining districts, for all his vacations and most of his spare time were spent wandering through the country prospecting.

California no longer seemed to offer opportunities for big strikes, but from the neighboring State of Nevada came reports of great things doing there. So Nixon threw aside all chance of ever becoming a train-despatcher or a line superintendent and headed for Nevada.

Hard Luck as a Miner.

He located several claims, and all panned out badly. The money he had saved while in Newcastle was exhausted, and as there was nothing else for him to do, he went back to his key. Although his first experience at mining had been unfortunate, it had not discouraged him, and the very first money he scraped together went into the business. This time the returns were better, and he left telegraphy to take up mining exclusively. From that he went into stock-raising, and finally into banking. His business training fitted him especially for the latter, and after a few months as a clerk in the First National Bank of Reno he went to the little mining-camp of Win-

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nemucca and organized a national bank, of which he became cashier and president.

While he was cashier of the bank in Winnemucca it was held up by a gang of robbers, who swooped down on the place during the daytime, rounded up every one in the building, and forced Nixon over to the safe.

"Now," said the leader, "open it up, and do it right off!"

Nixon got down and began to work at the combination, fumbling around so as to gain time, and hoping that some one would happen along to block the robbery. The leader saw through the game, and walking over to Nixon, tickled him on the back of the neck with a bowie-knife.

"That'll help you along," said the man with the bowie; "and if it don't, I'll tickle a little deeper."

Nixon stopped trying to gain time, and threw the door open.

The robbers made off with about sixty thousand dollars in cash. None of this was recovered, although the men themselves were rounded up a few months later while they were trying to hold up a train.

Saved Bank from Disaster.

This robbery, sweeping away, as it did, practically all the cash assets of the bank, would under ordinary circumstances have forced the institution to close. Nixon, however, got his friends together and persuaded them to stand by him until he could set his business on a firm foundation again. This little bank, in a town of about one thousand population, was the foundation of a comfortable fortune. The mines supplied him with plenty of business, and in the course of a year he handled more money than some flourishing institutions in the big towns and cities of the East.

Besides the mines, the banks, and the ranches in which he was interested, he also entered the newspaper field. On one occasion, when there was trouble on his newspaper and a man was stationed at the door to snap-shot every one who entered the place, Nixon, after warning the man to go away and meeting with a refusal, shot him through the hand and smashed his camera. This was the only shooting affair in which the Senator ever figured.

Nixon wandered all over the State, sometimes carrying big sums of money, or metal worth a fortune, and always got through safely and without loss. The only time he ever came out on the wrong side was when the bank-robber used a bowie as a persuader.

The success of the Winnemucca bank led Nixon to open similar institutions in other small towns, and in the mining-camps that were being opened up. Nixon's banks invariably prospered, making him, before he was forty years old, a comfortably rich man. The banks had gradually superseded his other enterprises, and it was as a banker and business man that he was known when he entered politics. He was by no means a mining king when he was elected to the Senate.

A Pioneer in the Goldfield Boom.

But he had kept in touch with mining interests, and was one of those who had gone in on the ground floor of the Goldfield boom. In fact, he was one of the chief boomers of the properties, and when they began to soar in value and to bring to light possibilities that even the promoters had failed to forecast, Nixon became a millionaire. It has been estimated that he has cleared twenty million dollars out of his holdings within a short time, and that he stands to clear as much more within the next couple of years. He was a big figure in a memorable episode. Stocks that went begging at fourteen cents a share suddenly rose to twenty and twenty-five dollars a share. Men who had put in a few hundred dollars pulled out thousands, and those who happened to possess a little rag of land in the fortunate district became suddenly rich.

There has been some of luck but more of work in Nixon's advance to fortune. From the time he came to Nevada as a

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telegraph operator and prospector up to the time the Goldfield properties began to flood wealth in on him at the rate of one hundred thousand dollars a week, he had made the Nevada mines a constant study. He knew the whole run of the State—knew where promising strikes were likely to be made, knew the value of mining properties, and when the chance to get a good one came he was able to take advantage of the opportunity instantly and intelligently. The properties in which he is interested recently have been capitalized at fifty million dollars, and he is the owner of a large proportion of the stock.

ABILITY FORGED IN THE MANNER OF STEEL.

Greatest of Sugar Refiners Toiled for Five Years with His Workmen in Stifling Heat.

HENRY OSBORNE HAVEMEYER, organizer and president of the American Sugar Refining Company, is the third and greatest of the Havemeyers who have engaged in the business of refining sugar. Under him the business has become so stupendous that the first Havemeyer, no matter what may have been his dreams of increased output and steady growth, could have had no conception of it.

The first Havemeyer was a German immigrant from Schaumburg-Lippe. He came across the Atlantic with practically no money, but he was thrifty and energetic.

New York was not then a crowded city, and the Havemeyers, husband and wife, moved out to Greenwich Village and set up a little sugar-bakery. Both of them worked hard, and for a long time employed no outside help. It took a long work-day, one that often extended far into the evening hours, to enable them to turn out seventy-five or a hundred pounds of sugar, and they looked upon it as an excellent day when they cleared a dollar in profits.

That business has grown until to-day it employs ten thousand men in its refineries, cooperages, and other branches, and in the course of a year it turns out no less than five million barrels of the finished product.

H. O. Havemeyer is the son of Frederick Christian Havemeyer, and was born in New York, in 1847. At that date the family was in a fairly prosperous condition, and the outlook was good for even greater prosperity. The little sugar bakery of Greenwich Village had developed into a good-sized refinery, and the Havemeyers were forcing their way to the front rank of American handlers of crude sugar. As a boy, Henry Havemeyer had all the advantages he desired, and was sent to both public and private schools. Studies had little attraction for him, however, as he was anxious to go into the refinery and learn the business in all its branches.

Started as Ordinary Workman.

He was seventeen years old when he left school and began an apprenticeship of five years. Office work alone could not give him the experience and knowledge needed by one who was to be a member of the firm. Clad only in shoes and overalls, he had to work with the men, covering every department and learning every detail. It was labor as hard and exacting as that performed by any employee in the establishment. He had to begin when the whistle blew at seven in the morning, and he was not through until six o'clock in the evening.

The conditions that surround the refining of sugar are at best such that the business is one of the hardest and most enervating in the world. A high temperature must be maintained continually, and frequently it is as high as one hundred and twenty degrees. The humidity is overpowering, and the physical strength and speed required are enormous. Strong men frequently give way under the terrible grind of the refineries,

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and unless a man is gifted with an exceptional constitution their hot, humid atmosphere is sufficient to kill him. Havemeyer stood against it with the rest of the men, and during the five years he spent there he not only learned all that was to be taught about sugar-refining, but he also learned a great deal about the men who had to work at it for a living.

He was twenty-two years old when he was admitted to membership in the firm, and he carried in with him good practical knowledge, and a determination to better the conditions under which his former comrades worked. Factory laws were in no way strict and could easily be ignored, but he voluntarily brought about improvements, gave increased liberties to the men, and improved the methods of manufacture. As manager of the firm of Havemeyer & Elder he was among the first to introduce improved machinery and to install a system for the automatic handling of sugar.

Between 1869, when he became a member of the firm, and 1888 the business in which he was engaged prospered greatly, and made him an independently rich man. The time when a small plant could be run profitably had passed away. Large plants handling enormous amounts of material were absolutely necessary, and the majority of the small factories producing a few hundred pounds of sugar a day had been wiped out. At that time, also, the keenness of competition had pressed a number of big concerns to the wall. Of the forty refineries in the United States, eighteen were in the hands of receivers, and several others were approaching bankruptcy.

Suggested the Sugar Combine.

The competition had been so keen that the twenty-two remaining plants were dragging along almost absolutely without profit. The Havemeyers had established a record of having turned out three hundred thousand barrels of sugar in one year, but much of it had not brought any return.

At this point, H. O. Havemeyer, to put a stop to the fight that was on and to place his own concern on a sure foundation, suggested the formation of a combine. By 1891 twenty-one of the twenty-two solvent concerns had had enough competition, and jumped at the chance. They were united into the American Sugar Refining Company, and Havemeyer was elected president.

The name of Havemeyer was one of the biggest assets of the new company, for buyers throughout the country were acquainted with it, and they looked for it on the goods they bought. When Havemeyer said, "I would rather have a well-established trade-mark than a million dollars," he knew from experience the value of it. On one occasion he was able, during a bitter trade fight with a rival, to dispose of his goods in the market at an increased profit merely by branding the barrels in a conspicuous manner and getting the retailer to display them so that customers would see the brand the moment they entered the door.

The new combine, capitalized at seventy-five million dollars, saved from disaster the concerns entering it, and by the concentration of effort and the saving of waste the refiners have secured increased profits. There has also been a decrease in the cost of refined sugar to the consumer.

Mr. Havemeyer has been prominent in all discussions relating to the industry in which he is interested, and has been active and aggressive in promoting the interests of the combine. He has met with success in almost every move he has made, and his corporation now handles between fifty and sixty per cent of the sugar refined in the United States. The factory organization of the business is also remarkable, for eight thousand employees in the refineries now do with the aid of improved methods and machinery the work that would have required between thirty-five and forty thousand men in the days when Havemeyer himself worked on the floor.

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A Greek Wonder-Worker.

By ELIZABETH H. DU BOIS, PH. D.

Curious Incidents in the Life of Apollonius of Tyana, the Mystic Philosopher Whose Teachings and "Miracles" Made a Marked Impression in Greece and Rome at the Beginning of the Christian Era.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE name of Apollonius of Tyana for centuries has been used as a convenient peg on which to hang the most varied and far-fetched theories, intended, it would seem, to display the knowledge and wit of their authors rather than to throw light on the history of the mystic philosopher.

His earliest biographer was a Roman courtier and rhetorician whom the wife of the Emperor Septimius Severus—the famous Julia Domna—ordered to "write up" Apollonius, from some notes in her possession. This gentleman seems to have taken the commission very seriously, and to have spent several years visiting the cities mentioned in his notes and gathering information. Unfortunately, he weaves into his account so much absurd geography—as when he makes Apollonius cross the Caucasus Mountains into India—so many travelers' yarns, so much of the pompous rhetoric of Julia Domna's court, that we are often at a loss to pick out the grains of truth from the bushel of chaff. Still, at moments, we catch a glimpse, and sometimes more than a glimpse, of the dignified, high-minded ascetic who is the most conspicuous figure in pagan philosophy during the first century of our era.

Apollonius was born at Tyana, in Asia Minor, about the same time as Christ. At an early age he gave signs of a powerful memory and a studious disposition, and he was remarkable for his personal beauty. When he was about fifteen he began the study of philosophy in the temple of Æsculapius, at Ægæ, and, most of all, devoted himself to the teachings of Pythagoras.

Like his master, Pythagoras, "naught would he wear that came from a dead beast, nor touch a morsel of a thing that once had life, nor offer it in sacrifice; not for him to stain with blood the altars; but honey-cakes and incense and the tribute of his song went up from the man to the gods, for well he knew that they would take such gifts far rather than hundreds of oxen slain with the knife."

A Life Spent in Doing Good.

At the age of twenty his father died (his mother had died some years before), leaving a considerable fortune to Apollonius and his elder brother, a wild and dissolute youth of twenty-three, who straightway went through his share of the estate. As soon as he became of age, Apollonius returned to Tyana, and by his gentle admonitions rescued his brother from the evil ways into which he had fallen. He then made over to him half of his own share, and divided the rest among his other relations, keeping only a bare pittance for himself. He required but little, he said, and would never marry.

He now took the vow of silence for five years, but instead of shutting himself in a monastery he went about from city to city. Many a time he was on the verge of breaking his self-imposed vow at some particularly insulting remark, but he always restrained himself with the thought, "Heart, be thou patient, and my tongue be still." Yet, even so,

he accomplished much good, and on one occasion prevented a serious corn riot by silencing the multitude with his commanding gestures and then writing what he had to say on his tablets.

The rest of Apollonius's long life—some say he was eighty, some a hundred, when he finally "disappeared" from history—was devoted to purifying the lives and religions of men in widely separated countries. We find him in Asia Minor, India, Greece, Egypt, restoring the ancient rites and instructing in the temples and in assemblages of the people.

"If any one says he is my disciple," he writes, "let him add that he slays no living thing, eats of no flesh, is free from envy, malice, hatred, calumny, and hostile feelings, and has his name inscribed among the race of those who have won their freedom."

Apollonius neither preached a new religion nor founded a new school of philosophy, but in every place he sought to restore the ancient and, as it seemed to him, purer forms of worship, and taught justice, obedience to law, and mutual helpfulness.

The Example of the Sparrows.

"Once at Ephesus he was speaking of sharing our goods with one another. It happened that a number of sparrows were perched on a tree near by, perfectly silent. Suddenly another sparrow flew up and began chirping, as though it wanted to tell the others something. Whereupon the little fellows all began chirping, too, and flew away after the newcomer. Apollonius's superstitious audience were greatly struck by this behavior of the sparrows, and thought it was an augury of some important matter. But the philosopher went on with his sermon.

"'The sparrow,' he said, 'has invited his friends to a banquet. A boy fell down in a lane near by and spilled some corn he was carrying in a bowl; he picked up most of it and went away. The little sparrow coming upon the scattered grains that remained on the ground, immediately flew off to invite his friends to the feast.'

"Thereupon most of the crowd ran off to see if it was true, and when they came back shouting and all agog with wonderment the philosopher continued:

"'You see what care the sparrows take of one another, and how happy they are to share with all their goods. And yet we men do not approve; nay, if we see a man sharing his goods with other men we call it wastefulness, extravagance, and the men to whom he gives a share fawners and parasites. What, then, is left for us except to shut ourselves up at home like fattening birds and gorge ourselves in the dark until we burst?'"

The Talks of Damis and Apollonius.

Apollonius was one of those men, and their name is legion, who are happiest in the devotion of their inferiors. At Nineveh, early in his wanderings, he met Damis, an adoring though stupid soul, who became his disciple and recorded his travels, in which he says he himself took part, with the views, sayings, and predictions of his master. These notes were brought to the Empress Julia, and formed the basis of the "Life of Apollonius," mentioned above. That Damis was capable of understanding only the most obvious things, however, is shown by a conversation between him and his master as they were crossing the Caucasus.

"'Yesterday,' said Damis, 'we were *below* in the valley; to-day we are *above,* high on the mountains, not far from heaven.'

"'So that is what you mean by "below" and "above,"' said Apollonius gently.

"'Why, of course,' impatiently retorted Damis, 'if I am in my right mind; what need of such useless questions?'

"'And have you acquired a greater knowledge of the divine nature by being nearer heaven on the tops of the mountains?' continued his master. 'Do you think that those who observe the heavens from the mountain-tops are any nearer the understanding of things?'

"'Truth to tell,' replied Damis, somewhat crestfallen, 'I *did* think I should come down wiser, for I've been up a higher mountain than any of them, but I fear I know no more than before I ascended it.'

"'Nor do other men,' replied Apol-

lonius. 'Such observations make them see the heavens bluer, the stars larger, and the sun rise from the night, things known to those who tend the sheep and goats; but how God doth take thought for mankind, and how he doth find pleasure in their service, and what is virtue, righteousness, and common sense, that neither Athos nor Olympus will reveal to those who scale their topmost peaks unless the soul understands such things. Should the soul when pure and unalloyed essay such heights, I swear to thee she wings her flight far, far above this lofty Caucasus.'"

Apollonius's Rules of Life.

Apollonius visited not so much the crowded and noisy towns as out-of-the-way places where the spirit of holiness still lingered. But wherever he went he always held to a certain regular division of the day. Three times a day, at sunrise, at noon, and at sunset, he prayed to the Sun, "the Lord of our world and its sister worlds, whose glorious symbol is the orb of day."

The morning he devoted to talking with the priests of the temples. Those who lived the "inner life," he taught, should on day's dawning enter the presence of the gods and spend the time till midday in giving and receiving instruction in holy things among themselves. Then in the afternoon he taught the people, instructing them in ethics and practical living. And after the day's work he bathed in cold water, as did so many of the mystics of that time.

But though Apollonius was an unflinching taskmaster to himself, he did not wish to impose his mode of life on others (provided, of course, they did not adopt it of their own free will). Thus, he tells Damis that he has no wish to prohibit him from eating flesh and drinking wine—he simply demands the right of refraining himself and of defending his conduct in case of attack—another indication that Damis followed at a distance and never really understood his master.

One of the most dramatic incidents in Apollonius's life was his trial before Domitian at Rome, whither he had gone, though perfectly understanding his danger. He was at once thrown into prison, and the next day a creature of the emperor came into the cell which Apollonius shared with other prisoners, hoping to surprise him into some word of contempt for the emperor. But Apollonius was on his guard, and adroitly turned the scales against the would-be informer in these words:

"You may say what evil you please, my friend, of the emperor; your great prudence is unnecessary; you need have no fear of me, for I will never turn informer; but I will tell him in person whatever I consider reprehensible in his conduct."

On the sixth day he was summoned to the presence of Domitian, only to be remanded back to prison with the order that his hair and beard should be cut off, that he should be loaded with fetters and cast among the vilest felons. The sorrow of Damis at his master's plight is indeed pitiful. Damis is not a courageous soul.

"I thought you were prepared for death," says Apollonius.

"It is a matter for which I have no great zeal," replies his faithful but faint-hearted disciple; "and then I have been taught by my master that philosophers should consider the time most fitting them to die, so that they may leave the world with greater deliberation, and not after the manner of men taken by surprise."

Finally comes the day of the trial, with all the illustrious men of the capital about the emperor and the disappearance of Apollonius from the court-room, spirited away, as his followers claimed, by the help of the gods, but more probably allowed to slip out by Domitian, who had only hoped to surprise him into some confession of complicity in a plot against the tyrannous emperor. His biographer, however, cannot forego such an opportunity to display his own rhetorical powers, and has composed a long and elaborate defense.

The "Miracles" of Apollonius.

But Apollonius was not only a philosopher to whom all cults and rites, all religions and faiths, were one, provided the right spirit was behind them—he distinctly claims the power of seeing the past and the future, of seeing at a dis-

tance, of healing the sick, and of casting out evil spirits. So, we are told, he stayed a plague at Ephesus, and restored to life a young girl at Rome who was being carried out to burial. Most generally known is his vision of the assassination of Domitian at the very moment that it occurred. The story is thus told by his biographer:

"It was midday, and Apollonius was preaching in a grove near Ephesus. At first he sank his voice, as though in some apprehension; he, however, continued his exposition, but haltingly, and with far less force than usual, as a man who has some other subject in his mind than that on which he is speaking; finally he ceased speaking altogether, as though he could not find his words. Then, staring fixedly on the ground, he started forward three or four paces, crying out, 'Strike the tyrant—strike!'

"And this not like a man who sees an image in a mirror, but as one with the actual scene before his eyes, as though he were himself taking part in it. Turning to his astonished audience, he told them what he had seen. But though they hoped it might be true, they refused to believe it, and thought that Apollonius had taken leave of his senses. The philosopher gently answered:

"'You, on your part, are right to suspend your rejoicings till the news is brought you in the usual fashion; as for me, I go to return thanks to the gods for what I have myself seen.'"

It is as prophet and wonder-worker that Apollonius has been most bitterly reviled from the days of Eusebius and the Church Fathers almost down to the present time. The controversy was begun early in the fourth century A.D., when an adherent of the old order of things wrote a pamphlet entitled "A Truthful Address to the Christians," in which he set the "miracles" of Apollonius over against those of Christ to disprove the divinity of the latter. To this Eusebius and others replied, holding that the divinity of Christ rests, not upon "miracles," but upon the fulfilment of prophecy. Unfortunately, the controversy did not end here. After the invention of printing the "Life of Apollonius" was issued from the Aldine Press along with the text of Eusebius, in order that, as the famous printer himself said, "the antidote might accompany the poison."

Early Christian Attacks on Apollonius.

Then followed several centuries of discussion, in which the adherents of Him who was "meek and lowly in spirit" poured obloquy on the character of the Tyanean. He was reviled as a magician, a sorcerer, even as the Anti-Christ. It was not, indeed, until our own age, in which, fortunately, violence and prejudice have come to be regarded as distinctly bad form, that any sort of justice has been meted out to Apollonius.

But now men are coming to see that because the same spirit of love and gentleness pervades the gospel of Christ and the teachings of Buddha there is no need to look to purely physical transmission for the reason of this resemblance. And so for other schools and other teachers of theology and ethics, like effort and like aspirations will produce similar ideas and experiences.

In other words, religious criticism seems to be tending toward the idea that the pantheism of India, the polytheism of Greece, as well as the monotheism of Judea and Christendom, are but different aspects of the spiritual life of the world, successive phases in the soul of history of mankind. Men of all creeds may find common ground in striving toward "whatsoever things are right, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are holy."

SUPERSTITION is related to this life, religion to the next; superstition is allied to fatality, religion to virtue; it is by the vivacity of earthly desires that we become superstitious; it is, on the contrary, by the sacrifice of these desires that we become religious.—Madame de Stael (1766—1817).

Sidelights from Stageland.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

Collected and written for The Scrap Book.

SOTHERN'S WIT FAILED.

Lack of Resin Caused Him to Woo the Lady of Lyons as She Never Was Wooed Before.

ACTORS labor under the handicap of never being able to go back and correct a mistake—until the next performance. Sometimes—and not seldom—they may have wit enough to twist their lines so as to turn a mischance into a peg on which to hang a laugh which may be with, and not at, them. Virginia Harned, however, relates an occurrence in which her husband, E. H. Sothern, figured, and which so dazed him for the moment that he not only never thought of improvising, but failed to realize the special inaptness of the line set down for him until after he had spoken it. Miss Harned was playing *Pauline,* and Mr. Sothern *Claude Melnotte,* in "The Lady of Lyons," at the Lyceum Theater, in New York.

"It was in the fourth act," said Miss Harned, "when *Beauseant,* the villain, was pursuing *Pauline* with his unwelcome attentions and she was crying loudly for help. *Claude* dashed madly to the rescue and caught the fainting *Pauline* in his arms.

"Well, poor Mr. Sothern had forgotten to put resin on his boots, so when the critical moment for him to rush to the rescue arrived he dashed madly on the stage, slipped, slid straight to the footlights, then suddenly sat down. Of course, it was impossible for me to faint in his arms. He quite lost his presence of mind, and clasping me wildly about the knees, delivered these lines: 'Look up, *Pauline,* there is no danger.'

"As I was standing and he was sitting on the floor, it was, of course, impossible for me to look up. Then, to cap the climax, Arthur Lawrence, who was playing *Beauseant,* scornfully flung his line at the prostrate *Claude:* 'You are beneath me!'

"By this time the audience, as well as the actors, were convulsed with laughter; but when the curtain finally fell they showed how much they had enjoyed this absurd *contretemps* by bringing us out ten times to bow our thanks."

Ludicrous in an entirely different sense from the foregoing was a makeshift once resorted to in Elmira, New York, during a performance of "The Two Orphans." The actress who played *Louise* was taken suddenly ill, and her understudy was not up in the part. The result was that the audience was treated to the edifying spectacle of the supposedly blind *Louise* going through the play by dint of reading her lines from the manuscript.

STARS ARE UNDESIRABLE.

Budding Playwright Says that Their Appearance in Plays Reduces the Royalties of Authors.

"YES, there is a drawback to having a star bring out your play, and the mightier the star the bigger the drawback—that is, if you are in the game for what you can get out of it from the box-office end."

The speaker was a playwright who had just entered the field in a modest way, and was debating in which direction to place his second offering.

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

"Why, what do you mean?" he was asked. "I should think the prestige of a big name in the actor would be of immense service."

"No, sir, it's a hindrance rather than a help, provided you've got the goods," was the retort. "To illustrate: Take Charles Klein. Here is his 'Music Master.' Warfield is now in his third season with it, playing always to packed houses, but Klein gets far more out of 'The Lion and the Mouse,' because that play, having no star, can be duplicated without the audiences kicking when they are not getting what New York has had. As a matter of fact, 'The Lion and the Mouse' is now being played by four different companies, all doing well, and piling in the royalties on Mr. Klein. That's why I say that if I ever get to the top of the heap I'm going to make the high-muck-a-muck actors pay me a big bonus if they want my work, to atone for what I lose by giving it to them."

FASHIONABLE FIRST NIGHTS.

Old Playgoer Recalls Former Theaters Whose New Productions Were Regarded as Events.

POSSIBLY for the reason that there is only one of them in the course of a year, a Belasco first night has come to be the only affair of the sort that has in it the elements of a function. I was talking of the matter with a veteran New York playgoer the other day, when he recalled the fact that for the last third of a century seven Manhattan playhouses have had their turns at focusing the city's attention on the occasion of opening bills.

"In the seventies," he explained, "it was the old Union Square, under A. M. Palmer, when 'The Banker's Daughter,' 'The Two Orphans,' and 'Rose Michel' started on their long runs. Then came Wallack's, when the popular Lester was alive, and Boucicault came forward there to set the town agog with his *Con* in 'The Shaughraun.' Next Daly's swung into line, with John Drew and Ada Rehan in new parts, although the bill here was changed so much more frequently that openings never had the real thrill in them that they came to possess at Harrigan & Hart's in the height of the 'Mulligan' series, or at the old Lyceum, on Fourth Avenue, where 'The Wife,' 'The Charity Ball,' and 'The Amazons' each nearly ran the season through.

"Speaking of Harrigan & Hart's, society had taken these 'rough-house' plays to its heart for a year or two before some of the critics realized the fact. They tell a story of how William Winter, the veteran reviewer of the *Tribune,* betook himself to the theater one evening to see for himself in what the drawing power consisted.

"'I am Mr. Winter,' he told the man at the gate.

"'Oh, no, you don't fool me any more,' replied the Cerberus. 'There are four Willie Winters inside already.'

"The last real first-night house in New York, preceding Belasco's, was Weber & Fields's, before the split, when the sides of the little music-hall fairly bulged with the real thing along Broadway. Since 'The Darling of the Gods,' it has been Belasco's inning. There is always more or less mystery attached to his new productions, to say nothing of the surprises he hands out to his public in the shape of new curtains, tormentors, and decorations of the stage-apron even before the play itself is revealed."

The latest Belasco opening departed widely from all the others, inasmuch as it had no star. But this was only another of David's tricks. He had carefully selected and patiently trained a new leading woman, given her a part in the "Rose of the Rancho" fairly reeking with "fat," to speak in the players' parlance, and then allowed his audience the supreme satisfaction of feeling that they, and not he, had discovered her right to stellar honors. Oh, it isn't often you catch "California David" napping, even if he does have to take to

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

his bed for a day or two after each new production.

But the stage by no means furnishes all the entertainment provided by a Belasco first night. This manager has such marked individuality in his offerings that some of the comments in front of the curtain are highly edifying. At the "Rose of the Rancho" one spectator was overheard to remark, just preceding the aspect of dawn from the housetop:

"What a pity, for Belasco's sake, that the sun doesn't do any more stunts than rise and set! Really, it is most inconsiderate of Old Sol not to give David more opportunities."

"Let him lay his next play in Jupiter, then," suggested the speaker's companion. "That has five moons, you know. Think of the color effects he could throw into his love-scenes under such conditions!"

"I know of what it reminds me," said a literary chap in the next row. "It's like the scheme some of the religious weeklies employ in their children's department—of having stories written to cuts. They send an author the proof of some illustration they have on hand and tell him to make the story fit the picture."

"I'm sure," remarked a man to his neighbor, "I haven't the faintest idea why these poor lazy Spaniards are to be evicted, but then with all this enticing stageful of color to charm one why should I care, and I don't. Belasco simply dopes the eye; that's where he beats the other managers out, for it's far less trouble to look than to listen."

THE GREAT ACTORS DEAD.

A Prophet Avers that No Present Member of the Dramatic Profession Will Be Honored a Century Hence.

"YOU may poke all the fun you like at this talk about the palmy days of the drama, but all the same there were giants among the actor folks then. Where are they to-day?"

They were talking about the theater of yesterday and to-day, and the champion of the old-timers proceeded thus when his companion tried to call up names fitting to stand beside Booth and Charlotte Cushman and Edwin Forrest:

"But what's the good of being famous as an actor in this country? Nobody remembers you after you are gone, no matter how great you may have been. The hundredth anniversary of the birth of Edwin Forrest occurred on the 9th of last March, and how many theater-folk took note of it. There were a few items in the dramatic papers, and that was all."

"But they are building an Edwin Forrest Theater in Philadelphia now," countered his friend.

"Yes, because they have used up all the other names."

"And a new Booth Theater in New York," added the champion of the moderns.

"And who's doing it? Bim, the button man, and he had to fight like a trooper at that to get the name through. So it's no thanks to the dramatic spirit of to-day that old Booth's Theater has a successor. Say, is there any actor now on the boards your public cares enough about to fight for him, as they did back in forty-nine, when on the 10th of May, at the old Astor Place Opera House, friends of Forrest started a riot while his enemy Macready was playing 'Macbeth.' Twenty-two men were killed and thirty-six wounded."

"Yes, and Edwin Forrest was responsible for those deaths," struck in his listener. "Surely you wouldn't countenance any such happenings nowadays?"

"I'm not approving it. I'm only comparing the spirit of the public then and now. When Forrest went to London and played *Virginius* in forty-five he made such a hit that Macready, then at the top of the profession in England, became wildly jealous, and when Forrest later essayed 'Macbeth' over there he was hissed by friends of Macready, as he claimed. This made Forrest, with

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

his artistic temperament, so furious that when he went to see Macready do 'Hamlet' in Edinburgh he stood up in his box and hissed the Englishman. Of course, this caused a great row. The British papers took it up, and there was much recrimination. Then came Macready's third visit to this country and the riot in Astor Place."

HOW THESPIANS QUARREL.

London and New York Afford Interesting Examples of What May Be Expected When "Talking Back" Is in Order.

CONSIDERING how many different people are engaged in a play—author, actors, manager—it is not surprising, perhaps, that there should be more "scrapping" in stageland than in the other professions. But New York and London has each recently furnished rather extraordinary examples.

In New York, Mrs. De Mille, agent for Rinehart Roberts, author of "The Double Life," demanded back the manuscript of the play, and threatened to get out an injunction to stop the performance if the request was not complied with by the star, Henri De Vries. According to Mrs. De Mille, Mr. De Vries had altered the play to its undoing.

"All the bad parts of the play are actually his," said Mrs. De Mille to a New York *Times* reporter. "Everything that's good in it was there before he touched it."

Rinehart Roberts is the *nom de théâtre* of Mrs. Mary Roberts Rinehart, a frequent contributor to the Munsey magazines. "The Double Life" is founded on a short story, "His Other Self," which appeared in *Munsey's Magazine* for December, 1904.

The London incident was more dramatic, if briefer, and took place during the first performance at the Prince of Wales's of "The Vicar of Wakefield," made into a light romantic opera, with David Bispham as *Dr. Primrose*. The music is by Liza Lehmann, who furnished the tuneful score for "Sergeant Brue," and the book by Laurence Housman, with Frank Curzon, the Charles Frohman of London stageland, as producer.

Mr. Housman objected to what he termed "unauthorized changes and interpolations," and decided to dissociate himself from the work on that ground. On the London opening night, however, he occupied the author's box with two friends, and "laughed derisively," it is charged by Mr. Curzon, during one of the sentimental moments of the first act. For this offense Manager Curzon requested Mr. Housman to leave the theater, giving him five minutes in which to comply with the request.

If this particular author was seeking notoriety by "kicking," he got it. In the next number of the *Sketch*, a London weekly, largely devoted to theatrical affairs, his portrait occupied more than half the page, while Mme. Lehmann and Mr. Curzon had to content themselves as satellites in two small circles on the same leaf.

DIDN'T LIKE NATIVE PLAYS.

Prejudice of Two Managers Resulted in the Loss of an Opportunity to Make a Fortune.

IN browsing over my collection of stage cuttings the other afternoon I came across two which are positively delicious when read in deadly parallel. The rumor that Bronson Howard is about to write a new play, after his long silence, gives fresh point to the reprint.

One clipping is from the Boston *Herald*, of more than fifteen years ago, and was written apropos of the revival of "Shenandoah" at the Globe Theater, in the Hub. Harking back to the original production of the play at the Museum, in the same city, some two years before, the writer proceeded thus:

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

Perhaps one of the most amusing coincidences connected with that initial performance was the attitude taken by two prominent New York managers who came over to witness its first production.

Oddly enough, these two managers are men who have persistently refused to advance to any extent the work of American playwrights. Yet they traveled from New York to Boston to pass judgment upon an American play brought out for the first time upon an American stage, and by an American author.

Perhaps it is little wonder, however, that one of these same New York managers then possessed so little faith in native talent, for had he not been known to observe, but a short time before, that his assistants had read over seven thousand American plays, and had found but one of them worth producing?

After the play at the Museum, that night, was over, the author, Bronson Howard, was called forward and cheered to the echo. Every act of the piece had been heavily applauded, too, and it was looked upon as a distinct success, but the two New York managers still shook their heads.

It was American. It would not do! They refused to negotiate for the play, and returned to New York.

Then Mr. Charles Frohman, who had not occupied a seat in the orchestra stalls, but had stood in the rear of the house and watched the performance and the people carefully, made an offer for the play and got it!

And its career since?

Just what it has been here in Boston the past week. Mr. Frohman frankly admits he took the piece because he believed in it—because he believed still more in its author—and he has made with it, as is well known, one of the most wonderful successes that has ever been achieved in New York City, and in all the other larger cities as well. It ran for six months in New York, and its success in Chicago, where it has just finished a run of one hundred nights, stamps it as the record-breaker of this decade.

The two prominent New York managers with an aversion for native-made plays were doubtless A. M. Palmer and Augustin Daly. It is rather odd that Charles Frohman, whose fortune was made and his career assured by this same American "Shenandoah," should come to have the same reputation of prejudice against dramas written under the Stars and Stripes. But to reproduce the other cutting:

It was a man with a Loyal Legion button in the lapel of his coat and with a good army record that warranted its display who was speaking. The listeners were a group of army men in the Grand Hotel smoking-room:

"I went over to the Grand Opera House last night to smell powder and see 'Shenandoah.' There were a couple of 'ex-es' with me who had also been in the Army of the Potomac. 'Shenandoah' may be theatrical, but it was a long way from being military. They actually had the Federal troops using magazine rifles—Winchesters, I fancy, and of a quite recent model—at the time that General Early so nearly wiped us out at Cedar Creek.

"That was absurd enough, Heaven knows, but they capped the climax by sending in a squad of Confederates under a flag of truce, with every man dressed spick and span in what they thought were proper Confederate uniforms, though I'll take my oath that at that time there weren't a dozen whole Confederate uniforms, and hardly a whole suit of clothing in the entire Army of Virginia.

"They had a lot of horses on the stage, but not one had the right military saddle-cloth, so far as I could see, and the signaling, which was one of the hits of the show, was enough to make a horse laugh, though it didn't seem to affect any but the old soldiers in that way.

"I wonder some one doesn't have sense enough to look after such details as these in a production that is supposed to appeal to a particular class of men."

TOO MANY GOOD PLAYS.

Paris Managers Complain that the Large Number of Successes Keeps Theater Patronage Too Scattered.

KICK, anyway. That seems to be the policy of the Paris theater managers, if one is to believe a report in a French weekly devoted to the play—*Le Monde Artiste*. According to this authority, authors display

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

too much talent, for their plays are too well made and please the public too well. In brief, there are too many successes.

People rush to the Variétés, the Nouveautés, the Vaudeville, the Gymnase, the Folies-Dramatiques—everywhere, in fact—and the silver in the pockets of the Parisians, devoted each night to expenditure on amusements, is thus so equally distributed that no one house can boast of a "turning 'em away" patronage. Hence the kick.

Each manager had hoped that *his* piece would be the one hit of the season, because when there are only one or two of these, of course everybody must see it, and they fairly storm the doors to get in at the earliest possible moment. But with a dozen or more big drawing cards to choose from, the patronage is so equally distributed that, while all do well, no one box-office overtops the rest in receipts.

The same condition of affairs prevails in New York this winter. In no season of which records exist have there been so many successes on the boards at one time, and yet our managers have been slow in one respect. They have actually let the Frenchmen get ahead of them in registering the most novel complaint on record—too many hits to please them.

"CONTINUOUS" GETS A BLOW.

Stages of Keith and Proctor Theaters Used for Rehearsals Between Afternoon and Evening Shows.

SINCE the amalgamation of Keith and Proctor the continuous feature in most of their theaters has been abolished. The rivalry no longer exists that spurred each on to claim the origin of the scheme. The feature really owes its inception to exorbitant demands for license in Providence, where Keith started. The city wanted so much for each performance, so Mr. Keith conceived the idea of calling in his musicians to play continuously between the matinée and the evening show and permitting the public to remain for both if they liked. The news spread that one might stay in the theater from one-thirty in the afternoon until ten-thirty at night for the one price of admission, and this was a big card to attract custom.

As the novelty wore off, however, audiences came to realize that only the least popular performers would consent to appear at the "supper hour," as it was called. "Chasers" they were dubbed, in allusion to their usefulness in emptying the house of one audience to make room for another. But with the improvement of the acts in vaudeville the interval between five and seven-thirty was found to be worth more in the opportunity it offered of cleaning the house and doing any little rehearsing that might be found necessary in the perfecting of the turns.

These rehearsals at the vaudeville theaters, by the way, are much more interesting for the layman to watch than are those of the legitimate variety. Owing to pressure of time, there are sometimes three or four acts going on upon the stage simultaneously. This reminds me of a story.

A friend of mine had a sketch accepted for production in vaudeville.

"Well," I said, meeting him one day soon after the manuscript had been completed, "how is the play coming along?"

"Fine," he replied. "We've already tried it on the dog."

"Why, what do you mean?" I demanded, knowing the piece had not yet been brought out anywhere.

"Oh," he explained, "while we were having our first rehearsal, the other morning, down by the footlights, they were putting some of the trained hounds through their morning paces just behind us, on the same stage. If that isn't trying it on the dog I'd like to know what else you can call it."

Another new experience for this same

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

budding playwright was the rehearsal for laughs, called immediately after the first performance. This is for the purpose of drilling the players in the proper pauses, so that the next line will not be lost in the laugh that may greet its predecessor. Thirty laughs was the number counted in this twenty-two-minute sketch.

I happened in at one of the vaudeville theaters the other afternoon and saw a performer putting her "picks" through their paces. She controls a band of Southern piccaninnies, who tumble, stand on their heads, and do various other stunts in an apparently wild state of childish exuberance and joy. But it was all pure business at this rehearsal, I can tell you. The white lady sat on a chair at one side and watched each motion with unerring eye.

"No," said she, in a cold tone, as one luckless little fellow turned a series of handsprings across the stage. "There's no life in it. Not a bit the thing."

Again he essayed the feat, and again and again. Nobody smiled. It was all deadly serious work.

"But remember, all of you," said the lady, as the members of the band were about to disperse for supper, "each of you must smile through the performance to-night. If you don't, as sure as I am standing on this stage I call a rehearsal to-morrow morning."

And with this dire threat ringing in their ears it is safe to assume that each "pick" grinned from ear to ear as he tumbled and "cartwheeled" about the stage that night.

KEY TO WRONG SITUATION.

Substitute for Lost Dagger Did Very Well Until a Laugh-Seeking Comedian Took Audience Into His Confidence.

THE recent revival of Gilbert and Sullivan opera at the Savoy, in London, makes timely this old story of Rose Brandram's unhappy experience on the first night of "Ruddigore" when it was originally brought out at that theater, about twenty years ago. The episode also incidentally serves to show the mercilessness of the actor in his love of a joke, even at the risk of spoiling his own scene.

Miss Brandram related the episode in connection with her account of nervousness on the occasion of first nights, for the benefit of the English *Gentlewoman.*

"Perhaps you remember that as *Dame Hannah* in 'Ruddigore' I had to go on with a small dagger, with which I am supposed to threaten the wicked baronet's life. When my turn came round the dagger had disappeared and was nowhere to be found. Nothing would induce me to go on minus the implement, and although Mr. Barrington implored me to appear without it, I was resolute.

"Of course, there was a terrible stage wait, and at last Mr. Barrington grew desperate, and forcing something into my hand, absolutely pushed me on to the stage.

"'And what do you think it was?' asked Miss Brandram, laughing at the reminiscence. 'Of all things it was a large gas-key! I contrived, however, to conceal the absurd makeshift from the audience, but when I had to hand my supposed dagger to Mr. Grossmith, who was to commit suicide with it, he most unkindly gave me away.

"'How can I kill myself with this thing?' he said, holding up the gas-key in its entirety to the audience.

"Of course, there was a perfect howl of laughter, and for some minutes we were unable to continue."

Apropos of the Savoy's series of Gilbert and Sullivan revivals, the first opera reproduced was "The Yeomen of the Guard," followed by "The Gondoliers." The presentations are under the management of Mrs. D'Oyley Carte, widow of the well-known London impresario who first brought out the operas. She was Helen Lenoir, his private secretary, when he married her.

NIRVANA.

THIS very beautiful poem is often quoted, but few are aware of its authorship. It first appeared in the *Free Religious Index*, of Boston, the issue being that of September, 1881. "Nirvana," in the language of Buddhism, refers to the absolute cessation of all desire, passion, and unrest. The word literally means "the extinction of a flame."

The attainment of the state of Nirvana was the highest aim of the Buddhist saints. Most Buddhists of the present day believe that it is not now possible to attain this state for the reason that earthly conditions are no longer favorable. Tradition has it that when Gautama, the ninth reincarnation of Vishnu and the founder of Buddhism as it now exists, was on earth tens of thousands achieved this state, but it is believed that the opportunity has passed, and that not until another Buddha comes will man's environment be of a nature to allow him to make such efforts as those which resulted in the success of the saints.

BY GEORGE W. CHAPMAN.

AS the infant sinks to rest,
Nestled in its mother's breast,

Let me on thy bosom lie,
Loved and only Deity!

Let me there a refuge find
From the motions of the mind;

From the strifes of men and brothers;
From a life all borne for others;

From night vigils dark and lonely,
Shared with doubting demons only;

From the flames of passion's fire;
From the gnawings of desire;

From the tortures of despair;
From the black companion, care;

From the slumber couched with sorrow;
From the waking on the morrow.

What to me are pathways golden
In some heaven of legends olden,

Harps and crowns and garish show,
Modeled on the life below?

Life, still life, however varied;
Still a burden to be carried.

Naught of this, Gautama, give,
If to share it is to live!

What to me are time-worn creeds,
Web of barbarous names and deeds,

Woven threads of childish story,
Far-descended, crude, and hoary,

Crimped to superstitious phases
In the infancy of races;

Born of fancies weird and elfish;
Nursing aspirations selfish;

Gilded with a specious learning;
Cankering life with futile yearning

For a destiny supernal?
Better, far, the rest eternal:

Rest untroubled, tranquil, deep,
Where no souls their vigils keep;

Rest in sleep that knows not waking,
Thirsting, hunger, or heart-breaking;

Where the pain to be shall cease,
In Nirvana, perfect peace.

THE WORLD'S GREAT OPERAS.*

BY HELEN KEYES.

Puccini's "La Bohème"—No. 8.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

La Bohème. "La Bohème" is the fourth opera composed by Puccini. It was preceded by "I Villi," "Edgar," and "Manon Lescaut." Of these, the first two are forgotten; but the third, "Manon Lescaut," has recently been revived in New York, and takes its place among the best productions of contemporary Italian opera.

"La Bohème" is less a drama than a succession of scenes, wherein are shown the sufferings and the friendships which have made the Latin Quarter of Paris famous, and dear to romance. Puccini has himself tasted of this life; but for the details of his inspiration he drew, not from personal experience, but from a book by a French author, Henry Mürger, called "Scenes from Bohemian Life." It was this writer (1822—1861) who coined the word "bohemian" as a term descriptive of a type of life which has always existed, but whose spirit had never before been synthesized in a word.

Puccini. Giacomo Puccini has made steady progress as a composer of operas since 1884, when his first work was produced in Milan. His latest opera, "Madame Butterfly," has been the reigning favorite of the last two seasons at Covent Garden, and on this side of the Atlantic it has recently been successfully presented in English by Henry W. Savage.

Puccini was born at Lucca, in 1858. He is the same age as Leoncavallo, and three years the senior of Mascagni. These three men form a triumvirate representative of the best impulses in Italian opera to-day.

Puccini's first instruction in music was received in his native town from a violinist of reputation—Angeloni. He then went to Milan and studied with Ponchielli, the composer of "La Gioconda." He became professor of composition in the conservatory there.

He has known how to preserve the melodiousness and flexibility of Italian vocalization while yet appropriating the German doctrine of descriptive orchestration, by which the voices from the instruments are made the chief organs for expressing the emotional progress of the drama.

Puccini made his first visit to the United States this winter, arriving in New York in January, just in time to witness the first production of his "Manon Lescaut" at the Metropolitan Opera House. He has expressed his desire to write an opera founded on some American theme, if he can procure a suitable libretto.

Argument. "La Bohème" has no overture. The rising curtain reveals an attic in a Paris lodging-house. Through a window is seen an expanse of snowy roofs. Extreme poverty is revealed by the scanty furnishings and by the empty stove; but a few books, some unfinished paintings, and numerous packs of cards indicate that the occupants are artists.

Two men are in the room. One of them, *Rodolfo,* stands gazing out of

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the window. He is a poet, and he is watching the rhythm of the smoke which rises from thousands of chimneys. The other man is *Marcello,* and he is alternately blowing his frost-bitten fingers in hope of warmth and splashing paint on his canvas, whereon is depicted the Passage of the Red Sea.

These friends begin to talk half humorously of the cold, and to compare it to love and to the heart of a fair maiden named *Musetta* who has jilted *Marcello.* Suddenly *Rodolfo* seizes the manuscript of a drama he is writing and thrusts it into the stove. He strikes a flint on steel, lights a candle, and sets fire to the work of his genius. The men warm themselves in front of the blaze, crying out that at last a manuscript has proved itself useful, that at last a poetic drama seems only too brief!

The door opens and *Colline,* a philosopher, enters. It is Christmas Eve, he says, and all the pawn-shops are closed; how, then, can they have a fire? Again the door opens and admits two boys carrying fuel and provisions. With cries of amazement these articles are seized. *Schaunard,* a musician, brings up the rear, triumphantly tossing coins. He tries to tell how he has earned them, but his hungry and frozen friends are too busy feeding the stove and laying out the viands to listen.

Suddenly the voice of *Benoit,* the landlord, claiming his rent, is heard outside. He is allowed to enter, and is dazzled by the lavish display of food and wine. Cheered by the spectacle, he is led to tell a shocking story of his own gaiety, whereupon the crowd casts him out of the door with mock scorn and abhorrence.

Schaunard insists that they shall go out to dinner to the Café Momus, a famous restaurant of the Quarter. They all consent with shouts of joy, except *Rodolfo,* who says he must finish an article first. Left alone, he sits disconsolately at his table waiting for an inspiration, when a timid knock quavers against his door.

"Who's there?" he cries.

"Pardon me," says a woman's voice, "but my candle has gone out and the hall is quite dark."

Rodolfo opens the door, and a fragile girl enters, fainting from exhaustion. He revives her by the fire with a glass of wine, and presently she rises. But as she opens the door to go out she remembers her key, which she has dropped. A draft from the open door blows out *Rodolfo's* candle, and in darkness the two crawl around the room, groping. When *Rodolfo* finds the key he tucks it into his pocket, and still gropes by the side of the little *Mimi;* for he finds it pleasant to do so. At last they rise from the floor and talk to each other of themselves, like old comrades. They do not notice the passing of time until they are interrupted by the voices of *Rodolfo's* friends, begging him to hurry with his article. He takes *Mimi* by the hand and leads her down with him to the festive dinner.

At the opening of the second act our friends are gathered in the neighborhood of the Café Momus. It is Christmas Eve, and street-venders are selling horns and rattles, which the crowd buys. *Rodolfo* buys for *Mimi* a pink bonnet. Finally they all sit down at a little table, and *Colline* orders dinner. The attention of the populace is all at once excited by the entrance of a coquettish maiden on the arm of a pompous councilor of state, *Alcindoro.* It is *Musetta,* beloved of *Marcello.*

Marcello pretends not to notice her, and *Musetta* is so irritated by his indifference that to attract attention she talks loudly, thereby distressing her decorous escort. Finally she shatters on the ground the dish of food which has been served her. *Alcindoro* beseeches her to be more mannerly, but she commences to sing. *Marcello's* stoicism is broken down by this last test, and *Musetta,* perceiving that she has won a victory, plans to get rid of *Alcindoro.* Her shoes are hurting her, she cries; he must go to a shoe-stall and buy her a new pair. With this she rips off the pair she has on, tucks them under *Alcindoro's* protesting arm, and sends him forth in quest of a larger pair.

The triumphant *Musetta* is then joined by *Marcello* and his friends. She tells the waiter to bring the bill for their dinner as well as her own, and she places them both at *Alcindoro's* deserted plate. As she cannot walk without her shoes,

Marcello and *Rodolfo* lift her in their arms and bear her through the shouting crowds.

In the third act we watch an outer boulevard of Paris, beyond a toll-gate. Upon it stands a tavern on whose front is painted *Marcello's* "Passage of the Red Sea." It is dawn of a snowy day, but sounds of mirth issue from the tavern. *Musetta* comes out of it, singing.

Down one of the side-streets, *Mimi* walks wearily. She asks the name of the inn where *Marcello* is painting. She is directed, and is rejoiced, as she turns the corner, to see *Musetta*. She asks her to call *Marcello,* and then she describes to the painter, with passionate grief, *Rodolfo's* explosions of unreasonable jealousy, which make their friendship sad and stressful. *Marcello* counsels separation, and *Mimi* admits that this seems to her now the only course. *Marcello* goes into the inn to wake *Rodolfo,* who has fallen asleep on a bench. *Mimi* peeps through a window, and as soon as he awakes she hears him burst into jealous accusations against her loyalty. The next moment, however, he denies the truth of what he has said, and begins to talk despairingly of her health and of his poverty.

Mimi's presence is revealed by a cough, and *Rodolfo* pulls her into the inn, where, in the midst of loving conversation and happy reminiscence, they yet decide to part. At the same time *Musetta* and *Marcello* fall into violent altercation over the former's flirtations, and *Musetta* leaves her lover angrily.

The fourth act takes us back to the attic. *Marcello* and *Rodolfo* are talking while they pretend to work. Their talk is of *Musetta* and of *Mimi*, to whom their hearts are yet true. With much emotion, and while *Marcello* is not watching him, *Rodolfo* takes from a drawer the pink bonnet that he bought for *Mimi* on Christmas Eve.

Their melancholy is interrupted by *Schaunard* and *Colline,* who come in, bringing dinner. With a sudden revival of spirits the men begin to dance. While they are whirling around the room, *Musetta* enters, sad and perturbed. *Marcello* and the others rush toward her, but she waves them back, saying that she has *Mimi* with her, but that the poor girl is too exhausted to climb the last stairs. *Rodolfo* and *Marcello* hurry down, to find her panting on the steps. They pick her up and bring her to the room, where they lay her on the bed. She greets them all affectionately, and complains of her cold hands. *Musetta* rushes off to get a muff; *Colline* takes his overcoat, and goes out, together with *Schaunard* and *Marcello,* to pawn it and get a doctor and some tonic.

Mimi and *Rodolfo* are left alone to talk of their love. *Rodolfo* shows *Mimi* the pink bonnet that he has treasured so long, and they wander away into the enchanted lands of memory.

At last *Musetta* returns, bringing the muff, into which *Mimi* delightedly tucks her fingers; *Marcello* hurries in with a bottle of medicine. While every one is busying himself to secure heat and food, *Schaunard* approaches the bed where *Mimi* lies unnaturally quiet. He beckons to *Marcello,* who understands, as he gazes at the peaceful figure, that *Mimi* needs no tonic. *Rodolfo* notices their strange demeanor, and hurries to the bedside. With a shriek, he clasps the unresponsive form in his arms, shakes it, and then lets it drop. He flings himself beside the girl whom he has loved, remembering tenderly Christmas Eve and the pink bonnet.

A Similar Experience. "Do you really believe that an ass ever spoke to Balaam?" queried a man who prided himself on his superiority to the old beliefs. Coleridge, to whom the question was put, replied: "My friend, I have no doubt whatever of it, I have been spoken to in the same way myself."

Abraham Lincoln.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THESE paragraphs, which sum up with unerring insight the character of Lincoln, were, with the exception of the last two, written by Mr. Lowell in 1864. When they were written, the nation had not yet measured the full greatness of the extraordinary man who ruled it; but Lowell, with that fine perception which belongs to genius, penetrated to the very heart of the truth and saw with perfect clearness what was still hidden from so many of his countrymen. The final paragraphs were added by him after President Lincoln's death, and the whole essay was published as one of the papers in "My Study Windows." No estimate of Lincoln contains within the same compass so accurate a delineation of his character.

ONE of the things particularly admirable in the public utterances of President Lincoln is a certain tone of familiar dignity, which, while it is perhaps the most difficult attainment of mere style, is also no doubtful indication of personal character. There must be something essentially noble in an elective ruler who can descend to the level of confidential ease without losing respect, something very manly in one who can break through the etiquette of his conventional rank and trust himself to the reason and intelligence of those who have elected him.

No higher compliment was ever paid to a nation than the simple confidence, the fireside plainness, with which Mr. Lincoln always addresses himself to the reason of the American people. This was, indeed, a true democrat, who grounded himself on the assumption that a democracy can think. "Come, let us reason about this matter," has been the tone of all his addresses to the people; and accordingly we have never had a chief magistrate who so won to himself the love, and at the same time the judgment, of his countrymen. To us, that simple confidence of his in the right-mindedness of his fellow men is very touching, and its success is as strong an argument as we have ever seen in favor of the theory that men can govern themselves. He never appeals to any vulgar sentiment; he never alludes to the humbleness of his origin. It probably never occurred to him, indeed, that there was anything higher to start from than manhood; and he put himself on a level with those he addressed, not by going down to them, but only by taking it for granted that they had brains and would come up to a common ground of reason.

In an article lately printed, Mr. Bayard Taylor mentions the striking fact that in the foulest dens of the Five Points he found the portrait of Lincoln. The wretched population that made its hive there threw all its votes and more against him, and yet paid this instinctive tribute to the sweet humanity of his nature. Their ignorance sold its vote and took its money, but all that was left of manhood in them recognized its saint and martyr.

Mr. Lincoln is not in the habit of saying, "This is *my* opinion, or *my* theory," but, "This is the conclusion to which, in my judgment, the time has come, and to which, accordingly, the sooner we come the better for us." His policy has been the policy of public opinion based on adequate discussion and on a timely recognition of the influence of passing

events in shaping the features of events to come.

How Abraham Lincoln Said "I."

One secret of Mr. Lincoln's remarkable success in captivating the popular mind is undoubtedly an unconsciousness of self which enables him, though under the necessity of constantly using the capital *I*, to do it without any suggestion of egoism. There is no single vowel which men's mouths can pronounce with such difference of effect. That which one shall hide away, as it were, behind the substance of his discourse, or, if he bring it to the front, shall use merely to give an agreeable accent of individuality to what he says, another shall make an offensive challenge to the self-satisfaction of all his hearers and an unwarranted intrusion upon each man's sense of personal importance, irritating every pore of his vanity, like a dry northeast wind, to a goose-flesh of opposition and hostility. Mr. Lincoln has never studied Quintilian; but he has, in the earnest simplicity and unaffected Americanism of his own character, one art of oratory worth all the rest. He forgets himself so entirely in his object as to give his *I* the sympathetic and persuasive effect of *We* with the great body of his countrymen. Homely, dispassionate, showing all the rough-edged process of his thought as it goes along, yet arriving at his conclusions with an honest kind of every-day logic, he is so eminently our representative man that when he speaks it seems as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud.

The dignity of his thought owes nothing to any ceremonial garb of words, but to the manly movement that comes of settled purpose and an energy of reason that knows not what rhetoric means. He has always addressed the intelligence of men, never their prejudice, their passion, or their ignorance.

* * * * *

On the day of his death, this simple Western attorney, who according to one party was a vulgar joker, and whom the doctrinaires among his own supporters accused of wanting every element of statesmanship, was the most absolute ruler in Christendom, and this solely by the hold his good-humored sagacity had laid on the hearts and understandings of his countrymen. Nor was this all; for it appeared that he had drawn the great majority, not only of his fellow citizens, but of all mankind also, to his side. So strong and so persuasive is honest manliness without a single quality of romance or unreal sentiment to help it!

A civilian during times of the most captivating military achievement, awkward, with no skill in the lower technicalities of manners, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conqueror, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person, and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding. Never, before that startled April morning, did such multitudes of men shed tears for the death of one they had never seen, as if with him a friendly presence had been taken away from their lives, leaving them colder and darker. Never was funeral panegyric so eloquent as the silent look of sympathy which strangers exchanged when they met on that day. Their common manhood had lost a kinsman.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

BY SMITH ELY, MAYOR OF NEW YORK 1877-1878.

THEY had been mates for months, and he was very tired
Of daily magpie tongue and disapproving eyes;
And then, of course, he sees a bright, alluring bird
With glossy plumage floating round the perfumed skies.

Unhappy man, thus doubly doomed, to whom so much
Of both Prometheus and Tantalus is given;
The vulture tears his heart while just beyond his clutch
Hovers the sweet-voiced glad-eyed mocking bird of Heaven.

Over Niagara With Blondin.

The Man Who Was on the Back of the Famous Acrobat When He Walked Over the Great Cataract on a Rope Describes His Extraordinary Experience and the Effects Produced on Anxious Thousands.

CHARLES BLONDIN, the French rope-walker, though he died in bed at a ripe old age, in 1897, performed feats that no other man has ever dared emulate. There are few things in the way of daring that some one will not repeat; but Blondin was the cleverest, as well as the most venturesome, of his profession. His feats were tasks too great for the skill, as well as the courage, of his imitators.

Blondin's great trip over Niagara Falls in 1859 was the most startling sensation of that time, a thing talked of for a generation afterward. It was witnessed by a crowd of thousands. The present King of England, then Prince of Wales, saw Blondin, while on his tour through the United States. He once declared that the sight of Blondin crossing the falls on a swaying rope made a greater impression upon him than any incident of his journey.

Though Blondin crossed on the rope several times, his greatest exploit was when he carried over on his back another man. To the spectators, unused to the acrobat's feats, it seemed impossible for him to keep his swaying footing with the burden on his back. Large sums were laid that he would fail. Blondin's own feeling, however, was one of complete confidence.

First Experience in Mid Air.

But the feelings of the man on his back? That man had never walked a slack-rope, had never been suspended in such a dreadful position before, and he had to depend for his safety absolutely on the movements of another. Many years afterward, this man, Henry M. Colcord, of Chicago, gave an account of his experience to a newspaper.

"You ask what it feels like to be twelve hundred feet in mid air over a raging torrent," he said. "I cannot describe it better than by saying that the first sensation was an overwhelming one, in which it was hard to separate awe from fear. Then there came what may best be termed an absolute cessation of all feeling. Before starting from the shore Blondin gave me that injunction which almost every mother has given to the boy at her knee when giving him his first lesson in life.

"'Look up, Harry,' he said.

"My arms were about his neck while my legs were slung in hooks at his waist. Out we went over that horrible gulf. I heard the roar of the water below and the hum which ran through the crowd of one hundred thousand spectators. As we cleared the brink the hum ceased. There was not one person, perhaps, in that vast throng who did not feel a greater strain than was ours.

Dared to Look Down.

"Unable to resist, I stole one glance down at the black waters. It seemed, for an instant, as if I were poised above the entire universe. There was a feeling of immensity such as I had never felt before or since. Then I looked up.

"Blondin walked on steadily, pausing for one brief moment at each point where the guy ropes joined the main cable. The line was a trifle steadier at those places and gave him a chance to assure himself of his balance. There was a wide space in the middle of the rope to which it had not been possible to attach guy-lines.

"At the last resting-place before we reached this slender, swaying span Blondin said to me:

"'Harry, you are no longer Colcord; you are Blondin. Until I clear this place be a part of me, mind, body, and soul. If I sway, sway with me. Do not

attempt to do any balancing yourself. If you do we shall both go down to our death.'

"I had dismounted while he was talking to me and stood with one foot on the line and both hands on his shoulders. I climbed back into my perch and Blondin started across the unstable part of the line. I had cleared my mind of all feeling save one. I tried to think that instead of being poised in mid air with nothing but a manila rope between me and destruction I was shut up with Blondin in a confined space where the thought of a fall was farcical.

"Blondin swung to the right and then to the left. Each time I went with him as though we were molded into one piece with immovable parts.

"I knew afterward that the line beneath his feet was swaying horribly, and that to the people on the shore it seemed that time and again our bodies were parallel to the rushing Niagara rapids below. Blondin's marvelous skill, however, and the precision with which he manipulated his pole brought us each time to the upright.

"The unprotected center was passed, all but a few feet. Blondin was now running just as a boy runs in order the better to keep his balance when walking a railroad track. We were nearing the point where the joining-place of the first guy-line from the opposite shore offered us a moment's breathing-space. Blondin's foot was planted on the knot which joined the lines.

Promised Never to Do It Again.

"My breath came naturally again. At that instant the rope was jerked from beneath his feet. How he caught it again and saved us I never knew. Before I could realize much of anything he was running again. Some gambler interested pecuniarily in our deaths had cut the guy-rope, hoping to hurl us to the river.

"He did not dare repeat the attempt, and when the second point of connection was reached we rested safely. Blondin stood there like a man of marble, though the agony in his mind had brought great beads of sweat to his brow.

"We reached the shore finally, but before we were well there we could see the people in the crowd, even at a distance from the edge of the gulf, begin to stretch out their arms as if they would draw us in from the peril.

"What the feeling of men was may be shown by the action of the then president of the New York Central Railroad. He presented me with a check for one thousand dollars for crossing with Blondin, and then offered me a like amount if I would promise never to do it again."

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

THY voice is heard thro' rolling drums,
That beat to battle where he stands;
Thy face across his fancy comes,
And gives the battle to his hands:
A moment, while the trumpets blow,
He sees his brood about thy knee;
The next, like fire he meets the foe,
And strikes him dead for thine and thee!

According to Precedent.

BY JOHN BARTON OXFORD.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

SAMUEL WETHERBY stood on the edge of the station platform, watching a thin haze of smoke far up the track, which heralded the approach of the belated 11.15. His slouch-hat was pulled low over his eyes, his jaws worked incessantly, one hand was thrust into his trousers-pocket, while the other gave frequent spasmodic clutches at the unaccustomed collar which adorned his neck.

On a baggage-truck the usual quota of loafers dangled their legs and idly speculated, *sotto voce,* as to Wetherby's destination, for his appearance in the rôle of a traveler was something of an event in the annals of the town.

"Leavin' us for long, Sam?" one of the men on the truck found courage enough to ask, at last.

Wetherby turned and shook his head. "Not for any great spell," he drawled.

"Goin' fur?" put in another.

"Mebbe," was the non-committal reply.

"Ain't goin' to the cattle-show at Logansville, are you?" a third persisted.

"I hadn't thought to," said Wetherby, with something like a chuckle. Just then the train came panting into the station. Wetherby boarded the smoker, leaving his questioners in a decidedly unsatisfactory frame of mind.

No sooner had the train pulled out, however, than one of their number sought the station-agent. Presently he was back at the truck again, surprise and incredulity plainly stamped on his face.

"If Ab ain't stringin' me," he announced, "Sam Wetherby's gone clean through to the city!"

Incredible as the statement appeared, such, indeed, was the case. At three o'clock Sam Wetherby pushed his way out of a crowded elevator at the eleventh floor of a big office-building and made his way down the corridor to a door which bore the legend

WESLEY BRIGHAM & CO.,
Bankers and Brokers.

He pushed open the door and entered the somewhat gaudy outer office. Business for the day being practically over, a single clerk sat at one of the desks, poring over the sporting page of an afternoon paper.

"Is Wes Brigham here?" Wetherby demanded.

"Mr. Brigham?" the clerk repeated. "Yes, he's in his private office. Did you wish to see him? What name, please?"

Wetherby smiled grimly. "Jest tell him it's a feller from the Upper Corners," he said.

The clerk opened a door marked "Private" and disappeared within. In a moment he was back and motioned Wetherby to the open door. The latter shuffled across the room, stumbled into the private office, and approached the desk where a gray-haired, rather handsome man bent over a pile of papers.

"How are yer, Wes?" he drawled.

Brigham looked up, then sprang from his chair and held out his hand.

"Sam Wetherby, by all that's great!" he exclaimed. "Well, this is a surprise indeed! Who'd thought of seeing you here to-day! Sit down, Sam, and make yourself comfortable. How are you, anyway?"

"So's to be up an' round," said Wetherby, ignoring the other's proffered hand and sinking into a comfortable chair near the desk.

"Good," Brigham was saying with an

ingratiating smile. "You're looking splendid, Sam. I swear, you don't look a day older than you did ten years ago. What brings you down here now? Things are getting a trifle slow at the Upper Corners and you feel the need of a little livening up, perhaps? Well, that's right, and this is just the place to come to. For keeping young there's nothing like getting in touch with things now and then. Try one of these cigars," he finished, pushing a box across his desk.

Wetherby drew a plug of tobacco from his pocket and bit off a generous mouthful.

"I ain't down for the fun of it, Wes," he said. "Fact is, I come down to talk business with you."

"So?" the other laughed easily. "Well, let's have it. What have you got on your mind, Sam?"

Wetherby ruminated for a time in silence.

"I got a good deal on my mind, Wes," he said, at length, "an' what I've got to say I don't want to say to nobody but you," he added, with a meaning look toward the outer office.

"We're quite alone here now," Brigham assured him.

"Mebbe so," Wetherby admitted, "but all the same I wish you'd send away that feller out there."

"Just as you say, Sam," Brigham acquiesced. He touched a button beneath the desk.

"Martin," he said as the clerk appeared in the doorway, "I shall be detained here some time with Mr. Wetherby, so you needn't wait. Good night. Now Sam," he went on, turning to Wetherby as the door of the outer office slammed and the sound of footsteps died away down the corridor.

"I've come to talk business," Wetherby repeated. He paused and chewed furiously for a time in meditative silence. "Oil business," he at length said pointedly.

Brigham's face clouded.

"And what about the oil business, Sam?" he asked, a trifle impatiently.

"What are you willin' to pay for stock in the Southwestern Oil Company just now?" Wetherby asked.

Brigham's smile was one of patient condescension.

"The fact is, Sam, the Southwestern didn't turn out just as we expected," he explained. "All around us the wells are making all kinds of money, but somehow or other our holdings are as dry as sawdust."

Wetherby fixed his eyes doubtfully on the brass cuspidor at his feet.

"Look ahere, Wes," he said, "you must be drove pretty hard when you take to skinnin' your own townfolks."

The other's face hardened. "Those are pretty bald words you're using, Sam," he said, drawing himself up in his chair and fixing his eyes on the man opposite.

"I know it, Wes," Wetherby declared regretfully, "but I weighed 'em before I said 'em, an', take it by an' large, they represent about the sum total of it. Us folks at the Upper Corners ain't so all-fired green that we're bitin' at every get-rich-quick scheme that comes out in the papers, but when we got them prospectuses an' circulars you sent us it was different. You was born an' raised there—a Brigham of the Upper Corners, an' none of us never knew of a Brigham goin' back on his word. Naturally, we thought that, comin' from you, we was gettin' it straight."

In Wetherby's tones was more sorrow than anger. He lifted his eyes and looked searchingly at Brigham, who twisted uneasily in his chair.

"See here," the latter burst out hotly—and he was very plainly on the defensive now—"I'm telling you the truth, Sam, when I say I thought we'd hit the bull's-eye with that oil-land. I wanted to let you people in on the ground floor. Don't I know the Upper Corners, and don't I know how hard the money comes there? I couldn't make that land pump oil if there wasn't any there."

He paused. Wetherby's eyes were still on him, their steadfast disapproval causing him extreme discomfort.

"But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, Sam, if you'll say nothing about it," he went on hurriedly. "If you'll tell me just what you put into it, for old sake's sake I'll make you out a check for the amount."

A flash of fire leaped to Wetherby's eyes. He brought down one huge fist with a bang on the corner of the desk.

"You don't think that's what I come

down here for, do ye?" he roared. "I should 'a' thought you'd known me better than that, Wes Brigham. I ain't sayin' nothin' how I got bit. What I put in I could afford to lose an' count it money gone for experience. But the part that gets me is what the others done—old Mis' Snell drawin' her money out of the savin's-bank, an' Uncle Amos Dennie mortgagin' his place, to git money to put into your scheme, an' dozens of others just like 'em—all of 'em doin' it because they knowed you were a Brigham."

"Good Lord!" cried Brigham. "You don't expect me to make good to all those people, who took their chances just as I did, do you?"

"I ain't askin' you to," said Wetherby flatly.

"Then what is it you want me to do?"

"I come down here to-day with a fixed purpose in my mind," said Wetherby, lapsing once more into his drawl. He hooked the brass cuspidor toward him with his foot and spat into it reflectively.

"A good many years ago, Wes, when you an' I was boys, I traded you an A1 fiddle for a watch that you said was in first-class shape. Now, if you remember, that watch was sort of misrepresented. The mainspring was broke, an' both of the hands were loose."

He paused. Brigham gravely nodded his head.

"I want you to think a minute, Wes," Wetherby went on, "an' see'f you can't remember what I done to you when I found out what shape that watch was in."

Brigham chuckled shamefacedly. "As near as I can remember, Sam," said he, "you gave me the all-firedest drubbing I ever had in my life."

"Right you are, sonny," Wetherby exclaimed. He arose, and his gaunt old frame towered beside the desk. "Now, doin' it again, I'm perfectly aware, won't bring back the money that you've skinned out of the folks at the Upper Corners, but all the same I'm goin' to do it, jest to let you know that you can't cheat folks now any more than you could then an' git off free."

He pulled off his coat and vest and tossed them into a corner.

"Wes Brigham," he thundered, "stand up. Stand up, I tell yer, an' don't sit there with your mouth open like that, for by the livin' fishes, I'm goin' to do jest as I say."

Slowly a sickly, incredulous grin spread over Brigham's face. He pushed back his chair, but made no motion to rise.

"What are you talking about, you crack-brained old idiot?" he demanded thickly.

"Git out of that chair an' stand up," Wetherby repeated, and as Brigham gave no sign of complying, a huge paw descended on his collar and he was yanked roughly to his feet.

"Take off your coat," yelled his assailant, and, without waiting for compliance this time, he ripped off Brigham's coat and flung it into a corner.

"Put up your fists, d'yer hear? Put 'em up!"

Instinctively his fists went up as Wetherby rushed him.

"That one's for Mis' Snell," the latter grunted, as he landed a blow on Brigham's cheek that sent him reeling into a corner.

"An' that one's Uncle Amos's," he shouted triumphantly, as Brigham, gasping for breath, rushed toward him only to be floored by another heavy blow full on the point of the jaw.

* * * * * *

When Sam Wetherby alighted from the train, next evening, the bevy of loafers on the truck nearly fell over in their amazement. For a man with the reputation of being the quietest, most peaceable, citizen of the town he was indeed a strange figure.

His face was liberally adorned with adhesive plaster, his nose was swollen to nearly double its normal size, one badly blackened eye was almost closed; yet, withal, there was about him a subtle air of triumph.

"Seems to me," said one of the bevy from the baggage-truck, cautiously edging up to him, "that you didn't stay down to the city a great while, Sam, an', judgin' from your looks, I shouldn't say you'd had a fust-class time."

Samuel Wetherby scrutinized him calmly with his undamaged eye.

"I guess I got my money's wuth," he observed sententiously.

ROCK ME TO SLEEP, MOTHER.

DESPITE the fact that the average American is often regarded as an extremely practical sort of person whose commercial instincts give him little time for sentimental reflection, his heart-strings are peculiarly responsive to those singers whose music is of the home. That is why the names of James Whitcomb Riley, Will Carleton, and Eugene Field are known and loved in thousands of homes in which the works of more pretentious poets never have had a place. It is for this reason, too, that more than thirty composers have set music to Elizabeth Akers Allen's poem "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," without which, for nearly half a century, no collection of popular American verse has been complete.

The author of this poem was born in Strong, Maine, on October 9, 1832. Her maiden name was Chase. She became the wife of Paul Akers, a well-known sculptor, who left her a widow in 1861. In 1865 she was married to E. M. Allen, of New York. Beginning to write at fifteen years of age, she early became a frequent contributor to the magazines. She was literary editor of the Portland (Maine) *Advertiser* for some years, and has published several volumes of prose and verse. She now resides near New York.

The poem "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," was written by Mrs. Allen in Portland, Maine, in 1859. While she was in Rome, in 1860, this poem was sent to the Philadelphia *Saturday Evening Post*. Subsequently it appeared in a collection of poems which she published in 1866. Mrs. Allen's authorship of "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," has been disputed from time to time, but her claims are now generally acknowledged.

BY ELIZABETH AKERS ALLEN.

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time, in your flight,
Make me a child again just for to-night!
Mother, come back from the echoless shore,
Take me again to your heart as of yore;

Kiss from my forehead the furrows of care,
Smooth the few silver threads out of my hair;
Over my slumbers your loving watch keep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Backward, flow backward, O tide of the years!
I am so weary of toil and of tears,—
Toil without recompense, tears all in vain,—
Take them, and give me my childhood again!
I have grown weary of dust and decay,—
Weary of flinging my soul-wealth away;
Weary of sowing for others to reap;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Tired of the hollow, the base, the untrue,
Mother! O mother! my heart calls for you!
Many a summer the grass has grown green,
Blossom'd, and faded our faces between,
Yet with strong yearning and passionate pain
Long I to-night for your presence again.
Come from the silence so long and so deep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Over my heart, in the days that are flown,
No love like mother-love ever has shone;

No other worship abides and endures,—
Faithful, unselfish, and patient like yours:
None like a mother can charm away pain
From the sick soul and the world-weary brain.
Slumber's soft calms o'er my heavy lids creep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Come, let your brown hair, just lighted with gold,
Fall on your shoulders again as of old;
Let it drop over my forehead to-night,
Shading my faint eyes away from the light;
For with its sunny-edged shadows once more
Haply will throng the sweet visions of yore;
Lovingly, softly, its bright billows sweep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

Mother, dear mother, the years have been long
Since I last listen'd your lullaby song:
Sing, then, and unto my soul it shall seem
Womanhood's years have been only a dream.
Clasp'd to your heart in a loving embrace,
With your light lashes just sweeping my face,
Never hereafter to wake or to weep;—
Rock me to sleep, mother,—rock me to sleep!

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H. G. Wells on America.

The Author of "The War of the Worlds," after Visiting the United States, Has Some Interesting Things to Say about What He Saw Here.

"HUGE unrestrained growth and material progress" was the first impression that the United States made upon H. G. Wells, the English novelist and social writer. Mr. Wells has lately put into a book—"The Future in America"—the conclusions which he reached during his visit to the New World last year.

He was impressed by the fact that "America is still an unsettled land, with only a few incidental good roads in favored places, with no universal police, with no wayside inns where a civilized man may rest, with still only the crudest of rural postal deliveries, with long stretches of swamp and forest and desert by the track-side still unassailed by industry." He agreed with other observers, however, that in spite of its thin spreading over so great a surface, and in spite of the vast and increasing masses of immigrants, the population is curiously homogeneous.

What is the American national type? Mr. Wells answers in the following general statement, which he works out with more detail in its various points:

The American community, one cannot too clearly insist, does not correspond to an entire European community at all, but only to the middle masses of it—to the trading and manufacturing class between the dimensions of the magnate and the clerk and the skilled artisan. It is the central part of the European organism without either the dreaming head or the subjugated feet. Even the highly feudal slaveholding "county family" traditions of Virginia and the South pass now out of memory. So that in a very real sense the past of this American community is in Europe, and the settled order of the past is left behind there. This community was, as it were, taken off its roots, clipped of its branches, and brought hither. It began neither serf nor lord, but burgher and farmer; it followed the normal development of the middle class under progress everywhere, and became capitalistic. Essentially, America is a middle class become a community, and so its essential problems are the problems of a modern individualistic society, stark and clear, unhampered and unilluminated by any feudal traditions either at its crest or at its base.

"Liberty of property" is the phrase in which Mr. Wells describes American liberty. This being the case, and the author supports it historically, the modern problem of the American people is clear.

The middle class of the English population, and the whole population of America that matters at all when we discuss ideas, is essentially an emancipated class—a class that has rebelled against superimposed privilege and honor and achieved freedom for its individuals and their property. Without property its freedom is a featureless and unsubstantial theory, and so it relies for the reality of life upon that, upon the possession and acquisition and development of property —that is to say, upon "business." That is the quality of its life.

Everywhere in the modern industrial and commercial class this deep-lying feeling that the state is something escaped from has worked out to the same mental habit of social irresponsibility, and in America it has worked unimpeded. Patriotism has become a mere national self-assertion, a sentimentality of flag-cheering, with no constructive duties. Law, social justice, the pride and preservation of the state as a whole, are taken as provided for before the game began, and one devotes oneself to business.

All men are equal at the great game of business. You try for the best of each bargain, and so does your opponent; if you chance to have more in your hand than he—well, that's *your* advantage, and you use it. Presently he may have more than you. You take care he doesn't, if you can, but you play fair—except for the advantage in your hand; you play fair—and hard.

Now, this middle-class equality ultimately destroys itself. Out of this conflict of

equals, and by virtue of the fact that property, like all sorts of matter, does tend to gravitate toward itself whenever it is free, there emerge the modern rich and the modern toiler.

Mr. Wells shows how the process can be traced in the industrial regions of England. There, however, "as the rich rise up they come into a world of gentry with a tradition of public service and authority; they learn one by one and assimilate themselves to the legend of the 'governing class.'" This aristocratization makes industrialism quasi-feudal, masking the problem. In America, the situation is different.

America has no effectual "governing class"; there has been no such modification, no clouding of the issue. Its rich, to one's superficial inspection, do seem to lop out, swell up into an immense consumption and power and inanity, develop no sense of public duties, remain winners of a strange game they do not criticize, concerned now only to hold and intensify their winnings.

That material progress, that secular growth in scale of all modern enterprises, widens the gulf between owner and worker daily. More and more do men realize that this game of free competition and unrestricted property does not go on forever; it is a game that first in this industry and then in that, and at last in all, can be played out and is being played out. Property becomes organized, consolidated, concentrated, and secured. This is the fact to which America is slowly awaking at the present time. The American community is discovering a secular extinction of opportunity, and the appearance of powers against which individual enterprise and competition are hopeless.

The reason why the realization of what is happening comes more slowly in America than in Europe is, according to this observer, that in spite of huge concentrations of wealth in the United States its continental resources are so vast that even now there is no other part of the civilized world where property is so widely diffused.

When Mr. Wells, steaming down New York Harbor on his return to England, looked back at the sky-scrapers of lower New York there came into his head, according to his own account, a queer fancy. "They reminded me quite irresistibly of piled-up packing-cases outside a warehouse. I was amazed I had not seen the resemblance before. I could really have believed for a moment that that was what they were, and that presently out of these would come the real thing—palaces and noble places; free, high circumstances, and space and leisure, light and fine living, for the sons of men."

PAY OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.

Statesmen Who Are Dissatisfied With Five Thousand Dollars a Year Should Remember the Modest Salaries Paid to the Founders of the American Republic.

IN view of the recent movement to increase the salaries of our lawmakers, a comparison between the remuneration received by the members of the old Continental Congress and that paid to our Congressmen to-day becomes interesting.

In the old days, the members of the Continental Congress received their pay from the States from which they were accredited. The following clipping, taken from an old scrap-book, shows the remuneration given the men who guided the course of our republic during the storm-tossed days of its infancy:

Massachusetts: Personal expenses, as in New Hampshire, and two dollars a day.

New Hampshire: Personal expenses; also for servant and two horses, and half a guinea besides.

Connecticut: The same expenses, and three dollars a day.

Rhode Island: Forty shillings a day—no expenses paid.

New Jersey: Four dollars a day.

Pennsylvania: Twenty shillings a day, and all expenses.

Maryland: Forty shillings a day—no expenses.

Virginia: A half johannes (about four dollars) a day.

North Carolina: Five hundred pounds currency a year.

South Carolina: Three hundred pounds for services during the first congress.

The Murders in the Rue Morgue.

BY EDGAR ALLAN POE.

INTRODUCTION, BY FREDERIC TABER COOPER, PH.D.

EDGAR ALLAN POE (1809-1849), the most unique and picturesque figure in American literature, achieved his lasting fame through the unrivaled music of three or four poems and the almost perfect art of his short stories. There are few men of genius around whose lives jealousy, spite, and wilful misunderstanding have built up such an elaborate structure of exaggeration and falsehood. A moody, despondent, morbidly sensitive nature; a constitution weakened by disappointments, intimate griefs, and years of struggle against poverty; a brain abnormally responsive to the stimulus of alcohol, abundantly explain all that was erratic and regrettable in Poe's life. The sober judgment of a later generation refuses to see in his aberrations the stamp of a dipsomaniac, a madman, or an incarnation of all the vices.

Of Poe's poetry, it has been justly said that it is the one link which unites us to European literature by its note of musical despair, similar to that of Heine, Leopardi, Pushkin, and Alfred de Musset. This fact explains why, in the eyes of foreigners, Poe is the most gifted of all American authors, the one to whom the continental critics most willingly accord the title of genius. And while there is truth in Mr. Burrough's criticism that "Poe, like Swinburne, is a verbal poet merely," it is equally true, as Edmund Gosse has pointed out, that "from Tennyson to Austin Dobson there is hardly one whose verse-music does not show traces of Poe's influence," and he goes on to say that "to impress the stamp of one's personality on a succeeding generation of artists, to be an almost flawless technical artist, to charm within a narrow circle to a degree that shows no sign of lessening, after forty years, is surely to have deserved great honor from the country of one's birthright."

It is Poe's peculiar power of evoking musical effects from words, his rare sensitiveness to vowel harmonies and the cadence of syllables that explain the lingering beauty and haunting charm of "Ulalume," "The Raven," and "Annabel Lee."

But it is as a writer of short stories that Poe has won the widest and most ungrudging recognition. Even the Cambridge circle, which found much that was distasteful in his writings, was quick to recognize the uncommon power of his fiction. Longfellow wrote in a personal letter, "I think you are destined to stand among the first romance-writers of the country, if such is your aim." Lowell, a few years later declared, "He combines in a very remarkable manner two faculties which are seldom united: a power of influencing the mind of the reader by the impalpable shadow of mystery, and a minuteness of detail which does not leave a pin or a button unnoticed." And Oliver Wendell Holmes added his word, that Poe was "one of the few names which will outlive the graven record meant to perpetuate its memory."

To-day it is generally conceded that among the creators of that remarkable modern literary form, the short story, Edgar Allan Poe has but one rival, Guy de Maupassant. The Frenchman achieves his results more briefly, more directly, with greater simplicity of diction and less artificiality of structure; but in the hands of each of these masters the short story attained its highest development in power, symmetry, unity of time and thought.

To Poe belongs the honor of having first formulated the laws of structure

for the short story, as distinguished from the condensed novel. He first stripped it of the old-fashioned, rambling introduction, insisting that the key-note should be struck in the opening sentence. He eliminated all extraneous matter, superfluous characters, irrelevant incidents, everything and everybody not vitally important to the story's structure. He calculated each word and phrase so as to attune the reader's mood to the dominant mood of the story, so that every incident, every paragraph should have the effect of so many converging lines, all guiding straight toward the one final, crucial point. These were the principles he laid down and triumphantly applied in his greatest achievements, such as "Ligeia," "The House of Usher" and "The Tell-Tale Heart."

The weird, haunting strain which runs through the majority of Poe's most characteristic tales, and which prompted the dictum of Leslie Stephen that "Poe is a kind of Hawthorne and *delirium tremens*," is missing from a small group of tales that stand quite by themselves, his so-called "Tales of Ratiocination," "The Mystery of Marie Roget," "The Gold Bug," "The Purloined Letter," and "The Murders in the Rue Morgue." In these stories Poe solved mysteries by a process of analysis which laid the foundation of the modern school of "detective stories."

As a result of the ingenuity shown in "The Gold Bug," he received from his readers many actual cryptograms to decipher, and followed them up by a still greater proof of his skill by publishing in *Graham's Magazine* a solution of Dickens's "Barnaby Rudge," when only the opening chapters of that novel had appeared. *Monsieur Dupin,* a character that appears in more than one of Poe's tales, has often been pointed out as the original of Conan Doyle's *Sherlock Holmes.*

As for "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," which is probably, next to "The Black Cat" and "The Descent into the Maelstrom," the most widely known of Poe's tales, its position in the history of fiction has been well defined by Professor Brander Matthews: "It was the first of its kind, and to this day it remains a model, not only unsurpassed but unapproachable. It was the first of detective stories; and it has had thousands of imitations, but no rivals. The originality, the ingenuity, the verisimilitude of this tale and its fellows is beyond all praise."

In one respect this particular story differs from most of Poe's, and departs from the literary rules which he himself formulated. The narrative is preceded by a disquisition on the possibilities and the limitations of analytical reasoning, as illustrated in chess, whist, and other games. Poe's theory is that "between ingenuity and the analytic ability there exists a difference far greater, indeed, than that between the fancy and the imagination, but of a character very strictly analogous. It will be found, in fact, that the ingenious are always fanciful, and the truly imaginative never otherwise than analytic. The narrative which follows," he adds, "will appear to the reader somewhat in the light of a commentary upon the propositions just advanced."

This narrative is given below, the introductory disquisition being omitted:

RESIDING in Paris during the spring and part of the summer of 18——, I there became acquainted with a Monsieur C. Auguste Dupin. This young gentleman was of an excellent—indeed of an illustrious family, but, by a variety of untoward events, had been reduced to such poverty that the energy of his character succumbed beneath it, and he ceased to bestir himself in the world, or to care for the retrieval of his fortunes. By courtesy of his creditors, there still remained in his possession a small remnant of his patrimony; and, upon the income arising from this, he managed, by means of a rigorous economy, to procure the necessaries of life, without troubling himself about its superfluities. Books, indeed, were his sole luxuries, and in Paris these are easily obtained.

Our first meeting was at an obscure library in the Rue Montmartre, where the accident of our both being in search of the same very rare and very remarkable volume, brought us into closer communion. We saw each other again and again. I was deeply interested in the little family history which he detailed to me with all that candor which a

Frenchman indulges whenever mere self is the theme. I was astonished, too, at the vast extent of his reading; and, above all, I felt my soul enkindled within me by the wild fervor and the vivid freshness of his imagination. Seeking in Paris the objects I then sought, I felt that the society of such a man would be to me a treasure beyond price; and this feeling I frankly confided to him. It was at length arranged that we should live together during my stay in the city; and as my worldly circumstances were somewhat less embarrassed than his own, I was permitted to be at the expense of renting, and furnishing in a style which suited the rather fantastic gloom of our common temper, a time-eaten and grotesque mansion, long deserted through superstitions into which we did not inquire, and tottering to its fall in a retired and desolate portion of the Faubourg St. Germain.

Had the routine of our life at this place been known to the world, we should have been regarded as madmen—although, perhaps, as madmen of a harmless nature. Our seclusion was perfect. We admitted no visitors. Indeed the locality of our retirement had been carefully kept a secret from my own former associates; and it had been many years since Dupin had ceased to know or be known in Paris. We existed within ourselves alone.

It was a freak of fancy in my friend (for what else shall I call it?) to be enamored of the night for her own sake; and into this *bizarrerie*, as into all his others, I quietly fell; giving myself up to his wild whims with a perfect *abandon*. The sable divinity would not herself dwell with us always; but we could counterfeit her presence.

At the first dawn of the morning we closed all the massy shutters of our old building; lighted a couple of tapers which, strongly perfumed, threw out only the ghastliest and feeblest of rays. By the aid of these we then busied our souls in dreams—reading, writing, or conversing, until warned by the clock of the advent of the true Darkness. Then we sallied forth into the streets, arm and arm, continuing the topics of the day, or roaming far and wide until a late hour, seeking, amid the wild lights and shadows of the populous city, that infinity of mental excitement which quiet observation can afford.

At such times I could not help remarking and admiring (although from his rich ideality I had been prepared to expect it) a peculiar analytic ability in Dupin. He seemed, too, to take an eager delight in its exercise—if not exactly in its display—and did not hesitate to confess the pleasure thus derived. He boasted to me, with a low chuckling laugh, that most men, in respect to himself, wore windows in their bosoms, and was wont to follow up such assertions by direct and very startling proofs of his intimate knowledge of my own.

His manner at these moments was frigid and abstract; his eyes were vacant in expression; while his voice, usually a rich tenor, rose into a treble which would have sounded petulantly but for the deliberateness and entire distinctness of the enunciation. Observing him in these moods, I often dwelt meditatively upon the old philosophy of the Bi-Part Soul, and amused myself with the fancy of a double Dupin—the creative and the resolvent.

Let it not be supposed, from what I have just said, that I am detailing any mystery or penning any romance. What I have described in the Frenchman was merely the result of an excited or perhaps of a diseased intelligence. But of the character of his remarks at the periods in question an example will best convey the idea.

We were strolling one night down a long dirty street, in the vicinity of the Palais Royal. Being both, apparently, occupied with thought, neither of us had spoken a syllable for fifteen minutes at least. All at once Dupin broke forth with these words:

"He is a very little fellow, that's true, and would do better for the *Théâtre des Variétés*."

"There can be no doubt of that," I replied unwittingly, and not at first observing (so much had I been absorbed in reflection) the extraordinary manner in which the speaker had chimed in with my meditations. In an instant afterward I recollected myself, and my astonishment was profound.

"Dupin," said I gravely, "this is be-

yond my comprehension. I do not hesitate to say that I am amazed and can scarcely credit my senses. How was it possible you should know I was thinking of——?" Here I paused, to ascertain beyond a doubt whether he really knew of whom I thought.

"——of Chantilly," said he; "why do you pause? You were remarking to yourself that his diminutive figure unfitted him for tragedy."

This was precisely what had formed the subject of my reflections. Chantilly was a *quondam* cobbler of the Rue St. Denis, who, becoming stage-mad, had attempted the rôle of Xerxes, in Crébillon's tragedy so called, and been notoriously Pasquinaded for his pains.

"Tell me, for Heaven's sake," I exclaimed, "the method—if method there is—by which you have been enabled to fathom my soul in this matter." In fact I was even more startled than I would have been willing to express.

"It was the fruiterer," replied my friend, "who brought you to the conclusion that the mender of soles was not of sufficient height for Xerxes *et id genus omne*."

"The fruiterer!—you astonish me—I know no fruiterer whomsoever."

"The man who ran up against you as we entered the street—it may have been fifteen minutes ago."

I now remembered that, in fact, a fruiterer, carrying upon his head a large basket of apples, had nearly thrown me down, by accident, as we passed from the Rue C—— into the thoroughfare where we stood; but what this had to do with Chantilly I could not possibly understand.

There was not a particle of *charlatanerie* about Dupin. "I will explain," he said, "and that you may comprehend all clearly, we will first retrace the course of your meditations, from the moment in which I spoke to you until that of the *rencontre* with the fruiterer in question. The larger links of the chain run thus—Chantilly, Orion, Dr. Nichols, Epicurus, Stereotomy, the street stones, the fruiterer."

There are few persons who have not, at some period of their lives, amused themselves in retracing the steps by which particular conclusions of their own minds have been attained. The occupation is often full of interest; and he who attempts it for the first time is astonished by the apparently illimitable distance and incoherence between the starting-point and the goal. What, then, must have been my amazement when I heard the Frenchman speak what he had just spoken, and when I could not help acknowledging that he had spoken the truth. He continued:

"We had been talking of horses, if I remember aright, just before leaving the Rue C——. This was the last subject we discussed. As we crossed into this street, a fruiterer, with a large basket upon his head, brushing quickly past us, thrust you upon a pile of paving-stones collected at a spot where the causeway is undergoing repair. You stepped upon one of the loose fragments, slipped, slightly sprained your ankle, appeared vexed or sulky, muttered a few words, turned to look at the pile, and then proceeded in silence. I was not particularly attentive to what you did; but observation has become with me, of late, a species of necessity.

"You kept your eyes upon the ground—glancing, with a petulant expression, at the holes and ruts in the pavement (so that I saw you were still thinking of the stone), until we reached the little alley called Lamartine, which has been paved, by way of experiment, with the overlapping and riveted blocks. Here your countenance brightened up, and, perceiving your lips move, I could not doubt that you murmured the word 'stereotomy,' a term very affectedly applied to this species of pavement.

"I knew that you could not say to yourself 'stereotomy' without being brought to think of atomies, and thus of the theories of Epicurus; and since, when we discussed this subject not very long ago, I mentioned to you how singularly, yet with how little notice, the vague guesses of that noble Greek had met with confirmation in the late nebular cosmogony, I felt that you could not avoid casting your eyes upward to the great nebula in Orion, and I certainly expected that you would do so. You did look up; and I was now assured that I had correctly followed your steps.

"But in that bitter tirade upon Chan-

tilly, which appeared in yesterday's *Musée*, the satirist, making some disgraceful allusions to the cobbler's change of name upon assuming the buskin, quoted a Latin line about which we have often conversed. I mean the line—

Perdidit antiquum litera prima sonum.

I had told you that this was in reference to Orion, formerly written Urion; and, from certain pungencies connected with this explanation, I was aware that you could not have forgotten it. It was clear, therefore, that you would not fail to combine the two ideas of Orion and Chantilly. That you did combine them I saw by the character of the smile which passed over your lips. You thought of the poor cobbler's immolation. So far, you had been stooping in your gait; but now I saw you draw yourself up to your full height. I was then sure that you reflected upon the diminutive figure of Chantilly. At this point I interrupted your meditations to remark that as, in fact, he *was* a very little fellow—that Chantilly—he would do better at the *Théâtre des Variétés*.

Not long after this, we were looking over an evening edition of the *Gazette des Tribunaux*, when the following paragraphs arrested our attention.

"EXTRAORDINARY MURDERS. — This morning, about three o'clock, the inhabitants of the Quartier St. Roch were aroused from sleep by a succession of terrific shrieks, issuing, apparently, from the fourth story of a house in the Rue Morgue, known to be in the sole occupancy of one Madame L'Espanaye, and her daughter, Mademoiselle Camille L'Espanaye. After some delay, occasioned by a fruitless attempt to procure admission in the usual manner, the gateway was broken in with a crowbar, and eight or ten of the neighbors entered, accompanied by two *gendarmes*. By this time the cries had ceased; but, as the party rushed up the first flight of stairs, two or more rough voices, in angry contention, were distinguished, and seemed to proceed from the upper part of the house. As the second landing was reached, these sounds, also, had ceased, and everything remained perfectly quiet. The party spread themselves, and hurried from room to room. Upon arriving at a large back chamber in the fourth story (the door of which, being found locked, with the key inside, was forced open) a spectacle presented itself which struck every one present not less with horror than with astonishment.

"The apartment was in the wildest disorder — the furniture broken and thrown about in all directions. There was only one bedstead; and from this the bed had been removed, and thrown into the middle of the floor. On a chair lay a razor, besmeared with blood. On the hearth were two or three long and thick tresses of gray human hair, also dabbled in blood, and seeming to have been pulled out by the roots. Upon the floor were found four Napoleons, an earring of topaz, three large silver spoons, three smaller of *métal d'Alger*, and two bags, containing nearly four thousand francs in gold. The drawers of a *bureau*, which stood in one corner, were open, and had been, apparently, rifled, although many articles still remained in them. A small iron safe was discovered under the *bed* (not under the bedstead). It was open, with the key still in the door. It had no contents beyond a few old letters and other papers of little consequence.

"Of Madame L'Espanaye no traces were here seen; but an unusual quantity of soot being observed in the fireplace, a search was made in the chimney, and (horrible to relate!) the corpse of the daughter, head downward, was dragged therefrom, it having been thus forced up the narrow aperture for a considerable distance. The body was quite warm. Upon examining it, many excoriations were perceived, no doubt occasioned by the violence with which it had been thrust up and disengaged. Upon the face were many severe scratches, and upon the throat dark bruises and deep indentations of finger-nails, as if the deceased had been throttled to death.

"After a thorough investigation of every portion of the house without further discovery, the party made its way into a small paved yard in the rear of the building, where lay the corpse of the old lady, with her throat so entirely cut that, upon an attempt to raise her, the head fell off. The body, as well as the head, was fearfully mutilated—the

former so much so as scarcely to retain any semblance of humanity.

"To this horrible mystery there is not as yet, we believe, the slightest clue."

The next day's paper had these additional particulars.

"*The Tragedy in the Rue Morgue.*—Many individuals have been examined in relation to this most extraordinary and frightful affair" [The word '*affaire*' has not yet, in France, that levity of import which it conveys with us], "but nothing whatever has transpired to throw light upon it. We give below all the material testimony elicited.

"*Pauline Dubourg*, laundress, deposes that she has known both the deceased for three years, having washed for them during that period. The old lady and her daughter seemed on good terms—very affectionate toward each other. They were excellent pay. Could not speak in regard to their mode or means of living. Believed that Madame L. told fortunes for a living. Was reputed to have money put by. Never met any persons in the house when she called for the clothes or took them home. Was sure that they had no servant in their employ. There appeared to be no furniture in any part of the building except in the fourth story.

"*Pierre Moreau*, tobacconist, deposes that he has been in the habit of selling small quantities of tobacco and snuff to Madame L'Espanaye for nearly four years. Was born in the neighborhood, and has always resided there. The deceased and her daughter had occupied the house in which the corpses were found for more than six years. It was formerly occupied by a jeweler, who underlet the upper rooms to various persons. The house was the property of Madame L. She became dissatisfied with the abuse of the premises by her tenant, and moved into them herself, refusing to let any portion. The old lady was childish. Witness had seen the daughter some five or six times during the six years. The two lived an exceedingly retired life—were reputed to have money. Had heard it said among the neighbors that Madame L. told fortunes—did not believe it. Had never seen any person enter the door except the old lady and her daughter, a porter once or twice, and a physician some eight or ten times.

"Many other persons, neighbors, gave evidence to the same effect. No one was spoken of as frequenting the house. It was not known whether there were any living connections of Madame L. and her daughter. The shutters of the front windows were seldom opened. Those in the rear were always closed, with the exception of the large back room, fourth story. The house was a good house—not very old.

"*Isidore Musèt, gendarme*, deposes that he was called to the house about three o'clock in the morning, and found some twenty or thirty persons at the gateway, endeavoring to gain admittance. Forced it open, at length, with a bayonet—not with a crowbar. Had but little difficulty in getting it open, on account of its being a double or folding gate, and bolted neither at bottom nor top. The shrieks were continued until the gate was forced—and then suddenly ceased. They seemed to be screams of some person (or persons) in great agony—were loud and drawn out, not short and quick. Witness led the way up-stairs. Upon reaching the first landing, heard two voices in loud and angry contention—the one a gruff voice, the other much shriller—a very strange voice. Could distinguish some words of the former, which was that of a Frenchman. Was positive that it was not a woman's voice. Could distinguish the words '*sacré*' and '*diable.*' The shrill voice was that of a foreigner. Could not be sure whether it was the voice of a man or of a woman. Could not make out what was said, but believed the language to be Spanish. The state of the room and of the bodies was described by this witness as we described them yesterday.

"*Henri Duval*, a neighbor, and by trade a silversmith, deposes that he was one of the party who first entered the house. Corroborates the testimony of Musèt in general. As soon as they forced an entrance, they reclosed the door, to keep out the crowd, which collected very fast, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour. The shrill voice, this witness thinks, was that of an Italian. Was certain it was not French. Could not be

sure that it was a man's voice. It might have been a woman's. Was not acquainted with the Italian language. Could not distinguish the words, but was convinced by the intonation that the speaker was an Italian. Knew Madame L. and her daughter. Had conversed with both frequently. Was sure that the shrill voice was not that of either of the deceased.

"—— *Odenheimer, restaurateur.* This witness volunteered his testimony. Not speaking French, was examined through an interpreter. Is a native of Amsterdam. Was passing the house at the time of the shrieks. They lasted for several minutes—probably ten. They were long and loud—very awful and distressing. Was one of those who entered the building. Corroborated the previous evidence in every respect but one. Was sure that the shrill voice was that of a man—of a Frenchman. Could not distinguish the words uttered. They were loud and quick—unequal—spoken apparently in fear as well as in anger. The voice was harsh—not so much shrill as harsh. Could not call it a shrill voice. The gruff voice said repeatedly '*sacré*,' '*diable*,' and once '*mon Dieu*.'

"*Jules Mignaud*, banker, of the firm of Mignaud et Fils, Rue Deloraine. Is the elder Mignaud. Madame L'Espanaye had some property. Had opened an account with his banking house in the spring of the year —— (eight years previously). Made frequent deposits in small sums. Had checked for nothing until the third day before her death, when she took out in person the sum of four thousand francs. This sum was paid in gold, and a clerk sent home with the money.

"*Adolphe Le Bon*, clerk to Mignaud et Fils, deposes that on the day in question, about noon, he accompanied Madame L'Espanaye to her residence with the four thousand francs, put up in two bags. Upon the door being opened, Mademoiselle L. appeared and took from his hands one of the bags, while the old lady relieved him of the other. He then bowed and departed. Did not see any person in the street at the time. It is a by street—very lonely.

"*William Bird*, tailor, deposes that he was one of the party who entered the house. Is an Englishman. Has lived in Paris two years. Was one of the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Could make out several words, but cannot now remember all. Heard distinctly '*sacré*' and '*mon Dieu.*' There was a sound at the moment as if of several persons struggling—a scraping and scuffling sound. The shrill voice was very loud—louder than the gruff one. Is sure that it was not the voice of an Englishman. Appeared to be that of a German. Might have been a woman's voice. Does not understand German.

"Four of the above-named witnesses, being recalled, deposed that the door of the chamber in which was found the body of Mademoiselle L. was locked on the inside when the party reached it. Everything was perfectly silent—no groans or noises of any kind. Upon forcing the door no person was seen. The windows, both of the back and front room, were down and firmly fastened from within. A door between the two rooms was closed, but not locked. The door leading from the front room into the passage was locked, with the key on the inside. A small room in the front of the house, on the fourth story, at the head of the passage, was open, the door being ajar. This room was crowded with old beds, boxes, and so forth. These were carefully removed and searched. There was not an inch of any portion of the house which was not carefully searched. Sweeps were sent up and down the chimneys. The house was a four-story one, with garrets (*mansardes*). A trap-door on the roof was nailed down very securely—did not appear to have been opened for years. The time elapsing between the hearing of the voices in contention and the breaking open of the room door was variously stated by the witnesses. Some made it as short as three minutes —some as long as five. The door was opened with difficulty.

"*Alfonzo Garcia,* undertaker, deposes that he resides in the Rue Morgue. Is a native of Spain. Was one of the party who entered the house. Did not proceed up-stairs. Is nervous, and was apprehensive of the consequences of agitation. Heard the voices in contention. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchma-

Could not distinguish what was said. The shrill voice was that of an Englishman—is sure of this. Does not understand the English language, but judges by the intonation.

"*Alberto Montani*, confectioner, deposes that he was among the first to ascend the stairs. Heard the voices in question. The gruff voice was that of a Frenchman. Distinguished several words. The speaker appeared to be expostulating. Could not make out the words of the shrill voice. Spoke quick and unevenly. Thinks it the voice of a Russian. Corroborates the general testimony. Is an Italian. Never conversed with a native of Russia.

"Several witnesses, recalled, here testified that the chimneys of all the rooms on the fourth story were too narrow to admit the passage of a human being. By 'sweeps' were meant cylindrical sweeping-brushes, such as are employed by those who clean chimneys. These brushes were passed up and down every flue in the house. There is no back passage by which any one could have descended while the party proceeded up-stairs. The body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was so firmly wedged in the chimney that it could not be got down until four or five of the party united their strength.

"*Paul Dumas*, physician, deposes that he was called to view the bodies about day-break. They were both then lying on the sacking of the bedstead in the chamber where Mademoiselle L. was found. The corpse of the young lady was much bruised and excoriated. The fact that it had been thrust up the chimney would sufficiently account for these appearances. The throat was greatly chafed. There were several deep scratches just below the chin, together with a series of livid spots which were evidently the impression of fingers. The face was fearfully discolored, and the eyeballs protruded. The tongue had been partially bitten through. A large bruise was discovered upon the pit of the stomach, produced, apparently, by the pressure of a knee. In the opinion of M. Dumas, Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been throttled to death by some person or persons unknown. The corpse of the mother was horribly mutilated. All the bones of the right leg and arm were more or less shattered. The left *tibia* much splintered, as well as all the ribs of the left side. Whole body dreadfully bruised and discolored. It was not possible to say how the injuries had been inflicted. A heavy club of wood, or a broad bar of iron—a chair—any large, heavy, and obtuse weapon would have produced such results, if wielded by the hands of a very powerful man. No woman could have inflicted the blows with any weapon. The head of the deceased, when seen by witness, was entirely separated from the body, and was also greatly shattered. The throat had evidently been cut with some very sharp instrument—probably with a razor.

"*Alexandre Etienne*, surgeon, was called with M. Dumas to view the bodies. Corroborated the testimony and the opinions of M. Dumas.

"Nothing further of importance was elicited, although several other persons were examined. A murder so mysterious, and so perplexing in all its particulars, was never before committed in Paris—if indeed a murder has been committed at all. The police are entirely at fault—an unusual occurrence in affairs of this nature. There is not, however, the shadow of a clue apparent."

The evening edition of the paper stated that the greatest excitement still continued in the Quartier St. Roch—that the premises in question had been carefully re-searched and fresh examinations of witnesses instituted, but all to no purpose. A postscript, however, mentioned that Adolphe Le Bon had been arrested and imprisoned—although nothing appeared to criminate him, beyond the facts already detailed.

Dupin seemed singularly interested in the progress of this affair—at least so I judged from his manner, for he made no comments. It was only after the announcement that Le Bon had been imprisoned that he asked me my opinion respecting the murders.

I could merely agree with all Paris in considering them an insoluble mystery. I saw no means by which it would be possible to trace the murderer.

"We must not judge of the means," said Dupin, "by this shell of an examination. The Parisian police, so much

extolled for acumen, are cunning, but no more. There is no method in their proceedings, beyond the method of the moment. They make a vast parade of measures; but, not unfrequently, these are so ill adapted to the objects proposed as to put us in mind of Monsieur Jourdain's calling for his *robe-de-chambre—pour mieux entendre la musique.*

"The results attained by them are not unfrequently surprising, but, for the most part, are brought about by simple diligence and activity. When these qualities are unavailing, their schemes fail. Vidocq, for example, was a good guesser, and a persevering man. But without educated thought he erred continually by the very intensity of his investigations. He impaired his vision by holding the object too close. He might see, perhaps, one or two points with unusual clearness, but in so doing he necessarily lost sight of the matter as a whole.

"Thus there is such a thing as being too profound. Truth is not always in a well. In fact, as regards the more important knowledge, I do believe that she is invariably superficial. The depth lies in the valleys where we seek her, and not upon the mountain-tops where she is found.

"The modes and sources of this kind of error are well typified in the contemplation of the heavenly bodies. To look at a star by glances—to view it in a side-long way, by turning toward it the exterior portions of the *retina* (more susceptible of feeble impressions of light than the interior) is to behold the star distinctly—is to have the best appreciation of its luster—a luster which grows dim just in proportion as we turn our vision *fully* upon it. A greater number of rays actually fall upon the eye in the latter case, but in the former there is the more refined capacity for comprehension. By undue profundity we perplex and enfeeble thought; and it is possible to make even Venus herself vanish from the firmament by a scrutiny too sustained, too concentrated, or too direct.

"As for these murders, let us enter into some examinations for ourselves, before we make up an opinion respecting them. An inquiry will afford us amusement" [I thought this an odd term, so applied, but said nothing], "and, besides, Le Bon once rendered me a service for which I am not ungrateful. We will go and see the premises with our own eyes. I know G——, the prefect of police, and shall have no difficulty in obtaining the necessary permission."

The permission was obtained, and we proceeded at once to the Rue Morgue. This is one of those miserable thoroughfares which intervene between the Rue Richelieu and the Rue St. Roch. It was late in the afternoon when we reached it; as this quarter is at a great distance from that in which we resided. The house was readily found; for there were still many persons gazing up at the closed shutters, with an objectless curiosity, from the opposite side of the way.

It was an ordinary Parisian house, with a gateway, on one side of which was a glazed watch-box, with a sliding-panel in the window, indicating a *loge de concierge.* Before going in we walked up the street, turned down an alley, and then, again turning, passed in the rear of the building—Dupin meanwhile examining the whole neighborhood, as well as the house, with a minuteness of attention for which I could see no possible object.

Retracing our steps, we came again to the front of the dwelling, rang, and, having shown our credentials, were admitted by the agents in charge. We went up-stairs—into the chamber where the body of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye had been found, and where both the deceased still lay. The disorders of the room had, as usual, been suffered to exist. I saw nothing beyond what had been stated in the *Gazette des Tribunaux.* Dupin scrutinized everything—not excepting the bodies of the victims. We then went into the other rooms, and into the yard; a *gendarme* accompanying us throughout.

The examination occupied us until dark, when we took our departure. On our way home, my companion stepped in for a moment at the office of one of the daily papers.

I have said that the whims of my friend were manifold, and that *Je les ménagais:*—for this phrase there is no English equivalent. It was his humor, now, to decline all conversation on the subject of the murder, until about noon the next day. He then asked me, sud-

denly, if I had observed anything *peculiar* at the scene of the atrocity.

There was something in his manner of emphasizing the word "peculiar" which caused me to shudder without knowing why.

"No, nothing *peculiar*," I said; "nothing more, at least, than we both saw stated in the paper."

"The *Gazette*," he replied, "has not entered, I fear, into the unusual horror of the thing. But dismiss the idle opinions of this print. It appears to me that this mystery is considered insoluble for the very reason which should cause it to be regarded as easy of solution—I mean for the *outré* character of its features.

"The police are confounded by the seeming absence of motive—not for the murder itself—but for the atrocity of the murder. They are puzzled, too, by the seeming impossibility of reconciling the voices heard in contention with the facts that no one was discovered up-stairs but the assassinated Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and that there were no means of egress without the notice of the party ascending. The wild disorder of the room; the corpse thrust, with the head downward, up the chimney; the frightful mutilation of the body of the old lady; these considerations, with those just mentioned and others which I need not mention, have sufficed to paralyze the powers by putting completely at fault the boasted acumen of the government agents. They have fallen into the gross but common error of confounding the unusual with the abstruse.

"But it is by these deviations from the plane of the ordinary that reason feels its way, if at all, in its search for the true. In investigations such as we are now pursuing, it should not be so much asked 'what has occurred,' as 'what has occurred that has never occurred before.' In fact, the facility with which I shall arrive, or have arrived, at the solution of this mystery is in the direct ratio of its apparent insolubility in the eyes of the police."

I stared at the speaker in mute astonishment.

"I am now awaiting," continued he, looking toward the door of our apartment—"I am now awaiting a person who, although perhaps not the perpetrator of these butcheries, must have been in some measure implicated in their perpetration. Of the worst portion of the crimes committed, it is probable that he is innocent. I hope that I am right in this supposition, for upon it I build my expectation of reading the entire riddle. I look for the man here—in this room—every moment. It is true that he may not arrive; but the probability is that he will. Should he come, it will be necessary to detain him. Here are pistols; and we both know how to use them when occasion demands their use."

I took the pistols, scarcely knowing what I did or believing what I heard, while Dupin went on, very much as if in a soliloquy. I have already spoken of his abstract manner at such times. His discourse was addressed to myself; but his voice, although by no means loud, had that intonation which is commonly employed in speaking to some one at a great distance. His eyes, vacant in expression, regarded only the wall.

"That the voices heard in contention," he said, "by the party upon the stairs, were not the voices of the women themselves, was fully proved by the evidence. This relieves us of all doubt upon the question whether the old lady could have first destroyed the daughter and afterward have committed suicide. I speak of this point chiefly for the sake of method; for the strength of Madame L'Espanaye would have been utterly unequal to the task of thrusting her daughter's corpse up the chimney as it was found; and the nature of the wounds upon her own person entirely preclude the idea of self-destruction. Murder, then, has been committed by some third party; and the voices of this third party were those heard in contention. Let me now advert—not to the whole testimony respecting these voices—but to what was *peculiar* in that testimony. Did you observe anything peculiar about it?"

I remarked that, while all the witnesses agreed in supposing the gruff voice to be that of a Frenchman, there was much disagreement in regard to the shrill, or, as one individual termed it, the harsh voice.

"That was the evidence itself," said Dupin, "but it was not the peculiarity

of the evidence. You have observed nothing distinctive. Yet there *was* something to be observed. The witnesses, as you remark, agreed about the gruff voice; they were here unanimous. But in regard to the shrill voice, the peculiarity is—not that they disagreed—but that, while an Italian, an Englishman, a Spaniard, a Hollander, and a Frenchman attempted to describe it, each one spoke of it as that *of a foreigner.* Each is sure that it was not the voice of one of his own countrymen.

"Each likens it—not to the voice of an individual of any nation with whose language he is conversant—but the converse. The Frenchman supposes it the voice of a Spaniard, and 'might have distinguished some words *had he been acquainted with the Spanish.*' The Dutchman maintains it to have been that of a Frenchman; but we find it stated that *'not understanding French this witness was examined through an interpreter.'* The Englishman thinks it the voice of a German, and *'does not understand German.'* The Spaniard 'is sure' that it was that of an Englishman, but 'judges by the intonation' altogether, *'as he has no knowledge of the English.'* The Italian believes it the voice of a Russian, but *'has never conversed with a native of Russia.'* A second Frenchman differs, moreover, with the first, and is positive that the voice was that of an Italian; but, *not being cognizant of that tongue,* is, like the Spaniard, 'convinced by the intonation.'

"Now, how strangely unusual must that voice have really been, about which such testimony as this *could* have been elicited!—in whose *tones,* even, denizens of the five great divisions of Europe could recognize nothing familiar! You will say that it might have been the voice of an Asiatic—of an African. Neither Asiatics nor Africans abound in Paris; but, without denying the inference, I will now merely call your attention to three points. The voice is termed by one witness 'harsh rather than shrill.' It is represented by two others to have been 'quick and *unequal.*' No words—no sounds resembling words—were by any witness mentioned as distinguishable.

"I know not," continued Dupin, "what impression I may have made, so far, upon your own understanding; but I do not hesitate to say that legitimate deductions even from this portion of the testimony—the portion respecting the gruff and shrill voices—were in themselves sufficient to engender a suspicion which should give direction to all farther progress in the investigation of the mystery. I said 'legitimate deductions;' but my meaning is not thus fully expressed. I designed to imply that the deductions are the *sole* proper ones, and that the suspicion arises *inevitably* from them as the single result. What the suspicion is, however, I will not say just yet. I merely wish you to bear in mind that, with myself, it was sufficiently forcible to give a definite form—a certain tendency—to my inquiries in the chamber.

"Let us now transport ourselves, in fancy, to this chamber. What shall we first seek here? The means of egress employed by the murderers. It is not too much to say that neither of us believe in preternatural events. Madame and Mademoiselle L'Espanaye were not destroyed by spirits. The doers of the deed were material, and escaped materially. Then how? Fortunately, there is but one mode of reasoning upon the point, and that mode *must* lead us to a definite decision.—Let us examine each by each, the possible means of egress. It is clear that the assassins were in the room where Mademoiselle L'Espanaye was found, or at least in the room adjoining, when the party ascended the stairs.

"It is then only from these two apartments that we have to seek issues. The police have laid bare the floors, the ceilings, and the masonry of the walls, in every direction. No *secret* issues could have escaped their vigilance. But, not trusting to *their eyes,* I examined with my own. There were, then, *no* secret issues. Both doors leading from the rooms into the passage were securely locked, with the keys inside. Let us turn to the chimneys. These, although of ordinary width for some eight or ten feet above the hearths, will not admit, throughout their extent, the body of a large cat.

"The impossibility of egress, by

means already stated, being thus absolute, we are reduced to the windows. Through those of the front room no one could have escaped without notice from the crowd in the street. The murderers *must* have passed, then, through those of the back room. Now, brought to this conclusion in so unequivocal a manner as we are, it is not our part, as reasoners, to reject it on account of apparent impossibilities. It is only left for us to prove that these apparent 'impossibilities' are, in reality, not such.

"There are two windows in the chamber. One of them is unobstructed by furniture, and is wholly visible. The lower portion of the other is hidden from view by the head of the unwieldy bedstead which is thrust close up against it. The former was found securely fastened from within. It resisted the utmost force of those who endeavored to raise it. A large gimlet-hole had been pierced in its frame to the left, and a very stout nail was found fitted therein, nearly to the head.

"Upon examining the other window, a similar nail was seen similarly fitted in it; and a vigorous attempt to raise this sash failed also. The police were now entirely satisfied that egress had not been in these directions. And, *therefore,* it was thought a matter of supererogation to withdraw the nails and open the windows.

"My own examination was somewhat more particular, and was so for the reason I have just given—because here it was, I knew, that all apparent impossibilities *must* be proved to be not such in reality.

"I proceeded to think thus—*à posteriori.* The murderers *did* escape from one of these windows. This being so, they could not have re-fastened the sashes from the inside, as they were found fastened;—the consideration which put a stop, through its obviousness, to the scrutiny of the police in this quarter. Yet the sashes *were* fastened. They *must,* then, have the power of fastening themselves. There was no escape from this conclusion. I stepped to the unobstructed casement, withdrew the nail with some difficulty, and attempted to raise the sash. It resisted all my efforts, as I had anticipated.

"A concealed spring must, I now knew, exist; and this corroboration of my idea convinced me that my premises, at least, were correct, however mysterious still appeared the circumstances attending the nails. A careful search soon brought to light the hidden spring. I pressed it, and, satisfied with the discovery, forbore to upraise the sash.

"I now replaced the nail and regarded it attentively. A person passing out through this window might have reclosed it, and the spring would have caught—but the nail could not have been replaced. The conclusion was plain, and again narrowed in the field of my investigations. The assassins *must* have escaped through the other window. Supposing, then, the springs upon each sash to be the same, as was probable, there *must* be found a difference between the nails, or at least between the modes of their fixture.

"Getting upon the sacking of the bedstead, I looked over the head-board minutely at the second casement. Passing my hand down behind the board, I readily discovered and pressed the spring, which was, as I had supposed, identical in character with its neighbor. I now looked at the nail. It was as stout as the other, and apparently fitted in the same manner—driven in nearly up to the head.

"You will say that I was puzzled; but, if you think so, you must have misunderstood the nature of the inductions. To use a sporting phrase, I had not been once 'at fault.' The scent had never for an instant been lost. There was no flaw in any link of the chain. I had traced the secret to its ultimate result—and that result was *the nail.* It had, I say, in every respect, the appearance of its fellow in the other window; but this fact was an absolute nullity (conclusive as it might seem to be) when compared with the consideration that here, at this point, terminated the clue.

"'There *must* be something wrong,' I said, 'about the nail.' I touched it; and the head, with about a quarter of an inch of the shank, came off in my fingers. The rest of the shank was in the gimlet-hole, where it had been broken off. The fracture was an old one (for its edges were incrusted with rust), and had ap-

parently been accomplished by the blow of a hammer, which had partially imbedded, in the top of the bottom sash, the head portion of the nail.

"I now carefully replaced this head portion in the indentation whence I had taken it, and the resemblance to a perfect nail was complete—the fissure was invisible. Pressing the spring, I gently raised the sash for a few inches; the head went up with it, remaining firm in its bed. I closed the window, and the semblance of the whole nail was again perfect.

"The riddle, so far, was now unriddled. The assassin had escaped through the window which looked upon the bed. Dropping of its own accord upon his exit (or perhaps purposely closed), it had become fastened by the spring; and it was the retention of this spring which had been mistaken by the police for that of the nail—further inquiry being thus considered unnecessary.

"The next question is that of the mode of descent. Upon this point I had been satisfied in my walk with you around the building. About five feet and a half from the casement in question there runs a lightning-rod. From this rod it would have been impossible for any one to reach the window itself, to say nothing of entering it. I observed, however, that the shutters of the fourth story were of the peculiar kind called by Parisian carpenters *ferrades*—a kind rarely employed at the present day, but frequently seen upon very old mansions at Lyons and Bordeaux. They are in the form of an ordinary door (a single, not a folding door), except that the lower half is latticed or worked in open trellis—thus affording an excellent hold for the hands.

"In the present instance these shutters are fully three feet and a half broad. When we saw them from the rear of the house, they were both about half open—that is to say, they stood off at right angles from the wall. It is probable that the police, as well as myself, examined the back of the tenement; but, if so, in looking at these *ferrades* in the line of their breadth (as they must have done), they did not perceive this great breadth itself, or, at all events, failed to take it into due consideration.

"In fact, having once satisfied themselves that no egress could have been made in this quarter, they would naturally bestow here a very cursory examination.

"It was clear to me, however, that the shutter belonging to the window at the head of the bed, would, if swung fully back to the wall, reach to within two feet of the lightning-rod. It was also evident that, by exertion of a very unusual degree of activity and courage, an entrance into the window, from the rod, might have been thus effected.—By reaching to the distance of two feet and a half (we now suppose the shutter open to its whole extent) a robber might have taken a firm grasp upon the trellis-work. Letting go, then, his hold upon the rod, placing his feet securely against the wall, and springing boldly from it, he might have swung the shutter so as to close it, and, if we imagine the window open at the time, might even have swung himself into the room.

"I wish you to bear especially in mind that I have spoken of a *very* unusual degree of activity as requisite to success in so hazardous and so difficult a feat. It is my design to show you first, that the thing might possibly have been accomplished:—but, secondly and *chiefly,* I wish to impress upon your understanding the *very extraordinary*—the almost preternatural character of that agility which could have accomplished it.

"You will say, no doubt, using the language of the law, that 'to make out my case,' I should rather undervalue, than insist upon a full estimation of the activity required in this matter. This may be the practice in law, but it is not the usage of reason. My ultimate object is only the truth. My immediate purpose is to lead you to place in juxtaposition, that *very unusual* activity of which I have just spoken, with that *very peculiar* shrill (or harsh) and *unequal* voice, about whose nationality no two persons could be found to agree, and in whose utterance no syllabification could be detected."

At these words a vague and half-formed conception of the meaning of Dupin flitted over my mind. I seemed to be upon the verge of comprehension, without power to comprehend—as men,

at times, find themselves upon the brink of remembrance, without being able, in the end, to remember. My friend went on with his discourse.

"You will see," he said, "that I have shifted the question from the mode of egress to that of ingress. It was my design to convey the idea that both were effected in the same manner, at the same point. Let us now revert to the interior of the room. Let us survey the appearances here. The drawers of the bureau, it is said, had been rifled, although many articles of apparel still remained within them. The conclusion here is absurd. It is a mere guess—a very silly one—and no more. How are we to know that the articles found in the drawers were not all these drawers had originally contained? Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter lived an exceedingly retired life—saw no company—seldom went out—had little use for numerous changes of habiliment. Those found were at least of as good quality as any likely to be possessed by these ladies. If a thief had taken any, why did he not take the best—why did he not take all? In a word, why did he abandon four thousand francs in gold to encumber himself with a bundle of linen? The gold *was* abandoned. Nearly the whole sum mentioned by Monsieur Mignaud, the banker, was discovered, in bags, upon the floor. I wish you, therefore, to discard from your thoughts the blundering idea of *motive*, engendered in the brains of the police by that portion of the evidence which speaks of money delivered at the door of the house.

"Coincidences ten times as remarkable as this (the delivery of the money, and murder committed within three days upon the party receiving it), happen to all of us every hour of our lives, without attracting even momentary notice. Coincidences, in general, are great stumbling-blocks in the way of that class of thinkers who have been educated to know nothing of the theory of probabilities—that theory to which the most glorious objects of human research are indebted for the most glorious of illustration.

"In the present instance, had the gold been gone, the fact of its delivery three days before would have formed something more than a coincidence. It would have been corroborative of this idea of motive. But, under the real circumstances of the case, if we are to suppose gold the motive of this outrage, we must also imagine the perpetrator so vacillating an idiot as to have abandoned his gold and his motive together.

"Keeping now steadily in mind the points to which I have drawn your attention—that peculiar voice, that unusual agility, and that startling absence of motive in a murder so singularly atrocious as this—let us glance at the butchery itself. Here is a woman strangled to death by manual strength, and thrust up a chimney, head downward. Ordinary assassins employ no such modes of murder as this. Least of all, do they thus dispose of the murdered.

"In the manner of thrusting the corpse up the chimney, you will admit that there was something *excessively outré*—something altogether irreconcilable with our common notions of human action, even when we suppose the actors the most depraved of men. Think, too, how great must have been that strength which could have thrust the body *up* such an aperture so forcibly that the united vigor of several persons was found barely sufficient to drag it *down!*

"Turn, now, to other indications of the employment of a vigor most marvelous. On the hearth were thick tresses—very thick tresses—of gray human hair. These had been torn out by the roots. You are aware of the great force necessary in tearing thus from the head even twenty or thirty hairs together. You saw the locks in question as well as myself. Their roots (a hideous sight!) were clotted with fragments of the flesh of the scalp—sure token of the prodigious power which had been exerted in uprooting perhaps half a million of hairs at a time.

"The throat of the old lady was not merely cut, but the head absolutely severed from the body: the instrument was a mere razor. I wish you also to look at the *brutal* ferocity of these deeds. Of the bruises upon the body of Madame L'Espanaye I do not speak. Monsieur Dumas, and his worthy coadjutor, Monsieur Etienne, have pronounced that they were inflicted by some obtuse instrument;

and so far these gentlemen are very correct. The obtuse instrument was clearly the stone pavement in the yard, upon which the victim had fallen from the window which looked in upon the bed. This idea, however simple it may now seem, escaped the police for the same reason that the breadth of the shutters escaped them—because, by the affair of the nails, their perceptions had been hermetically sealed against the possibility of the windows having ever been opened at all.

"If now, in addition to all these things, you have properly reflected upon the odd disorder of the chamber, we have gone so far as to combine the ideas of an agility astounding, a strength superhuman, a ferocity brutal, a butchery without motive, a *grotesquerie* in horror absolutely alien from humanity, and a voice foreign in tone to the ears of men of many nations, and devoid of all distinct or intelligible syllabification. What result, then, has ensued? What impression have I made upon your fancy?"

I felt a creeping of the flesh as Dupin asked me the question.

"A madman," I said, "has done this deed—some raving maniac, escaped from a neighboring *maison de santé.*"

"In some respects," he replied, "your idea is not irrelevant. But the voices of madmen, even in their wildest paroxysms, are never found to tally with that peculiar voice heard upon the stairs. Madmen are of some nation, and their language, however incoherent in its words, has always the coherence of syllabification. Besides, the hair of a madman is not such as I now hold in my hand. I disentangled this little tuft from the rigidly clutched fingers of Madame L'Espanaye. Tell me what you can make of it."

"Dupin!" I said, completely unnerved; "this hair is most unusual—this is no *human* hair."

"I have not asserted that it is," said he; "but, before we decide this point, I wish you to glance at the little sketch I have here traced upon this paper. It is a *fac-simile* drawing of what has been described in one portion of the testimony as 'dark bruises, and deep indentations of finger-nails,' upon the throat of Mademoiselle L'Espanaye, and in another (by Messrs. Dumas and Etienne), as a 'series of livid spots, evidently the impression of fingers.'

"You will perceive," continued my friend, spreading out the paper upon the table before us, "that this drawing gives the idea of a firm and fixed hold. There is no *slipping* apparent. Each finger has retained—possibly until the death of the victim—the fearful grasp by which it originally imbedded itself. Attempt, now, to place all your fingers, at the same time, in the respective impressions as you see them."

I made the attempt in vain.

"We are possibly not giving this matter a fair trial," he said. "The paper is spread out upon a plane surface; but the human throat is cylindrical. Here is a billet of wood, the circumference of which is about that of the throat. Wrap the drawing around it, and try the experiment again."

I did so; but the difficulty was even more obvious than before.

"This," I said, "is the mark of no human hand."

"Read now," replied Dupin, "this passage from Cuvier."

It was a minute anatomical and generally descriptive account of the large fulvous Orang-utan of the East Indian Islands. The gigantic stature, the prodigious strength and activity, the wild ferocity, and the imitative propensities of these mammalia are sufficiently well known to all. I understood the full horrors of the murder at once.

"The description of the digits," said I, as I made an end of reading, "is in exact accordance with this drawing. I see that no animal but an Orang-utan of the species here mentioned, could have impressed the indentations as you have traced them. This tuft of tawny hair, too, is identical in character with that of the beast of Cuvier. But I cannot possibly comprehend the particulars of this frightful mystery. Besides, there were *two* voices heard in contention, and one of them was unquestionably the voice of a Frenchman."

"True; and you will remember an expression attributed almost unanimously, by the evidence, to this voice—the expression, '*mon Dieu!*' This, under the

circumstances, has been justly characterized by one of the witnesses (Montani, the confectioner), as an expression of remonstrance or expostulation. Upon these two words, therefore, I have mainly built my hopes of a full solution of the riddle.

"A Frenchman was cognizant of the murder. It is possible—indeed it is far more than probable—that he was innocent of all participation in the bloody transactions which took place. The Orang-utan may have escaped from him. He may have traced it to the chamber; but, under the agitating circumstances which ensued, he could never have recaptured it. It is still at large.

"I will not pursue these guesses—for I have no right to call them more—since the shades of reflection upon which they are based are scarcely of sufficient depth to be appreciable by my own intellect, and since I could not pretend to make them intelligible to the understanding of another. We will call them guesses then, and speak of them as such. If the Frenchman in question is indeed, as I suppose, innocent of this atrocity, this advertisement, which I left last night, upon our return home, at the office of *Le Monde* (a paper devoted to the shipping interest, and much sought by sailors), will bring him to our residence."

He handed me a paper, and I read thus:

CAUGHT—*In the Bois de Boulogne, early in the morning of the——inst.* (the morning of the murder), *a very large, tawny Orang-utan of the Bornese species. The owner* (*who is ascertained to be a sailor, belonging to a Maltese vessel*), *may have the animal again, upon identifying it satisfactorily, and paying a few charges arising from its capture and keeping. Call at No.——, Rue——, Faubourg St. Germain—au troisième.*

"How was it possible," I asked, "that you should know the man to be a sailor, and belonging to a Maltese vessel?"

"I do *not* know it," said Dupin. "I am not *sure* of it. Here, however, is a small piece of ribbon, which from its form, and from its greasy appearance, has evidently been used in tying the hair in one of those long *queues* of which sailors are so fond. Moreover, this knot is one which few besides sailors can tie, and is peculiar to the Maltese. I picked the ribbon up at the foot of the lightning-rod. It could not have belonged to either of the deceased. Now if, after all, I am wrong in my induction from this ribbon, that the Frenchman was a sailor belonging to a Maltese vessel, still I can have done no harm in saying what I did in the advertisement. If I am in error, h will merely suppose that I have been misled by some circumstance into which he will not take the trouble to inquire. But if I am right, a great point is gained.

"Cognizant, although innocent of the murder, the Frenchman will naturally hesitate about replying to the advertisement—about demanding the Orang-utan. He will reason thus:—'I am innocent; I am poor; my Orang-utan is of great value—to one in my circumstances a fortune of itself—why should I lose it through idle apprehensions of danger? Here it is, within my grasp. It was found in the Bois de Boulogne—at a vast distance from the scene of that butchery. How can it ever be suspected that a brute beast should have done the deed? The police are at fault—they have failed to procure the slightest clue. Should they even trace th. animal, it would be impossible to prove me cognizant of the murder, or to implicate me in guilt on account of that cognizance. Above all, *I am known.* The advertiser designates me as the possessor of the beast. I am not sure to what limit his knowledge may extend. Should I avoid claiming a property of so great value, which it is known that I possess, I will render the animal, at least, liable to suspicion. It is not my policy to attract attention either to myself or to the beast. I will answer the advertisement, get the Orang-utan, and keep it close until this matter has blown over."

At this moment we heard a step upon the stairs.

"Be ready," said Dupin, "with your pistols, but neither use them nor show them until at a signal from myself."

The front door of the house had been left open, and the visitor had entered, without ringing, and advanced several

steps upon the staircase. Now, however, he seemed to hesitate. Presently we heard him descending. Dupin was moving quickly to the door, when we again heard him coming up. He did not turn back a second time, but stepped up with decision, and rapped at the door of our chamber.

"Come in," said Dupin, in a cheerful and hearty tone.

A man entered. He was a sailor, evidently—a tall, stout, and muscular-looking person, with a certain daredevil expression of countenance, not altogether unprepossessing. His face, greatly sunburnt, was more than half hidden by whisker and *mustachio*. He had with him a huge oaken cudgel, but appeared to be otherwise unarmed. He bowed awkwardly, and bade us "good evening," in French accents, which, although somewhat Neufchatelish, were still sufficiently indicative of a Parisian origin.

"Sit down, my friend," said Dupin. "I suppose you have called about the Orang-utan. Upon my word, I almost envy you the possession of him; a remarkably fine, and no doubt a very valuable animal. How old do you suppose him to be?"

The sailor drew a long breath, with the air of a man relieved of some intolerable burden, and then replied, in an assured tone:

"I have no way of telling—but he can't be more than four or five years old. Have you got him here?"

"Oh, no; we had no conveniences for keeping him here. He is at a livery stable in the Rue Dubourg, just by. You can get him in the morning. Of course you are prepared to identity the property?"

"To be sure I am, sir."

"I shall be sorry to part with him," said Dupin.

"I don't mean that you should be at all this trouble for nothing, sir," said the man. "Couldn't expect it. Am very willing to pay a reward for the finding of the animal—that is to say, anything in reason."

"Well," replied my friend, "that is all very fair, to be sure. Let me think!—what should I have? Oh! I will tell you. My reward shall be this. You shall give me all the information in your power about these murders in the Rue Morgue."

Dupin said the last words in a very low tone, and very quietly. Just as quietly, too, he walked toward the door, locked it, and put the key in his pocket. He then drew a pistol from his bosom and placed it, without the least flurry, upon the table.

The sailor's face flushed up as if he were struggling with suffocation. He started to his feet and grasped his cudgel; but the next moment he fell back into his seat, trembling violently, and with the countenance of death itself. He spoke not a word. I pitied him from the bottom of my heart.

"My friend," said Dupin, in a kind tone, "you are alarming yourself unnecessarily—you are indeed. We mean you no harm whatever. I pledge you the honor of a gentleman, and of a Frenchman, that we intend you no injury. I perfectly well know that you are innocent of the atrocities in the Rue Morgue. It will not do, however, to deny that you are in some measure implicated in them. From what I have already said, you must know that I have had means of information about this matter—means of which you could never have dreamed.

"Now the thing stands thus. You have done nothing which you could have avoided—nothing, certainly, which renders you culpable. You were not even guilty of robbery, when you might have robbed with impunity. You have nothing to conceal. You have no reason for concealment. On the other hand, you are bound by every principle of honor to confess all you know. An innocent man is now imprisoned, charged with that crime of which you can point out the perpetrator."

The sailor had recovered his presence of mind, in a great measure, while Dupin uttered these words; but his original boldness of bearing was all gone.

"So help me God," said he, after a brief pause, "I *will* tell you all I know about this affair—but I do not expect you to believe one-half I say—I would be a fool indeed if I did. Still, I *am* innocent, and I will make a clean breast if I die for it."

What he stated was, in substance,

this: He had lately made a voyage to the Indian Archipelago. A party, of which he formed one, landed at Borneo, and passed into the interior on an excursion of pleasure. Himself and a companion had captured the Orang-utan. This companion dying, the animal fell into his own exclusive possession. After great trouble, occasioned by the intractable ferocity of his captive during the home voyage, he at length succeeded in lodging it safely at his own residence in Paris, where, not to attract toward himself the unpleasant curiosity of his neighbors, he kept it carefully secluded, until such time as it should recover from a wound in the foot, received from a splinter on board ship. His ultimate design was to sell it.

Returning home from some sailors' frolic on the night, or rather in the morning of the murder, he found the beast occupying his own bedroom, into which it had broken from a closet adjoining, where it had been, as was thought, securely confined. Razor in hand, and fully lathered, it was sitting before a looking-glass, attempting the operation of shaving, in which it had no doubt previously watched its master through the keyhole of the closet.

Terrified at the sight of so dangerous a weapon in the possession of an animal so ferocious, and so well able to use it, the man, for some moments, was at a loss what to do. He had been accustomed, however, to quiet the creature, even in its fiercest moods, by the use of a whip, and to this he now resorted. Upon sight of it, the Orang-utan sprang at once through the door of the chamber, down the stairs, and thence, through a window, unfortunately open, into the street.

The Frenchman followed in despair; the ape, razor still in hand, occasionally stopping to look back and gesticulate at its pursuer, until the latter had nearly come up with it. It then again made off. In this manner the chase continued for a long time. The streets were profoundly quiet, as it was nearly three o'clock in the morning. In passing down an alley in the rear of the Rue Morgue, the fugitive's attention was arrested by a light gleaming from the open window of Madame L'Espanaye's chamber, in the fourth story of her house.

Rushing to the building, it perceived the lightning-rod, clambered up with inconceivable agility, grasped the shutter, which was thrown fully back against the wall, and, by its means, swung itself directly upon the headboard of the bed. The whole feat did not occupy a minute. The shutter was kicked open again by the Orang-utan, as it entered the room.

The sailor, in the meantime, was both rejoiced and perplexed. He had strong hopes of now recapturing the brute, as it could scarcely escape from the trap into which it had ventured, except by the rod, where it might be intercepted as it came down. On the other hand, there was much cause for anxiety as to what it might do in the house. This latter reflection urged the man still to follow the fugitive.

A lightning-rod is ascended without difficulty, especially by a sailor; but, when he had arrived as high as the window, which lay far to his left, his career was stopped; the most that he could accomplish was to reach over so as to obtain a glimpse of the interior of the room. At this glimpse he nearly fell from his hold through excess of horror. Now it was that those hideous shrieks arose upon the night, which had startled from slumber the inmates of the Rue Morgue.

Madame L'Espanaye and her daughter, habited in their night clothes, had apparently been occupied in arranging some papers in the iron chest already mentioned, which had been wheeled into the middle of the room. It was open, and its contents lay beside it on the floor. The victims must have been sitting with their backs toward the window; and, from the time elapsing between the ingress of the beast and the screams, it seems probable that it was not immediately perceived. The flapping-to of the shutter would naturally have been attributed to the wind.

As the sailor looked in, the gigantic animal had seized Madame L'Espanaye by the hair (which was loose, as she had been combing it), and was flourishing the razor about her face, in imitation of the motions of a barber. The daughter lay prostrate and motionless; she had swooned.

The screams and struggles of the old lady (during which the hair was torn from her head) had the effect of changing the probably pacific purposes of the Orang-utan into those of wrath. With one determined sweep of its muscular arm it nearly severed her head from her body. The sight of blood inflamed its anger into frenzy. Gnashing its teeth, and flashing fire from its eyes, it flew upon the body of the girl, and imbedded its fearful talons in her throat, retaining its grasp until she expired. Its wandering and wild glances fell at this moment upon the head of the bed, over which the face of his master, rigid with horror, was just discernible.

The fury of the beast, who no doubt bore still in mind the dreaded whip, was instantly converted into fear. Conscious of having deserved punishment, it seemed desirous of concealing its bloody deeds, and skipped about the chamber in an agony of nervous agitation; throwing down and breaking the furniture as it moved, and dragging the bed from the bedstead. In conclusion, it seized first the corpse of the daughter, and thrust it up the chimney, as it was found; then that of the old lady, which it immediately hurled through the window headlong.

As the ape approached the casement with its mutilated burden, the sailor shrank aghast to the rod, and, rather gliding than clambering down it, hurried at once home—dreading the consequences of the butchery, and gladly abandoning, in his terror, all solicitude about the fate of the Orang-utan. The words heard by the party upon the staircase were the Frenchman's exclamations of horror and affright, commingled with the fiendish jabberings of the brute.

I have scarcely anything to add. The Orang-utan must have escaped from the chamber, by the rod, just before the breaking of the door. It must have closed the window as it passed through it. It was subsequently caught by the owner himself, who obtained for it a very large sum at the Jardin des Plantes. Le Bon was instantly released, upon our narration of the circumstances (with some comments from Dupin) at the bureau of the Prefect of Police. This functionary, however well disposed to my friend, could not altogether conceal his chagrin at the turn which affairs had taken, and was fain to indulge in a sarcasm or two about the propriety of every person minding his own business.

"Let him talk," said Dupin, who had not thought it necessary to reply. "Let him discourse; it will ease his conscience. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means that matter for wonder which he supposes it; for, in truth, our friend the Prefect is somewhat too cunning to be profound. In his wisdom is no *stamen*. It is all head and no body, like the pictures of the Goddess Laverna—or, at best, all head and shoulders, like a codfish. But he is a good creature after all. I like him specially for one masterstroke of cant, by which he has attained his reputation. I mean the way he has '*de nier ce qui est, et d'expliquer ce qui n'est pas.*'"

THE ORIGIN OF TWO FAMILIAR PROVERBS—It was the habit of the great Greek painter, Apelles, never to let a day pass, however busy he chanced to be, without practising his hand by tracing the outline of some object—a custom which has now passed into a proverb ("No day without a line"). He also made it a rule, when he had finished a canvas, to exhibit it to the view of those who visited his studio, while he himself, hidden behind the picture, would listen to their comments. It is said that once a shoemaker censured him for having painted a pair of shoes with one latchet too few. Next day the shoemaker, revisiting the studio, saw that the painter had corrected the mistake. He then began to criticize the leg of the portrait; upon which Apelles came forward and reminded him that a shoemaker should not go beyond the shoes—a piece of advice which has also crystallized into a proverb ("Let the cobbler stick to his last").

—*Pliny the Elder* (23—79 A.D.).

GOOD-BY.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

GOOD-BY, proud world! I'm going home:
Thou'rt not my friend, and I'm not thine.
Long through thy weary crowds I roam;
A river-ark on the ocean brine,
Long I've been tossed like the driven foam;
But now, proud world! I'm going home.

Good-by to Flattery's fawning face;
To Grandeur, with its wise grimace;
To upstart Wealth's averted eye;
To supple Office, low and high;
To crowded halls, to court, and street;
To frozen hearts and hasting feet;
To those who go, and those who come;
Good-by, proud world! I'm going home.

I'm going to my own hearth-stone,
Bosomed in yon green hills alone,
A secret nook in a pleasant land,
Whose groves the frolic fairies planned;
Where arches green, the livelong day,
Echo the blackbird's roundelay,
And vulgar feet have never trod
A spot that is sacred to thought and God.

Oh, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and the pride of man,
At the sophist schools, and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

THE SCRAP BOOK

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CONCORD—APRIL 19.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

A Hymn Sung at the Dedication of the Monument at Concord, Massachusetts, April 19, 1836, on the Sixty-First Anniversary of the Engagement that Marked the Opening of the Revolutionary War.

BY the rude bridge that arched the flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And Time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set to-day a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
To die, or leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and thee.

HUMORS OF ALL FOOLS' DAY.

Poems Dealing with the Curious Relationship That Exists between Folly and Wisdom.

AN ANALOGY.

WOMEN and April often are compared,
To know the reason does not take much schooling;
The lover who now finds his heart ensnared
Remembers this is the great month for fooling.

New York Evening Sun.

* * * *

THE AVERAGE MAN.

By McLandburgh Wilson.

THERE lay upon the pavement
A bulging pocketbook;
He side-stepped, when he saw it,
With wise and crafty look.

Upon the phone they asked him
To call up "Twenty-three."
He hung up the receiver
And smiled in cunning glee.

All efforts to entrap him
He met with manner cool
And pardonably boasted
He was no April fool.

But, like the rest of mankind,
When all was said and done,
He showed himself quite plainly
A January, February, March, May, June, July, August, September, October, November, and December one.

New York Sun.

* * * *

THE STORY OF JOHN HENRY.

By S. Williams.

JOHN HENRY saw a chocolate cream,
And to his mouth transferred it cool;
Then yelled, "Red pepper!" sneezed, and cried,
"Boo-hoo!" 'Twas just an April Fool.

As Johnny slowly made his way
Up to the little country school,
He stooped to get a *pocketbook,*
But found 'twas just an April Fool.

Later he saw a bright-red top
Lying beside a little pool,
But when he jumped to pick it up
It jumped! 'Twas just an April Fool.

The teacher sat down at his desk,
But left, *prestissimo,* his stool;
Johnny, an expert, there had put
A tack—'twas just an April Fool.

John Henry then his lesson learned—
A lesson that was done by rule;
Just what it was, no matter now,
But it was not an April Fool.

* * * *

'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE.

By Marion Douglas.

THE April fools! The April fools!
What happy folk are they!
The white flowers deck the cherry-boughs,
And daffodils are gay.
The bluebird calls, the redbreast sings,
The blackbird pipes all day,
And they believe—the silly things!—
That birds and flowers will stay.
'Tis wind and frost and scorching skies
That make the April fools grow wise!

The April fools! The April fools!
What happy folk are they!
They're light of head and light of heart,
And dance the hours away!
Young Love, with fluttering purple wings,
Blithe Hope for them is new;
And they believe—the trustful things!—
That all they say is true!
Sweet simpletons! But who would frown
And shake their air-built castles down?
For dark were life, and full of sighs,
Should all its April fools grow wise.

Talks With Our Readers.

In this Department the Editor of THE SCRAP BOOK Answers Letters, Replies to Criticisms, and Chats Informally With Those Who Read the Magazine.

A CORRESPONDENT, writing from Kalamazoo, Michigan, asks a question which we answer with pleasure:

It would be appreciated if you would explain in THE SCRAP BOOK the origin of the legal expressions "admitted to the bar" and "before the bar."

Some Legal Questions.

These terms are of English origin. The "bar" in question is the barrier or railing which separates the judge and the other officers of the court from the rest of the court-room. In earlier days, the parties to a suit presented themselves before this bar, accompanied by their counsel. A lawyer, after keeping the required number of terms at the Inns of Court, and passing a satisfactory examination, was then entitled to appear before the bar on behalf of a client, or, in other words, he was "admitted to the bar." The English word "barrister" suggests the technical meaning of this word.

LEGAL questions seem to be interesting a good many of our correspondents at the present time. Here, for instance, is a letter from a gentleman in Asheville, North Carolina, which we print in full:

Law, Written and Unwritten.

As a lawyer I should like to except to your definition of "unwritten" law in the February number, as misleading. You say "an unwritten law is that which derives its force from the practically unanimous sentiment of any community, when it has not been formulated by any legislative body and set upon the statute book."

Now, historically speaking, the ancient law of England was divided into the *lex scripta* and the *lex non scripta*. The latter, or unwritten law, was supposed to reside in the "breath of the judge." It grew up from immemorial custom, and some of our States to-day have no written statute defining larceny, arson, etc., but only the punishment therefor, the definition being well known for centuries. The "unwritten law" which your correspondent wants to know about is something entirely different. A sentiment which condones the illegal hanging of a horse-thief without trial when the statute prescribes something else, is not law, but rather anti-law, because it is a well-settled rule of construction that the *lex scripta* when enacted always supersedes the unwritten law.

A more accurate definition of the term "unwritten law," in the sense in which the Altoona lady no doubt means to use the term, would be a custom generally accepted by the community which permits or condones a punishment for an offense, which punishment is contrary to the law of the land.

The distinction which this gentleman makes between the written and the unwritten law is, of course, historically correct, and represents the strictly legal view, though what he calls "unwritten law" is more usually known as the "common law." The question, however, which we answered in the February number was

taken by us to refer to the popular and not the technical use of the term "unwritten law," and our answer was given accordingly.

ANOTHER lawyer, residing in Livingston, Montana, makes another objection to what we said about the unwritten law. His letter runs as follows :

Law and Order, East and West.

I must take exception to the statement in your February issue that "in some parts of the West public sentiment justifies and inflicts the death penalty for horse-stealing or for 'cattle-rustling.'" The crude state of law and order which you infer still obtains in the West has long since passed away. A man accused of either of the crimes you mention is in as much danger of being lynched in a Western State as he would be in Rhode Island.

The typical Western novel or play, which delineates conditions that may have existed a few decades ago in the romantic "wild and woolly," is hardly to be taken as an exponent of life in the present great and growing West. That is a popular delusion which needs to be corrected, instead of fostered by such an illusion as you made in your editorial.

Of course, what we said with regard to lynching in the West was purely for the sake of illustration. We are glad to accept the assurance of our correspondent that in these days no one is ever lynched in any of the Western States—a happy state of things which we could wish to see established in the East.

FROM Austin, Texas, comes the following brief but earnest question:

Do you believe in dreams?

Naturally we believe in dreams, for we have often had them. This answer is not so frivolous as it may appear, since there are persons who never dream at all.

Does Every One Dream?

Professor Hugo Münsterberg, of Harvard University, for example, is quoted as having said that never in his life did he consciously have the experience of dreaming. Students of the psychology of dreams believe, on the other hand, that every one must dream, but that the memory of these dreams is often lost as soon as one awakes from sleep.

As to the question of the relation between the impressions of a sleeper's brain and the events of actual life, previous or subsequent, the subject is too difficult to be treated here.

ANOTHER question is asked by a reader in Walkerville, Ontario.

In the article "How Nations Came by Their Nicknames," appearing in the February number of THE SCRAP BOOK, do you not also make use of a nickname in alluding to the citizens of China as "Celestials"; and, if so, what is its origin?

The Chinese are called Celestials because China is known as the Celestial Empire. It is so described because the Chinese call it *Tien Chao,* or "Heavenly Dynasty." The emperor is also sometimes styled "The Brother of the Sun and Moon."

A QUESTION of literary chronology is raised by a lady who writes us from Columbus, Ohio, as follows :

In the December issue of your publication you say that Mrs. Browning was born in the year 1806. Isn't that a mistake? So far as I know, she was born in 1809, and her husband, Robert Browning, in 1815. They were married in 1845, when he was thirty, she

thirty-six years old. Although I have no reference at hand, I think that I am not mistaken.

When Was Mrs. Browning Born?

The date of Mrs. Browning's birth was a matter of controversy until quite recently. The older works of reference give it as 1809 and so does Ingram in his life of Mrs. Browning (Boston, 1888). This opinion was based solely upon reference. On the other hand, her husband, in a letter published after her death, spoke of her as having been born in 1806. This latter date was proved to be correct by an examination of the records of the parish in which she was born, and so the controversy no longer exists. Our correspondent is right in saying that Browning was six years younger than his wife ; but the date which she assigns to his birth is incorrect. He was born at Camberwell, London, on May 7, 1812, and not in 1815.

We gladly publish the following letter from a lady in Salisbury, North Carolina :

A Descendant of John Carver.

I regret having been so long in writing you in regard to "The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers," which article appeared in your Scrap Book of October or November, 1906, wherein it was stated that John Carver, first governor of Plymouth, died without an heir. My Colonial Dame papers refer to Bradford's "History of the Plymouth Plantations" (pages 89, 90), in "Plymouth Colony Records," Vol. I, pp. 2, 3, 9, 27, 33, 36; Vol. V, p. 34.

The Hon. John Howland, known as "The Beloved Pilgrim," etc., married Elizabeth Tilly, daughter of John Tilly, and granddaughter of John Carver, first governor of Plymouth. Being a descendant of these parties, I could not overlook the mistake, and would appreciate the correction being made.

In the February number of this magazine we reprinted with some other light verse the lines entitled "When Pop Unwinds His Wallet," without ascribing it to its author, inasmuch as we had found it unsigned. It gives us great pleasure to say now that it was written by Mr. Horace Seymour Keller of Utica, New York, who is well known as a successful writer of humorous verse.

Another attempt to explain Mrs. Browning's enigmatical poem comes to us from a magistrate in Hamilton, Ontario.

"The Best Thing in the World."

Your article in the February Scrap Book makes it appear that you are disappointed with your correspondents with reference to the lines of Mrs. Browning appearing in the December issue, the last two of which are enigmatical, viz. :

"What's the best thing in the world?
Something out of it, I think."

I have always thought there was only one solution to the meaning of this question and answer, and that was by taking either the letter I or the letter T out of the word "it." Either is suggestive—one of self, generally dearest of all things in the world, or "tea," which many a woman would sacrifice a great deal rather than be without.

Several further inquiries for missing gems of literature have come to us. In some instances we have been able to give our correspondents the information they desired; in other cases we have to admit that we are puzzled, and should be glad

to have the assistance of any reader who can help us. Here, for example, is a letter from Oswego, New York :

"Shakespeare at Rocky Gulch."

I desire asking a personal favor of you. Some years ago I picked up in a hotel in Idaho a copy of what I remember as the *Northwestern Magazine*—possibly I am mistaken in the title. In it was a short skit which I consider the wittiest short skit I ever read. It was entitled "Shakespeare at Rocky Gulch." I believe it was by that admirable writer, William Wallace Cook.

Mr. Cook, to whom this letter has been referred, informs us that he does not recollect having written such a story. Perhaps, therefore, some of our readers can supply the missing information.

The second inquiry comes from Columbus, Ohio :

I am a constant reader of THE SCRAP BOOK, and I want to inquire about an old book that I read fifty years ago, "The Pirates' Own Book." It was of about six or seven hundred pages, octavo size, containing the life of Kidd, of Vincent Benevides, of the Ladrone pirates, and of Chinese pirates—in short, the history of all the pirates of the world. The book was circulated mostly on the steamboats on the Western rivers. At that time these boats were the chief modes of travel.

We must confess that we cannot at present answer this interesting question. If there happens to be among our readers any specialist in piracy and piratical literature, or any former pirate who has retired from business, whatever information he may give on the subject of this book will be thankfully received no less by ourselves than by our correspondent in Columbus. He also asks about another work entitled "Lives of Highwaymen," and about a pamphlet published in 1856, called "Desperadoes of the New World," by one Charles Summerfield, of Texas.

The Literature of Piracy.

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WE had supposed that "Crazy Lulu" was finally restored to the legal gentleman in Tekamah, Nebraska, through the kind offices of a reader whose letter was published in our last issue. It appears, however, that this affair is not wholly settled as yet. A clergyman writes us to inquire whether the aforesaid legal gentleman is not mistaken about the young person's name. He writes :

Two Demented Young Ladies.

Is not the poem in question one called "Crazy Agnes," which I wrote at about the time to which he refers?

We really cannot take the responsibility of answering this question. The whole thing is getting much too complicated. Whether she was Agnes or Lulu we do not know. The only fact that seems to be thoroughly established is that the lady was not quite right in her mind.

❧ ❧ ❧

A SUBSCRIBER in Meriden, Connecticut, sends us the following inquiry:

Can you tell me who invented the universal language called Esperanto? Also, can you give me an outline of the language? I hear a great deal about it in these days, and wish that THE SCRAP BOOK would supply some information.

Esperanto was invented by a Russian scholar named Zamenhof, who about 1887 put forth a sketch of it over a pseudonym, "Dr. Esperanto" ("Dr. Hopeful"). This sketch was translated into English by an American named Phillips, and was published in this country in 1889. In 1891, Zamenhof published at Nuremberg a more elaborate work, which is the basis of all the books that have since been written on the subject. The space at our disposal does not permit us to summarize the principles of the language here; but we refer our questioner to the book by J. O'Connor, entitled "Esperanto; The Universal Language," which appeared from

The Esperanto Movement.

the press of the F. H. Revell Company in New York in 1903. This book contains a grammar of the language, a collection of practical exercises in its use, and two vocabularies.

We have under consideration the establishment of a department in this magazine relating to Esperanto, and we should be glad to learn from our readers whether they would be interested in such a department.

* * *

AN Iowan who signs himself "Boswell" has a grievance, and also a touch of hero-worship, both of which are apparent in a letter which he has written to us and which we proceed to publish at full length:

Iowa's Doughty Governor.

In the January number of THE SCRAP BOOK there is to be seen this heading, "What January will bring." I fail to find enumerated therein anything about Iowa. It is true that a Governor was installed in office in this State. It is true that he is a Republican, and it is true that he has probably more enemies in his own party, and more partizans following his banner, than any other individual in American politics to-day. As an orator, he is second to none in the United States, and we have heard New England's and the South's matchless orators. As a lawyer, this Iowa Governor, ere he entered politics, stood at the very head of his profession, and was acknowledged to be one of the ablest jury lawyers in the State that produced a Dillon, a Wright, a Cole, and a Wilson. As a politician, he has already shown that the nation's ablest are but ponds (*sic*) compared with this prince of political diplomats. Senator Elkins will second this statement.

This Governor's speech on the field of Andersonville Prison was one of the most eloquent ever delivered in the world. His pen utterances and reviews show him to be a man of the highest brain-power, skilled in mental resources. In personal appearance he is to-day probably the handsomest man in public life in the world. His voice has all the charms of a beautiful woman's, and his eyes the liquid depths of a deer's of the forest. In personal courage he has led the forlorn hope, faced frightful odds, rallied the flagging line, caught up the trailing banner and carried it by his own power and valor to victory. The name of this man and Governor is Albert B. Cummins. I presume you never heard of him.

Naturally, we have heard of him. It is rather cruel to suppose that we have never heard of a prince of political diplomats, in comparison with whom the nation's ablest are but ponds. (A striking metaphor, that!) Our failure to mention the inauguration of the Governor of Iowa was due to an oversight which we greatly regret. In fact, we have discontinued the department of announcements, for the reason that we found it practically impossible to secure, sufficiently far in advance, material that would be of interest in the West and South. But surely, Governor Cummins has lost nothing by our omission, since that omission has called forth so glowingly eloquent a tribute from "Boswell." We can honestly say that we have never read any more remarkable piece of rhetoric.

* * *

HERE is a question which is often asked but which we are requested once again to answer:

Is it correct to talk about a "Welsh rabbit," or should it be "Welsh rarebit"? I have an impression that this question may have come up before, but I don't know how the best authorities have decided it.

The best authorities are somewhat cautious about deciding it in a positive way. We believe, however, that "Welsh rabbit" was the original form. Toasted cheese is proverbially a dainty that is relished by the Welsh; and so this article of diet was humorously called a Welsh rabbit just as frogs are sometimes spoken of as "French chickens," and as codfish are often styled "Cape Cod turkeys." Later on, some purist without any sense of humor and with a fondness for etymology probably came along and invented the explanation that "rabbit" was corrupted from "rarebit."

Welsh Rabbit Or Rarebit?

"HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP."

AMONG the shorter poems of Mrs. Browning, there is perhaps none which has appealed so strongly to so many readers as the one which is here republished. Its quiet beauty, its simplicity and serenity, joined with a deep yet calm solemnity, have made its words sink down into the hearts of many thousands. In it are conveyed spiritual comfort and a sense of rest. One feels on reading it as if he had been soothed by the touch of a gentle hand. Its form is also far more nearly perfect than the form of many other of its author's writings. The title was taken by Mrs. Browning from the One Hundred and Twenty-Seventh Psalm, where one finds the words: "It is vain for you to rise up early, to sit up late, to eat the bread of sorrows: for so He giveth his beloved sleep."

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this?—
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,.
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole earth blasted for our sake.—
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no tune to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep;

But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Oh, earth, so full of dreary noises!
Oh, men with wailing in your voices!
Oh, delvèd gold the wailers heap!
Oh, strife, oh, curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His belovèd sleep.

His dews drop mutely on the hill,
His cloud above it saileth still,
Though on its slope men sow and reap,
More softly than the dew is shed,
Or cloud is floated overhead,
He giveth His belovèd sleep.

Aye, men may wonder while they scan
A living, thinking, feeling man
Confirmed in such a rest to keep;
But angels say—and through the word
I think their happy smile is heard—
"He giveth His belovèd sleep."

For me, my heart that erst did go
Most like a tired child at a show,
That sees through tears the mummers leap,
Would now its wearied vision close,
Would childlike on His love repose
Who giveth His belovèd sleep.

And friends, dear friends, when it shall be
That this low breath is gone from me,
And round my bier ye come to weep,
Let one most loving of you all
Say, "Not a tear must o'er her fall!
He giveth His belovèd sleep."

A NEW POWER IN PHILANTHROPY.

The General Education Board, With the Disposal of Nearly Fifty Million Dollars, Is a Body That Seems Destined to Affect the Future of Education in America —Incidentally It May Help Rockefeller to Outgive Carnegie.

THE General Education Board was but little heard of until recently, and indeed came into existence no longer ago than 1902; yet, after four years of unostentatious growth, it has become the most powerful educational body in the United States to-day. It is not a school; it is a committee whose function is to found, help, and maintain schools and colleges. It is powerful because of its financial equipment, which enables it to work on a very large scale.

The board consists of a dozen men, mostly well-known American educators and philanthropists. Most of its money has come from John D. Rockefeller.

The average American is proud of the schools of his town, and the colleges of his State, and has reason to be. None the less, there is ample room for educational improvement along the lines contemplated by the board. Only the student of education can know the whole country's educational problems; to him only is it evident how unequally learning is dispensed in various parts of the United States, and how many are the special needs that go unprovided.

That the General Education Board should concern itself with the actual conduct of general education is, of course, not to be expected, for that would be a task too vast for even its means. But it should attain a full measure of usefulness in the work of furthering the neglected lines of instruction, or, to phrase it as the matter may have struck Mr. Rockefeller, in handling the by-products of the educational mill.

The most imposing educational occurrence of the day it not without a striking personal feature for its cause, in the motive of the chief donor. The board may be called the agent for carrying out the donations of Mr. Rockefeller, who is represented in its membership by Frederick C. Gates, for many years his almoner, and by his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The great financier has thus taken up the board as a weapon in his remarkable contest with Andrew Carnegie as a giver of millions.

Rivalry between the two men who are reputed the richest living Americans has been growing keen for some time—long enough for the total of each wholesale almoner to run up to the hundred-million-dollar mark. The authoritative periodical on philanthropy, *Charities*, thus sums up the present condition of the movement to which Mr. Rockefeller gives the support of his capacious purse:

By April 1, the General Education Board will have an endowment that will make it one of the richest educational institutions in the United States, for John D. Rockefeller has announced that he will turn over to it income bearing securities worth thirty-two millions of dollars. One-third of this sum is to be added to the permanent endowment; two-thirds is to be applied to such specific objects within its corporate purposes as either Mr. Rockefeller or his son, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., may direct.

The board, in accepting the gift, called attention to the fact that it was "the largest sum ever given by a man in the history of the race for any social or philanthropic purpose." It is said that this gift brings the total Rockefeller benefactions close to the hundred-million-dollar mark, Andrew Carnegie being reported to have given as much as a hundred and thirty millions altogether.

In a recent interview Frederick T. Gates stated that the General Education Board had determined to turn its attention to remedying the overcrowded condition of the women's colleges. The men's colleges could rely on their alumni for funds, but among alumnæ of the women's colleges there were few fortunes. Mr. Gates said that in the opinion of the board every city in the United States of a population of one hundred thousand or more should have its own college.

Don Quixote and the Windmills.

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES SAAVEDRA.

THE author of the one supreme masterpiece of Spanish literature lived in the age when Spain stood foremost among the European powers. Born in 1547, he enlisted at the age of twenty-one in an infantry regiment for service against the Turks, and fought bravely at the battle of Lepanto, receiving a wound that cost him the use of his left hand. On his voyage back to Spain he was taken prisoner by pirates, who carried him to Algiers and sold him to a brutal master. Cervantes again and again attempted to escape, and headed several outbreaks of his fellow slaves. At the end of five years he was ransomed through the efforts of his mother and sister, and he then returned to Spain, where he soon after married.

Even while in captivity he is said to have written plays, and he now produced a long series of dramas. Only a few of these have been preserved, but one of them, "La Numancia," is a work of tragic power, which has been admired in modern times as a worthy predecessor of the plays of Shakespeare, Corneille, and Racine. Cervantes, however, had slight success in his own time. He knew the pinch of poverty; and there is a tradition to the effect that he begun the writing of "Don Quixote" while in jail. The book brought him no money, though it was widely read; and when Cervantes died, in 1616, he did so with the consciousness of having been a failure.

"Don Quixote" was written with the purpose of discrediting the absurd romances of the time. It was not intended to burlesque the ancient chivalry, though Byron in a famous line has said: "Cervantes smiled Spain's chivalry away." The hero, whose name gives its title to the book, is described by its author as a man of fifty, spare, and gaunt-featured, living on meager fare in the little village of La Mancha. He was infatuated with books of chivalry, so that he sold many an acre to buy them. Their high-sounding, romantic passages, over which he used to lie awake, got so firm a grasp upon his mind that at last "the poor gentleman lost his wits." He resolved to become a knight-errant and to roam over the world in search of adventure. Donning some rusty armor that had belonged to his great-grandfather, and wearing a pasteboard helmet, he mounted a rickety farm-horse which he called Rosinante, and set out upon his quest of chivalrous exploits.

To complete the resemblance which he saw between himself and the knights of old, he dedicated his lance to a farm-girl of the neighborhood, whom he styled *Dulcinea del Toboso,* regarding her in his half-crazed mind as a princess of great beauty. That portion of the story which is here reprinted describes how *Don Quixote* secured a squire, and tells of the first adventure which befell the two.

THERE passed a great deal of pleasant discourse between Don Quixote and his two friends, the priest and the barber. Don Quixote maintained that there was nothing the world stood so much in need of as knights-errant, wherefore he was resolved to revive the order. In these disputes the priest sometimes contradicted him, and sometimes submitted; for had he not now and then given way to the knight's fancies, there would have been no conversing with him.

In the meantime Don Quixote earnestly solicited one of his neighbors, a country laborer and a good, honest fellow, if

we may call a poor man honest, for he was poor indeed, poor in purse and poor in brains. To make a long story short, the knight talked so much to him, plied him with so many arguments, and made him so many fair promises, that at last the poor, silly clown consented to go along with him and become his squire. Among other inducements, Don Quixote forgot not to tell him that it was likely such an adventure would present itself as might secure him the conquest of some island in the time that he might be picking up a straw or two, and then the squire might promise himself to be made governor of the place. Allured with these large promises and many others, Sancho Panza—for that was the name of the fellow—forsook his wife and children to be his neighbor's squire.

This done, Don Quixote made it his business to furnish himself with money; to which purpose, selling one house, mortgaging another, and losing by all, he at last got a pretty good sum together. He also borrowed a shield of a friend, and having patched up his head-piece and beaver as well as he could, he gave his squire notice of the day and hour when he intended to set out, that Sancho, too, might furnish himself with what he thought necessary; but, above all, he charged him to provide himself with a wallet, which Sancho promised to do, telling him he would also take his ass along with him, which, being a very good one, might be a great ease to him, for he was not used to travel much afoot. The mentioning of the ass made the noble knight pause a while. He mused and pondered whether he had ever read of any knight-errant whose squire used to ride upon an ass, but he could not remember any precedent for it. However, he finally gave Sancho leave to bring his ass, hoping to mount him more honorably with the first opportunity, by unhorsing the next discourteous knight he should meet.

He also furnished himself with shirts, and as many other necessaries as he could conveniently carry, according to the innkeeper's injunctions; which being done, Sancho Panza, without bidding either his wife or children good-by, and Don Quixote, without taking any more notice of his housekeeper or of his niece, stole out of the village one night. No one noticed their departure, and they made such haste that by break of day they thought themselves beyond all fear of pursuit should any one try to follow them. As for Sancho Panza, he rode like a patriarch, with his canvas knapsack, or wallet, and his leathern bottle, having a huge desire to see himself governor of the island which his master had promised him.

"I beseech your worship, Sir Knight-Errant," quoth Sancho to his master as they jogged on, "be sure you don't forget what you promised me about the island, for I dare say I shall make shift to govern it, let it be never so big."

"You must know, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "that it has been the constant practise of knights-errant, in former ages, to make their squires governors of the islands or kingdoms they conquered. Now I am not only resolved to keep up that laudable custom, but even to improve it and outdo my predecessors in generosity; for whereas sometimes, or rather most commonly, other knights delayed rewarding their squires till they were grown old, and worn out with services, bad days, worse nights, and all manner of hard duty, and then put them off with some title, either of count, or at most marquis of some valley or province of great or small extent, now, if thou and I do but live, it may happen that before we have passed six days together I may conquer some kingdom having many other kingdoms annexed to its imperial crown; and this would fall out most luckily for thee, for then would I presently crown thee king of one of them. Nor do thou imagine this to be a mighty matter, for such strange accidents and revolutions, so sudden and so unforeseen, attend the profession of chivalry that I might easily give thee a great deal more than I have promised."

"Why, should this come to pass," quoth Sancho Panza, "and I be made a king by some such miracle as your worship mentions, then my good woman, Maria Gutierez, would be at least a queen, and my children princes and princesses, an't like your worship!"

"Who doubts of that?" cried Don Quixote.

"I doubt of it," replied Sancho Panza, "for I cannot help believing that

though it should rain kingdoms down upon the face of the earth, not one of them would sit well upon Maria Gutierez's head; for I must needs tell you, she's not worth two farthings to make a queen of. No, countess would be better for her, an't please you, for that God help her, will be as much as she can handsomely manage."

"Recommend the matter to Providence," returned Don Quixote. "'Twill be sure to give what is most expedient for thee; but yet disdain to entertain inferior thoughts, and be not tempted to accept less than the dignity of a viceroy."

"No more I won't, sir," quoth Sancho; "especially since I have so rare a master as your worship, who will take care to give me whatever may be fit for me, and what I may be able to deal with."

As they were thus discoursing, they discovered some thirty or forty windmills, and as soon as the knight had spied them, "Fortune," cried he, "directs our affairs better than we ourselves could have wished! Look yonder, friend Sancho; there are at least thirty outrageous giants, whom I intend to encounter; and having deprived them of life, we will begin to enrich ourselves with their spoils. They are lawful prize, and the extirpation of that cursed brood will be an acceptable service to Heaven."

"What giants?" quoth Sancho Panza.

"Those whom thou seest yonder," answered Don Quixote, "with their long, extended arms. Some of that detested race have arms of so immense a size that they reach two leagues in length."

"Pray look better, sir," quoth Sancho. "Those things yonder are no giants, but windmills; and the arms you fancy are their sails, which, being whirled about by the wind, make the mill go."

"'Tis a sign," cried Don Quixote, "that thou art but little acquainted with adventures! I tell thee, they are giants; and therefore, if thou art afraid, go aside and say thy prayers, for I am resolved to engage in a dreadful unequal combat against them all!"

This said, he clapped spurs to his horse Rosinante, without giving ear to his squire Sancho, who bawled out to him and assured him that they were windmills, and no giants. But he was so fully possessed with a strong conceit of the contrary that he did not so much as hear his squire's outcry, nor was he sensible of what they were, although he was already very near them.

"Stand, cowards!" cried he as loud as he could; "stand your ground, ignoble creatures, and fly not basely from a single knight who dares encounter you all!"

At the same time the wind rising, the mill-sails began to move.

"Base miscreants!" cried Don Quixote when he spied this, "though you have more arms than the giant Briareus, you shall pay for your arrogance!"

He most devoutly recommended himself to his Lady Dulcinea, imploring her assistance in this perilous adventure; and so, covering himself with his shield and couching his lance, he rushed with Rosinante's utmost speed upon the first windmill he could come at. As he ran his lance into the sail the wind whirled it about with such swiftness that the rapidity of the motion instantly broke the lance into shivers, and hurled away both knight and horse along with it, till down he fell, rolling a good way off in the field.

Sancho Panza ran as fast as his ass could drive to help his master, whom he found lying, and not able to stir, such a blow had he and Rosinante received.

"Mercy o' me!" cried Sancho. "Did not I give your worship fair warning? Did not I tell you they were windmills, and that nobody could think otherwise, unless he had also windmills in his head?"

"Peace, friend Sancho," replied Don Quixote. "There is nothing so subject to the inconstancy of fortune as war. I am verily persuaded that that cursed necromancer Freston, who carried away my study and my books, has transformed these giants into windmills to deprive me of the honor of the victory. Such is his inveterate malice against me; but in the end all his pernicious wiles and stratagems shall prove ineffectual against the edge of my victorious sword."

"Amen, say I," replied Sancho.

And so, heaving up again upon his legs, once more the knight mounted poor Rosinante, who was half shoulder-slipped with his fall.

This adventure was the subject of their discourse as they made the best of their way toward the pass of Lapice, for Don Quixote took that road, believing he could not miss of adventures in one so mightily frequented. However, the loss of his lance was no small affliction to him, and he made complaint about it to his squire.

"I have read," said he, "friend Sancho, that a certain Spanish knight, whose name was Diego Perez de Vargas, having broken his sword in the heat of an engagement, pulled up by the roots a huge oak-tree, or at least tore down a massy branch, and did such wonderful execution, crushing and grinding so many Moors with it that day that he won for himself and his posterity the surname of the Pounder, or Bruiser. I tell thee this because I intend to tear up the next oak-tree we see, with the trunk whereof I hope to perform such wondrous deeds that thou wilt esteem thyself particularly happy in having had the honor to behold them, and to have been the ocular witness of achievements which posterity will scarce be able to believe."

"Heaven grant you may!" cried Sancho. "I believe it all, because your worship says it. But, an't please you, sit a little more upright in your saddle; you ride sideling, methinks; but that, I suppose, proceeds from your being bruised by your fall."

"It does so," replied Don Quixote; "and if I do not complain of the pain, it is because a knight-errant must never complain of his wounds, even though his heart were dropping out through them."

"Then I have no more to say," quoth Sancho; "and yet, as Heaven knows my heart, I should be glad to hear your worship lament a little now and them when something ails you. For my part, I shall not fail to bemoan myself when I suffer the smallest pain, unless indeed the rule of not complaining extends to the squires as well as the knights."

Don Quixote could not forbear smiling at the simplicity of his squire. He told Sancho that he might complain not only when he pleased, but as much as he pleased, whether he had any cause or no; for he had never yet read anything to the contrary in any books of chivalry. Sancho desired him, however, to consider that it was high time to go to dinner. His master answered that he might eat whenever he pleased; as for himself, he was not yet disposed to do it.

Having thus obtained leave, Sancho fixed himself as orderly as he could upon his ass, and, taking some victuals out of his wallet, fell to munching lustily as he rode behind his master; and ever and anon he lifted his bottle to his nose and fetched such hearty pulls that it would have made the best-pampered vintner in Malaga a-dry to have seen him. While he thus went on stuffing and swilling, he did not think in the least of all his master's great promises, and was so far from esteeming it a trouble to travel in quest of adventures that he fancied it to be the greatest pleasure in the world, though they were never so dreadful.

THE PREDOMINANCE OF BRITISH BLOOD.

Of Our Chief Executives None Has Yet Been Able to Claim Ancestry Other Than English, Scottish, Irish, Welsh, and Dutch.

TWENTY-FIVE men have served as President of the United States; twenty-six as Vice-President. As eight of the Vice-Presidents subsequently held the higher office, the total number of men who have been President or Vice-President is forty-three. The forty-three are classified below by the nationality of their forefathers. It is a noteworthy fact that, saving the two New Yorkers of Dutch blood, Roosevelt and Van Buren, every incumbent has been of British race. We have not yet had a German-American chief magistrate, and the day of our first Italian or Slavonic President is probably still far distant.

English	27
Welsh	1
Scottish	5
Scotch-Irish	8
Dutch	2

On Telling Secrets.

BY HENRY M. STEVENS.

The Philosophy of Confidence—Why, in Spite of the Popular Belief to the Contrary, It Is Often Safer to Entrust a Dangerous Secret to a Woman than to a Man.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

A PERSON who never confides anything important to anybody else is a very remarkable sort of person. He is remarkable because he is able to control and to keep down what is, perhaps, the most human of all traits —a desire for sympathy. He is like the person who has mastered the art of silence —a powerful, efficient, but perhaps not altogether interesting human being, for he seems to be more like one of the forces of nature than like a warm-blooded human man.

Only less remarkable than the man who never confides anything is the man who never makes any mistakes in his confidences. Perhaps, on the whole, he is even more unusual than the other, for he does the thing he wants without paying the penalty for it; and to do this is in reality to have attained to the supreme philosophy of life.

It means, also, that he is the keenest possible judge of human nature, which is another thing that is well worth while. It is rather astonishing sometimes to see this unerring instinct at work. One man will impress you as intensely secretive; he will be always covering up his tracks. He will live in a perpetual dread lest his right hand should know what his left hand doeth. And this sort of man is almost always the man who is found out, because when he does bestow his confidence he usually makes a mistake in doing so; and more than that, he is not usually the sort of person for whom most of us care enough to make us respect his secrets.

On the other hand, the man who has the instinct seems to do just about as he pleases, with no particular effort at concealment, so that very many persons know something about the most intimate details of his life and of his plans; yet they are always just the persons whose knowledge of the facts will never injure him, and who are invariably true to him and to the confidence that he reposes in them. Therefore, as I have said, he does about as he pleases, and he gets all the sympathy that he wants. He does not have to repress himself or his feelings, and he goes along from year to year with the utmost serenity and good humor as befits one who has acquired the art of having his own way. Superficially considered, he is a reckless person, and his immunity from complications is generally held to be nothing but good luck; yet in reality it is not good luck at all. It is genius, and it embodies insight, shrewdness, and a half-unconscious perception of just how much one may do and of how far one may go in any given set of circumstances.

Men and Women as Confidantes.

Theoretically, and according to the popular belief, it is much safer to give your confidence to a man than to a woman. The literature of the world is full of gibes about the inability of woman to keep a secret. Only the other day a joke was published which embodied the popular belief in a punning form. It was led up to by the question: "What is the best way of disseminating information? And the answer was: "Telegraph, telephone, tell-a-girl." But, like many other popular beliefs, I think that this one is entirely untrue, at least in one very important aspect.

Man is supposed to have a sense of

honor which in a way is lacking in woman, and his sense of honor is supposed to restrain him from betraying any confidences. This is true of a great many men, of course; but, along with the sense of honor, men have, as well, a certain scrupulosity which makes them uneasy when they are entrusted with a secret of any very great importance, especially if it be a secret relating to an infraction of the social or the moral law.

Men under such conditions often stop and vex their souls as to just what it is their duty to do under the given circumstances. Then, again, man is such a clumsy creature in his mental processes that he will often let out a secret without intending to do so.

I don't believe, on the whole, that most men care for secrets. They are not very subtle, and anything that is mysterious is apt to make them quite uncomfortable.

On the other hand, women are naturally fond of secrets. From childhood up they are always confiding things to one another, while the necessity which is imposed upon all women of concealing things, of "making bluffs," renders every woman an adept in the art of keeping any confidence that she wishes to keep.

Woman's Loyalty to Man.

One is inclined to think, however, that women seldom keep the confidences which they impart to one another—the psychological reason for which is too profound to be discussed at the present time; but nothing in the world can exceed the utter loyalty with which a woman will respect the confidence of a man—not necessarily of the man for whom she greatly cares, but of any man for whom she has a genuine liking.

One explanation of this is found in the fact that she is always greatly flattered by it; and it is, indeed, about the greatest compliment that any man can pay her. It makes no difference to her what sort of a secret it may be; because she is not loyal from principle, nor from a feeling of honor, but just because she wants to be, and because the thing appeals to her. I have known many a man's confidence betrayed by another man, but never one betrayed by a woman, unless, perhaps, she had suffered some great wrong which she desired to avenge.

Woman has a delightful way of ignoring the motives that sometimes make a man uneasy in the possession of a portentous secret. If she really likes the person who has confided it to her, it makes no difference what he may have done, or how completely he may have smashed the Ten Commandments. He has trusted her, and that is enough. Consequently, if I should ever happen to commit a murder, I scarcely know a man whose knowledge of the fact would not give me great anxiety; but I can think of at least a dozen women from whom I should never take any special precautions to conceal it.

Women care nothing about the law, possibly because they have had no share in making it; and they look at everything in a very personal way. Possibly, too, if one be a little cynical, he may add as a supplementary remark the observation that if you are going to trust a woman at all, it is better to trust her with the most tremendous secrets that you know, for these are the ones that she could least of all reveal without exciting very curious comment as to how she came to know them.

THE PURITANS' SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

TO the end that the Sabbath may be celebrated in a religious manner we appoint that all that inhabit the plantation, both for the general and particular employments, may surcease their labor every Saturday throughout the year at three of the clock in the afternoon, and that they spend the rest of that day in catechizing and preparation for the Sabbath, as the ministers shall direct.—*First General Letter of the Governor of the New England Company to the Governor and Council of the Massachusetts Bay Plantation.*

The Glorious Tombigbee.

BY EZEKIEL SAMUEL CANDLER, JR.

WHOEVER has been compelled to wade through the voluminous pages of the *Congressional Record* must have realized as he never did before how vast an amount of dull and dry detail has to be attended to by Senators and Representatives in the daily work of Congress. He can therefore better appreciate the delighted relief which is experienced when some member injects into the dreariness of every-day discussion some bit of humor, some flash of wit, or some flamboyant piece of rhetoric which tickles the fancy while it dispels monotony.

Congressional humorists can always get a hearing. The Speaker is invariably indulgent to them; and their colleagues gladly grant them an extension of time in which to speak. Many of these contributors to a nation's gaiety have achieved a permanent reputation. Thus, in the days before the Civil War, Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, though a strong opponent of slavery, was always heard with pleasure even by his Southern colleagues, so genial was the humor which he employed against them. On the other hand, Senator Sumner, who was absolutely lacking in this quality, aroused their bitter hatred. Later, Messrs. Proctor Knott and "Sunset" Cox won national fame by their witticisms; while in our own time, Champ Clark, J. Adam Bede, and "Private" John Allen have been fully reported in the press whenever they chose to address the House in their peculiar vein of humor.

One of the most recent candidates for this sort of distinction is Ezekiel S. Candler, Jr., a Democratic Representative from the State of Mississippi. On February 1, the subject before the House being the more or less prosaic one of the River and Harbor Appropriations Bill, this eloquent gentleman delivered a speech of which the essential parts are here reprinted from the official report in the *Congressional Record*. Mr. Candler was elected to the Fifty-Eighth Congress without opposition, and even without nomination. Perhaps the qualities exhibited in this oration serve to explain his popularity at home. His enthusiasm is turned on in copious floods; his rhetoric is something like that of *Hannibal Chollop*, whose "home was in the setting sun," as Dickens quotes him. And with it all we see an intense local pride and a homely, native, rudimentary humanity expressed in an exaggerated form, such as appeals very strongly to the rustic American. His glorification of the Tombigbee River may well be compared with Proctor Knott's eulogy of the city of Duluth—a tribute reprinted in THE SCRAP BOOK for June, 1906.

MR. CHAIRMAN, while I indorse the pending bill as far as it goes, I know it falls short in one instance of doing that which in my judgment it ought to do. I believe there should be an appropriation made of two and a half million dollars for the most beautiful river in all this country. It is not necessary, I am sure, to mention its name, for everybody knows it is the Tombigbee. [Applause.] That appropriation ought to be put in the bill before it becomes the law of the land. It ought to be done in the interest of commerce; it ought to be done for the glory of the American people; it ought to be done for the good of this country; it ought to be done because it would make the men and women and the little girls sing songs of praise in your ears, which would

make you glad and make you rejoice in all the years that are to come; and in your declining years, when you should be turning your face toward the setting sun, you would have those songs which would come from joyful and happy hearts to reward you for a work well done and for a duty discharged in accord with the best interests of the country and for the glory and welfare of all the people. [Great applause.]

I secured in the last river and harbor bill a survey for this river. The engineer reported that the improvement was entirely feasible, and I will ask permission to insert that report in the *Record*. All the way through it, up to the very last clause, the report will be found from beginning to end to be of a most favorable character, but, unfortunately for us who are interested in this great river, the last paragraph in it left us without the hope which had before encouraged our hearts and inspired our lives. The engineer reported that the commerce did not justify the necessary expenditure, and in view of that fact the committee, I presume, did not see proper to include the necessary appropriation in this bill.

But I am going to put into this record statistics and facts to demonstrate and to show that the commerce will amply justify the improvement of this river, that all we need on the face of the earth is that the channel shall be deepened until we can have year-around navigation, and that when we can obtain year-around navigation we can furnish the tonnage, because it is there to be furnished for transportation upon the rippling waves of this beautiful river.

The engineer in his report says that one-fifteenth of the cotton crop of the United States is produced in the Tombigbee Valley. Grasp for a moment what that means when he says that one-fifteenth of the cotton crop is produced in this fertile valley. That means the production of forty million dollars can be found within the limits of this valley which would float upon this river if the transportation were furnished.

The trouble is that we only have navigation about six months in the year, beginning in December, and with the uncertain navigation which we have there is to-day upon the river, as shown by the actual facts and figures, a tonnage of a hundred and forty thousand tons. Improve the river and give us certain all-the-year-round navigation, and we can furnish, in my judgment, over five hundred thousand tons to be transported in the vessels which would immediately enter this inviting field just as soon as they knew that they had a channel which they could traverse the year round. But with the uncertainty of the channel, with the fact that by reason of the conditions existing they do not know when they can get in and out to secure the trade, the steamboats do not seek the trade as they would if they knew the channel would be open and they could travel it the year round.

There would be no trouble from any other source because there is no place where the sun shines more beautifully and where the moon glows with her silvery rays with greater grandeur than along this beautiful river. There is no reason on earth indeed why these steamers should not run all the year round except the necessary money to be added to the appropriations in this bill to furnish this channel and open this river to the trade. Why, my friends, this river has been sought for far and wide by those seeking that which was beautiful and that which was grand. They have sought it because of the fact that it furnished an invitation to admire the beauties of nature, because along it, from one end to the other, the grandeur and sublimity of Almighty God's creation shines forth with a degree of perfection that is scarcely reached in any other country in the world. [Loud applause.]

We have heard distinguished gentlemen upon this floor talk about the Mississippi River. Oh, that beautiful name that we treasure, which we love, and to which we cling! The little ones around the fireside in our homes are taught to sing its praises and to speak forth its virtues. I love that name, and I am glad that the great "Father of Waters," the Mississippi River, that furnishes the marvelous means of transportation from the Lakes to the Gulf, has the same name as the State within which I live and which I have the honor in part to represent; but the Mississippi, my friends, sinks into insignificance in its

grandeur and its beauty in comparison with the Tombigbee. [Applause.]

I have heard members talk about the Missouri River—and I love old Missouri, too, with all my heart. Yes; grand she is in her history and grand she is in her productions. We heard to-day upon this floor one of her brilliant and gifted sons, whom I love and admire [Mr. Clark], speak forth words of truth and words of beauty, and he spoke of certain interests that lie near the hearts of the Missourians. But I will tell you, my friends, that it is a fact that the Missouri River, and even the other rivers which are closely connected, by interest or otherwise, cannot be compared in any way to this beautiful river that a kind Providence presented to the people of the country in which I live as one of the best gifts that has ever fallen from His hands. [Applause.]

If I should talk here until my time expired—and it soon will expire—in fact, if I should continue until the "wee small" hours of the morning, I could not portray to you anything like its beauties, anything like its importance, anything like the facts and the figures that necessitate its improvement.

THE CHAIRMAN (Mr. Butler of Pennsylvania in the chair): The time of the gentleman has expired.

MR. CANDLER: May I have a few moments more? My heart yearns to tell a little more about this important river. [Applause.]

MR. LAWRENCE: Mr. Chairman, I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Candler] may be permitted to continue his remarks for five minutes.

THE CHAIRMAN: The gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Lawrence] asks unanimous consent that the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Candler] may be permitted to continue for five minutes. Is there objection? [After a pause.] The Chair is pleased to say there is no objection. [Applause; cries of "Go on! Go on! Tell us more about your river!"]

MR. CANDLER: My heart goes out in gratitude to my distinguished friend from Massachusetts [Mr. Lawrence] and also to the members of the house for this great favor. I am sure that it is prompted by the interest in this great river about which I am talking, because we all know that it appeals to the heart of every American citizen throughout this broad land; and the regret that they have to-day, and they have expressed that regret to me often, is that it has been so long neglected. I have heard its murmuring waves as they went singing their beautiful song toward the Gulf since the early days of my childhood, and they have continued to sing along the pathway of my life and have given me inspiration to love the beauties of nature and admire those grandeurs and those glories that come alone from the kind creative hand above. [Applause.]

Members have talked here, as I said a moment ago, about the Mississippi, and about the Missouri, and numbers of other rivers, and about the necessity for improvement. Other friends of mine have discussed their projects and have presented to the consideration of this House the rivers which they desired to see the hand of the national government aid and the hand of the national government deepen and widen. The Tombigbee River does not need any widening. It is wide enough. It just simply needs a little deepening. That is all that is necessary, and with the deepening that should come from the aid that ought to be bestowed upon it by Uncle Sam, who has always given with bountiful hand to his children, there would come added beauties and benefits to the beauty and commercial importance that already exist that would strike the American people with such dazzling grandeur and sublime interest as to illuminate not only the Tombigbee territory, but would travel beyond the confines of that territory and add added glories even to our marvelous oceans and to all our waterways. [Applause.]

It would furnish a bouquet of grandeur and glory that would justify the Committee on Rivers and Harbors to bring in a bill appropriating every dollar Uncle Sam could spare for the improvement of the rivers and harbors of this country, and all it would be necessary to do would be for my esteemed friend, Mr. Burton, to stand on the floor of this House and present it, and the Representatives of the people would rise up

and demand that it be passed at once without amendment, in order that the beauties obtained in the perfection of such legislation might not be lost. [Applause.]

The Mississippi was never known in song, the Missouri and these other rivers have never inspired the poet; but the Tombigbee has appealed to him and to the composer of beautiful song. I have a song here and I intended to sing it, although I am not a singer. [Great applause and cries of "Sing it, Tombigbee, sing it! Let us hear you sing it!"]

If there ever was a time when I longed to be able to sing, it is now. In that respect my education was neglected. My good mother—God bless her—at one time wanted me to take music lessons, but I did not see the necessity for it. But I did not know that the day would come when I should stand here in the House of Representatives of the United States advocating the Tombigbee River.

If I had, I would have taken lessons from the best music teacher I could have found, and then I would have been prepared to sing this song, and when I should have sung it I am satisfied you would have said: "Take your two millions and a half, because your river is worth it, and worth more." [Loud applause.]

But, unfortunately, my friends, I cannot sing. I wish I could. My soul panteth now for that accomplishment as the hart panteth for the water brooks; but it is impossible, because my voice is husky and I am fearful that I could not carry the tune. But I am going to read it to you, because I want the country to realize that this is one among a limited few rivers in the United States of America that have brought forth such sentiments as are expressed in this beautiful song.

[Mr. Rainey rose.]

THE CHAIRMAN: Does the gentleman from Mississippi [Mr. Candler] yield to the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Rainey]?

MR. CANDLER: Always with pleasure.

MR. RAINEY: I want to ask the gentleman how about the Wabash River in Illinois?

MR. CANDLER: I am going to tell about that in this song.

MR. TOWNE: How about the Suwanee River?

MR. CANDLER: It is also mentioned in this song. A good woman—God bless them, in their kindness they are always willing to help us—secured this song for me. It was composed by Hub Smith and dedicated to a beautiful woman, Mrs. Noyes. Entirely natural and proper to compose a beautiful song about this lovely river and dedicate it to God's sweetest creation—woman. [Great applause.]

Now listen, for here it is. How I wish I could sing! [Applause.] It is entitled "The Dear Old Tombigbee."

In the dear old sunny South, where the sweet magnolias bloom
And the joyous songs of countless birds dispel all thoughts of gloom;
'Neath the shade of fragrant trees, where the gentle breezes blow,
There the dancing waters of the old Tombigbee flow.

It was on thy mossy banks as a boy I used to play
With the comrades of my youth who now, alas, have passed away.
Ev'ry shady nook we knew, and how oft our childish glee
Waked the echoes on the shores of dear old Tombigbee!

CHORUS:

The Mississippi's wide and grand, the Suwanee's famed in song;
The waters of the Wabash, too, flow merrily along.
But all their beauties pale and fade and have no charm for me,
For I have known since childhood days the dear old Tombigbee.

[Laughter and great applause.]

My friends, I appeal to you to take care of the Tombigbee. Never forget it! Never forget it! As I said once before on the floor of this House, that while I honor my name because I am named for the man I love better than any other man in all the world, my honored father, but in order to see justice done to this river, in order to see the appropriation made which I believe ought to be made, I would be willing, not to give up my name, but to have added to it "Tombigbee," and be known hereafter as "Tombigbee Ezekiel Samuel Candler, Jr." [Loud and prolonged applause.]

Through a Glass Darkly.

BY ANNE O'HAGAN.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

WHEN the great flood that had almost swept Cherrington Falls out of existence had subsided, and the survivors saw that there was enough left to serve as the nucleus of a restored city, there began the period of thrilling anecdote, of awful reminiscence, all to be crystallized later into a body of heroic legend. And though each member of the stricken families who had dwelt in the river valley, each workman in the mills above the falls, each prisoner in the penitentiary at the foot of the bluff, had his own intimate recollection of horror, yet one story was the shuddering possession of all the town—a story amazing and fearful even to those for whom no personal emotion magnified its qualities. That was the story of James Turner.

For twenty-five years James Turner had been the great man of Cherrington Falls. He had succeeded to the position at the death of old Grimshaw Cherrington, the city's founder, builder of the mills with which its existence began. Cherrington had been shot one night as he sat in his library, and the mantle of his greatness had fallen on James Turner then, although not until a year later, when he married Millicent Cherrington, the old man's only child and heir, was his succession fully realized and confirmed.

The marriage was conceded to be an admirable one, and no one questioned their happiness during the four years that followed. At the end of that time Millicent died and James was left alone in the great stone house with which his father-in-law had crowned the crest of the hill over which the town climbed from the squalor of its riverside workmen's dwellings to the castellated splendor of its manufacturers' residences.

They had been happy, undoubtedly, the town said, but undoubtedly not gay. Gaiety was not the *métier* of James Turner, and the shadow of his gravity fell upon Millicent, emphasizing the change in her that had marked her father's death. The shock of that loss had been the more dreadful to both of them because Vincent Mott, convicted of the crime, had been James Turner's close friend and Millicent's frequent companion—some, indeed, said her wooer. To her husband, who—tenderly or proudly, who can say?—forbore to question her on the subject, she had once denied this. But that Mott, the assistant treasurer in the mills, an orphaned son of one of her father's old friends, had tastes and temperament congenial to her own, and that they had had an intimacy of the untrammeled sort, which the social customs of the United States permit its unmarried young persons, was not to be denied by any one.

James Turner's own relation with young Mott had been, on his part, the admiring, unenvying affection which a stern and inexpressive man sometimes has for a more ebullient personality. Rigid as was his own code, Mott's excesses, though they were matters of common gossip, never provoked him to intolerance, and for the lad's undeniable charm he had a responsiveness patent to all.

When the accusation of murder was made against Mott, Millicent had been strenuous in disbelief; but her impetuous championship gave way before the evidence. The servants testified to a consultation between her father and the

young man early on the calamitous evening. The consultation had involved loud, angry voices, and had ended in Mott's public dismissal from the house. His books showed the discrepancy in his accounts which had led to the stormy interview. His revolver, with one cartridge exploded, was found in the hedge which bordered the Cherrington grounds. A bullet of damningly exact make and size had killed Cherrington, penetrating his chest from behind, for the murder was a cold-blooded and cowardly assassination. One of Mott's gloves was found in the grounds at some distance from any path, as though dropped by a man skulking in the shrubbery to avoid recognition from the roads.

Confronted with this evidence, Mott did not repudiate the quarrel of the early evening, did not deny, though he tried to palliate, the baleful correctness of the expert accountant's findings, did not disclaim the glove and the short cut. He even admitted ownership of the revolver, but declared, lamely, that he had lent it to a friend a month before, and that it had not been in his possession at the time of the assassination. Asked for the name of his friend, he hesitated, demurred, and finally refused to give it.

Immediately upon hearing this, James Turner went to the district attorney and said that the revolver had been lent to him a month before when he was about to take a trip of some hazard into the lumber region. He claimed, however, that he had returned it a week before the tragedy, and recalled the note with which he had sent it back to Mott and the boy who had acted as his messenger. A search of Mott's chronically disarranged desk discovered the note; it was of the date which Turner had claimed for it, and it thanked Mott for the loan of the pistol, "for which, I am glad to say," it ran, "no need developed; you know my marksmanship even under good conditions. Imagine it in an emergency!"

The boy who had carried the package corroborated Turner's testimony, though he admitted he had no first-hand knowledge of the contents of the package. Mott denied all recollection of the circumstances. Later he was badgered into confessing that on the day in question he had been suffering from the after-effects of an alcoholic night, and that his mind might not have been quite clear.

Against all this weight of evidence—out of which, of course, the prosecuting attorney built up a terrible indictment of the "self-confessed ingrate, the self-condemned thief and profligate"—Millicent's faith had been forced to yield. The only person who had remained at all unconvinced was James Turner. He evolved a theory that though, indeed, Mott had drawn temporarily on funds not his own to meet the liabilities of his dissipations—he insisted upon the "temporarily," for Mott's shortage did not meet the amount of an inheritance due him on his twenty-sixth birthday, out of which he had planned restitution; and though he had indisputably quarreled with the old man and left the house, in his anger, by the route where he was least likely to be met, yet he had not killed his employer and benefactor. In order to maintain this theory, Turner was obliged to imagine an unknown enemy of Cherrington who had stolen Mott's revolver and used it with double iniquity, slaughtering the body of one man and the career of another.

Turner offered a reward for the discovery of the supposititious villain, but even five thousand dollars failed to materialize the monster. The community was convinced of Mott's guilt, and the jury was, in a modified degree, of the community's mind. With the beautiful logic of juries, it decided that though Mott had treacherously, deliberately, and of malice aforethought killed an old man by shooting him in the back, he was guilty of murder only in the second degree. Consequently, though the judge almost foamed at the mouth when he heard the verdict, he could not sentence the prisoner to the gallows, and Mott was, accordingly, condemned to life-imprisonment in the State penitentiary, three or four miles below the city.

James Turner, though embarrassed between his friendship for the young man and his regard for Millicent's filial horror, tried to have the sentence modified, and even set on foot an effort to have Mott pardoned. The governor, a friend of Cherrington, promptly refused execu-

tive interference, and unofficially expressed his surprise at Turner's attitude. Suddenly, after an interview in the jail with Mott, the details of which were never made public, although rumors of the prisoner's bitterness and hostility to his old friend crept out, Turner's activities ceased.

All these things had happened, as has been said, a quarter of a century before the great flood. James Turner had married his love, had lived four quiet, tranquil years with her, had seen her die, had grieved in his undemonstrative fashion for her, and had honored her name and memory in a hundred ways. He had not married again, but had grown, one might almost say stiffened, into old age alone in the silent big house on the hill.

He had splendidly conducted the business he had inherited, enlarging and improving it. Wealth and its responsibilities had developed his business talents into something approaching genius. Every one admitted his enormous power of organization, of direction. He was director in the banks of Cherrington Falls, patron of many charities, founder of many philanthropies. He built rows of model workmen's dwellings in the lower part of the town; to his initiative were due a people's park, working girls' boarding-houses, gymnasiums, baths, and what not.

The city knew it all; and yet the city did not love him. The *aura* through which a man's personality makes itself known to his fellows is more than the sum of his works, good or bad. In James Turner's case, one would have said that this atmosphere was not a means of communication with his kind, but a barrier between him and them. From the ladies who invited him to dinner, and who told their daughters that his wife had really been a rattle-brained, spoiled young thing, quite incapable of inspiring such lifelong devotion as his abstinence from matrimony denoted, to the gamins who swam in the free baths that he gave the town; from the men who sat with him on boards and admired his intellect, the clergymen who sought to extract organs and belfries from his pockets, to the meanest of his workmen envying him his wealth, not one soul really knew the man or was at ease with him. As for love, he had never felt its shadowiest imitation after his wife was laid beside her murdered father.

II.

When the great flood began, James Turner was absent on business. He communicated with the town by telegraph and telephone. As the snows melted in the hills above Cherrington Falls, and as the spring rains descended in increasing force, the river no longer crept up its banks, but leaped. When it was certain that a great disaster threatened, he hurried home.

The story of the high carnival of destruction held by the waters that season is well known. The mills were threatened — undermined. The workmen's homes—both James Turner's model cottages and the crazy tenements of less progressive capitalists—had their foundations sapped. From the first stories of their dwellings families retreated to the second. They looked out of their windows to find themselves adrift. They tried to escape on pitifully constructed rafts. From the upper part of the city an inadequate force of boats sought to convey them to places of safety. Fleeing voyagers were knocked from their last retreats by tree-trunks from the hills, by huge wreckage from the mills and tenements. And still the water rose persistently.

Through all the ruin and calamity, James Turner bore himself as the town's first citizen should, sleeplessly organizing, planning, working; sparing neither himself nor his wealth in his endeavor to save; oblivious, apparently, of his own great financial loss in his perception of the more appalling disaster of smaller men.

One Thursday came the news that the penitentiary was threatened. On Friday the warden telephoned that the panic-stricken prisoners were on the verge of mutiny. James Turner telegraphed the governor. The militia of the district was ordered out. An armory beyond the area of danger was designated to hold the prisoners for the time being.

For the work of manning the rafts to remove the prisoners, volunteers were painfully few. To reach the jail meant to navigate the muddy, cluttered torrent

at the wrecked river-edge of the town. But James Turner's offers of reward were large, his zeal contagious. Critics who had carped for years at his lack of passion, his unemotional, methodical ways, were amazed at his fire.

"Good God!" he cried at the close of one of the relief committee's meetings—and he was never profane, never tempestuous, in speech. "Think of them, barred in there, behind iron and stone, with death coming on and no way to fight it—death like that, and after the lives they've known!"

He himself was of the crew of the first raft that was headed for the penitentiary. He was not to be dissuaded. No argument of unfitness could touch his determination. He was, as they said of him, like a man possessed. Long afterward they recalled his emotion, the stress of his entreaties and commands, the fevered extravagance of his rewards.

Poling down-stream through the turgid ruin, avoiding the wreckage as best they could, the rafts made their voyage to the threatened fortress of the criminals. Its foundations were already loosened. It was bombarded by trees from the hills, the ruins of wooden houses, floating furniture, and all sorts of jetsam. Through its barred windows on the second story the rescuers thought they could see wild eyes staring at them.

In the history of prison management the story of that rescue is one of the marvelous tales of the triumph of discipline, of inherent manhood, over brute fear. From one window the bars were wrenched. To that window the flotilla of strange crafts, each with its military guard, was anchored, one by one. Through the aperture the men came, one by one, and took their allotted places, a prison officer with each load. It was a wonderful rescue; but for Cherrington Falls the miracle of the orderly removal was lost in a greater.

A gaunt, prison-pale wreck of a man had come through the window to the first raft, the one on which stood James Turner, his mouth set in some great tension of emotion, his eyes staring. The prisoner's number—Fourteen—had been called; like all the rest of the sad cargo, he had lost his human identity. But seeing him, the muscles of the millionaire's face relaxed. The soldier next him heard him gasp "Thank God!" The raft filled slowly and pushed away, to make room for another, and to beat its dangerous way through the muddy waters to a landing.

Number Fourteen, half sullen, half terrorized, shuddered as the boat moved. Then his eyes swept the desolation about him. From that they turned, hungrily, toward the roofs and steeples of the city on the hillside. Then the power of the eyes fixed upon him drew his gaze. He turned from the sight of the world so long denied him and looked at James Turner. Slowly the expression of his face changed. The light that had begun to glimmer across his dull features faded, gave place to a fury. His hands—the prisoners were not manacled in view of their possible need of all their powers—opened and shut convulsively. He bent forward.

"Turner!" he said, or, rather, croaked, his voice like some rusty machine. "Turner—James Turner!"

Turner did not speak. A guard harshly bade the prisoner be silent; but he gave a snarling cry of rage and hate, and crouching for the infinitesimal part of a second, leaped suddenly upon the great man. Instantly they were over in the muddy whirl of the waters. A current, made by some tangled wreckage which dammed the stream, tossed them out of reach of the unwieldy vessel. They were seen grappling, struggling. The horrified watchers heard the cry of "Judas! Murderer!" ring in Vincent Mott's harsh voice above the noise of the torrent; and with that the great man and his assailant were swept away.

III.

THE papers told the story, of course. "James Turner's Expiation"—"Vincent Mott's Revenge"—"Murder Will Out"—the head-lines were lurid. The entire town, from the boy who had once blacked the dead capitalist's shoes to the man who had tried to induce him to be a candidate for the Senate, told how, to their intuition, he had always had the manner of a man with a guilty secret. Women shivered and wondered how he had borne to go on living in that house up there where he had done murder.

They surmised that he must often have been haunted, and opined that it was no wonder Millicent had faded and died in that unhallowed air. They asked one another, in awestruck whispers, if she had guessed the truth.

The elders of the city were questioned as to the possible reason for the crime, the legal luminaries constructed theories as to the way in which Turner had repossessed himself of Mott's revolver with such damnable effect. People wondered how much jealousy had had to do with the affair, and speculated upon the date when Mott, rotting in prison, had become convinced of his friend's fiendish guilt. No wonder, they all said, he had been willing to work for Mott's release in the beginning. Clergymen preached on the relentless power of outraged conscience. No one doubted the conclusions of Mott's act. It was no more to be questioned than the revelations of Judgment Day, they said.

One day, when Cherrington Falls was again beginning to live, when the sound of hammers was joyful on the air, when a flood embankment was rising and new mills and new houses were being built, when the violent execration of James Turner had settled down into a steady loathing interspersed with a few bewildered surmises on his reasons for all that he had done, the warden of the reestablished penitentiary received a letter from a prison across hills and rivers and States. It was from a criminal, and it was attested as a genuine document by his keepers. After a few preliminaries, it read:

I saw this in a paper which was given to me while I was in the prison hospital. Now that they have told me I can't come out again, and have asked me if there was anything on my mind which it would relieve me to get off, I have decided to confess.

Twenty-six years ago I worked in Cherrington's mills. One day the old man himself, going through, disliked the way I was running my machine, and told me to quit. As I went through the offices to get my pay from the cashier I saw a gun lying in a box on Mr. Vincent Mott's desk. I had a chance to slip it into my pocket. I did it, meaning no more, as God is my judge, than to pawn it when I got outside. Mr. Mott was known by all of us to be too careless to notice anything missing unless he wanted it on the spot. I knew he'd never see it was gone until I was well out of town.

That night I got to drinking. I felt very sore over the way I had been fired, for I had a name as a ne'er-do-well, and losing my job meant a great deal to me just then. Besides, the old man had been very gruff with me. After I had drunk a little I felt sorer than ever. I made up my mind to tackle the old man again. I hung around his place until late, waiting to see him. I knew the servants would not let me in if I went by the door, so I went by the window. He was very violent—he always was. After he had ragged me about my impertinence in coming there, he moved toward the bell. I made for the window. I was hot and sore. Suddenly—God knows why, for I didn't really hate him or have a heavy grudge against him—I pulled the gun on him.

You know the rest. I got into bad courses again in the West, and was sent up two or three times. This time I'm not going to get out again. But when I read that Mr. James Turner was accused and believed guilty I thought, being near the end, that I could clear his memory, at least.

If Mary Dolan, who used to live in Fleckner's Court, down by the river, is still alive, she will tell you that that part of it is true. I wish you would please tell her that I have confessed, if she still lives there. Though, of course, she might be married long ago.

And so James Turner's remoteness all those years was the remoteness of sorrow and loneliness, not the withdrawal of guilt! And so his presence at the jail the day he went to his death was due to the unforgotten love he bore the friend of his youth, and not to the driving force of guilt and remorse!

Cherrington Falls loves his memory as it did not love the man. Women's voices break when they speak of him, unappreciated, solitary, misunderstood. Men are silent for a space when his name is mentioned. His statue is in the new People's Park. The Turner Probation Home for Discharged Prisoners overlooks the river. The Millicent Turner Home for Girls stands in a garden on the edge of the city. Yet—

"If only Vincent Mott knows now!" sigh the women of Cherrington Falls. "And if only her husband has found Millicent again!"

TWO SHAKESPEARE EPITAPHS.

I—BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THE day of William Shakespeare's birth is not positively known; but as he was baptized on April 26, 1564, and as it was the custom of the time to christen infants when three days old, it is supposed that April 23 was his birthday. Curiously enough, he died on the same day of the same month (April 23) in 1616. The parish register at Stratford-on-Avon records the burial of "Will. Shakespeare, gent.," on April 25, and he was buried in the chancel of Holy Trinity Church. Near by, in a niche in the wall of the fine old building, is a life-sized bust, said to have been copied from a cast of the dead poet's face. On the slab over his grave is carved the inscription printed below.

The authorship of this quaint verse provides another of the many uncertainties that surround the figure of the greatest of English dramatists, but a probable tradition ascribes it to Shakespeare himself. It is not mentioned by Sir William Dugdale, in his "Antiquities of Warwickshire" (1656); but a letter from one William Hall, written in 1694, and preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, speaks of it as having been written by Shakespeare shortly before his death, "to suit the capacity of clerks and sextons, for the most part a very ignorant set of people."

If the longing of the dying Shakespeare was for untroubled rest, his wish has been granted, for his tomb has never been disturbed. It was not opened to receive the body of his wife, in spite of what is said to have been her desire, and Anne Hathaway—who, though eight years older than her husband, outlived him by more than seven years—lies buried in another grave beside him.

The epitaph is given below in the "simple spelling" of the inscription itself.

ON SHAKESPEARE'S GRAVE AT STRATFORD

Good frend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
To digg the dust encloased heare;
Bleste be the man that spares these stones,
And curst be he that moves my bones.

TWO SHAKESPEARE EPITAPHS.

II—BY JOHN MILTON.

IT has been asserted, by some of those who hold that Shakespeare could not have been the author of the plays attributed to him, that throughout his life he was an obscure person, and that neither his contemporaries nor their immediate successors knew him as a genius. Many things might be cited in disproof of this, none of them more striking than the following poem written by the author of "Paradise Lost," who was a boy in London, the son of a prosperous city scrivener, at the time of Shakespeare's death.

EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET, W. SHAKESPEARE.

WHAT needs my Shakespeare for his honored bones
The labor of an age in piled stones?
Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a livelong monument.
For whilst to the shame of slow-endeavoring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,—
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

WITH THE SPRING POETS.

Lyrics from the Pens of Bards Who Have Felt the Inspiration of the Season When the Earth Reawakes after Its Winter Sleep.

APRIL AND WOMAN.

APRIL weeps,
April smiles;
Woman threatens,
Then beguiles.

Rain or shine,
Who can find?
Who can tell
A woman's mind?

April's tears
Bring blooms of May;
Woman's weeping
Gets her way.

April's mild and
April's chill;
Warm and cold is
Woman's will.

April's full of
Quick surprise;
So's the light
In woman's eyes.

April's young, so
Fair in truth;
Woman's sweetest
For her youth.

Young men's fancy,
It is said,
Turns to loving
Month and maid.

Baltimore American.

* * * *

APRIL THE COQUETTE.

DEAR April, you're like some coquette,
Some little flirt, I ween;
For half the time your face is bright,
And then, all unforeseen,
You droop your head, and pout, and shed
Tears that you do not mean.

Yes, April, you're a winsome lass,
A little flirt, I know;
You do bewitch this heart of mine
And bid me whisper low,
"You are a true coquette because
You make me love you so!"

Woman's Home Companion.

* * * *

THE CHILD OF A CLOUD.

By Charles Henry Luders.

WHAT book it was in, or what it was not in,
Matters no whit unto you and me;
This is enough: in a tome forgotten
Somewhere I read of this mystery:
How a maiden, beautiful, ivory-browed,
Was born, full-grown, of a gray-haired cloud.

Blue were her eyes as the blue expanses
Of the spring-time hazes between the hills;
Blithe was she as a stream that dances
Seaward, leading a hundred rills—
You have guessed her name? Yes, April, so,
Was born of the wraith of a late March snow.

* * * *

AN APRIL JESTER.

By Frank Dempster Sherman.

OUTDOORS the white rain coming down
Made rivers of the streets in town,
And where the snow in patches lay
It washed the winter's signs away.
How fast it fell! How warm it felt!
The icicles began to melt;
A silver needle seemed each one
Thrust in the furnace of the sun,
The Vulcan sun who forged them all—
In rain-drops, crystals round and small.
The air was filled with tiny ropes

On which were strung these April hopes—
White water-beads that searched the ground
Until the thirsty seeds were found.

Then came blue sky; the streets were clean,
And in the garden spots of green
Were glistening in golden light,
The grass—and spring—almost in sight!
A bluebird sang its song near by—
Oh, happy spring is come, thought I—
When all at once the air grew chill,
Again the snowflakes fell, until
The ground was covered, and the trees
Stood in the drifts up to their knees.

I think this bird who dared to sing
Was premature about the spring,
Or else he joked in manner cool,
And caroled lightly, "April Fool!"

St. Nicholas.

* * * *

AN APRIL VIOLET.

By Margaret Deland.

OH, violet,
'Tis April yet,
The wind is cold, sweet maid;
For it doth blow
O'er lingering drifts of snow—
The ermine borders of spring's velvet green.
Oh, art thou not afraid
Thus early to be seen?

Dost think thou'st won
The fickle sun,
Because he smiles to-day?
Yet he did bring
Like homage to the spring,
Only to flout her tender, trusting grace.
Dream not, then, he will stay
Constant to thy pale face!

* * * *

THROUGH APRIL SHOWERS.

By D. H. R. Goodale.

TWO mating birds are gleaming through the rain,
Pursuer and pursued;
And as they pause the lover's piercing strain
Smites on my solitude:
"O love! O love! O love!" he tells it o'er
And shakes his airy wings,
And ah, what sunlight glimmers just before
In April, while Love sings!

* * * *

MY LADY APRIL.

By Ernest Dowson.

DEW on her robe and on her tangled hair,
Twin dewdrops for her eyes, behold her pass,
With dainty step crushing the young, green grass,
The while she trills some high, fantastic air,
Full of all feathered sweetness. She is fair,
And all her fresh, young beauty, as a glass,
Mirrors out hope and love, but still, alas,
Traces of tears her languid lashes wear.

Say, doth she weep for very wantonness?
Or is it that she dimly doth foresee,
Athwart her youth, the joys grow less and less,
The burden of the months that are to be—
Autumn and withered leaves and vanity,
And winter bringing end in barrenness?

Temple Bar.

* * * *

APRIL IS HERE.

By Emma C. Dowd.

APRIL is here!
There's a song in the maple, thrilling and new;
There's a flash of wings of the heavens' own hue;
There's a veil of green on the nearer hills;
There's a burst of rapture in woodland rills;
There are stars in the meadow dropped here and there;
There's a breath of arbutus in the air;
There's a dash of rain, as if flung in jest;
There's an arch of color spanning the west;
April is here!

St. Nicholas.

The Liberty of the Cudgel.

An Antidote to the Liberty of the Press.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

IN 1789 the newly established State of Pennsylvania was adopting a constitution, in which were defined the various rights and privileges of the different departments of the government. At that time Benjamin Franklin, in the vein of dry humor for which he was so noted, published in the *Federal Gazette* what purported to be a section of the constitution. In it he professed to define the powers of what he called "The Supreme Court of Judicature in Pennsylvania"—that is to say, the court established by the newspapers. In 1789 what is now sometimes called "trial by newspaper" was quite well known; and Franklin, who had himself long been a journalist, was keenly aware of how the freedom of the press may be abused. This paper of his, therefore, is to be read with the understanding that it is a piece of ironical writing under whose satire there lay a strong fund of earnest and sincere conviction. The extract which we publish may be found in Volume II of the complete works of Benjamin Franklin as edited by Sparks in Boston (1836). It is by no means entirely irrelevant to the events of our own time.

The 17th of April is the one hundred and seventh anniversary of Franklin's death.

An Account of the Supremest Court of Judicature in Pennsylvania, viz., the Court of the Press.

POWER OF THIS COURT—It may receive and promulgate accusations of all kinds, against all persons and characters among the citizens of the State, and even against all inferior courts; and may judge, sentence, and condemn to infamy, not only private individuals, but public bodies, &c., with or without inquiry or hearing, *at the court's discretion.*

IN WHOSE FAVOR AND FOR WHOSE EMOLUMENT THIS COURT IS ESTABLISHED—In favor of about one citizen in five hundred, who, by education or practise in scribbling, has acquired a tolerable style as to grammar and construction, so as to bear printing; or who is possessed of a press and a few types. This five-hundredth part of the citizens have the privilege of accusing and abusing the other four hundred and ninety-nine parts at their pleasure; or they may hire out their pens and press to others for that purpose.

PRACTISE OF THE COURT—It is not governed by any of the rules of common courts of law. The accused is allowed no grand jury to judge of the truth of the accusation before it is publicly made, nor is the name of the accuser made known to him, nor has he an opportunity of confronting the witnesses against him; for they are kept in the dark, as in the Spanish court of Inquisition. Nor is there any petty jury of his peers, sworn to try the truth of the charges. The proceedings are also sometimes so rapid, that an honest, good citizen may find himself suddenly

and unexpectedly accused, and in the same morning judged and condemned, and sentence pronounced against him, that he is a *rogue* and a *villain*. Yet, if an officer of this court receives the slightest check for misconduct in this his office, he claims immediately the rights of a free citizen by the constitution, and demands to know his accuser, to confront the witnesses, and to have a fair trial by a jury of his peers.

THE FOUNDATION OF ITS AUTHORITY—It is said to be founded on an article in the State Constitution, which establishes *the liberty of the press;* a liberty which every Pennsylvanian will fight and die for; though few of us, I believe, have distinct ideas of its nature and extent. It seems indeed somewhat like the *liberty of the press* that felons have, by the common law of England, before conviction, that is, to be *pressed* to death or hanged. If by the *liberty of the press* were understood merely the liberty of discussing the propriety of public measures and political opinions, let us have as much of it as you please; but, if it means the liberty of affronting, calumniating, and defaming one another, I, for my part, own myself willing to part with my share of it whenever our legislators shall please so to alter the law, and shall cheerfully consent to exchange my *liberty* of abusing others for the *privilege* of not being abused myself.

BY WHOM THIS COURT IS COMMISSIONED OR CONSTITUTED—It is not by any commission from the Supreme Executive Council, who might previously judge of the abilities, integrity, knowledge, &c., of the persons to be appointed to this great trust, of deciding upon the characters and good fame of the citizens; for this court is above that Council, and may *accuse, judge,* and *condemn* it at pleasure. Nor is it hereditary, as in the court of *dernier ressort,* in the peerage of England. But any man who can procure pen, ink, and paper, with a press, a few types, and huge pair of *blacking* balls, may commissionate himself; and his court is immediately established in the plenary possession and exercise of its rights. For, if you make the least complaint of the *judge's* conduct, he daubs his blacking balls in your face wherever he meets you; and, besides tearing your private character to flitters, marks you out for the odium of the public, as an *enemy to the liberty of the press.*

OF THE NATURAL SUPPORT OF THESE COURTS—Their support is founded in the depravity of such minds as have not been mended by religion, nor improved by good education.

There is a lust in man no charm can tame,
Of loudly publishing his neighbor's shame.

Hence:

On eagle's wings immortal scandals fly,
While virtuous actions are but born and die.
Dryden.

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor, will feel a pleasure in the reverse. And of those who, despairing to rise into distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves, there are a number sufficient in every great town to maintain one of these courts by their subscriptions. A shrewd observer once said, that, in walking the streets on a slippery morning, one might see where the good-natured people lived by the ashes thrown on the ice before their doors; probably he would have formed a different conjecture of the temper of those whom he might find engaged in such a subscription.

OF THE CHECKS PROPER TO BE ESTABLISHED AGAINST THE ABUSE OF POWER IN THESE COURTS—Hitherto there are none. But since so much has been written and published on the Federal Constitution, and the necessity of checks in all other parts of good government has been so clearly and learnedly explained, I find myself so far enlightened as to suspect some check may be proper in this part also; but I have been at a loss to imagine any that may not be construed an infringement of the sacred *liberty of the press.* At length, however, I think I have found one that, instead of diminishing general liberty, shall augment it; which is, by restoring to the people a species of liberty, of

which they have been deprived by our laws, I mean the *liberty of the cudgel.* In the rude state of society prior to the existence of laws, if one man gave another ill language, the affronted person would return it by a box on the ear, and, if repeated, by a good drubbing; and this without offending against any law. But now the right of making such returns is denied, and they are punished as breaches of the peace; while the right of abusing seems to remain in full force, the laws made against it being rendered ineffectual by the *liberty of the press.*

My proposal then is, to leave the liberty of the press untouched, to be exercised in its full extent, force, and vigor; but to permit the *liberty of the cudgel* to go with it *pari passu.* Thus, my fellow-citizens, if an impudent writer attacks your reputation, dearer to you perhaps than your life, and puts his name to the charge, you may go to him as openly and break his head. If he conceals himself behind the printer, and you can nevertheless discover who he is, you may in like manner waylay him in the night, attack him behind, and give him a good drubbing. Thus far goes my project as to *private* resentment and retribution. But if the public should ever happen to be affronted, *as it ought to be,* with the conduct of such writers, I would not advise proceeding immediately to these extremities; but that we should in moderation content ourselves with tarring and feathering, and tossing them in a blanket.

If, however, it should be thought that this proposal of mine may disturb the public peace, I would then humbly recommend to our legislators to take up the consideration of both liberties, that of the *press,* and that of the cudgel, and by an explicit law mark their extent and limits; and, at the same time that they secure the person of a citizen from *assaults,* they would likewise provide for the security of his *reputation.*

GOOD REASONS FOR KINGS TO SHIVER.

A Jewel Falling from the Crown at the Coronation of George III Was an Omen of His Later Loss of the American Colonies.

OMENS should be regarded seriously by monarchs, if there is truth in the stories of incidents that have attended the coronations of certain English kings. The wearing of white, for example, on such an occasion is said to have been particularly fatal. Alone of all the British sovereigns, Charles I was robed in white at his coronation. The chroniclers say that this happened purely by accident. When the ill-fated prince formally assumed the crown, in 1625, it chanced that all the purple velvet at the time to be found in London was not sufficient to supply a robe, and there was no time to send to Genoa or elsewhere for more.

Long years before the coronation of the second of the Stuart kings misfortunes had been predicted for a white king of England, and surely no man's life ever more fully bore out such a prediction. White followed the unlucky Charles even to the grave. After the dethroned king's execution, on that cold January day in 1649, as his body was brought out from St. George's Hall the snow began to fall, and before the coffin reached the west end of the royal chapel the black velvet pall was covered with purest white from frozen flakes.

Unfortunate signs and portents also attended the coronation of James II. The wind was light, yet the canopy which was held over the king's head by the Cinque Port barons was found to be torn, and the flag which was run up on the tower at the moment of coronation was soon afterward seen hanging in tatters.

The most portentous omen of all, however, attended the coronation of George III, in whose reign Britain sustained her greatest disaster, the loss of the American colonies. It is curious how this disaster was presymbolized at the coronation. As the king was moving across the Abbey floor wearing the crown the great diamond fell out, and was not found again without a good deal of trouble.

The Great Inventions.

BY PHILIP COAN.

The Conflicting Claims of Different Nations to the Inventions That Have Made Modern Progress Possible—An Estimate of the Credit Fairly Due to America and to the Chief European Countries.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

WHEN the German mechanic, Blaew, bored the first spiral-grooved rifle-barrels — one of our oldest so-called modern inventions — in the early part of the seventeenth century, the world's most remarkable era of material progress may be said to have commenced. The great mechanisms of the present time began to pass through their first awkward stages soon afterward. Invention became a thing more and more frequent, until it reached the fertile years of the middle nineteenth century, the culmination of the whole period.

Invention has always been more international than is usually realized. The steam-engine, for example, is not an English invention, nor is it French, nor German, nor of any other nationality. Though it may claim more of an English ancestry than of any other, it is as far from being the invention of a single man or nation as from being the product of a single year or century. An Italian, to begin with, made a sort of wind-wheel, to go by a jet of steam, as early as 1629; the steam feed injector for locomotives was devised by the ingenuity of a Frenchman as late as 1858, and as for the final word, the development of the steam turbine is, perhaps, even now just opened.

A Multiplicity of Claimants.

So it is with all the most important mechanical improvements; the men who contributed to their making were of so many nationalities that almost every great country had enough of a hand in the result to raise the claim that it had supplied the one link, the part indispensable, to final success. Such claims are made by four nations in the case of the steamboat, in that of the bicycle by five, in that of modern steel manufacture by three, in that of electric power by nearly all. All the claims are more or less valid, too; in such vast progress there is glory enough for many nations.

The indexes of the books on mechanics are peopled with men who obtain in this tardy way their first recognition for contributions that advanced some line of invention, but brought the authors neither fame nor fortune at the time. Quick and easy credit usually comes to the man who takes the last step, making the invention a practical commercial success. The reward of his predecessors is, perhaps, the applause of posterity; but even that is very uncertain.

Just as surely as the parentage of the great inventions is to be apportioned among various men and nations, so each country is apt to assume the whole glory, if entitled to any share of it. Statues to the inventor of the steamboat abound —though they lack resemblance to one another or to Robert Fulton. The credit for what has been joint work is often unsettled by the pulling and tugging of the compatriots of the different collaborators, half a century after, when the true merits of the case are easily obscured. The record of every new mechanical departure is contested; scarcely a single important idea is undisputed property. Nor do we intend to do more here than mention such inventors as seem

comparatively well established in their claims.

The Story of the Steam-Engine.

Branca, the Italian who devised the primitive steam wind-wheel, is the first man usually counted among the inventors of the steam-engine. His device, though without any practical use, a mere laboratory toy, at least held the germ of the future turbine, and demonstrated the power of steam to move machinery. It was suggestive in itself, and seems to have been entirely novel to the time. The invention of the piston followed after a long interval; it was the device of the ingenious Frenchman Denis Papin, and appeared in 1690.

Three Englishmen—Newcomen, Calley, and Savery—devised the next improvement, or rather the next component of what did not become until after many further steps anything like a steam-engine as we understand the term. The three built so-called atmospheric engines, which had a means of condensing the steam under the piston by jets of cold water. The thrust did not supply the power; this came from the atmospheric pressure on the cylinder, forcing it down after the steam had been condensed. The atmospheric engine, somewhat improved, was the first model of any practical use. With a boy to tend the steam and water-cocks—for it did not run of itself—it would work a pump in a coal mine and accomplish the labor of several men.

One of these pumping-engines was in charge of a mine-boy who had an unusual desire to run away from his valves and play. Humphrey Potter, for such was the lad's name, patched together a sort of rude gear of twine and sticks, by means of which the engine was made to turn the steam and water on and off of its own motion. The boy made an epoch, for thereafter engines were built to run their own valves.

Scotland can claim the next improver in the line, already long, of the men who invented the steam-engine. His name is James Watt, and history ranks him as the greatest of them all. His title is to this extent good, that in 1769 he turned out an engine which had all the absolute essentials, and which ran on the principle of the engine of to-day. He made the machine such a practical power-generator as it had never been before, making it available for varied uses.

Watt's model was a prerequisite to the steamboat, the locomotive, the stationary engine in its various types; to every development of steam power in the following half century.

Fulton and His Forerunners.

The application of steam to navigation followed quickly upon the appearance of the practical engine. Jouffroy, a Frenchman, is the first inventor known to have constructed a steamboat that would steam. He fitted a boat with an engine of the Watt type, and experimented with it on the Rhone, from 1781 to 1786. His craft, a mechanical success, as it seems to have made a speed of several miles an hour, was a commercial possibility; but the inventor's funds ran out before he could make his idea profitable, and it remained for another to exploit the half-forgotten idea some years later.

Fitch, an American, and Symington, a Scot, each succeeded in building navigable steamboats before 1802. Symington demonstrated the practical value of his model for towing freight-barges on the Forth and Clyde Canal, but could not raise enough capital to put his boats on the market. It was left to Fulton, in 1807, to build and start on the Hudson River, between New York and Albany, the first paying steamboat.

George Stephenson and the Locomotive.

English invention produced the locomotive. It appeared but a little behind the steamboat, that little owing chiefly to the slow realization of the fact that a driving-wheel would grip a smooth rail. Road locomotives, or steam-coaches, were the objects of the inventor's attention so nearly at the same time with steamboats that one early experimenter built a combination boat and wagon, intended to travel alike on land or water, and fitted with both paddles and wheels.

The application of stationary steam-engines to industrial uses extended gradually, and for the most part in England. Industrially, the progress of steam was limited only by the need of devising the

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proper machinery to replace hand-work. It was natural that the country best supplied with coal and iron, needful as the bases of industrial exploitation, should be the foremost in the great era of modern machinery.

"Industrial" describes the character of British invention, taken as a whole, and compared with the contributions of the other great nations. England's bread, more than that of Germany, or even that of America, has for now three generations been won from her coal. As in order to have the bread she must use the coal, the fuel and the metal in her mines were like a great buried power crying out to be put to use. This is the necessity that has mothered her inventions. From Bessemer steel to turbine steamships and to anilin dyes, they all show a common and close connection with her resources. They are the triumphs of an island of factories above teeming coal-shafts.

The Special Field of French Inventors.

There is at least one feature about French invention to surprise the average man—the special bent that Frenchmen have shown for the invention of novel means of locomotion. They are probably to be ranked second to the English in the development of the locomotive; they share in the credit of having developed the steamship; the automobile owes its present usefulness principally to their genius; they first built and used bicycles with pedals; they invented balloons, made dirigible air-ships, and have gone on a large scale into the problem of submarine navigation.

Yet few men are so well satisfied to stay at home as the Frenchman. He seldom emigrates, and does his traveling in his own country. Why his success in the branches of invention that deal with locomotion? The fine roads, perhaps, the level plains of France, and the bright weather that he knows tempt him to take more frequent excursions than his neighbors. It is certain enough that they flock to his roads for their own outings. Does he then improve his means of travel to attract foreign tourists? Then, too, the Frenchman has a quality not unlike the American habit of quick doing and thinking, so may he not share something of our own passion for rapid motion?

America seems to have begun her contributions to modern invention with the modest item of cut nails, of which Jeremiah Wilkinson turned out the first batch during the year of Bunker Hill. It was a practical beginning for an era of American invention that has remained splendidly practical. As England faced the need of developing her coal, so here a young people stood, still on the eastern edge of a land waiting to be tilled, peopled, and exploited in its every river, forest, field, and vein. Facing the strenuous task, men seem to have been abnormally sharpened to create, as they did, all the devices indispensable to the mechanical and industrial conquest of a vast continent.

America's List of Inventions.

The Americans were not theorists; they were people too busy with their own affairs to stop for anything involving mere investigation. Franklin and his curious experiments with electricity were swept aside by the busy times that followed. American invention fittingly began its record with that first batch of useful wire nails.

Steamboats, cotton-gins, and friction matches all were introduced during the early decades of American independence. Americans invented the reaping-machine in 1833, telegraphy in 1844, sewing-machines in 1846, Hoe presses in 1847, breech-loading guns in 1849, sleeping-cars in 1856, elevators in 1861, barbed wire in the same year—an improvement not to be slighted, since it has enabled the cattle-rancher to fence his millions of acres—typewriters in 1868, automatic air-brakes in 1872, Bell telephones in 1876, incandescent electric lights in 1878, and overhead trolleys in 1885. This partial list—though some of its items suggest controversies—may be said to contain more things of general use than any other country can show for the same period; indeed, to say that it contains more than all the other countries have produced in the same period might be going not so far beyond the truth of the matter.

A land of such vast undeveloped possibilities, America felt more keenly than the older world the spur of advancing times. The newer and cruder country

found improvements to be made of which older lands, in the even tenor of their accustomed life, had not even dreamed. The old-world plowmen might have kept on forever plowing with medieval plows, and old-world luxury lighting its drawing-rooms with a hundred candles, satisfied with well enough. New America ended by teaching lessons even in the appliances of luxury; the very European hotels had to be equipped with the American elevator.

The Inventors of the Future.

The last country to enter the course may well enough take the lead; new nerves and new courage drive it. The stride that America set three generations ago may be outdone by a newer nation to-morrow, for such a nation has appeared. It would not be altogether surprising if the great inventors of the near future should turn out to be the Japanese. Hitherto, indeed, foreign observers have criticized them for their apparent lack of inventive power, but the people of Nippon have shown that it does not do to judge their future by their past. To-day they are equaling the mechanical efforts of other races, building vessels, for instance, such as could not, until the past few years, have been constructed in any shipyard in the world. Less than twenty years a world power, they may soon surpass where they have so quickly arrived.

"TWENTY-THREE" REASONS.

Here are Six Good Explanations for the Slang Phrase that People Use Without Knowing Why—In All Probability the Inquiry Editors Will Find Twenty-Three Explanations if They Keep On.

IN view of the importance that current slang has assumed in every-day language, it would be well for the dignity of such an honored expression as the symbolic "twenty-three" if somebody would settle the doubtful point of its origin.

There are unusual difficulties in the way, so numerous are the plausible theories that have already appeared. We need one good explanation of the cryptic phrase; but half a dozen, all good but contradictory, leave us worse off than ever. The editors of the inquiry columns have run us into this quandary, through too much zeal. The New York *Evening Post,* for one, gives six possible derivations.

(1) Race-tracks, or at any rate some race-tracks, are so laid out as to accommodate not more than twenty-two horses at a time. The twenty-third horse entered, therefore, must be put out of the race.

(2) The psychopathic ward at Bellevue Hospital, in New York, is ward No. 23, and, in the vernacular of the ambulance surgeon—"Twenty-three for his" is equivalent to "He's crazy."

(3) In numbering the rooms of a certain new hotel, the numeral "23" was inadvertently omitted. The clerks therefore used "Show the gentleman to room 23" as a signal to the "bouncer," when an undesirable applicant came for a room.

(4) The expression originated from the twenty-third verse of the third chapter of Genesis: "Therefore, the Lord sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from whence he was taken."

(5) The expression originated from a passage in the last chapter of "A Tale of Two Cities," describing the guillotining of a batch of prisoners during the Reign of Terror. The *tricoteuses,* or knitting-women, whose pastime it is to watch the executions, count each victim of the ghastly knife, and the last, *Sydney Carton,* is the twenty-third:

> The murmuring of many voices, the upturning of many faces, the pressing on of many footsteps in the outskirts of the crowd, so that it swells forward in a mass, like one great heave of water, all flashes away. Twenty-three.

(6) "Twenty-three" is a signal used by telegraphers to signify "Keep off the wire," as they use "Thirty" for saying "Good night."

The Pay of Parliaments.

How the Salary of an American Congressman Compares with Those of the Lawmakers of Other Nations—Some Legislators are Unpaid, and Few Receive More Than a Modest Sum.

IF the United States Congress finally decides—the question is still under discussion as this is written—to raise the salaries of its members from five thousand dollars a year to half as much more, our Senators and Representatives will undoubtedly be the best-paid lawmakers in the world. Far be it, however, from THE SCRAP BOOK to suggest that they will be overpaid by so much as a single cent!

The following facts about the allowances received by the legislators of other countries have been collected from "The Statesman's Year Book" and from a report on the subject recently made to the British House of Commons.

ARGENTINE REPUBLIC—The members of the Senate and of the House of Deputies receive twelve thousand pesos (about $5,300) annually.

AUSTRIA—The upper house (Herrenhaus) of the Austrian Reichsrath is unpaid. Members of the lower house (Abgeordnetenhaus) receive ten florins (about $4.20) for each day of the session, with an allowance for traveling expenses.

BADEN—Members of both chambers of the Landtag, except those whose seats are hereditary, receive twelve marks ($3) a day and traveling expenses.

BAVARIA—Members of the upper house receive no pay; those of the lower house draw ten marks ($2.50) a day during the session, with free passes over the railways.

BELGIUM—Members of the Senate are not paid. Members of the Chamber of Deputies receive four thousand francs ($800) a year, and a free pass over the railway between their homes and Brussels.

CANADA—Members of the Dominion Senate receive twenty-five hundred dollars for the session, with a deduction of fifteen dollars a day for absence. The salary of members of the House of Commons is the same.

DENMARK—Members of both houses of the Rigsdag—the upper chamber being called the Landsthing, and the lower the Folkething—receive ten kroner (about $1.65) per day of the session, together with their traveling expenses to and from Copenhagen.

FRANCE—The Senators and Deputies receive nine thousand francs ($1,800) a year. They travel free over all French railways on making a nominal annual payment. There is also a pension fund for ex-members and their widows and orphans.

GERMANY—Members of the Imperial Reichstag receive twenty-four hundred marks ($600) a year, from which twenty marks a day is deducted for absence.

GREAT BRITAIN—Members of Parliament are unpaid. There is, however, a growing body of opinion in favor of the allowance of a moderate salary to members of the House of Commons, and that body recently passed a resolution approving the proposal, though no provision was made for putting it into practise.

GREECE—Members of the Boule, the only house of the Greek legislature, receive two thousand old drachmai ($360) for each session, with an allowance for extra sessions.

HESSE—Members of both chambers, except those whose seats are hereditary, and those who reside in Darmstadt, the capital, receive nine marks ($2.25) a day and their traveling expenses.

HOLLAND—Members of the first chamber of the States-General, except those residing in The Hague, receive ten guilders ($4.15) for each day of the session. Members of the second chamber receive two thousand guilders ($825) annually, besides their traveling expenses.

HUNGARY—The Orszaggyules, or Parliament, consists of two houses, the Forendihaz and the Kepviselohaz. Members of the former are not paid; those of the latter receive forty-eight hundred crowns (about $1,000) annually, with an allowance of sixteen hundred crowns ($333) for house rent.

ITALY—Both chambers of the Italian legislature are unpaid, but members travel free on the railroads.

JAPAN—Members of the House of Peers and of the House of Representatives receive two thousand yen ($1,000) a year and their traveling expenses. Any member who does not care to draw a salary may decline to do so.

MEXICO—Members of the Senate and of the House of Representatives receive two thousand dollars (Mexican dollars, equivalent to one thousand in gold) annually.

NORWAY — Members of both chambers of the Storthing receive twelve kroner ($3.30) a day, besides their traveling expenses.

PORTUGAL — Members of the Cortes Geraes, or Portuguese parliament, receive no salaries, but they can travel free on the government railways.

PRUSSIA—The upper chamber of the Landtag is unpaid. Members of the lower chamber, the Abgeordnetenhaus, receive fifteen marks ($3.75) for each day of the session. This is regarded as an allowance for their traveling and living expenses.

RUMANIA—Members of the Senate and of the Chamber of Deputies receive twenty-five francs ($5) for each day of the session, besides traveling expenses.

RUSSIA—Members of the Duma are to receive ten rubles ($5.10) for each day of the session, and traveling expenses once a year between St. Petersburg and their home.

SAXONY—Members of both chambers of the legislature, except those whose seats are hereditary or *ex officio*, receive twelve marks ($3) for each day of the session, and an allowance for traveling expenses.

SERVIA—Members of the Skupshtina receive fifteen dinars ($3) for each day of the session, besides their traveling expenses.

SPAIN—Members of the Cortes receive no salary, but are allowed to travel free on the railways.

SWEDEN—Members of the First Chamber of the Swedish Diet are not paid. Members of the Second Chamber receive twelve hundred kroner ($330) for each regular session of four months, together with their traveling expenses. In case of an extra session, they receive ten kroner ($2.75) a day.

SWITZERLAND—Members of the Standenrath, or upper house of the Swiss legislature, receive no pay from the federal government, being regarded as direct representatives of the cantons that send them to Berne. Members of the Nationalrath, or lower house, receive twenty francs ($4) from the federal funds for each day on which they are present, with an allowance for their traveling expenses to and from the capital.

WURTTEMBERG — The legislature consists of two chambers, termed respectively the Standesherren and the Abgeordneten. To the members of both chambers an allowance is made of ten marks ($2.50) for each day of the session, besides their traveling expenses; but to the Standesherren payment is made on application only.

The "Noche Triste" (Night of Sorrow).

From "The Conquest of Mexico."

BY WILLIAM HICKLING PRESCOTT.

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON once declared in his offhand way that no blind man could ever write history. To this bluntly stated rule there have been at least three great exceptions, the most remarkable of them being found in the career of the American historian, William Hickling Prescott (1796-1859).

Prescott, while a student at Harvard, had his sight permanently injured by a hard crust of bread thrown full into his eyes by a careless student. It is true that in one sense of the word he never became wholly blind; yet he was prevented from reading or from writing in the usual way. Having abundant means, he employed secretaries and readers and procured an instrument called a noctograph, which enabled him to write without seeing what he wrote. In this way he began the composition of history, producing three great works, "The History of Ferdinand and Isabella," "The Conquest of Mexico," and "The Conquest of Peru." Before writing them he had copies of the important Spanish archives carefully made for him, and he purchased quantities of manuscripts and other documents, all of which he mastered through hearing them read; for he trained his memory so carefully that he could carry in mind the contents of hundreds of pages at a time.

His masterpiece is "The Conquest of Mexico," which resembles the most brilliant of romances, and which is read with delight alike by the scholar and by the schoolboy. Its theme is the conquest of Mexico in the sixteenth century by a small band of Spaniards under Hernan Cortés, who with superb daring penetrated to the heart of the great Aztec empire, and, after overcoming fearful difficulties and fighting battle after battle, conquered that country for his royal master.

The most famous passage of the book is that which is given here. Cortés and his few followers had been received with a show of friendliness in the city of Mexico, and had been lodged in a vast palace in the very heart of the capital. Suddenly the Aztecs rose against them and besieged their palace, swarming about in unnumbered thousands. Escape appeared to be impossible. The city was intersected by canals. Its population was intensely hostile, and the whole country from Mexico to the seacoast was up in arms. Nevertheless, Cortés planned to escape secretly by night, since at night the Aztecs were not wont to fight, and withdrew their sentries from the vicinity of the palace.

Prescott here describes what followed the attempt, and his description is one of the most vivid to be found in all the pages of historical literature.

THERE was no longer any question as to the expediency of evacuating the capital. The only doubt was as to the time of doing so, and the route. The Spanish commander called a council of officers to deliberate on these matters. It was his purpose to retreat on Tlascala, and in that capital to decide, according to circumstances, on his future operations. After some discussion, they agreed on the causeway of Tlacopan as the avenue by which to leave the city. It would indeed take them back by a circuitous route, considerably longer than either of those by which they had approached the capi-

tal. But for that reason it would be less likely to be guarded, as least suspected; and the causeway itself, being shorter than either of the other entrances, would sooner place the army in comparative security on the mainland.

There was some difference of opinion in respect to the hour of departure. That daytime, it was argued by some, would be preferable, since it would enable them to see the nature and extent of their danger, and to provide against it. Darkness would be much more likely to embarrass their own movements than those of the enemy, who were familiar with the ground. A thousand impediments would occur in the night, which might prevent their acting in concert, or obeying, or even ascertaining, the orders of the commander.

But on the other hand, it was urged that the night presented many obvious advantages in dealing with a foe who rarely carried his hostilities beyond the day. The late active operations of the Spaniards had thrown the Mexicans off their guard, and it was improbable they would anticipate so speedy a departure of their enemies. With celerity and caution they might succeed, therefore, in making their escape from the town, possibly over the causeway, before their retreat should be discovered; and could they once get beyond that pass of peril, they felt little apprehension for the rest.

These views were fortified, it is said, by the counsels of a soldier named Botello, who professed the mysterious science of judicial astrology. He had gained credit with the army by some predictions which had been verified by the events—those lucky hits which make chance pass for calculation with the credulous multitude. This man recommended to his countrymen by all means to evacuate the place in the night, as the hour most propitious to them, although he should perish in it. The event proved the astrologer better acquainted with his own horoscope than with that of others.

It is possible Botello's predictions had some weight in determining the opinion of Cortés. Superstition was the feature of the age; and the Spanish general, as we have seen, had a full measure of its bigotry. Seasons of gloom, moreover, dispose the mind to a ready acquiescence in the marvelous. It is, however, quite as probable that he made use of the astrologer's opinion, finding it coincided with his own, to influence that of his men, and inspire them with higher confidence. At all events, it was decided to abandon the city that very night.

The general's first care was to provide for the safe transportation of the treasure. Many of the common soldiers had converted their share of the prize, as we have seen, into gold chains, collars, or other ornaments, which they easily carried about their persons. But the royal fifth, together with that of Cortés himself, and much of the rich booty of the principal cavaliers, had been converted into bars and wedges of solid gold, and deposited in one of the strong apartments of the palace. Cortés delivered the share belonging to the Crown to the royal officers; assigning them one of the strongest horses, and a guard of Castilian soldiers, to transport it. Still, much of the treasure, belonging both to the Crown and to individuals, was necessarily abandoned, from the want of adequate means of conveyance. The metal lay scattered in shining heaps along the floor, exciting the cupidity of the soldiers.

"Take what you will of it," said Cortés to his men. "Better you should have it than these Mexican hounds. But be careful not to overload yourselves. He travels safest in the dark night who travels lightest."

His own more wary followers took heed to his counsel—helping themselves to a few articles of least bulk, though it might be of greatest value. But the troops of Narvaez, pining for riches of which they had heard so much and hitherto seen so little, showed no such discretion. To them it seemed as if the very mines of Mexico were turned up before them; and rushing on the treacherous spoil, they greedily loaded themselves with as much of it, not merely as they could accommodate about their persons, but as they could stow away in wallets, boxes, or any other means of conveyance at their disposal.

Cortés next arranged the order of march. The van, composed of two hundred Spanish foot, he placed under the command of the valiant Gonzalo de San-

doval, supported by Diego de Ordaz, Francisco de Lujo, and about twenty other cavaliers. The rear-guard, constituting the strength of the infantry, was entrusted to Pedro de Alvarado and Velasquez de Leon. The general himself took charge of the "battle," or center, in which went the baggage, some of the heavy guns—most of which, however, remained in the rear—the treasure, and the prisoners. These consisted of a son and two daughters of Montezuma, Cacama the deposed lord of Tezcuco, and several other nobles, whom Cortés retained as important pledges in his future negotiations with the enemy.

The Tlascalans were distributed pretty equally among the three divisions; and Cortés had under his immediate command a hundred picked soldiers, his own veterans most attached to his service, who, with Cristóval de Olid, Francisco de Morla, Alonso de Avila, and two or three other cavaliers, formed a select corps, to act wherever occasion might require.

The general had already superintended the construction of a portable bridge to be laid over the open canals in the causeway. This was given in charge to an officer named Magarino, with forty soldiers under his orders, all pledged to defend the passage to the last extremity. The bridge was to be taken up when the entire army had crossed one of the breaches, and transported to the next. There were three of these openings in the causeway, and most fortunate would it have been for the expedition if the foresight of the commander had provided the same number of bridges. But the labor would have been great, and time was short.

At midnight the troops were under arms, in readiness for the march. Mass was performed by Father Olmedo, who invoked the protection of the Almighty through the awful perils of the night. The gates were thrown open; and on the first of July, 1520, the Spaniards for the last time sallied forth from the walls of the ancient fortress, the scene of so much suffering and such indomitable courage.

The night was cloudy; and a drizzling rain, which fell without intermission, added to the obscurity. The great square before the palace was deserted, as indeed it had been since the fall of Montezuma. Steadily, and as noiselessly as possible, the Spaniards held their way along the great street of Tlascopan, which so lately had resounded with the tumult of battle. All was now hushed in silence; and they were only reminded of the past by the occasional presence of some solitary corpse, or a dark heap of the slain, which too plainly told where the strife had been hottest. As they passed along the lanes and alleys which opened into the great street, or looked down the canals, whose polished surface gleamed with a sort of ebon luster through the obscurity of night, they easily fancied that they discerned the shadowy forms of their foe lurking in ambush and ready to spring on them. But it was only fancy; and the city slept undisturbed even by the prolonged echoes of the tramp of the horses and the hoarse rumbling of the artillery and baggage trains.

At length a lighter space beyond the dusky line of buildings showed the van of the army that it was emerging on the open causeway. They might well have congratulated themselves on having thus escaped the dangers of an assault in the city itself, and that a brief time would place them in comparative safety on the opposite shore. But the Mexicans were not all asleep.

As the Spaniards drew near the spot where the street opened on the causeway, and were preparing to lay the portable bridge across the uncovered breach which now met their eyes, several Indian sentinels who had been stationed at this, as at the other approaches to the city, took the alarm and fled, rousing their countrymen by their cries. The priests, keeping their night-watch on the summit of the teocalli, instantly caught the tidings and sounded their shells, while the huge drum in the desolate temple of the war-god sent forth those solemn tones, which, heard only in seasons of calamity, vibrated through every corner of the capital.

The Spaniards saw that no time was to be lost. The bridge was brought forward and fitted with all possible expedition. Sandoval was the first to try its

strength; and riding across, was followed by his little body of chivalry—his infantry and Tlascalan allies, who formed the first division of the army. Then came Cortés and his squadrons, with the baggage, ammunition wagons, and a part of the artillery.

But before they had time to defile across the narrow passage, a gathering sound was heard, like that of a mighty forest agitated by the winds. It grew louder and louder, while on the dark waters of the lake was heard a plashing noise, as of many oars. Then came a few stones and arrows striking at random among the hurrying troops. They fell every moment faster and more furious, till they thickened into a terrible tempest; while the very heavens were rent with the yells and war-cries of myriads of combatants, who seemed all at once to be swarming over land and lake!

The Spaniards pushed steadily on through this arrowy sleet; though the barbarians, dashing their canoes against the sides of the causeway, clambered up and broke in upon their ranks. But the Christians, anxious only to make their escape, declined all combat except for self-preservation. The cavaliers, spurring forward their steeds, shook off their assailants and rode over their prostrate bodies; while the men on foot, with their good swords or the butts of their pieces, drove them headlong again down the sides of the dike.

But the advance of several thousand men, marching probably on a front of not more than fifteen or twenty abreast, necessarily required much time; and the leading files had already reached the second breach in the causeway before those in the rear had entirely traversed the first. Here they halted, as they had no means of effecting a passage; smarting all the while under unintermitting volleys from the enemy, who were clustered thick on the waters around this second opening. Sorely distressed, the vanguard sent repeated messages to the rear to demand the portable bridge.

At length the last of the army had crossed; and Margarino and his sturdy followers endeavored to raise the ponderous framework. But it stuck fast in the sides of the dike. In vain they strained every nerve. The weight of so many men and horses, and above all, of the heavy artillery, had wedged the timbers so firmly in the stones and earth that it was beyond their power to dislodge them. Still they labored amidst a torrent of missiles, until, many of them slain, and all wounded, they were obliged to abandon the attempt.

The tidings soon spread from man to man; and no sooner was their dreadful import comprehended than a cry of despair arose, which for a moment drowned all the noise of conflict. All means of retreat were cut off. Scarcely hope was left. The only hope was in such desperate exertions as each could make for himself. Order and subordination were at an end. Intense danger produced intense selfishness. Each thought only of his own life. Pressing forward, he trampled down the weak and the wounded, heedless whether it were friend or foe.

The leading files, urged on by the rear, were crowded on the brink of the gulf. Sandoval, Ordaz, and the other cavaliers dashed into the water. Some succeeded in swimming their horses across; others failed; and some who reached the opposite bank, being overturned in the ascent, rolled headlong with their steeds into the lake. The infantry followed pell-mell, heaped promiscuously on one another, frequently pierced by the shafts or struck down by the war-clubs of the Aztecs; while many an unfortunate victim was dragged half stunned on board their canoes, to be reserved for a protracted but more dreadful death.

The carnage raged fearfully along the length of the causeway. Its shadowy bulk presented a mark of sufficient distinctness for the enemy's missiles, which often prostrated their own countrymen in the blind fury of the tempest. Those nearest the dike, running their canoes alongside with a force that shattered them to pieces, leaped on the land, and grappled with the Christians until both came rolling down the side of the causeway together. But the Aztec fell among his friends, while his antagonist was borne away in triumph to the sacrifice.

The struggle was long and deadly. The Mexicans were recognized by their white cotton tunics, which showed faint

through the darkness. Above the combatants rose a wild and discordant clamor, in which horrid shouts of vengeance were mingled with groans of agony, with invocations of the saints and the blessed Virgin, and with the screams of women; for there were several women, both natives and Spaniards, who had accompanied the Christian camp. Among these, one named Maria de Estrada is particularly noticed for the splendid courage she displayed, battling with broadsword and target like the stanchest of the warriors.

The opening in the causeway, meanwhile, was filled up with the wreck of matter which had been forced into it—ammunition-wagons, heavy guns, bales of rich stuffs scattered over the waters, chests of solid ingots, and bodies of men and horses—till over this dismal ruin a passage was gradually formed, by which those in the rear were enabled to clamber to the other side. Cortés, it is said, found a place that was fordable; where, halting, with the water up to his saddle-girths, he endeavored to check the confusion, and lead his followers by a safer path to the opposite bank. But his voice was lost in the wild uproar; and finally, hurrying on with the tide, he pressed forward with a few trusty cavaliers, who remained near his person, to the van; but not before he had seen his favorite page, Juan de Salazar, struck down a corpse by his side.

Here he found Sandoval and his companions, halting before the third and last breach, endeavoring to cheer on their followers to surmount it. But their resolution faltered. It was wide and deep; though the passage was not so closely beset by the enemy as the preceding ones. The cavaliers again set the example by plunging into the water. Horse and foot followed as they could, some swimming, others with dying grasp clinging to the manes and tails of the struggling animals. Those fared best, as the general had predicted, who traveled lightest; and many were the unfortunate wretches who, weighed down by the fatal gold which they loved so well, were buried with it in the salt floods of the lake.

Cortés, with his gallant comrades, Olid, Morla, Sandoval, and some few others, still kept in the advance, leading his broken remnant off the fatal causeway. The din of battle lessened in the distance; when the rumor reached them that the rear-guard would be wholly overwhelmed without speedy relief. It seemed almost an act of desperation; but the generous hearts of the Spanish cavaliers did not stop to calculate danger when the cry for succor reached them. Turning their horses' bridles, they galloped back to the theater of action, worked their way through the press, swam the canal, and placed themselves in the thick of the mêlée on the opposite bank.

The first gray of the morning was now coming over the waters. It showed the hideous confusion of the scene which had been shrouded in the obscurity of night. The dark masses of combatants, stretching along the dike, were seen struggling for mastery, until the very causeway on which they stood appeared to tremble, and reel to and fro, as if shaken by an earthquake; while the broad bosom of the lake, as far as the eye could reach, was darkened by canoes crowded with warriors, whose spears and bludgeons, armed with blades of "volcanic glass," gleamed in the morning light.

The cavaliers found Alvarado unhorsed, and defending himself with a poor handful of followers against an overwhelming tide of the enemy. His good steed, which had borne him through many a hard fight, had fallen under him. He was himself wounded in several places, and was striving in vain to rally his scattered column, which was driven to the verge of the canal by the fury of the enemy, then in possession of the whole rear of the causeway, where they were reinforced every hour by fresh combatants from the city.

The artillery in the earlier part of the engagement had not been idle; and its iron shower, sweeping along the dike, had mowed down the assailants by hundreds. But nothing could resist their impetuosity. The front ranks, pushed on by those behind, were at length forced up to the pieces, and pouring over them like a torrent, overthrew men and guns in one general ruin. The resolute charge of the Spanish cavaliers, who had now arrived, created a temporary check,

and gave time for their countrymen to make a feeble rally. But they were speedily borne down by the returning flood.

Cortés and his companions were compelled to plunge again into the lake—though all did not escape. Alvarado stood on the brink for a moment, hesitating what to do. Unhorsed as he was, to throw himself into the water, in the face of the hostile canoes that now swarmed around the opening, afforded but a desperate chance of safety. He had but a second for thought. He was a man of powerful frame, and despair gave him unnatural energy. Setting his long lance firmly on the wreck which strewed the bottom of the lake, he sprung forward with all his might, and cleared the wide gap at a leap. Aztecs and Tlascalans gazed in stupid amazement, exclaiming, as they beheld the incredible feat:

"This is truly the Tonatiuh—the child of the Sun!"

The breadth of the opening is not given. But it was so great that the valorous captain Diaz, who well remembered the place, says the leap was impossible to any man. Other contemporaries do not discredit the story. It was beyond doubt matter of popular belief at the time; it is to this day familiarly known to every inhabitant of the capital; and the name of the Salto de Alvarado, "Alvarado's Leap," given to the spot, still commemorates an exploit which rivaled those of the demigods of Grecian fable.

Cortés and his companions now rode forward to the front, where the troops, in a loose, disorderly manner, were marching off the fatal causeway. A few only of the enemy hung on their rear, or annoyed them by occasional flights of arrows from the lake. The attention of the Aztecs was diverted by the rich spoil that strewed the battle-ground; fortunately for the Spaniards, who, had their enemy pursued with the same ferocity with which he had fought, would in their crippled condition have been cut off, probably, to a man. But little molested, therefore, they were allowed to defile through the adjacent village—or suburbs, it might be called—of Popotla.

The Spanish commander there dismounted from his jaded steed; and sitting down on the steps of an Indian temple, gazed mournfully on the broken files as they passed before him. What a spectacle did they present! The cavalry, most of them dismounted, were mingled with the infantry, who dragged their feeble limbs along with difficulty; their shattered mail and tattered garments dripping with the salt ooze, showing through their rents many a bruise and ghastly wound; their bright arms soiled, their proud crests and banners gone, the baggage, artillery—all, in short, that constitutes the pride and panoply of glorious war—forever lost.

Cortés, as he looked wistfully on their thin and disordered ranks, sought in vain for many a familiar face, and missed more than one dear companion who had stood side by side with him through all the perils of the conquest. Though accustomed to control his emotions, or at least to conceal them, the sight was too much for him. He covered his face with his hands, and the tears which trickled down revealed too plainly the anguish of his soul.

MAXIMS OF PUBLIUS SYRUS (45 B.C.).

AS men, we are all equal in the presence of death.

When we pause to think, we often miss our opportunity.

There are times when we may do well to forget what we know.

The fear of death is more to be feared than death itself.

The two greatest blessings of human life are good health and good sense.

Observe the golden mean between saying too much and too little.

Some Sayings of Prince Bismarck.

Brief, Pointed, and Characteristic Utterances of the Great German Who Was Born Ninety-Two Years Ago on April 1.

INTRODUCTION, BY PROFESSOR HARRY THURSTON PECK.

OTTO VON BISMARCK and Napoleon are the two great figures in modern history, every phase of whose activity is full of fascination. A distinguished member of the French Academy, M. Frédéric Masson, has devoted his entire life to accumulating the minutest details with reference to Napoleon—collecting even the facts as to what the great Corsican wore upon any given occasion, and trying to discover the cost of his gloves, his shoes, his underwear, and the accessories of his toilet. In like manner, many large volumes have already been filled by industrious investigators of Bismarck's life, his manners and his talk.

In some respects, indeed, there is a certain likeness between Bismarck and Napoleon. Both conceived gigantic plans. Both were ruthless in carrying them to a successful outcome. Both had a supreme contempt for men of ordinary intelligence. Both displayed in the most striking manner an absolute originality of thought and action. Yet the parallel here ceases; for each man was a typical representative of the race from which he sprang. Napoleon had the complex duplicity which came from his Italian blood; while Bismarck was blunt and frank to a most astonishing degree. Napoleon sacrificed hundreds of thousands of lives to his own personal ambition; while Bismarck planned wars, not for his own aggrandizement, but to secure the unity of the German people and the strengthening of their institutions.

The Iron Chancellor was essentially a hero of the Teutonic type—huge of frame, a mighty combatant in the battles of statesmanship by reason of his powerful brain, and a no less mighty trencherman, swallowing huge potations of beer and porter and champagne, puffing great clouds of smoke from innumerable cigars and pipes, and eating meals of which the record is almost incredible. In his old age he was heard to complain that he was no longer permitted to consume eleven hard-boiled eggs as a part of his breakfast, and that he could not drink more than a pint of champagne at a single draft.

As a student he was foremost in the duels of his "corps" and an unconquered champion in the *kommers;* but he gave little promise of his future intellectual attainments. Long afterward he used to say: "It was a great while before my poor mother could be persuaded that, in hatching me, she had not produced a goose." Throughout his life he was always open-handed, lavish, and somewhat disorderly in his surroundings. The American historian, Motley, who had been a fellow student of his, thus described Bismarck's domestic establishment in after years: "Here there are young and old, grandparents and children and dogs all at once; eating, drinking, smoking, piano-playing, and pistol-firing (in the garden) all going on at the same time."

When Bismarck first took office under the King of Prussia his bluff, careless ways were regarded as impossibly eccentric. Some even doubted his sanity. Napoleon III said of him: "The man is surely mad." Among statesmen, Disraeli seems to have been the only one who discerned the genius of this great German.

He said of him in 1862: "Take care of this man. He means what he says." Time soon revealed the truth of this shrewd estimate. Ten years later, Bismarck's policy had dismembered Denmark, humiliated Austria, crushed France, and created the German Empire.

As a speaker Bismarck claimed no merit. He said of himself: "I am no orator. I am not able, by juggling with words, to work upon your feelings and obscure facts. My speech is clear and simple." Nevertheless, he was in truth a very powerful orator; and both his parliamentary utterances and his private talk abounded in apt allusions, striking phrases, and epigrams that were full of point. Those which are given here illustrate not only the felicity of diction but also some of the mental characteristics of this remarkable statesman who was born ninety-two years ago this month.

NOT by speeches and resolutions of majorities are great questions decided, but by iron and blood.

The world cannot be ruled from below.

My ambassadors must wheel around like non-commissioned officers at the word of command, without knowing why.

Any one who can make promises can get himself elected.

The dread of responsibility is a disease of our times.

You cannot ripen fruit by setting lamps under the trees.

Not the people of the cities, but the people of the country, make a nation.

A majority has no heart.

Let us leave our children a problem or two; they might find the world very tiresome if there were nothing left for them to do.

We cannot hasten the course of time by setting our watches forward.

Passions are like the trout in my pond: one devours the other until only one fat old trout is left.

Whoever has once looked into the glazed eyes of a dying soldier on the battle-field will think twice before beginning a war.

Equality is the daughter of envy and covetousness.

Every great man has some flaw, just as a good apple has its speck.

The life of nations is crowned with success only so far as they have Teuton blood in their veins and so long as they preserve the characteristics of that race.

I deceive all diplomats by telling them the truth.

It is my wife who has made me what I am.

By "the people" every one means that which suits his purpose—usually a haphazard collection of individuals whom he has won over to his own views.

Gladstone played with words so long that after a while words played with him.

We Germans fear God, and we fear nothing else in the whole world.

Handle Carefully
LOWELL MASS.

DELUSIONS OF SANE PEOPLE.

The Uncertain Boundary-Line that Divides Sanity and Insanity—If You Hate Dust and Disorder There May Be Something the Matter with Your Mind.

DR. JOHN D. QUACKENBOS, the New York specialist on mental disorders, asserts that it is quite possible for a sane man to have insane streaks. Many of the little delusions which are common in their kind to all highly sensitive people can readily be eliminated, he claims, by hypnotic suggestion.

It is somewhat alarming, however, to discover that among the insanities of the sane are a horror of dust and disorder—sit up, New England!—and the habit of going back several times to see if the gas is really turned out.

"Among my patients," says Dr. Quackenbos, "have been persons who dared not cross the threshold of their homes and had not been out of their houses for months, who could not force themselves on a car, who refused to wash and dress themselves, or shake hands, or sleep under a bed-quilt. In other cases people see birds and hear the fluttering of wings; footsteps follow them, strange things crawl through the keyhole, faces stand out on the wall, flies whisper secrets to them.

"There are many who have a baseless fear of insanity. One lady sought a position in an asylum so as to be on hand when the day of aberration should arrive.

"Again, people come to me saying they are bewitched—an exceedingly common delusion to-day. A well-known authoress believes she is under the hypnotic power of a doctor who comes into her room disguised as a cloud and flaps his astral wings. There was a lady who was on her way to Alaska to found a moral town where drinking and gambling should be excluded. On the train she met a gambler, who fixed his piercing black eyes upon her and put her under a spell. From that hour bad luck pursued her, and she abandoned the scheme of the moral town."

It may, however, be a relief to some bashful young man to learn that his dread of telling the object of his adoration what he thinks of her is not a form of cowardice, but a phase of mental weakness for which he is not fully responsible.

"The vague sense of being afraid, so characteristic of neurasthenia," says Dr. Quackenbos, "often takes concrete shape in specialized phases of anxiety or fear, like horror of matrimony or of a bridal tour, fear of proposing, fear of making people cough or sneeze, of being locked up in a car or cabin, fear of a church building, of the service itself—this has been recorded in the cases of several clergymen—fear of going to bed for fear of waking up and knowing nothing the next morning, fear of looking down hill or going up in an elevator, fear of going into the cellar—for example, on the part of a man who kept his bees there in winter, and who was afraid to go near them lest he might pick up a bee and eat it—and, finally, fear of simply being afraid."

Turning to the question of remedies for these mental weaknesses, Dr. Quackenbos has not had the best of luck in his treatment of bashful lovers.

"I once prepared a young lady to receive a proposal," he relates. "Her lover was due that very night from Boston, and I consented to do the best I could for her. She must not be too eager, and so convey the impression that she was an easy conquest. She must not be too frigid and repel the advances of affection. I worked one hour over that sleeping beauty impressing my views, and when I waked her I felt that she was thoroughly equipped to go through the trying ordeal. Do you know, that man never came! He has not since materialized, and the poor girl is still waiting for an opportunity to give expression to my instructions."

BYRON'S LAST POEM.

EVERY year, on the 19th of April, there appears among the death notices in the London *Times*—inserted, apparently, by some unknown admirer of Byron—the following memorial paragraph:

GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON.
Died nobly for Greece at Missolonghi, April 19, 1824

When Love, who sent, forgot to save
The young, the beautiful, the brave.
The Bride of Abydos.

Sir Walter Scott, speaking of his death, said: "It is as if the sun had gone out."

In memory of the brilliant poet whose brief and checkered career closed eighty-three years ago this month, THE SCRAP BOOK herewith reprints his last verses, written on his thirty-sixth birthday—January 22, 1824—at Missolonghi, on the Gulf of Patras. Fired by sympathy for the struggle of Greece against her Turkish masters, Byron had come to devote his services and a considerable part of his fortune to the cause of Hellenic freedom. Late in the year 1823 he landed at Missolonghi to aid in defending the town against the besieging forces of the Sultan. The place was unhealthy, and Byron's physique, never strong, gave way. "I cannot quit Greece," he wrote to a friend, "while there is a chance of my being even of supposed utility. There is a stake worth millions such as I am, and while I can stand at all I must stand by the cause." It was not granted him to fall in battle, as he wished; he died of fever in the beleaguered town which was so long and so fiercely fought for by the Greeks and their hated enemies.

It is said by Trelawney, who was with him, that had Byron lived to see the final triumph of the Greek cause, the crown of the new kingdom might have been offered to him.

On This Day I Complete My Thirty-Sixth Year.

BY GEORGE GORDON NOEL, LORD BYRON.

'TIS time this heart should be unmoved,
Since others it hath ceased to move:
Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf;
The flowers and fruits of love are gone;
The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone!

The fire that on my bosom preys
Is lone as some volcanic isle;
No torch is kindled at its blaze—
A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
The exalted portion of the pain
And power of love, I cannot share,
But wear the chain.

But 'tis not thus—and 'tis not here—
Such thought should shake my soul, nor now,
Where glory decks the hero's bier,
Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
Glory and Greece, around me see!
The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she is awake!)
Awake, my spirit! Think through whom
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down,
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live?
The land of honorable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath!

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

THE GENIUS OF WILLIAM BLAKE.

A Poet Living in an Imaginary World—Were the Strange Things of Which He Told His Friends Fancies or Delusions?

IT is difficult to know what to think of a man who will say to a chance acquaintance: "Did you ever see a fairy's funeral, madam? I have, but not before last night. I was walking alone in my garden; there was great stillness among the branches and flowers, and more than common sweetness in the air. I heard a low and pleasant sound, and I knew not whence it came. At last I saw the broad leaf of a flower move, and underneath I saw a procession of creatures, of the size and color of green and gray grasshoppers, bearing a body laid out on a rose-leaf, which they buried with songs, and then disappeared. It was a fairy funeral!"

And what estimate shall we place on a man who has so convinced his wife of the reality of his spiritual visions that she can with calm confidence remind him: "You know, dear, the first time you saw God was when you were four years old, and he put his head to the window and set you a screaming."

These are true anecdotes of William Blake, poet, artist, seer. Shall we add —madman? As to that, opinions differ. On the side of his sanity it may be said, at least, that his spiritual rhapsodies, though ultra-symbolic and obscure, appear to be coherent. His genius led him into a maze of symbols which came to form almost a separate language of his own. He grew more and more eccentric before his death, which took place in 1827.

Surely, however, it was not madness that caught the eternal verity of faith, the ephemeral nature of doubt, and summed all up in this fine epigram:

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;
Mock on, mock on; 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

And every Sand becomes a Gem
Reflected in the beams divine;
Blown back they blind the mocking eye,
But still in Israel's path they shine.

A most wonderful cockney, this William Blake! He was born in London in 1757, the son of a hosier; he was scantily educated, but learned engraving; he spent his life mystically expressing himself; and he died poor and little known. He was great as poet, engraver, designer. A wonderful cockney, indeed, who could sound so nobly the Elizabethan note in these verses:

To the Muses.

Whether on Ida's shady brow,
Or in the chambers of the East,
The chambers of the sun, that now
From ancient melody have ceas'd;

Whether in Heav'n ye wander fair,
Or the green corners of the earth,
Or the blue regions of the air
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
Beneath the bosom of the sea
Wand'ring in many a coral grove,
Fair nine, forsaking Poetry!

How have you left the ancient love
That bards of old enjoy'd in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move!
The sound is forc'd, the notes are few!

What is perhaps Blake's best-known poem, and certainly one of his most curious and striking productions, "The Tiger," was printed in THE SCRAP BOOK for August, 1906.

During the past few years London has been the scene of a revival of interest in Blake's drawings and etchings, which were as original and unconventional as his writings. A set of illustrations which he made for an edition of the Book of Job were sold, about three years ago, for considerably more than five thousand pounds—a sum that would have been a godsend to the poet-artist, whose latter days were spent in dire poverty.

Count Fathom's Adventure.

From "Ferdinand, Count Fathom."

BY TOBIAS GEORGE SMOLLETT.

TOBIAS SMOLLETT (1721—1771) played an important part in the evolution of the English novel. With Fielding, Richardson, and Sterne, he created in England that sort of fiction which deals with human life as it is, rather than as it ought to be, or, indeed, as it never was and never could be. An American critic has called the fiction of these four men "a declaration of independence which ended forever the exclusive domination of the medieval romance."

Smollett was a Scotsman who first studied medicine, but later betook himself to literature, writing satires and parodies, and then his famous novel, "Roderick Random," drawn largely from his own experience, and creating in fiction the Jack Tar who was afterward so dear to the hearts of English readers. Other novels of his were "Peregrine Pickle," "Humphrey Clinker," and "Sir Launcelot Greaves." In all of them he writes vigorously, if sometimes brutally. Scott condemned him, and Thackeray praised him; but both agreed in recognizing his intimate knowledge of human character, which he drew with truth, however coarsely. Smollett was, indeed, a heavy-handed writer, abusing his enemies unsparingly, so that for one of his literary outbreaks he was both fined and imprisoned. The last years of his life were spent in incessant work carried on under the burden of broken health and domestic affliction. He died in Italy and was buried there.

His book called "Ferdinand, Count Fathom," is a tale which described the mishaps and the successes of an unscrupulous adventurer. It has practically no plot, but consists of a series of episodes loosely strung together, some of them written with much crudity, others with cynicism, but some with undoubted power. Of the last, the passage here given is an example. It relates how *Fathom*, while on a journey, lost his way at nightfall, and how, wandering through the lonely forest, he met with a strange and exciting adventure.

AFTER he had continued in this progress through a succession of groves and bogs, and thorns and brakes by which not only his clothes, but also his skin suffered in a grievous manner, while every nerve quivered with eagerness of dismay, he at length reached an open plain; and pursuing his course, in full hope of arriving at some village where his life would be safe, he descried a rushlight at a distance, which he looked upon as the star of his good fortune, and, riding toward it at full speed, arrived at the door of a lone cottage, into which he was admitted by an old woman, who, understanding he was a bewildered traveler, received him with great hospitality.

When he learned from his hostess that there was not another house within three leagues, that she could accommodate him with a tolerable bed, and his horse with lodging and oats, he thanked Heaven for his good fortune in stumbling upon this homely habitation, and determined to pass the night under the protection of the old cottager, who gave him to understand that her husband, who was a fagot-maker, had gone to the next town to dispose of his merchandise, and that in all probability he would not return till next morning, on account of

the tempestuous night. Ferdinand sounded the beldam with a thousand artful interrogations, and she answered with such appearance of truth and simplicity that he concluded his person was quite secure; and, after having been regaled with a dish of eggs and bacon, desired she would conduct him into the chamber where she proposed he should take his repose.

He was accordingly ushered up by a sort of ladder into an apartment furnished with a standing bed, and almost half-filled with trusses of straw. He seemed extremely well pleased with his lodging, which in reality exceeded his expectation, and his kind landlady, cautioning him against letting the candle approach the combustibles, took her leave, and locked the door on the outside.

Fathom, whose own principles taught him to be suspicious and ever upon his guard against the treachery of his fellow creatures, could have dispensed with this instance of her care in confining her guest to her chamber, and began to be seized with strange fancies, when he observed that there was no bolt on the inside of the door by which he might secure himself from intrusion. In consequence of these suggestions, he proposed to take an accurate survey of every object in the apartment, and, in the course of his inquiry, had the mortification to find the dead body of a man, still warm, who had been lately stabbed, and concealed beneath several bundles of straw.

Such a discovery could not fail to fill the breast of our hero with unspeakable horror; for he concluded that he himself would undergo the same fate before morning, without the interposition of a miracle in his favor. In the first transports of his dread, he ran to the window with a view to escape by that outlet, and found his flight effectually obstructed by divers strong bars of iron. Then his heart began to palpitate, his hair to bristle up, and his knees to totter; his thoughts teemed with presages of death and destruction; his conscience rose up in judgment against him, and he underwent a severe paroxysm of dismay and distraction. His spirits were agitated into a state of fermentation that produced a species of resolution akin to that which is inspired by brandy or other strong liquors, and by an impulse that seemed supernatural, he was immediately hurried into measures for his own preservation.

What upon a less interesting occasion his imagination durst not propose, he now executed without scruple or remorse. He undressed the corpse that lay bleeding among the straw, and, conveying it to the bed in his arms, deposited it in the attitude of a person who sleeps at his ease; then he extinguished the light, took possession of the place from whence the body had been removed, and, holding a pistol ready cocked in each hand, waited for the sequel with that determined purpose which is often the immediate production of despair.

About midnight he heard the sound of feet ascending the ladder, the door was softly opened, he saw the shadow of two men stalking toward the bed; a dark lantern, being unshrouded, directed their aim to the supposed sleeper, and he that held it thrust a poniard to his heart; the force of the blow made a compression on the chest, and a sort of groan issued from the windpipe of the defunct; the stroke was repeated, without producing a repetition of the note, so that the assassins concluded the work was effectually done, and retired for the present with a design to return and rifle the deceased at their leisure.

Never had our hero spent a moment in such agony as he felt during this operation; the whole surface of his body was covered with a cold sweat, and his nerves were relaxed with an universal palsy; in short, he remained in a trance that in all probability contributed to his safety; for, had he retained the use of his senses, he might have been discovered by the transports of his fear.

The first use he made of his retrieved recollection was to perceive that the assassins had left the door open in their retreat; and he would have instantly availed himself of this their neglect by sallying out upon them, at the hazard of his life, had not he been restrained by a conversation he overheard in the room below, importing that the ruffians were going to set out upon another expedition, in hopes of finding more prey. They accordingly departed, after having laid

strong injunctions upon the old woman to keep the door fast locked during their absence, and Ferdinand took his resolution without further delay.

So soon as, by his conjecture, the robbers were at a sufficient distance from the house, he rose from his lurking-place, moved softly toward the bed, and, rummaging the pockets of the deceased, found a purse well-stored with ducats, of which, together with a silver watch and a diamond ring, he immediately possessed himself without scruple; then, descending with great care and circumspection into the lower apartment, stood before the old beldam, before she had the least intimation of his approach.

Accustomed as she was to the trade of blood, the hoary hag did not behold this apparition without giving signs of infinite terror and astonishment, believing it was no other than the spirit of her second guest who had been murdered. She fell upon her knees, and began to recommend herself to the protection of the saints, crossing herself with as much devotion as if she had been entitled to the particular care and attention of Heaven. Nor did her anxiety abate when she was undeceived in this her supposition, and understood it was no fantom, but the real substance of the stranger, who, without staying to upbraid her with the enormity of her crimes, commanded her, on pain of immediate death, to produce his horse; to which being conducted, he set her upon the saddle without delay, and, mounting behind, invested her with the management of the reins, swearing, in a most peremptory tone, that the only chance she had for her life was in directing him safely to the next town; and that, so soon as she should give him the least cause to doubt her fidelity in the performance of that task, he would on the instant act the part of her executioner.

This declaration had its effect upon the withered Hecate, who, with many supplications for mercy and forgiveness, promised to guide him in safety to a certain village at the distance of two leagues, where he might lodge in security and be provided with a fresh horse, or other convenience, for pursuing his intended route. On these conditions he told her she might deserve his clemency, and they accordingly took their departure together, she being placed astride upon the saddle, holding the bridle in one hand, and a switch in the other; and our adventurer sitting on the crupper, superintending her conduct, and keeping the muzzle of a pistol close at her ear. In this equipage they traveled across part of the same wood in which his guide had forsaken him; and it is not to be supposed that he passed his time in the most agreeable reverie, while he found himself involved in the labyrinth of those shades, which he considered as the haunts of robbery and assassination.

Common fear was a comfortable sensation to what he felt in this excursion. The first steps he had taken for his preservation were the effects of mere instinct, while his faculties were extinguished or suppressed by despair; but now, as his reflection began to recur, he was haunted by the most intolerable apprehensions. Every whisper of the wind through the thickets was swelled into the hoarse menaces of murder, the shaking of the boughs was construed into the brandishing of poignards, and every shadow of a tree became the apparition of a ruffian eager for blood. In short, at each of these occurrences he felt what was infinitely more tormenting than the stab of a real dagger; and at every fresh fillip of his fear he acted as remembrancer to his conductress in a new volley of imprecations, importing that her life was absolutely connected with his opinion of his own safety.

Human nature could not long subsist under such complicated terror; at last he found himself clear of the forest, and was blessed with the distant view of an inhabited place.

He then began to exercise his thoughts upon a new subject. He debated with himself whether he should make a parade of his intrepidity and public spirit by disclosing his achievement, and surrendering his guide to the penalty of the law; or leave the old hag and her accomplices to the remorse of their own consciences, and proceed quietly on his journey to Paris, in undisturbed possession of the prize he had already obtained. This last step he determined to take, upon recollecting that in the course

of his information the story of the murdered stranger would infallibly attract the attention of justice; and in that case, the effects he had borrowed from the defunct must be refunded for the benefit of those who had a right to the succession.

This was an argument which our adventurer could not resist; he foresaw that he should be stripped of his acquisition, which he looked upon as the fair fruits of his valor and sagacity, and moreover be detained as an evidence against the robbers, to the manifest detriment of his affairs. Perhaps, too, he had motives of conscience that dissuaded him from bearing witness against a set of people whose principles did not much differ from his own.

Influenced by such considerations, he yielded to the first importunity of the beldam, whom he dismissed at a very small distance from the village, after he had earnestly exhorted her to quit such an atrocious course of life, and atone for her past crimes by sacrificing her associates to the demands of justice. She did not fail to vow a perfect reformation, and to prostrate herself before him for the favor she had found.

A LONG LIFE IN THIS SHORT STORY.

Count Rostopchin Wrote a Briefer Autobiography than Any Other Man of His Times —He Was Governor-General of Moscow When Napoleon Invaded Russia.

THE chief claim which Feodor Vasilievich, Count Rostopchin, lays upon the memory of mankind is his action when Napoleon advanced upon Moscow, of which, at that time, Count Rostopchin was governor-general. The ancient Muscovite capital was the goal of the French conqueror's expedition, but he occupied the city only to have it burned about his ears.

For the burning of Moscow Rostopchin receives the blame or the credit, though he himself later denied specific responsibility. It is known, however, that he fired his own villa, near the city, and surely that was an example to be followed. Whatever the truth on this point, the Russian count was a strongly marked character, a man of original quirks and many oddities. He was removed from office in 1814, and retired to Paris, where he devoted himself to literature. We may get his flavor from his singular autobiography, which is so brief that we print it in full with no fear of tiring our readers:

My Birth.—On the 12th day of March, 1765, I emerged from darkness into the light of day. I was measured, I was weighed, I was baptized. I was born without knowing wherefore, and my parents thanked Heaven, without knowing for what.

My Education.—I was taught all sorts of things, and learned all sorts of languages. By dint of impudence and quackery I sometimes passed for a *savant*. My head has become a library of odd volumes, of which I keep the key.

My Sufferings.—I was tormented by teachers; by tailors who made tight dresses for me; by women; by ambition; by self-love; by useless regrets, and by remembrances.

Memorable Epochs.—At the age of thirty, I gave up dancing; at forty, my endeavors to please the fair sex; at fifty, my regard of public opinion; at sixty, the trouble of thinking; and I have now become a true sage, or egotist—which is the same thing.

Respectable Principles.—I have never meddled in any marriages or scandal. I have never recommended a cook or a physician; and consequently have never attempted the life of any one.

My Dislikes.—I had a dislike to sots and fops, and to intriguing women, who make a game of virtue; a disgust for affectation; pity for made-up men and painted women; an aversion to rats, liquors, metaphysics, and rhubarb; and a terror of justice and wild beasts.

Analysis of My Life.—I await death without fear and without impatience. My life has been a bad melodrama on a grand stage, where I have played the hero, the tyrant, the lover, the nobleman, but never the valet.

My Epitaph.—Here lies, in hope of repose, an old deceased man, with a worn-out spirit, an exhausted heart, and a used-up body. Ladies and gentlemen, pass on!

The Quarrels of Congress.

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.

Exciting Scenes in the Stately Halls of the Capitol at Washington—A Record of the Personal Encounters of Senators and Representatives During the Last Twenty Years.

Written and compiled for THE SCRAP BOOK.

A FAVORITE comparison made by visitors in the public galleries of the Capitol, as they gaze down upon our Congressmen, is that these makers of the nation's laws look like schoolboys at their desks. The presiding officer of the Senate or the House, facing the congregated members, is often likened to the teacher—especially when he enforces discipline.

There have been times when these comparisons were by no means complimentary to the average class of schoolboys. Congress is no model of elegant deportment when a personal quarrel breaks out among its members. Its annals record many a stormy scene—no credit to the dignity of the nation, though intensely interesting to the spectator. There are gallery habitués who day after day maintain a faithful vigil over one chamber or the other, caring little for the ordinary routine of deliberation, but hoping to see some exciting brawl in the arena below.

It is said, to the credit of the founders of the republic, that during the first four sessions of Congress, though partizan feeling often ran high, there was no disorder. The first breach of decorum occurred on January 30, 1798, owing to a violent personal controversy between two New England Representatives — Matthew Lyon, Democrat, of Vermont, and Roger Griswold, Federalist, of Connecticut. Griswold having taunted Lyon by an allusion to his expulsion from a corps of Revolutionary volunteers, the Vermonter spat in the other's face, and a knock-down-and-drag-out battle ensued. At first Griswold fought with a cane, Lyon with a pair of fire-tongs; then they clinched, and the Connecticut man had thrown his antagonist to the floor, and was dragging him about the hall by the feet, when order was restored. This was the first of a long series of Congressional encounters, of which the most famous, perhaps, were Congressman Brooks's assault on Senator Sumner, in 1856, and the Keitt-Grow affair, in the House of Representatives, two years later.

It is noteworthy that in spite of all traditions of "Senatorial dignity," and of the fact that its debates are, as a rule, more formal and orderly than those of the House, our upper chamber has, at any rate in recent years, seen more ferocious quarrels than any that the other end of the Capitol has witnessed.

A complete chronicle of the quarrels of Congress would, of course, include those bitter ante-bellum encounters which have long since passed into published history. Besides the two already mentioned, it would tell of the Cilley-Graves affair, in 1838, and the ensuing duel in which Congressman Cilley was shot to death; of the Foote-Benton fracas, when Senator Foote advanced upon Senator Benton with a revolver drawn and cocked; of a similar episode in the House, in which Congressmen Churchwell and Cullum were the principals; and of the militant record of Henry A. Wise, the fire-eating statesman from Virginia.

Sectional passions have cooled since those days, and pistols no longer click in the Capitol. During the past twenty

years, however, there have been some memorable and exciting brawls whose details can be obtained only from surviving eye-witnesses, or from ephemeral records. The *Congressional Record* being a revised version, rather than a faithful transcript of debates, cannot be relied upon for verbatim reports of such affairs. The principal ones are impartially recorded in these pages.

The Ingalls-Voorhees Encounter.

[United States Senate, May 1, 1888.]

IN no Congressional quarrel were personalities more freely indulged in, or the lie more bluntly given, than in that between Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, and Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, on May 1, 1888. In replying to a speech made by Voorhees, Ingalls devoted two hours to a review of the Indiana Senator's official record. He accused Voorhees of having been one of those Hoosiers who, during the Civil War, when Indiana was rent by factional struggles, had been affiliated with the notorious Knights of the Golden Circle. He also accused Voorhees of having said in a speech, early in the war, that Union soldiers should go to the nearest blacksmith shop and have forged about their throats iron collars labeled "My dog—A. LINCOLN."

Voorhees, in answer, branded these statements as "old, stale, putrid, rotten slanders—falsehoods so base that the black walls of perdition could not reduplicate them." He also made some slighting reference to Ingalls's war record.

Prompted by Representative Johnston, of Indiana, who had taken possession of the seat just behind him, Ingalls next offered printed speeches of Voorhees and other documents as evidence that the Indiana Senator was disloyal to the Federal cause. After reading some of these he added that the iron collar story could be substantiated by credible witnesses.

"Even if the Senator substantiated it, it would be absolutely false and a palpable lie," retorted Voorhees, with growing acerbity.

"The Senator is disorderly," exclaimed Ingalls, who went on to read a paper signed by witnesses testifying to having heard the iron collar speech. After making further charges, he asked Voorhees the question: "Did not the soldiers of Indiana threaten to hang the Senator with a bell-rope on a train, after he made that Lincoln dog speech?"

"The Senator is a great liar when he intimates such a thing—a great liar and a dirty dog!" exclaimed Voorhees, his deep voice trembling with passion. "It never occurred, never in the world! That is all the answer I have, and I pass it back to the scoundrel behind the Senator who is instigating these lies! Tell him I say he is an infamous scoundrel and liar! Tell him I say so!"

It is said by some of those who were present that amid the confusion which ensued, Ingalls replied:

"If the Senator were in a police-court, he would be sent to the rock-pile for drunkenness and disorderly conduct!"

A week later Voorhees apologized to the Senate, but not to the statesman from Kansas, in a speech long remembered for its eloquence.

The Beckwith-Wilson Fracas.

[House of Representatives, August 27, 1890.]

IN August, 1890, there occurred in the House an exciting debate which commenced as a Donnybrook Fair, but ended as a bear-garden. Messrs. Cannon, of Illinois—the present Speaker—and McAdoo, of New Jersey, had been in a lively rumpus, during which Mr. Cannon threw the House into roars of laughter by his bantering replies to the Jerseyman. Finally McAdoo lost his temper.

"I cannot compete in blackguardism with you!" he shouted, while the House was still in disorder as a result of one of "Uncle Joe's" retorts: "You ought to argue with a stable jockey! That is your size!"

This outburst caused more disorder, during which Mr. Mason, of Illinois—afterward a Senator—denounced Mr. Cannon, and it is said that the lie was passed. But just at that critical moment, as often occurs, the storm vortex shifted to quite an unexpected quarter. Mr. Wilson, of Washington, while defending Mr. Cannon amid the general disorder, had in some manner aroused the ire of Mr. Beckwith, of New Jersey. Hot words ensued, and Wilson called Beckwith a liar. There was an equally emphatic retort, and Wilson struck Beckwith.

Friends seized both men, while Mr. Enloe, of Tennessee, shouted the suggestion that the House adopt the Marquis of Queensberry's celebrated code of rules. The sergeant-at-arms rushed to the scene with his mace, and General Williams, of Ohio, thrust Beckwith back into his seat. The hubbub continued for many minutes, and the day is memorable as one of the liveliest ever enjoyed by the galleries.

A similar uproar occurred in the House on February 21, 1891, the disorder being brought about over the question of approving the journal. Party feeling ran high, and some personalities were indulged in without serious consequences. The star performer of the day was Congressman Spinola, of New York. In lieu of the proverbial chip, General Spinola placed on his shoulder a slip of paper, which he continued to turn toward the Republicans, daring them to knock it off, until the Speaker *pro tem* called him to order.

The Turpin-Waugh Imbroglio.

[House of Representatives, February 16, 1893.]

FISTICUFFS were barely prevented in the House during the debate on the Pension Bill in February, 1893, when Mr. Turpin, of Alabama, stated that there was upon the pension rolls, drawing nineteen dollars a month for total deafness, an ex-soldier who was also receiving a salary of eighteen hundred dollars a year for operating a telephone, demanding the constant use of his hearing. Mr. Turpin mentioned the pensioner's name, and added that he came from Indiana. Mr. Waugh, of that State, thereupon retorted:

"I do not believe the statement is true, whether you have the gentleman's name or not!"

"The gentleman can doubt the statement; but he cannot say that I am false!" angrily replied Turpin, who thereupon moved down the aisle with the evident intention of making a physical attack upon Waugh. The Indiana Congressman, in his turn, was preparing for combat. Members, however, threw themselves between the angry men and prevented a fistic encounter directly in front of the Speaker's desk.

Mention may be made here of a somewhat similar scene which occurred two years later (February 4, 1895), between Representatives Hall and Hatch, both of Missouri. Mr. Hatch, nettled because a financial bill was put in the way of an agricultural bill, which he was attempting to call up, remarked that the financial measure was for the sole benefit of banks and bankers, and ought not to have precedence of a bill for the benefit of the farmers of the land. Mr. Hall replied with heat that Mr. Hatch's statement was "false," and the latter retorted with anger that his antagonist would never dare to utter those words in any place except the House of Representatives.

The Mitchell-Harris Clash.

[United States Senate, February 5, 1895.]

ON the day after the Hall-Hatch episode a bitter exchange of personalities occurred in the Senate between Mr. Mitchell, of Oregon, and Mr. Harris, of Tennessee. Senator Mitchell asked unanimous consent to make a report on some pending claims. Senator Harris objected, and continued to object after the Oregon Senator had several times repeated his request.

"It is needless for the Senator to protest," continued the Tennesseean testily. "I object and I emphasize it—I object!"

"Then I withdraw the report!" retorted Mitchell angrily.

"Withdraw it, then!" shouted Harris.

"The action of the Senator is unusual, most unusual," said Mitchell, raising his voice.

"I want the Senator to understand," replied Harris, "that I am capable of doing unusual things, and am responsible for doing unusual things!"

"Yes, I appreciate that the Senator is capable of doing unusual things, and that he is capable of doing ungentlemanly things!" shouted Senator Mitchell.

The Senate now held its breath, for it beheld the aged but undaunted Senator from Tennessee advancing toward the younger and more vigorous statesman from Oregon. He suddenly halted, however, and, pointing his finger at Mitchell, cried out:

"Let me tell you, sir, that your conduct is contemptible—contemptible!"

The colleagues of the angry disputants had now gathered about them, preventing further trouble.

The Bartlett-Brumm Mêlée.

[House of Representatives, April 13, 1898.]

A VERITABLE riot broke out in the House on the introduction of the historic resolution which authorized the President to intervene in Cuba, and which practically declared war against Spain. There was a lively disagreement as to the time to be allowed each side for debate, and members of both parties were in a state of frenzied excitement. The din of angry voices soon swelled into an uproar, and partizan passion was running high. Only a spark was needed to ignite the mine, and there was a glow of delighted expectancy on the faces of the old-timers in the galleries.

Representative Bartlett, of Georgia, off to the right, was supporting the protests of the Democrats against the bitter taunts being hurled in volleys from the other side. Suddenly, behind Mr. Bartlett, there came from Mr. Brumm, of Pennsylvania, a verbal shaft aimed generally at the Democrats.

"That isn't true!" cried Bartlett to a Republican across the chamber.

"I say it is!" hotly retorted Brumm, thinking that this denial had been directed at him.

"It is not!" flared back Bartlett.

"You are a liar!" shouted Brumm.

The spark was now added, and the fuse fizzed but a moment, during which members prepared for the explosion.

Mr. Bartlett reached from his desk a large bound volume of the *Congressional Record*. Raising it aloft, he rushed down the aisle, and discharged the clumsy missile at Mr. Brumm. It fell short of its mark, however, and landed upon a desk with a heavy thud. The two combatants sprang toward each other, but Mr. Miers, of Indiana, blocked the path between them.

Surging toward the scene from all corners of the chamber, members pushed, hauled, and tugged at one another, while struggling for a vantage point. Mr. De Graffenreid, a tall and militant statesman from Tennessee, pulled up his coat-sleeves and made a flying rush into the crowd that congested the aisles. Shouts of anger were heard above the tumult of voices. Another Tennesseean, Mr. Gaines, bounded across the tops of desks in order to reach the maelstrom. The sergeant-at-arms, wielding the great silver mace, again and again buffeted the surging masses of humanity. Speaker Reed's gavel was thundering in vain for order, and General Henderson, of Iowa, was loudly but ineffectually calling upon members to keep their seats.

Meanwhile extraordinary scenes were taking place within the vortex of the storm. The members restraining Mr. Bartlett succeeded so well that they carried him off his feet, and Mr. Miers, who had stepped between the belligerents, became involved in his turn with Mr. Pierce, of Mississippi. While peacemakers were endeavoring to separate the two combatants, Griffin Halstead, an em-

ployee of the House, was felled by a blow on the jaw while attempting to pacify Mr. Brumm. Finally, through the tuggings and haulings of muscular members, the two principal antagonists were dragged to their seats, and some semblance of order was restored, after which Mr. Brumm apologized to Mr. Bartlett.

The Tillman-McLaurin Battle.

[United States Senate, February 22, 1902.]

THE most dramatic, most sensational, and most bitter personal encounter which has occurred in Congress within the last two decades was the Tillman-McLaurin clash on Washington's Birthday, in 1902. In the course of that day's debate Senator Tillman had charged that "a certain Democratic Senator," who had voted with the Republicans for the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain, had since been rewarded by being entrusted with the distribution of patronage in "a certain State."

"What State?" demanded Senator Spooner.

"South Carolina!" flashed back Senator Tillman.

This charge against Mr. McLaurin, Tillman's colleague from the Palmetto State, was as unmistakable as it was serious. While the speaker was continuing in greater detail to charge that "improper influences" had been brought to bear upon Mr. McLaurin, the latter, who had been summoned from his committee-room by a friend, entered the chamber. Taking his seat and waiting for his colleague to conclude, he presently arose. He was pale to the lips and trembling. Over the chamber had come that momentous hush which precedes a tornado. Then Senator McLaurin began, his voice quivering with passion.

"I say that the statement is a wilful, malicious, and deliberate lie!"

Thus far he had progressed in his vigorous denial when Senator Tillman was seen to leap from his chair, to literally climb over Senator Teller, who sat between the two South Carolinians, and to spring like a panther upon the speaker. McLaurin had risen to meet the attack half way. As they clashed, Tillman aimed a right-hand smash at his colleague's face. Partially warding it off, McLaurin received the blow upon the forehead, just above the left eye, and promptly returned it, apparently striking Tillman's nose. Tillman again struck out frantically, this time with his left fist, which missed its aim. The two combatants now clinched, each madly clutching at the other.

Meanwhile the Senate had sat still, as if stunned; but now Senators Warren and Scott, the first to recover their presence of mind, threw themselves into the mêlée. So also did the assistant sergeant-at-arms. Leaping over desks as he proceeded, this unlucky officer descended into the eye of the storm just in time to receive full in the face a blow which Mr. Tillman intended for Mr. McLaurin. Nothing daunted, however, he succeeded in tearing the combatants apart and keeping them so until Senators Warren and Scott had pinioned them and forced them into their seats.

Senator Gallinger thereupon moved that the doors be closed, and after Mr. McLaurin had attempted to resume his speech it was so ordered. The two bellicose Senators were then declared in contempt of the Senate, and later in the afternoon both of them apologized to that august assembly. At the next session their names were temporarily stricken from the Senate roll-call; but a few days later, after being censured in a formal resolution, they were restored to their former standing.

The Bailey-Beveridge Incident.

[United States Senate, June 30, 1902.]

DESPITE the shock which Senatorial dignity had suffered at the hands of the two South Carolina statesmen, there was soon to be enacted another bitter personal encounter between two members of the same sage body. On June 30 of the same year Senator Bailey, of Texas, charged the solici-

tor of the State Department with dereliction in duty toward certain American citizens in Mexico. He was frequently interrupted by Senator Beveridge, of Indiana. In reply to one of the young Indiana Senator's questions he remarked, with warmth:

"I do not wish to be annoyed further by the Senator from Indiana."

Senator Beveridge later defended the solicitor, and charged Senator Bailey with having made "an unwarranted attack upon an upright public servant."

These impersonal words, "unwarranted attack," greatly angered the Texas Senator, who hotly demanded that Mr. Beveridge should retract them.

"If the Senator will withdraw his words about a high official of the State Department, I will be very glad to withdraw mine," was the other's reply.

"The assertion that I have made an 'unwarranted attack' upon a man whom the Senator describes as being as honorable as myself is so offensive that it is deserving only of such reply as the rules of the Senate will not permit me to make here!" answered the Texan with great anger.

The quarrel went no further at the moment, but a little later verbal hostilities were renewed when Senator Bailey said:

"I can fathom the intelligence of every man in this chamber except that of the Senator from Indiana."

"I am glad to know that the Senator is beyond his depth," shot back the Hoosier Senator.

After adjournment that afternoon, when the chamber was deserted by all the Senators save five—including Senator Beveridge, who was seated at a desk—Senator Bailey suddenly re-entered, walked to a seat in front of Mr. Beveridge, and, leaning over, talked quietly to the latter for about five minutes. The other Senators present thought little of the conversation until they heard Mr. Bailey raise his voice and exclaim:

"You'll retract, or I'll hurt you!"

"I've done all I'm going to do about it," replied the Indianian.

Before the little knot of onlookers could realize that anything startling was about to happen, the big Texan had sprung part way across the desk separating him from Beveridge—a much smaller man than himself—and had clutched the Indiana Senator, whose chair tilted backward from the force of the sudden impact. The desk separating the two at the same time left its foundations, and, under Bailey's weight, tilted over toward Beveridge, spilling a bottle of ink over the latter's trousers and smearing Bailey's hands and coat-sleeves.

Just as the assailant was about to strike, Senator Spooner rushed to the scene and caught his arm, holding it until Senator McComas and the assistant sergeant-at-arms, now upon the scene, seized the war-like Texan and dragged him back. While Bailey was still in the clutches of these gentlemen, Beveridge, much bespattered with ink, calmly righted himself in his chair, rose, and walked out of the chamber, the infuriated Texan screaming after him:

"I'll make you retract!"

As in the case of all other quarrels mentioned in this article, there was no sequel to this imbroglio, further than a suspension of friendly relations. Vastly different, however, and far more tragic, would this chronicle probably have been if in our enlightened times men still sought satisfaction for personal affronts by the methods that prevailed in the earlier days of the republic.

THE DIGNITY OF THE SENATE.

THIS is a Senate—a Senate of equals, of men of individual honor and personal character, and of absolute independence. We know no masters, we acknowledge no dictators. This is a hall for mutual consultation and discussion; not an arena for the exhibition of champions.—**Daniel Webster** (1782—1852).

The Last of a Famous Hoax.

BY FRANK LEWIS FORD.

The Inglorious End of the Cardiff Giant and the Replicas That Were Made of Him During the Furor Caused by His Discovery Nearly Forty Years Ago.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE Cardiff Giant had the whole country wondering in 1869. Scientists gravely disputed his origin, and so great was the popular desire to see him that showmen exhibited several imitations to throngs of the curious. It is many years since the public has given much thought to him. But now comes Mr. C. R. Sherlock, of Syracuse, New York, to tell the latest chapter in the career of the huge stone image.

It appears that after he had been stamped as a fraud, the giant became less and less a drawing card, and at last he was detained for his exhibitor's debts, at Fitchburg, Massachusetts, where, reposing in a long box, he lay in pawn for many years. At the time of the Pan-American Exposition, at Buffalo, in 1901, old friends finally remembered him. They bailed him out—fortunately there was no board-bill to be paid—and put him on exhibition at the fair.

Mr. Sherlock says, on the authority of one of the original backers of the hoax, that the giant shown at Buffalo was the genuine first edition, though other claimants in other parts of the country demand the honor—one, for instance, that is, or was not long ago, to be seen in a beer-garden at El Paso, Texas.

The Story of the Cardiff Giant.

The true story of the Cardiff Giant is an amazing revelation of calculating ingenuity. One evening in 1866 George Hull, a tobacconist of Binghamton, New York, engaged in controversy with the Rev. Mr. Turk, of Ackley, Iowa, regarding the former existence of a race of giants on the earth. The clergyman, by means of his greater art in speech, won the argument, on the evidence of biblical statements. We read in the book of Genesis that "there were giants in the earth in those days."

Thereafter Hull, taking into consideration the willingness of the people to believe any theory which seemed to have scriptural support, evolved his plan for burying a large stone figure and providing for its later discovery in circumstances which would tend to prove its genuineness as an antiquity. In 1868, associating with him a man named Martin, he went to Fort Dodge, Iowa, and purchased an acre of quarry-land, from which he expected to cut the stone necessary for his image. The rock there proved too friable for his purpose; moreover, too many curious persons were eager to discover what he was doing; wherefore Martin dropped the project in disgust. Hull, however, heard of another gypsum-bed on the line of the Dubuque and Sioux City Railroad, which was then being built. Thither he went. He induced the foreman of the railroad workmen to devote a Sunday to quarrying a large block of gypsum. For this labor he paid with a keg of beer.

The big block was twelve feet long and weighed three and a half tons. How to transport it without attracting undue notice was a problem which Hull solved by having it taken over bad roads to the nearest railroad station—Montana, forty-five miles away. From Montana the block was shipped to Chicago, where E. Burghardt had been engaged to change the mass of stone into the semblance of a petrified Titan.

Why the Giant Had No Hair.

Under Burghardt's direction two men—Markham and Salle—did the actual

work. They produced the figure of a man who had presumably "laid down and died"—as Hull expressed it. Knowing that the fossil-man theory might prove untenable, he ordered that the image be so made that it would, if necessary, pass for an ancient statue. This division of his intention had its effect in the verisimilitude of the image, which would undoubtedly have been provided with a head of hair, but for the possibility that it might have to be called a statue. The absence of hair, or any sign that there had ever been hair, was one of the first causes of the suspicion which led to the exposure of the hoax.

When the figure had been cut out, it was for a long time rubbed with sand and water. This made it look water-worn. Hammers faced with needles were used to create the appearance of pores in the skin. Finally chemical baths removed the appearance of freshness, and the figure was ready to be buried and dug up. It was packed in a large box of sawdust and shipped as freight to Union, New York. This was in the autumn of 1868.

Not long before this time fossil bones had been discovered near Syracuse. Hull had a relative named Newell living on a farm at Cardiff, in Onondaga County, not far from the fossil-bearing strata. He went to Newell, who, in return for a one-fourth interest in the expected financial returns from the "giant," agreed that it should be buried on his land, at a place near the barn, where it might seem reasonable to dig a well.

The big box was transported from Union to Cardiff by a four-horse team, early in November, 1868, arriving at the Newell farm on a rainy night. Such curiosity as it may have aroused while on its travels quickly died away.

Digging Up the Buried Giant.

Nearly a year passed before Hull thought the time ripe for the great discovery. At last, in October, 1869, he wrote to Newell to carry out the prearranged program. Thereupon Newell engaged several neighbors to help him dig a well—and the giant was found!

Henry Nichols struck his shovel against a hard substance. A boulder, of course; and his companion, Gideon Emmons, helped him clear the earth away. Appeared a stone foot.

"Jerusalem!" exclaimed Emmons. "It's a big Injun!"

Newell, who was drawing stone with other helpers, soon came up. Passers-by were summoned to see the wonder, which, with the aid of willing shovels, was quickly uncovered.

More than a nine-days' marvel, this. Medical men who lived in the vicinity wagged their heads over the figure and pronounced it a "petrified man." A Syracuse antiquarian, Dr. Boynton, reached the conclusion that it was a statue "made some three hundred years ago by the Jesuit fathers." Meantime sightseers were paying fifty cents apiece for a glimpse of the figure, and large offers were made by shrewd speculators for part interests in it.

A showman was engaged to act as its promoter. He displayed his genius for advertising by inviting a committee of scientists, including Professor Agassiz and Professor Hull, the State geologist, to make an inspection. They came to the conclusion that the giant was a statue of great antiquity.

A Scientist's Skepticism.

To go into the details of the controversy that now began would be, at this late day, fruitless. Professor O. C. Marsh, of Yale, was the first prominent scientist to throw doubt on the genuineness of the discovery. He pointed out that gypsum is soluble in water. The giant, however, was undissolved, though it had lain in the wet earth presumably for centuries. Also Professor Marsh found recent tool-marks. Other investigators declared that the absence of hair proved that the figure was neither a petrified man nor a finished statue. At the same time the details of the preparation of the figure, from the quarrying of the original slab in Iowa to its transportation from Chicago to the Newell farm, gradually came to light and were pieced together into a fairly complete story.

But Hull was right when he counted upon the public's willingness to be gulled. Charges of fraud were met by denials, and even scientists continued to support the claims of the giant to an

age-old history. It was taken to Boston. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Cyrus Cobb, the sculptor, declared their belief in it. Then came the death-blow. A committee of savants visited the giant. They bored into his head; they tested him with acids; they experimented with a compass to see if he contained any iron. The giant, they concluded, was "a piece of stratified gypsum, probably very old." Shortly afterward the full story of Hull's fraud was so completely established that interest in it came practically to an end.

The Profits of the Hoax.

Hull had cleared about sixty thousand dollars from his venture, for the giant was a money-maker from the start. A three-fourths interest was sold for thirty thousand dollars soon after the discovery, and at the height of the popular excitement this "piece of stratified gypsum" yielded "an income equal to the interest of three million dollars at seven per cent," to quote one of the men who were interested in the promotion. At one time twenty-five thousand dollars was offered for a one-eighth interest.

The giant suffered most, financially, from imitations. Spurious himself, he was quickly followed by a surprising number of spurious brothers. P. T. Barnum, having tried vainly to buy a share, had an imitation made, and showed it in New York as the "only true and original Cardiff giant."

The day of the showman seems to have passed. Five-legged calves and other freaks of nature are no longer the drawing cards they once were, for Americans are becoming too sophisticated to stand agape before the merely curious.

THE FIRE-WORKERS.

People Who Labor in Temperatures Two or Three Times as High as That for Boiling Eggs Earn Their Bread by the Sweat of Their Brows.

IT is hard to see why anybody should mind the ordinary summer heats, once one has heard a little of the high temperatures that men—and women, too—have to endure, in various callings, in order to earn their every-day bread.

The temperature in Death Valley, California, is said to run up to a hundred and forty degrees in the shade; just a nice place for one of these fire-workers to sit down and cool off in. The coolest job that we have to tell about in this class is that of the stokers on ocean steamships. They shovel coal close by a thermometer that marks between a hundred and sixty and a hundred and eighty degrees, and in addition get the shriveling direct heat from the furnace mouth. Yet they do not seem to be unhealthy, and thousands of them make a business of crossing the Atlantic back and forth to earn their living in the furnace-room. President Roosevelt tried his hand at the hot work of stoking a war-ship for an hour or so on his return trip from Panama, a few months ago, and seemed none the worse for the strenuous experience.

Men familiar with the sea say that veterans are to be found now and then who are actually fond of stoking, and cling to the work for love of it. They are exceptions, no doubt, and even in their cases the taste is slowly acquired, a matter of habit. But there is a distinct type of such men, big brutish fellows who are generally the bullies of the forecastle; they love to task their great muscles and to feel the sting of the heat on their shoulders.

In the basements of some of the big office-buildings in New York the heat from the boilers is intense enough to cook an egg hard in ten minutes if it is laid on the floor six feet away from the furnace. Firemen work in this atmosphere year after year without visible harm.

Still more wonderful things are told of the women employed in the French bakeries. It is said that they can walk in an oven when the temperature inside it is as high as three hundred degrees Fahrenheit. But even this pales before the feats of a human salamander who called himself Chabert, the Fire King, and who used to enter a firebox heated—so it is averred—to the almost incredible temperature of six hundred degrees.

SCHOOLROOM CLASSICS.

IMMEDIATELY after the close of the Revolutionary War, Americans developed a remarkable fondness for public speaking. This was natural enough among an intensely democratic people with a passion for politics and in a time when party feeling ran high. The names of Patrick Henry, Samuel Adams, and other great orators were held in high esteem, and every youthful American was anxious to emulate their example. Public speaking, therefore, of all kinds became immensely popular, beginning in the schoolroom, continuing through the debating societies, and ending on the stump and in the halls of Congress. Oratorical practise usually began with recitations and declamations, and even the smallest children were expected to "speak a piece" about once a week.

To meet this taste there were published innumerable collections of poetry and prose suitable for such a purpose. "The Columbian Orator," "The American Speaker," and "The Freeman's Handbook" led the way for a host of other manuals which abounded in declamatory passages. Small children piped out "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," or "How doth the little busy bee." Schoolboys spouted the lines of "Casabianca" and "Spartacus to the Gladiators." Youths in the academies and colleges thundered out the sonorous sentences of Henry, and afterward of Webster, Corwin, Legaré, and Clay. Not until the close of the Civil War did this cultivation of eloquence decline.

The selection which is here reprinted is one which was spoken and declaimed for at least fifty years, until the first line has become a sort of standing joke. The passage is taken from a tragedy called "Douglas," written by John Home (1724—1808). Home was a minister of the Scottish church, and the fact that he had written a play which was acted in a theater gave great offense at the time (1756), so that he finally resigned his parish and took up his residence in England. The play of "Douglas" is based partly upon an old English ballad, "Childe Maurice," and in parts suggests "Othello." It was very popular in its day, and Sir Walter Scott wrote of it: "'Douglas' is certainly a masterpiece. Even that does not stand the closet. Its merits are for the stage; and it is certainly one of the best acting plays going." The hero of the play is *Norval,* who in the lines here given describes his early years.

I—"My Name Is Norval."

BY JOHN HOME.

MY name is Norval; on the Grampian hills
My father feeds his flocks; a frugal swain,
Whose constant cares were to increase his store,

And keep his only son, myself, at home.
For I had heard of battles, and I long'd
To follow to the field some warlike lord:
And Heaven soon granted what my sire denied.
This moon which rose last night, round as my shield,
Had not yet filled her horns when, by her light,
A band of fierce barbarians from the hills
Rush'd like a torrent down upon the vale,
Sweeping our flocks and herds. The shepherds fled
For safety and for succor. I alone,
With bended bow, and quiver full of arrows,
Hover'd about the enemy, and mark'd
The road he took; then hasted to my friends,
Whom, with a troop of fifty chosen men,
I met advancing. The pursuit I led,
Till we o'ertook the spoil-encumber'd foe.
We fought and conquer'd. Ere a sword was drawn,
An arrow from my bow had pierced their chief,
Who wore that day the arms which now I wear.
Returning home in triumph, I disdain'd
The shepherd's slothful life; and having heard
That our good king had summon'd his bold peers
To lead their warriors to the Carron side,
I left my father's house, and took with me
A chosen servant to conduct my steps;
Yon trembling coward, who forsook his master.
Journeying with this intent, I pass'd these towers,
And, Heaven-directed, came this day to do
The happy deed that gilds my humble name.

THE BIBLE AND HINDU LORE.

The Remarkable Parallelism Between Familiar Scripture Texts and Passages from the Mahabharata, the Great Epic Poem of Ancient India.

IT is a curious fact that in the ancient writings of India there may be found many close parallels to passages in the Bible, expressing ideas which most people have come to regard as the exclusive property of Christianity.

The following instances are taken from the Mahabharata, the most famous masterpiece of Sanskrit literature. The Mahabharata is a colossal epic poem of unknown antiquity, perhaps dating back several centuries before the Christian era. It is a vast storehouse of Hindu legend and philosophy.

LAY not up for yourselves treasures upon earth, where moth and rust dost corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal; but lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven, where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and where thieves do not break through and steal.—*St. Matthew* vi, 19, 20.

Lay up the only treasure: do good deeds;
Practise sobriety and self-control;
Amass that wealth which thieves cannot abstract,
Nor tyrants seize, which follows thee at death,
Which never wastes away nor is corrupted.—*Mahabharata.*

* * * * *

Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.—*St. Matthew* vii, 14.

Heaven's gate is very narrow and minute;
It cannot be perceived by foolish men,
Blinded by vain illusions of the world.
—*Mahabharata.*

* * * * *

Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them; for this is the Law and the Prophets.—*St. Matthew* vii, 12.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself.—*St. Matthew* xxii, 39.

This is the sum of all true righteousness—
Treat others as thou wouldst thyself be treated.
A man obtains a proper rule of action
By looking on his neighbor as himself.
—*Mahabharata.*

* * * * *

Love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again.—*St. Luke* vi, 35.

High-minded men delight in doing good,
Without a thought of their own interest;
When they confer a benefit on others
They reckon not on favors in return.
—*Mahabharata.*

* * * * *

Overcome evil with good.—*St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans,* xii, 21.

Overcome the evil man by goodness.
—*Mahabharata.*

* * * * *

Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father.—*St. Matthew* xiii, 43.

Then, in a region bright with golden luster—
Center of light and immortality—
The righteous after death shall dwell in bliss.—*Mahabharata.*

* * * * *

If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.—*St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans,* xii, 20.

Even to foes who visit us as guests
Due hospitality should be displayed.
—*Mahabharata.*

The Prowess of Robin Hood.

From "Ivanhoe."

BY SIR WALTER SCOTT.

OF all the stirring episodes which make Sir Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" so wonderful a romance, none is more diverting than that which tells how Robin Hood discomfited Prince John. During the absence from England of his chivalrous brother, King Richard the Lion-Hearted, John had intrigued to win the favor of both nobles and populace, hoping to supplant the king and, with French aid, to place himself upon the throne. The would-be usurper was disliked by the English for his tyrannical bearing, his association with foreigners, and especially for his treachery to his brave but unlucky brother, for whom the people cherished a romantic loyalty. His efforts to win them over were viewed with suspicion.

In "Ivanhoe," Scott describes with much detail a brilliant series of contests which Prince John, in his anxiety to win popular favor, instituted at Ashby, in Leicestershire, and over which he presided in person. After a tournament in which the armored knights displayed their prowess with lance and sword, he announced, at the close of the third day, a competition in archery, the humbler sport of the English yeomen. Among those who heard this announcement was the famous outlaw and legendary hero, Robin Hood, who was present in the guise of a countryman and under the assumed name of *Locksley*. He had already, earlier in the day, had an encounter with Prince John, to whom his independent bearing had given much offense.

What followed is vividly described by Scott in the passage given below.

THE sound of the trumpets recalled those spectators who had already begun to leave the field; and proclamation was made that Prince John, suddenly called by high and peremptory public duties, held himself obliged to discontinue the entertainments of to-morrow's festival; nevertheless, that, unwilling so many good yeomen should depart without a trial of skill, he was pleased to appoint them, before leaving the ground, presently to execute the competition of archery intended for the morrow. To the best archer a prize was to be awarded, being a bugle-horn, mounted with silver, and a silken baldric richly ornamented with a medallion of St. Hubert, the patron of sylvan sport.

More than thirty yeomen at first presented themselves as competitors, several of whom were rangers and under-keepers in the royal forests of Needwood and Charnwood. When, however, the archers understood with whom they were to be matched, upward of twenty withdrew themselves from the contest, unwilling to encounter the dishonor of almost certain defeat. For in those days the skill of each celebrated marksman was as well known for many miles around him as the qualities of a horse trained at Newmarket are familiar to those who frequent that well-known meeting.

The diminished list of competitors for sylvan fame still amounted to eight. Prince John stepped from his royal seat to view more nearly the person of these chosen yeomen, several of whom wore the royal livery. Having satisfied his curiosity by this investigation, he looked for the object of his resentment, whom he observed standing on the same spot,

and with the same composed countenance which he had exhibited upon the preceding day.

"Fellow," said Prince John, "I guessed by thy insolent babble thou wert no true lover of the longbow, and I see thou darest not adventure thy skill among such merry men as stand yonder."

"Under favor, sir," replied the yeoman, "I have another reason for refraining to shoot, besides the fearing discomfiture and disgrace."

"And what is thy other reason?" said Prince John, who, for some cause which perhaps he could not himself have explained, felt a painful curiosity respecting this individual.

"Because," replied the woodsman, "I know not if these yeomen are used to shoot at the same marks; and because, moreover, I know not how your grace might relish the winning of a third prize by one who has unwittingly fallen under your displeasure."

Prince John colored as he put the question, "What is thy name, yeoman?"

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bowstrings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed strip and scourge me, but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bowstring, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

"Look to him close, men-at-arms," said Prince John, "his heart is sinking; I am jealous lest he attempt to escape the trial. And do you, good fellows, shoot boldly round; a buck and a butt of wine are ready for your refreshment in yonder tent, when the prize is won."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access; the distance between that station and the mark allowing full distance for what was called a shot at rovers. The archers, having previously determined by lot their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. The sports were regulated by an officer of inferior rank, termed the provost of the games; for the high rank of the marshals of the lists would have been held degraded had they condescended to superintend the sports of the yeomanry.

One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune; on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good longbow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great delib-

eration, long measuring the distance with his eye, while he held in his hand his bended bow, with the arrow placed on the string. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, till the center or grasping place was nigh level with his face, he drew his bowstring to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the center.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stepped to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bowstring, yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the center than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows!"

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow——"

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best; or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully that his arrow alighted in the center of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger. "In the clout!—in the clout!—a Hubert forever!"

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it lighted right upon that of his competitor, which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country; and welcome every brave yeoman who shall try a shot at it to win a smile from the bonny lass he loves best."

He then turned to leave the lists. "Let your guards attend me," he said, "if you please—I go but to cut a rod from the next willow-bush."

Prince John made a signal that some attendants should follow him in case of his escape; but the cry of "Shame!" which burst from the multitude, induced him to alter his ungenerous purpose.

Locksley returned almost instantly with a willow wand about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing, at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. For his own part, he said, and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it.

"A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five-score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear bow and quiver before a king, an it were the stout King Richard himself."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life—and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the bucklers—or rather, I yield to the devil that is in his jerkin and not to any human skill. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah Locksley, do thou shoot; but, if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man ever did so. How-

e'er it be, thou shalt not crow over us with a mere show of superior skill!"

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

So saying, he again bent his bow, but on the present occasion looked with attention to his weapon, and changed the string, which he thought was no longer truly round, having been a little frayed by the two former shots. He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill: his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost for an instant his dislike to his person.

"These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take livery and service with us as a yeoman of our body-guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble prince," said Locksley; "but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial, he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

WHAT WOULD JEFFERSON HAVE SAID?

Had the Third President Foreseen the Rhodes Scholarship System, He Would Scarcely Have Approved It.

IF Thomas Jefferson could have foreseen the institution of nearly a hundred scholarships at Oxford for American students, it is not likely that he would have refrained from expressing his disapproval. Part of the vigorous patriotism of the great Virginian was a rooted conviction of the inferiority—nay, of the utter depravity—of the educational systems of the Old World.

"Let us view the disadvantages of sending a youth to Europe," he wrote from Paris to his friend Bannister. "To enumerate them all would require a volume. I will select a few. If he goes to England, he learns drinking, horse-racing, and boxing. These are the peculiarities of English education. The following circumstances are common to that and the other countries of Europe.

"He acquires a fondness for European luxury and dissipation, and a contempt for the simplicity of his own country. He is fascinated with the privileges of the European aristocrats, and sees with abhorrence the lovely equality which the poor enjoy with the rich in his own country. He recollects the voluptuary dress and arts of the European women, and pities and despises the chaste affections and simplicity of those of his own country. He returns a foreigner, unacquainted with the domestic economy necessary to preserve him from ruin.

"It appears to me, then, that an American, coming to Europe for education, loses in his knowledge, in his morals, in his health, in his habits, and in his happiness."

This was written in October, 1785, soon after Jefferson went to Paris as American minister to France. A good deal of water has run under the bridges since then. Perhaps the simplicity of Jefferson's country is not quite so unadulterated as it was a hundred and twenty years ago. Possibly other things are taught at European universities besides drinking, horse-racing, and boxing. It may be that if the grand old Virginian were alive to-day he would find reason to modify his views, and might even discover good points in the educational scheme to which Cecil Rhodes—a man who, like Jefferson, had large ideas and positive opinions—devoted his fortune.

The Future Sovereigns of Europe.

BY FREDERIC AUSTIN OGG.

The Heirs-Apparent to the Thrones of the European Monarchies, Who They Are, and What We May Expect of Them.

Written and compiled for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THERE are in Europe to-day—exclusive of the tiny states like Monte Carlo and Andorra—twenty independent nations, all of which, with the exception of France and Switzerland, are monarchies. In this category we may reckon Bulgaria, which, though nominally tributary to the Sultan, is practically an autonomous principality. This means a total of eighteen sovereigns, though in fact there are some thirty-five or forty, if we are to reckon in the count subordinate rulers like the kings, dukes, and grand dukes of the minor German states.

Europe at present has a somewhat unusual number of sovereigns who have passed their sixtieth mile-stone, as well as a goodly number of others who are not far from it. On this ground alone one is warranted in the presumption that the next few years will bring some important changes in the personnel of European royalty; and, of course, such an event may occur in any country at the most unexpected time. There is a fair probability that the year 1907 will see one or more of the following heirs-apparent raised to a throne.

GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.—The heir to the throne is George Frederick, Prince of Wales, eldest living son of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra. Prince George is forty-one years of age. He married Victoria Mary, daughter of the Duke of Teck, and has six children. He is far less well known and less popular than was his father when Prince of Wales, but is generally considered fully as able and as promising as a ruler.

THE GERMAN EMPIRE.—Frederick William, the Crown Prince of Germany, is the eldest son of the Emperor William II and Empress Victoria. He is twenty-four years old. In June, 1905, he married the Princess Cecilia, of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and the recent birth of his son has been the occasion of much rejoicing throughout the empire. Frederick William is in all essential respects a worthy son of his energetic and ambitious sire.

Included in the German empire are the three subordinate kingdoms of Bavaria, Saxony, and Württemberg, which are by no means unimportant states, though not to be reckoned among the sovereign powers. The present King of Bavaria is the mad Otto, who, fortunately, is unmarried, and whose heir is his uncle, Prince Luitpold. As Luitpold is well past eighty, it is scarcely probable that he will ever come to hold in his own right the throne which he now occupies as regent. The succession will pass in due course to his eldest son, Prince Ludwig (Louis), and to Ludwig's eldest son, Prince Rupprecht (Rupert).

The King of Saxony, Frederick Augustus—who is separated from his wife, the unlucky Archduchess Louise, of Austria—has three sons. The eldest, heir-apparent to the Saxon crown, is Prince George, now a boy of fourteen.

William II, King of Württemberg, has no sons, and his daughter has no right of succession. His heir-presumptive is a rather distant cousin, Duke Nicholas of Württemberg.

AUSTRIA-HUNGARY.—The situation in the Dual Monarchy is a complicated one. The aged emperor, Francis Joseph I, has two daughters, but no sons. After the assassination of Crown Prince Rudolph some years ago, the Archduke Karl Ludwig (Charles Louis),

the emperor's second brother, became the heir. On account of an attack of deafness, however, he resigned the honor some years before his death in 1896. This left his eldest son, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand, heir-presumptive to the throne. As Francis Ferdinand has contracted a morganatic marriage with the Countess Sophie Chotek, his children are not recognized as royal, and the succession will pass to the young Archduke Charles, eldest son of the late Archduke Otto, Francis Ferdinand's brother.

Francis Joseph is now seventy-six years of age. His death cannot be long delayed, and it will be an event fraught with possibilities of disaster, even of dissolution, for the empire. It is understood that he wishes to have the crown pass to his daughter Valerie, and from her to her son; but it is not likely that the Salic law, barring women from the succession, will be set aside.

ITALY.—The Crown Prince of Italy is Umberto (Humbert), Prince of Piedmont, only son of King Victor Emmanuel III and his Montenegrin queen, Helena. Little Humbert was born September 15, 1904, and has the distinction of being, by a few weeks, the youngest heir-apparent in Europe. He has two elder sisters.

PORTUGAL.—The prospective ruler of Portugal is Prince Louis Philip, eldest of the two sons of King Carlos I and Queen Marie Amelia. He is nineteen years of age. On his mother's side he is a grandson of the Orleanist Comte de Paris who won distinction in the Northern armies during our Civil War, and a cousin of Prince Albert, the coming King of the Belgians. From his mother he has inherited a larger measure of ability than that with which his father is usually credited.

THE TURKISH EMPIRE.—On numerous occasions during the past few months rumors that the Sultan is incurably ill have been published throughout the civilized world. However true or false these reports may be, certain it is that Abdul-Hamid II, though but sixty-four years old, has all but exhausted his vitality and may drop off at any moment.

The Sultan has ten children, the eldest of whom is Mohammed Selim Effendi, born in 1870. By prevailing law the crown is inherited by the direct descendants of Othman, in strict order of seniority. This means that the heir-apparent at present is not Abdul-Hamid's son, but his eldest brother, Mohammed Reshad Effendi, who was born in 1844 and is by far the oldest of Europe's heirs-apparent. Throughout the present reign Mohammed Reshad has been kept a prisoner at the command of his royal brother, being allowed to see no one except his wives, his slaves, and his jailers. By virtue of his vicious training from youth he is said to be scarcely better than an imbecile.

RUSSIA.—The heir to the threatened throne of the Czar's broad dominions is the little Grand Duke Alexis, only son of the Emperor Nicholas II and the Empress Alexandra. His birth, July 30, 1904, perpetuated the direct line of the Romanoffs. Under Muscovite practise his four elder sisters, the Grand Duchesses Olga, Tatiana, Marie, and Anastasia, are not eligible to the throne.

SPAIN.—The Spanish people are, at the time of writing this, awaiting the birth of an heir to the last of the Bourbon thrones. Should King Alfonso XIII die childless, the crown would pass to his only surviving sister, the Infanta Maria Teresa, now twenty-four years of age—provided the occasion were not seized upon for the establishment of a republic.

BELGIUM.—Leopold II, King of Belgium, has three daughters, but no sons. The heir to the throne, which the septuagenarian Leopold must ere long vacate, is Prince Albert, son of Leopold's brother Philippe and Princess Marie of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. He is thirty-one years of age. In 1900 he married Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, who has borne him two sons, Leopold and Charles Theodore.

HOLLAND.—If Queen Wilhelmina dies without issue, the throne would naturally pass to her cousin, Princess Mary of Wied. The Dutch people, however, desirous of having a king, are turning

to Prince Henry of Reuss, and it is understood that the legislature is likely before long to settle the succession upon him. Prince Henry is at present a lieutenant in the German navy.

NORWAY.—The political separation of the two northern Scandinavian countries a year or more ago created a Crown Prince of Norway, who, however, was too young to appreciate his sudden good fortune. He is Olaf, the three-year-old son of King Haakon VII and Queen Maud, and a grandson, therefore, of King Edward VII.

SWEDEN.—The Crown Prince of Sweden is Gustavus, Duke of Wermland, eldest of the four sons of King Oscar II and Queen Sophia, a daughter of Duke William of Nassau. Prince Gustavus is forty-eight years old. In 1881 he married Princess Victoria, daughter of the Grand Duke of Baden. They have three sons, of whom the eldest is Prince Gustavus Adolphus, Duke of Scania. This young prince was married in 1905 to Princess Margaret of Connaught, niece of King Edward VII, and has a son born last year; so that four generations are now represented in the Swedish reigning family. King Oscar, who is now seventy-seven years old, is one of the very few royal great-grandfathers in Europe, as well as the oldest reigning sovereign, not reckoning rulers of minor German states.

DENMARK.—Since the accession of Frederick VIII, about a year ago, the Danish heir-apparent has been Prince Christian, eldest son of the new king and Queen Louise. He is thirty-six years old. He married Princess Alexandrina of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, and he has two children, Christian Frederick and Knud.

RUMANIA.—The ruler of Rumania is King Carol (Charles) I, born in 1839. He is childless, and the succession has been settled upon various members of his family, one after another. At first the man designated was his elder brother, Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen. Leopold resigned in favor of his son, Prince William, and in 1888 the latter, in turn, renounced his rights in favor of his brother Prince Ferdinand, who remains to-day the heir. Ferdinand was born in 1865. In 1893 he married Princess Marie, daughter of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, and niece of King Edward VII. They have four children.

GREECE.—King George I has reigned since 1863, and the accession of his eldest son, Prince Constantine, Duke of Sparta, may be an event of the not distant future. Constantine is thirty-eight years of age. His wife, Princess Sophia, is a sister of the Kaiser. They have five children, of whom Prince George, a lad of sixteen, is the eldest.

BULGARIA.—The principality of Bulgaria is one of the most unsettled states of Europe. Its present sovereign is Prince Ferdinand who, in 1893, married Marie Louise, eldest daughter of Duke Robert of Parma. The heir to the throne is Boris, the eldest of their four children, though it is a serious question whether the boy will ever succeed to his father's precarious powers. He is but six years old, and is being brought up as a Greek Catholic, although his father is a member of the Roman Church. His mother is dead.

SERVIA.—Peter I, King of Servia, was born in 1844, though he has reigned only since 1903. In 1883 he married Princess Zorka, daughter of Prince Nicholas of Montenegro, and sister of the Queen of Italy. They have three children — Princess Helena, Prince George, and Prince Alexander. The heir is Prince George, who was born in 1887. According to current report he is scandalously dissipated and by some physicians has been pronounced a degenerate.

MONTENEGRO.—Nicholas I, the reigning Prince of Montenegro, is sixty-five years old, and has ruled since 1860. His wife was Milena, daughter of a Montenegrin senator. The heir-apparent is Danilo Alexander, the eldest of their three sons. Danilo is thirty-five years of age. In 1899 he married Princess Jutta, daughter of the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz; but as yet the marriage has been childless. If it should continue so, the right of succession will pass to Danilo's brother Mirko, who has two sons.

THE CORAL GROVE.

FROM about 1840 to 1850, James Gates Percival, who is now almost forgotten, was regarded as one of the most noted American poets. He was a man of varied pursuits, being not only a littérateur, but also a geologist, a botanist, a surgeon, a musician, and a student of Hebrew. Born at Kensington, Connecticut, in 1795, he lived at Charleston, Philadelphia, Boston, and New Haven, and was for a time a professor at West Point. Shortly before his death, which took place in 1856, he moved to the West, where he was appointed State geologist of Wisconsin.

As a poet, Percival attempted ambitious feats which were far beyond his powers, and in his longer verse he was stilted and sometimes positively dull; so that James Russell Lowell ridiculed him in a famous essay, which is a masterpiece of ironical wit. Nevertheless, in his shorter pieces, he wrote with naturalness and an attractive simplicity, having an appreciative eye for the beautiful in nature. William Cullen Bryant said of his verse that it was marked by "a sort of natural fluency which approached nearer to improvisation than the manner of most of our poets." Percival's poem, "The Coral Grove," is the one by which he will always be best remembered.

BY JAMES GATES PERCIVAL.

DEEP in the wave is a coral grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never were wet with the falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift
And the pearl-shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs, where the tides and billows flow

The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush, like a banner bathed in slaughter:
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear, deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly,
Through the bending twigs of the coral grove.

TWO FAMOUS SERMONS.

Perhaps the Most Curious on Record Was Dr. Dod's Discourse on "Malt" and the Shortest a Missionary Sermon of Dean Swift's.

DR. DOD was an old-time English clergyman, incumbent of a parish close to Cambridge, who had made himself very unpopular with a certain class of the university students by his forcible sermons against drunkenness. A short time after the delivery of one of these philippics, the good doctor was walking toward Cambridge when he met several undergraduates, who thought they saw a chance for revenge. Accordingly they stopped him, and with mock politeness urged him then and there to deliver a sermon. They insisted on his preaching to them from a hollow tree, on a text of their own selection—the one word "Malt."

Resistance being useless, the doctor quietly obeyed, and assuming his pulpit manner, delivered the following sermon:

"Beloved, let me crave your attention. I am a little man, and come at a short notice to preach from a short text to a thin congregation in an unworthy pulpit. Beloved, my text is 'Malt.' I cannot divide it into sentences, there being none; nor into words, there being but one. I must, therefore, divide it into letters.

"M is moral. A is allegorical. L is literal. T is theological.

"The moral is to teach you good manners. Therefore, M—my masters, A—all of you, L—leave off, T—tippling.

"The allegorical is when one thing is spoken of and another meant. The thing spoken of is malt; the thing meant is the spirit of malt, which you make M—your meat, A—your apparel, L—your liberty, and T—your trust.

"The literal is, according to the letters, M—much, A—ale, L—little, T—thought.

"The theological is according to the effects it works: M—murder in some, A—adultery in others, L—looseness of life in most, and T—treachery in many.

"I shall conclude the subject, first by way of exhortation: M—my masters, A—all of you, L—listen, T—to my text.

"Second, by way of caution: M—my masters, A—all of you, L—look for T—the truth.

"Thirdly, by way of communicating the truth, which is this: A drunkard is the annoyance of modesty, the spoil of civility, the destruction of reason, the robber's agent, the almshouse benefactor, his wife's sorrow, his children's trouble, his own shame, his neighbor's scoff, a walking swill-bowl, the picture of a beast, the monster of a man."

Then Dr. Dod descended from his arboreal pulpit and resumed his walk, leaving a very shame-faced and crestfallen congregation to follow at a respectful distance. He was never waylaid again to deliver extemporaneous sermons.

Dean Swift's sermon, while very much briefer, was quite as much to the point. On one occasion he delivered a charity sermon, eloquent and impressive, but so long that it tired many of his hearers and so hurt the contribution. As he was to deliver another shortly afterward in another church, the local authorities were apprehensive of disastrous results, and dropped hints to the effect that if the sermon were too long the amount of the collection might suffer. Dean Swift merely smiled and said:

"I won't tire them this time."

Ascending the pulpit, he looked down upon a crowded congregation eager to hear the famous wit and preacher, and announced his text—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord."

"Now, my friends," he began, "you have heard the terms of the loan. If you are satisfied with the security, down with the dust!"

Then he turned and descended the pulpit without another word. The congregation saw the point, and the collection was a phenomenal one.

The Chariot Race From "Ben-Hur."

BY GENERAL LEW. WALLACE.

LEW. WALLACE (1827—1905) is known both as a soldier and as a novelist. He served in the war with Mexico, and during the Civil War he fought at Shiloh and in other important battles. In 1864, when the city of Washington was threatened by a Confederate army under Early, Wallace, at the head of a small force, blocked the march of the enemy and delayed them until the arrival of strong reenforcements from General Grant rendered the taking of the capital impossible. After the close of the war, General Wallace was Governor of New Mexico and American minister to Turkey. In the former post he gathered the materials for his novel, "The Fair God," a tale of the conquest of Mexico by Cortés. In the latter office he made those studies which he utilized in his most widely read romance, "Ben-Hur," a story of Palestine at the time of Christ. The latter book had an extraordinary vogue, more than half a million copies having been sold. It was read not only by lovers of fiction, but by many who had never before read any other fiction.

Ben-Hur is a young Jew of wealth and rank, living in Jerusalem. His old school-friend *Messala* returns from Rome, where he has received a thoroughly Roman education and has imbibed the worldly wisdom and cynicism with which the cultivated Romans were imbued at the period of the Empire. The two young men, so different in training, find themselves no longer congenial. They quarrel, and *Messala* gives information against his former friend to the Roman authorities, because of an accident which he makes out to have been a premeditated crime. *Ben-Hur's* estates are confiscated, his mother and sister are cast into a leper's cell, and *Ben-Hur* himself is sentenced to be a galley-slave and to endure all the horrors of such a lot Through the friendship of *Arrius*, a Roman tribune, *Ben-Hur* finally escapes from slavery and returns to Palestine, a free man, and with the wealth which he has inherited from his benefactor. His meeting with the treacherous *Messala* is a dramatic one. In the public games which are given in the circus at Antioch *Messala* has entered as a competitor. *Ben-Hur*, with four splendid Arabian horses, pits himself against his former friend. The passage which ensues is the most striking in the whole book, because of its swift action and exciting incident. It is reproduced here by special permission of the Messrs. Harper & Bros., through the courtesy of Colonel George B. Harvey.

I.—THE START.

THE preparations were now complete, and presently a trumpeter in gaudy uniform arose by the editor,* ready to blow the signal of commencement promptly at his order. Straightway the stir of the people and the hum of their conversation died away. Every face near by, and every face in the lessening perspective, turned to the east, as all eyes settled upon the gates of the six stalls which shut in the competitors.

The unusual flush upon his face gave proof that even Simonides had caught the universal excitement. Ilderim pulled his beard fast and furious.

"Look now for the Roman," said the fair Egyptian to Esther, who did not

*The giver of the games, in the present case the prefect of the province.

hear her, for, with close-drawn veil and beating heart, she sat watching for Ben-Hur.

The structure containing the stalls, it should be observed, was in form of the segment of a circle, retired on the right so that its central point was projected forward, and midway the course, on the starting side of the first goal. Every stall, consequently, was equally distant from the starting-line or chalked rope above mentioned.

The trumpet sounded short and sharp; whereupon the starters, one for each chariot, leaped down from behind the pillars of the goal, ready to give assistance if any of the fours proved unmanageable.

Again the trumpet blew, and simultaneously the gate-keepers threw the stalls open.

First appeared the mounted attendants of the charioteers, five in all, Ben-Hur having rejected the service. The chalked line was lowered to let them pass, then raised again. They were beautifully mounted, yet scarcely observed as they rode forward; for all the time the tramping of eager horses, and the voices of drivers scarcely less eager, were heard behind in the stalls, so that one might not look away an instant from the gaping doors.

The chalked line up again, the gate-keepers called their men; instantly the ushers on the balcony waved their hands, and shouted, with all their strength: "Down! Down!"

As well have whistled to stay a storm.

Forth from each stall, like missiles in a volley from so many great guns, rushed the six fours; and up the vast assemblage arose, electrified and irrepressible, and, leaping upon the benches, filled the Circus and the air above it with yells and screams. This was the time for which they had so patiently waited!—this the moment of supreme interest treasured up in talk and dreams since the proclamation of the games!

"He is come—there—look!" cried Iras, pointing to Messala.

"I see him," answered Esther, looking at Ben-Hur.

The veil was withdrawn. For an instant the little Jewess was brave. An idea of the joy there is in doing an heroic deed under the eyes of a multitude came to her, and she understood ever after how, at such times, the souls of men, in the frenzy of performance, laugh at death or forget it utterly.

The competitors were now under view from nearly every part of the Circus, yet the race was not begun; they had first to make the chalked line successfully.

The line was stretched for the purpose of equalizing the start. If it were dashed upon, discomfiture of man and horses might be apprehended; on the other hand, to approach it timidly was to incur the hazard of being thrown behind in the beginning of the race; and that was certain forfeit of the great advantage always striven for—the position next the division-wall on the inner line of the course.

This trial, its perils and consequences, the spectators knew thoroughly; and if the opinion of old Nestor, uttered what time he handed the reins to his son, were true—

> It is not strength, but art, obtained the prize,
> And to be swift is less than to be wise—

all on the benches might well look for warning of the winner to be now given, justifying the interest with which they breathlessly watched for the result.

The arena swam in a dazzle of light; yet each driver looked first thing for the rope, then for the coveted inner line. So, all six aiming at the same point and speeding furiously, a collision seemed inevitable; nor that merely. What if the editor, at the last moment, dissatisfied with the start, should withhold the signal to drop the rope? Or if he should not give it in time?

The crossing was about two hundred and fifty feet in width. Quick the eye, steady the hand, unerring the judgment required. If now one look away! or his mind wander! or a rein slip! And what attraction in the ensemble of the thousands over the spreading balcony! Calculating upon the natural impulse to give one glance—just one—in sooth of curiosity or vanity, malice might be there with an artifice; while friendship and love, did they serve the same result, might be as deadly as malice.

The divine last touch in perfecting the

beautiful is animation. Can we accept the saying, then these latter days, so tame in pastime and dull in sports, have scarcely anything to compare to the spectacle offered by the six contestants.

Let the reader try to fancy it; let him first look down upon the arena, and see it glistening in its frame of dull-gray granite walls; let him, then, in this perfect field, see the chariots, light of wheel, very graceful, and ornate as paint and burnishing can make them—Messala's rich with ivory and gold; let him see the drivers, erect and statuesque, undisturbed by the motion of the cars, their limbs naked, and fresh and ruddy with the healthful polish of the baths—in their right hands goads, suggestive of torture dreadful to the thought—in their left hands, held in careful separation, and high, that they may not interfere with view of the steeds, the reins passing taut from the fore ends of the carriage-poles; let him see the fours, chosen for beauty as well as speed; let him see them in magnificent action, their masters not more conscious of the situation and all that is asked and hoped from them—their heads tossing, nostrils in play, now distent, now contracted—limbs too dainty for the sand which they touch but to spurn—limbs slender, yet with impact crushing as hammers—every muscle of the rounded bodies instinct with glorious life, swelling, diminishing, justifying the world in taking from them its ultimate measure of force; finally, along with chariots, drivers, horses, let the reader see the accompanying shadows fly; and, with such distinctness as the picture comes, he may share the satisfaction and deeper pleasure of those to whom it was a thrilling fact, not a feeble fancy.

Every age has its plenty of sorrows; Heaven help where there are no pleasures!

The competitors having started each on the shortest line for the position next the wall, yielding would be like giving up the race; and who dared yield? It is not in common nature to change a purpose in mid-career; and the cries of encouragement from the balcony were indistinguishable and indescribable; a roar which had the same effect upon all the drivers.

The fours neared the rope together. Then the trumpeter by the editor's side blew a signal vigorously. Twenty feet away it was not heard. Seeing the action, however, the judges dropped the rope, and not an instant too soon, for the hoof of one of Messala's horses struck it as it fell. Nothing daunted, the Roman shook out his long lash, loosed the reins, leaned forward, and, with a triumphant shout, took the wall.

"Jove with us! Jove with us!" yelled all the Roman faction, in a frenzy of delight.

As Messala turned, the bronze lion's head at the end of his axle caught the foreleg of the Athenian's right-hand trace-mate, flinging the brute over against its yoke-fellow. Both staggered, struggled, and lost their headway. The ushers had their will at least in part. The thousands held their breath with horror; only up where the consul sat was there shouting.

"Jove with us!" screamed Drusus frantically.

"He wins! Jove with us!" answered his associates, seeing Messala speed on.

Tablet in hand, Sanballat turned to them; a crash from the course below stopped his speech, and he could not but look that way.

Messala having passed, the Corinthian was the only contestant on the Athenian's right, and to that side the latter tried to turn his broken four; and then, as ill-fortune would have it, the wheel of the Byzantine, who was next on the left, struck the tail-piece of his chariot, knocking his feet from under him. There was a crash, a scream of rage and fear, and the unfortunate Cleanthes fell under the hoofs of his own steeds: a terrible sight, against which Esther covered her eyes.

On swept the Corinthian, on the Byzantine, on the Sidonian.

Sanballat looked for Ben-Hur, and turned again to Drusus and his coterie.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" he cried.

"Taken!" answered Drusus.

"Another hundred on the Jew!" shouted Sanballat.

Nobody appeared to hear him. He called again; the situation below was too absorbing, and they were too busy shouting, "Messala! Messala! Jove with us!"

When the Jewess ventured to look again, a party of workmen were removing the horses and broken car; another party were taking off the man himself; and every bench upon which there was a Greek was vocal with execrations and prayers for vengeance. Suddenly she dropped her hands; Ben-Hur, unhurt, was to the front, coursing freely forward along with the Roman! Behind them, in a group, followed the Sidonian, the Corinthian, and the Byzantine.

The race was on; the souls of the racers were in it; over them bent the myriads.

II.—THE RACE.

WHEN the dash for position began Ben-Hur, as we have seen, was on the extreme left of the six. For a moment, like the others, he was half blinded by the light in the arena; yet he managed to catch sight of his antagonists and divine their purpose. At Messala, who was more than an antagonist to him, he gave one searching look. The air of passionless hauteur characteristic of the fine patrician face was there as of old, and so was the Italian beauty, which the helmet rather increased; but more—it may have been a jealous fancy, or the effect of the brassy shadow in which the features were at the moment cast, still the Israelite thought he saw the soul of the man as through a glass, darkly: cruel, cunning, desperate; not so excited as determined—a soul in a tension of watchfulness and fierce resolve.

In a time not longer than was required to turn to his four again, Ben-Hur felt his own resolution harden to a like temper. At whatever cost, at all hazards, he would humble this enemy! Prize, friends, wagers, honor—everything that can be thought of as a possible interest in the race was lost in the one deliberate purpose. Regard for life even should not hold him back. Yet there was no passion, on his part; no blinding rush of heated blood from heart to brain, and back again; no impulse to fling himself upon Fortune: he did not believe in Fortune; far otherwise. He had his plan, and, confiding in himself, he settled to the task never more observant, never more capable. The air about him seemed aglow with a renewed and perfect transparency.

When not half-way across the arena he saw that Messala's rush would, if there was no collision, and the rope fell, give him the wall; that the rope would fall, he ceased as soon to doubt; and, further, it came to him, a sudden flash-light insight, that Messala knew it was to be let drop at the last moment (pre-arrangement with the editor could safely reach that point in the contest); and it suggested, what more Roman-like than for the official to lend himself to a countryman who, besides being so popular, had also so much at stake? There could be no other accounting for the confidence with which Messala pushed his four forward the instant his competitors were prudentially checking their fours in front of the obstruction—no other except madness.

It is one thing to see a necessity and another to act upon it. Ben-Hur yielded the wall for the time.

The rope fell, and all the fours but his sprang into the course under urgency of voice and lash. He drew head to the right, and, with all the speed of his Arabs, darted across the trails of his opponents, the angle of movement being such as to lose the least time and gain the greatest possible advance. So, while the spectators were shivering at the Athenian's mishap, and the Sidonian, Byzantine, and Corinthian were striving, with such skill as they possessed, to avoid involvement in the ruin, Ben-Hur swept around and took the course neck and neck with Messala, though on the outside.

The marvelous skill shown in making the change thus from the extreme left across to the right without appreciable loss did not fail the sharp eyes upon the benches: the Circus seemed to rock and rock again with prolonged applause. Then Esther clasped her hands in glad surprise; then Sanballat, smiling, offered his hundred sestertii a second time without a taker; and then the Romans began to doubt, thinking Messala might have found an equal, if not a master, and that in an Israelite!

And now, racing together side by side, a narrow interval between them, the two neared the second goal.

The pedestal of the three pillars there, viewed from the west, was a stone wall in the form of a half-circle, around which the course and opposite balcony were bent in exact parallelism. Making this turn was considered in all respects the most telling test of a charioteer; it was, in fact, the very feat in which Orestes failed. As an involuntary admission of interest on the part of the spectators, a hush fell over all the Circus, so that for the first time in the race the rattle and clang of the cars plunging after the tugging steeds were distinctly heard. Then, it would seem, Messala observed Ben-Hur, and recognized him; and at once the audacity of the man flamed out in an astonishing manner.

"Down Eros, up Mars!" he shouted, whirling his lash with practised hand—"Down Eros, up Mars!" he repeated, and caught the well-doing Arabs of Ben-Hur a cut the like of which they had never known.

The blow was seen in every quarter, and the amazement was universal. The silence deepened; up on the benches behind the consul the boldest held his breath, waiting for the outcome. Only a moment thus: then, involuntarily, down from the balcony, as thunder falls, burst the indignant cry of the people.

The four sprang forward affrighted. No hand had ever been laid upon them except in love; they had been nurtured ever so tenderly; and as they grew their confidence in man became a lesson to men beautiful to see. What should such dainty natures do under such indignity but leap as from death?

Forward they sprang as with one impulse, and forward leaped the car. Past question, every experience is serviceable to us. Where got Ben-Hur the large hand and mighty grip which helped him now so well? Where but from the oar with which so long he fought the sea? And what was this spring of the floor under his feet to the dizzy eccentric lurch with which in the old time the trembling ship yielded to the beat of staggering billows, drunk with their power? So he kept his place, and gave the four free rein, and called to them in soothing voice, trying merely to guide them round the dangerous turn; and before the fever of the people began to abate, he had back the mastery. Nor that only: on approaching the first goal he was again side by side with Messala, bearing with him the sympathy and admiration of every one not a Roman. So clearly was the feeling shown, so vigorous its manifestation, that Messala, with all his boldness, felt it unsafe to trifle further.

As the cars whirled round the goal, Esther caught sight of Ben-Hur's face—a little pale, a little higher raised, otherwise calm, even placid.

Immediately a man climbed on the entablature at the west end of the division wall, and took down one of the conical wooden balls. A dolphin on the east entablature was taken down at the same time.

In like manner the second ball and second dolphin disappeared; and then the third ball and third dolphin.

Three rounds concluded: still Messala held the inside position; still Ben-Hur moved with him side by side; still the other competitors followed as before. The contest began to have the appearance of one of the double races which became so popular in Rome during the later Cæsarean period—Messala and Ben-Hur in the first, the Corinthian, Sidonian, and Byzantine in the second. Meantime the ushers succeeded in returning the multitude to their seats, though the clamor continued to run the rounds, keeping, as it were, even pace with the rivals in the course below.

In the fifth round the Sidonian succeeded in getting a place outside Ben-Hur, but lost it directly.

The sixth round was entered upon without change of relative position.

Gradually the speed had been quickened—gradually the blood of the competitors warmed with the work. Men and beasts seemed to know alike that the final crisis was near.

The interest which from the beginning had centered chiefly in the struggle between the Roman and the Jew, with an intense and general sympathy for the latter, was fast changing to anxiety on his account. On all the benches the spectators bent forward motionless.

"A hundred sestertii on the Jew!" cried Sanballat to the Romans under the consul's awning.

There was no reply.

"A talent—or five talents, or ten; choose ye!"

He shook his tablets at them defiantly.

"I will take thy sestertii," answered a Roman youth, preparing to write.

"Do not so," interposed a friend.

"Why?"

"Messala hath reached his utmost speed. See him lean over his chariot-rim, the reins loose as flying ribbons. Look then at the Jew."

The first one looked.

"By Hercules!" he replied, his countenance falling. "The dog throws all his weight on the bits. I see, I see! If the gods help not our friend, he will be run away with by the Israelite. No, not yet. Look! Jove with us, Jove with us!"

The cry, swelled by every Latin tongue, shook the velaria over the consul's head.

If it were true that Messala had attained his utmost speed, the effort was with effect; slowly but certainly he was beginning to forge ahead. His horses were running with their heads low down; from the balcony their bodies appeared actually to skim the earth; their nostrils showed blood-red in expansion; their eyes seemed straining in their sockets. Certainly the good steeds were doing their best! How long could they keep the pace? It was but the commencement of the sixth round. On they dashed. As they neared the second goal, Ben-Hur turned in behind the Roman's car.

The joy of the Messala faction reached its bound; they screamed and howled, and tossed their colors; and Sanballat filled his tablets with wagers of their tendering.

Malluch, in the lower gallery over the Gate of Triumph, found it hard to keep his cheer. He had cherished the vague hint dropped to him by Ben-Hur of something to happen in turning the western pillars. It was the fifth round, yet the something had not come; and he had said to himself, the sixth will bring it; but, lo! Ben-Hur was hardly holding a place at the tail of his enemy's car.

Over in the east end, Simonides's party held their peace. The merchant's head was bent low. Ilderim tugged at his beard, and dropped his brows till there was nothing of his eyes but an occasional sparkle of light. Esther scarcely breathed. Iras alone appeared glad.

Along the home-stretch—sixth round—Messala leading, next him Ben-Hur. Thus to the first goal, and round it. Messala, fearful of losing his place, hugged the stony wall with perilous clasp; a foot to the left, and he had been dashed to pieces; yet, when the turn was finished, no man, looking at the wheel-tracks of the two cars, could have said, here went Messala, there the Jew. They left but one trace behind them.

As they whirled by, Esther saw Ben-Hur's face again, and it was whiter than before.

Simonides, shrewder than Esther, said to Ilderim, the moment the rivals turned into the course, "I am no judge, good sheik, if Ben-Hur be not about to execute some design. His face hath that look."

To which Ilderim answered, "Saw you how clean they were and fresh? By the splendor of God, friend, they have not been running! But now watch!"

One ball and one dolphin remained on the entablatures; and all the people drew a long breath, for the beginning of the end was at hand.

First, the Sidonian gave the scourge to his four, and, smarting with fear and pain, they dashed desperately forward, promising for a brief time to go to the front. The effort ended in promise. Next, the Byzantine and Corinthian each made the trial with like result, after which they were practically out of the race. Thereupon, with a readiness perfectly explicable, all the factions except the Romans joined hope in Ben-Hur, and openly indulged their feeling.

"Ben-Hur! Ben-Hur!" they shouted, and the blent voices of the many rolled overwhelmingly against the consular stand.

From the benches above him as he passed, the favor descended in fierce injunctions.

"Speed thee, Jew!"

"Take the wall now!"

"On! Loose the Arabs! Give them rein and scourge!"

"Let him not have the turn on thee again. Now or never!"

Over the balustrade they stooped low, stretching their hands imploringly to him.

Either he did not hear, or could not do better, for half-way round the course

and he was still following; at the second goal even still no change!

And now, to make the turn, Messala began to draw in his left-hand steeds, an act which necessarily slackened their speed. His spirit was high; more than one altar was richer of his vows; the Roman genius was still president. On the three pillars only six hundred feet away were fame, increase of fortune, promotions, and a triumph ineffably sweetened by hate, all in store for him.

That moment Malluch, in the gallery, saw Ben-Hur lean forward over his Arabs and give them the reins. Out flew the many-folded lash in his hand; over the backs of the startled steeds it writhed and hissed, and hissed and writhed again and again; and though it fell not, there were both sting and menace in its quick report; and as the man passed thus from quiet to resistless action, his face suffused, his eyes gleaming, along the reins he seemed to flash his will; and instantly not one, but the four as one, answered with a leap that landed them alongside the Roman's car.

Messala, on the perilous edge of the goal, heard, but dared not look to see what the awakening portended. From the people he received no sign. Above the noises of the race there was but one voice, and that was Ben-Hur's. In the old Aramaic, as the sheik himself, he called to the Arabs, "On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares? Dost thou linger now? Good horse—oho, Aldebaran! I hear them singing in the tents. I hear the children singing and the women—singing of the stars, of Atair, Antares, Rigel, Aldebaran, victory!—and the song will never end. Well done! Home tomorrow, under the black tent—home! On, Antares! The tribe is waiting for us, and the master is waiting! 'Tis done! 'tis done! Ha, ha! We have overthrown the proud. The hand that smote us is in the dust. Ours the glory! Ha, ha!—steady! The work is done — soho! Rest!"

There had never been anything of the kind more simple; seldom anything so instantaneous.

At the moment chosen for the dash, Messala was moving in a circle round the goal. To pass him Ben-Hur had to cross the track, and good strategy required the movement to be in a forward direction; that is, on a like circle limited to the least possible increase. The thousands on the benches understood it all; they saw the signal given — the magnificent response; the four close outside Messala's outer wheel, Ben-Hur's inner wheel behind the other's car—all this they saw.

Then they heard a crash loud enough to send a thrill through the Circus, and, quicker than thought, out over the course a spray of shining white and yellow flinders flew. Down on its right side toppled the bed of the Roman's chariot. There was a rebound as of the axle hitting the hard earth; another and another; then the car went to pieces; and Messala, entangled in the reins, pitched forward headlong.

To increase the horror of the sight by making death certain, the Sidonian, who had the wall next behind, could not stop or turn out. Into the wreck full speed he drove; then over the Roman, and into the latter's four, all mad with fear. Presently, out of the turmoil, the fighting of horses, the resound of blows, the murky cloud of dust and sand, he crawled, in time to see the Corinthian and Byzantine go on down the course after Ben-Hur, who had not been an instant delayed.

The people arose, and leaped upon the benches, and shouted and screamed. Those who looked that way caught glimpses of Messala, now under the trampling of the fours, now under the abandoned cars. He was still; they thought him dead; but far the greater number followed Ben-Hur in his career. They had not seen the cunning touch of the reins by which, turning a little to the left, he caught Messala's wheel with the iron-shod point of his axle, and crushed it; but they had seen the transformation of the man, and themselves felt the heat and glow of his spirit, the heroic resolution, the maddening energy of action with which, by look, word, and gesture, he so suddenly inspired his Arabs.

And such running! It was rather the long leaping of lions in harness; but for the lumbering chariot, it seemed the four were flying. When the Byzantine and Corinthian were half-way down the course, Ben-Hur turned the first goal.

And the race was won!

TWO CIVIL WAR POEMS.

THE great Civil War in America began with the firing upon Fort Sumter in April, 1861, and practically ended with the surrender of General Lee in April, 1865. The two poems reprinted here commemorate respectively the opening of that tremendous conflict and its close.

"The Reveille" was written by Bret Harte immediately after President Lincoln had issued his proclamation of April 15, calling for seventy-five thousand volunteers to suppress the insurrection in the South. Harte, at that time, was a young man of twenty-two, a compositor in a San Francisco printing-office, but devoted some of his spare moments to the composition of fugitive verse. Filled with the martial spirit which swept over the country as soon as the capture of Sumter became known, he wrote this stirring poem, which is full of the impetuous ardor that animated North and South alike.

"The Conquered Banner" was composed and published, soon after Lee's surrender, by Abram Joseph Ryan (1839—1886), a Virginian who, having entered the Roman Catholic priesthood, served as chaplain to a Confederate regiment throughout the entire war. Subsequently Father Ryan edited several religious journals, was rector of St. Mary's Church in Mobile, and finally gave his whole time to literature and to lecturing. A collection of his poems was published at Baltimore in 1880. Unlike many of the verses written during or immediately after the Civil War, "The Conquered Banner" is touched by no feeling of bitterness; but its loyalty to the Lost Cause blends a deep devotion with a strain of melancholy, which every American can now appreciate and view with sympathy.

I—The Reveille.

(April, 1861.)

BY BRET HARTE.

HARK! I hear the tramp of thousands,
And of armed men the hum;
Lo, a nation's hosts have gathered
Round the quick alarming drum—
Saying, "Come,
Freemen, come!
Ere your heritage be wasted," said the quick
alarming drum.

"Let me of my heart take counsel;
War is not of life the sum;
Who shall stay and reap the harvest
When the autumn days shall come?
But the drum
Echoed, "Come!
Death shall reap the braver harvest," said the solemn-sounding drum.

"But when won the coming battle,
What of profit springs therefrom?
What if conquest, subjugation,
Even greater ills become?"
But the drum
Answered, "Come!
You must do the sum to prove it," said the Yankee-answering drum.

"What if, 'mid the cannon's thunder,
Whistling shot and bursting bomb,
When my brothers fall around me,
Should my heart grow cold and numb?"
But the drum
Answered "Come!
Better there in death united than in life a recreant—come!"

Thus they answered—hoping, fearing,
Some in faith, and doubting some,
Till a triumph-voice proclaiming,
Said, "My chosen people, come!"
Then the drum,
Lo, was dumb;
For the great heart of the nation, throbbing, answered, "Lord, we come!"

II—The Conquered Banner.

(April, 1865.)

BY ABRAM JOSEPH RYAN.

FURL that Banner, for 'tis weary,
Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it—it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there's not one left to lave it
In the blood which heroes gave it,
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take the Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff and shattered,
And the valiant hosts are scattered
Over whom it floated high.
Oh, 'tis hard for us to fold it,
Hard to think there's none to hold it,
Hard that those who once unrolled it
Now must furl it with a sigh!

Furl that Banner—furl it sadly;
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foemen's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
And that flag should float forever
O'er their freedom, or their grave

Furl it! For the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying low;
And the Banner—it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people in their woe;

For though conquered, they adore it—
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it,
Weep for those who fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And, oh, wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so!

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 'twill live in song and story
Though its folds are in the dust!
For its fame on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down the ages—
Furl its folds though now we must!

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy,
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfold it never;
Let it droop there, furled forever—
For its people's hopes are fled.

The World's Great Operas.

No. 9—Richard Strauss's "Salome."

BY R. H. TITHERINGTON.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

Salome. The most sensational incident of the recent operatic season in New York was contributed by the production and subsequent withdrawal of Richard Strauss's "Salome." This was the first of the young German composer's works to reach the stage in America, though it was as long ago as 1894 that his earliest opera, "Guntram," was produced at Weimar. "Guntram" did not prove successful, but a later work of Strauss's, "Feuersnoth," made something of a hit in Germany, though it seems now to have disappeared from the operatic repertoires. Hitherto his fame has mainly rested on his orchestral compositions, notably, "Ein Heldenleben" ("A Hero's Life"), "Also Sprach Zarathustra" ("Thus Spake Zoroaster"), "Don Quixote," and the "Symphonia Domestica." All these are more or less familiar to American concert-goers—to some an object of critical disapproval, to others, of enthusiastic admiration.

"Salome" is a one-act opera, which takes about an hour and forty minutes in performance. The German text was translated and adapted by Hedwig Lachmann from Oscar Wilde's dramatic poem of the same title, originally written in French.

In Germany the opera has been received with nothing short of enthusiasm, not only in great musical centers like Berlin and Munich, but in more than a score of smaller cities. It has also been sung at La Scala, in Milan, and in Turin, and at the time of writing this it is announced for presentation at the Grand Opéra in Paris. The nature of its theme will probably bar it from the stage in London, nor is it likely to be given again in New York.

Strauss. Richard Strauss, the most interesting figure among the German composers of the present day, was born in Munich on June 11, 1864. His father, Franz Strauss, was a horn-player in the royal orchestra. His mother, a Fräulein Pschorr, who belonged to a famous family of the aristocracy of Bavarian beer, was also a musician, and gave Richard his first lessons. The boy studied the piano and violin, and prepared himself for orchestral work under the tuition of his father, who, he says, could play almost all musical instruments.

It was not strange that young Strauss should be a juvenile prodigy. At six he began to compose; at sixteen his songs were sung in public, and a year later he had a symphony performed. He was not yet twenty when his work was taken up by two of the leading musical organizations of Germany—the Meiningen Orchestra, of which Hans von Bülow was

EDITOR'S NOTE—Previous articles in this series have dealt with Wagner's "Rienzi" (August, 1906); Verdi's "Rigoletto" (September, 1906); Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" (October, 1906); Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" (November, 1906); Wagner's "Lohengrin" (December, 1906); Verdi's "Il Trovatore" (January, 1907); Wagner s "Tannhäuser" (February, 1907); and Puccini's "La Bohème" (March, 1907).

then conductor, and the Berlin Philharmonic. His subsequent life has been successful and productive, but otherwise uneventful. He lives in Berlin, where he has a permanent engagement as conductor at the Imperial Opera, and his summers are spent in the Bavarian Tyrol. Three years ago he paid a visit to America, where, of course, he received much attention from the critics, though he did not succeed in scoring any great popular success as a conductor.

Strauss's work represents, to a certain extent, a new departure in the art of musical composition. The old conception of music was, briefly stated, that its purpose was pure beauty of sound, and that its proper form, therefore, consisted in melodious airs and harmonious cadences. Then, gradually, we learned that the element of expressiveness was of supreme value. It was Wagner, above all, who taught us that dramatic strength is far more important than mere saccharine sweetness; but Strauss goes far beyond the Bayreuth master in his contempt for harmony and melody.

There is, of course, no absolute and permanent standard of musical beauty. It lies in the ear of the listener, and changes as that organ is educated to a different level of taste. What was once a discord becomes a chord of not unpleasing poignancy; and finally we demand it in preference to the commonplace and insipid harmonies that delighted more primitive hearers. In this respect Strauss's work unquestionably lies in the direction in which musical progress has trended.

A generation ago Wagner's scores were considered perilously revolutionary —"the music of the future," as one farsighted critic called them; to-day we all admit their grandeur. A generation hence will the world be crowning Richard Strauss as a greater than Richard Wagner? Or is he a reckless offender against the proper limitations of musical art?

Argument. The story of "Salome" is a strange and weird distortion of the brief biblical narrative of the death of John the Baptist, as told in the fourteenth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. There is but one scene—a grand terrace in the palace of *Herod,* tetrarch, or governor, of Galilee, and historically identified not with Herod the Great, but with his son, Herod Antipas. On the right is a great staircase leading to the banqueting-hall; on the left, an old cistern which has been put to use as the prison of *Jokanaan*—under which name John the Baptist figures in the opera. A company of Roman soldiers is on guard under the command of *Narraboth,* a Syrian captain.

Suddenly the voice of *Jokanaan* is heard sounding out of his prison the message that the Son of Man has come to the world. *Salome* enters just in time to hear the cry of the imprisoned prophet. Strangely impressed, she begs *Narraboth* to let her see the captive. *Narraboth,* who is in love with the princess, unwillingly consents, and *Jokanaan* is brought forth from the cistern. *Salome* gazes at him in fascination, while he warns her in the most unsparing terms against the sins of her mother, *Herodias,* formerly the wife of *Herod's* brother, now the consort of *Herod* himself.

To the horror of *Narraboth,* who begs her to go back into the palace, the princess sings amorously to *Jokanaan,* begging him to let her kiss his mouth. The prophet repulses her sternly, and *Narraboth* in desperation kills himself. Bidding *Salome* to repent while there is yet time, *Jokanaan* goes back into his prison, while *Salome* cries that she will kiss his mouth in spite of him.

At this point *Herod* and *Herodias* enter with a train of courtiers. The tetrarch, who is pictured as a drunken degenerate, slips in the blood of *Narraboth,* and orders the body removed. He cries out that it is cold, that he hears the beating of wings in the air about him; but when more wine is brought he invites *Salome* to drink with him, and offers to give her the throne of her mother.

Again the voice of *Jokanaan* is heard, sounding its solemn warning of wrath to come. Some of the Jews and Nazarenes among *Herod's* attendants discuss

the prophet's utterances, some calling him an impostor, others hailing him as the forerunner of the Messiah. *Herodias,* furious at his arraignment of her immoralities, asks *Herod* to slay him, but the tetrarch, fearing *Jokanaan* as representing some unknown power, refuses.

Herod now begs *Salome* to dance before him. At first she denies him; but when he offers her any reward that she may ask, and confirms the promise with an oath, she consents. The princess—or, in the opera, a danseuse substituted for her—performs the so-called Dance of the Seven Veils. On its conclusion the delighted tetrarch asks her what reward she desires.

"The head of *Jokanaan,*" she replies, with a wild laugh.

Herod, horrified, offers her instead his precious white peacocks, his priceless jewels. He offers to give her the mantle of the high priest, to tear the veil from the sanctuary of the Temple; but *Salome* has only one reply:

"Give me the head of *Jokanaan.*"

Finally *Herod* collapses in terror and exhaustion. *Herodias* draws from his finger the ring that is the signal of death and gives it to one of the soldiers. The executioner goes down into *Jokanaan's* prison. There is a moment of fearful expectancy, while the orchestra sounds a thin tremolo like a groan of suppressed agony. Then a huge arm—the executioner's — is thrust out of the prison, holding a silver shield on which is the severed head of the prophet. *Salome* eagerly seizes it. *Herodias* smiles and fans herself. *Herod* shrinks back and hides his face in his cloak.

There follows the final scene, which, not unnaturally, has proved offensive to many of those who have scene the opera. *Salome* apostrophizes the ghastly head of the man for whom she had conceived so shocking a passion. Placing it on the ground, she prostrates herself before it and caresses it, singing of its beauty.

"I have kissed thy mouth, *Jokanaan!*" she cries triumphantly.

The moon goes out, and a deep shadow falls upon the stage. *Herod* rouses himself, calls out that *Salome* is a monster, and shouts to the soldiers to kill her. They rush forward and crush the princess beneath their shields, and the curtain falls upon a scene of darkness and horror.

A VOYAGE ACROSS EUROPE.

A Rumanian Naval Flotilla Steams from the North Sea to the Baltic by Way of Holland, Germany, and Austria.

A FLEET of war-ships recently steamed across Europe from the North Sea to the Baltic. This statement becomes less startling when it is explained that both the fleet—"flotilla" would be a more exact word—and the ships were small, and that there is a navigable waterway, by river and canal, through the heart of the continent.

The vessels were four torpedo-boats ordered by the Rumanian government from an English shipyard, to defend a strategic railroad at the mouth of the Danube. A hundred feet long, and drawing a little less than three feet of water, they went under their own steam from the Thames to Rotterdam, up the rivers Rhine and Main, and then across Bavaria by the Ludwig Canal to the Danube. The whole voyage was about two thousand miles in length, and took nearly two months. Navigation in such narrow waterways was possible for such comparatively large craft by daylight only, over much of the distance; and there were many incidental delays, as, for instance, in passing the hundred and one locks by which the Ludwig Canal crosses the watershed between the Rhine and the Danube.

The sight of such peculiar craft steaming through the far inland regions of Germany caused no small excitement. At one point a military officer ceased drilling his men, brought them up to inspect the boats, and gave a short lecture on the service of such vessels. The bridges were crowded as they passed under, and numbers followed on bicycles far out of the towns.

The Man Who Was.

BY RUDYARD KIPLING.

IF we look at the real significance of this remarkable story of Rudyard Kipling's, we shall see in it something more than a mere tale of army life on the Indian frontier. In it, with superb art and a master hand, Kipling has played upon the instinctive distrust of Russia which has always been felt by every Englishman of imperialistic instincts.

The story is just a story; but its effect is profoundly racial and political. Every chord of passion and of prejudice is deftly touched. The Russian, *Dirkovitch,* is made to seem the embodiment of Muscovite insolence, treachery, and ambition. In his purring speech, in the glitter of his onyx eyes, in his drunken boasting, and in the callous cruelty with which he views the wretched, crawling creature who was once a man, there seems to be revealed the half barbaric nature of the great Slav race whose inroads have menaced British power in the East. And in contrast to *Dirkovitch* and to what he typifies, Kipling subtly opposes the frank, open hospitality of the English officers, courteous and cordial even to the guest who boasts of his hostility to them. It is a wonderful appeal to national dislike, a concrete illustration, far more effective than any argument or any direct and obvious plea.

But the story itself is magnificently done, and in a way to stir the blood of all who have inherited the traditions of military England. The scene on the Afghan frontier, behind which Russian craft is ever scheming; the brilliantly lighted mess-room of the regimental officers; the sentry's sudden shot; the appearance of the ragged, shapeless object, scarcely human in its squalor; his recognition of his old command; the episode of the candelabrum and the shattered wine-glass; the hasty withdrawal of all the guests save only *Dirkovitch;* the sudden terror of the captive at sight of the Russian uniform; the quick colloquy; the explanation; the smothered wrath of the English officers that one of their own regiment should have been treated like a dog, and reduced to a mere Thing in the Russian mines, because he would not cringe and forget that he was a soldier and a gentleman; and then the cat-like, cruel, complacent sneer with which *Dirkovitch* treats it all as of no consequence whatever—the tamest soul is stirred as by a call to arms at this graphic, overpowering climax.

"The Man Who Was" is reprinted here by permission of the Messrs. Macmillan and with the consent of Mr. Kipling.

LET it be clearly understood that the Russian is a delightful person till he tucks his shirt in. As an Oriental he is charming. It is only when he insists upon being treated as the most easterly of Western peoples, instead of the most westerly of Easterns, that he becomes a racial anomaly extremely difficult to handle. The host never knows which side of his nature is going to turn up next.

Dirkovitch was a Russian—a Russian of the Russians, as he said—who appeared to get his bread by serving the Czar as an officer in a Cossack regiment, and corresponding for a Russian newspaper with a name that was never twice the same. He was a handsome young Oriental, with a taste for wandering through unexplored portions of the earth, and he arrived in India from nowhere in particular. At least no living man could ascertain whether it was by

way of Balkh, Budukhshan, Chitral, Beluchistan, Nepal, or anywhere else. The Indian government, being in an unusually affable mood, gave orders that he was to be civilly treated and shown everything that was to be seen ; so he drifted, talking bad English and worse French, from one city to another till he foregathered with her majesty's White Hussars in the city of Peshawur, which stands at the mouth of that narrow sword-cut in the hills that men call the Khyber Pass.

He was undoubtedly an officer, and he was decorated, after the manner of the Russians, with little enameled crosses, and he could talk, and (though this has nothing to do with his merits) he had been given up as a hopeless task or case by the Black Tyrones, who, individually and collectively, with hot whisky and honey, mulled brandy and mixed drinks of all kinds, had striven in all hospitality to make him drunk. And when the Black Tyrones, who are exclusively Irish, fail to disturb the peace of head of a foreigner, that foreigner is certain to be a superior man. This was the argument of the Black Tyrones, but they were ever an unruly and self-opinionated regiment, and they allowed junior subalterns of four years' service to choose their wines. The spirits were always purchased by the colonel and a committee of majors. And a regiment that would so behave may be respected but cannot be loved.

The White Hussars were as conscientious in choosing their wine as in charging the enemy. There was a brandy that had been purchased by a cultured colonel a few years after the battle of Waterloo. It has been maturing ever since, and it was a marvelous brandy at the purchasing. The memory of that liquor would cause men to weep as they lay dying in the teak forests of Upper Burmah or the slime of the Irrawaddy. And there was a port which was notable ; and there was a champagne of an obscure brand, which always came to mess without any labels, because the White Hussars wished none to know where the source of supply might be found. The officer on whose head the champagne-choosing lay was forbidden the use of tobacco for six weeks previous to sampling.

This particularity of detail is necessary to emphasize the fact that that champagne, that port, and, above all, that brandy—the green and yellow and white liqueurs did not count — was placed at the absolute disposition of Dirkovitch, and he enjoyed himself hugely—even more than among the Black Tyrones.

But he remained distressingly European through it all. The White Hussars were —" My dear true friends," " Fellow-soldiers glorious," and "Brothers inseparable." He would unburden himself by the hour on the glorious future that awaited the combined arms of England and Russia when their hearts and their territories should run side by side, and the great mission of civilizing Asia should begin. That was unsatisfactory, because Asia is not going to be civilized after the methods of the West. There is too much Asia, and she is too old. You cannot reform a lady of many lovers, and Asia has been insatiable in her flirtations aforetime. She will never attend Sunday-school, or learn to vote save with swords for tickets.

Dirkovitch knew this as well as any one else, but it suited him to talk special-correspondently and to make himself as genial as he could. Now and then he volunteered a little, a very little, information about his own sotnia of Cossacks, left apparently to look after themselves somewhere at the back of beyond. He had done rough work in Central Asia, and had seen rather more help-yourself fighting than most men of his years. But he was careful never to betray his superiority, and more than careful to praise on all occasions the appearance, drill, uniform, and organization of her majesty's White Hussars.

And, indeed, they were a regiment to be admired. When Mrs. Durgan, widow of the late Sir John Durgan, arrived in their station, and after a short time had been proposed to by every single man at mess, she put the public sentiment very neatly when she explained that they were all so nice that unless she could marry them all, including the colonel and some majors who were already married, she was not going to content herself with one of them. Wherefore she wedded a little man in a rifle regiment — being by nature contradictious — and the

White Hussars were going to wear crape on their arms, but compromised by attending the wedding in full force, and lining the aisle with unutterable reproach. She had jilted them all — from Basset-Holmer, the senior captain, to Little Mildred, the last subaltern, and he could have given her four thousand a year and a title. He was a viscount, and on his arrival the mess had said he had better go into the Guards, because they were all sons of large grocers and small clothiers in the Hussars; but Mildred begged very hard to be allowed to stay, and behaved so prettily that he was forgiven, and became a man, which is much more important than being any sort of viscount.

The only persons who did not share the general regard for the White Hussars were a few thousand gentlemen of Jewish extraction who lived across the border, and answered to the name of Pathan. They had only met the regiment officially, and for something less than twenty minutes, but the interview, which was complicated with many casualties, had filled them with prejudice. They even called the White Hussars "children of the devil," and sons of persons whom it would be perfectly impossible to meet in decent society.

Yet they were not above making their aversion fill their money-belts. The regiment possessed carbines, beautiful Martini-Henry carbines, that would cob a bullet into an enemy's camp at one thousand yards, and were even handier than the long rifle. Therefore they were coveted all along the border, and, since demand inevitably breeds supply, they were supplied at the risk of life and limb for exactly their weight in coined silver — seven and one half pounds of rupees, or sixteen pounds and a few shillings each, reckoning the rupee at par. They were stolen at night by snaky-haired thieves that crawled on their stomachs under the nose of the sentries; they disappeared mysteriously from arm-racks; and in the hot weather, when all the doors and windows were open, they vanished like puffs of their own smoke. The border people desired them first for their own family vendettas, and then for contingencies.

But in the long cold nights of the northern Indian winter they were stolen most extensively. The traffic of murder was liveliest among the hills at that season, and prices ruled high. The regimental guards were first doubled and then trebled. A trooper does not much care if he loses a weapon — government must make it good—but he deeply resents the loss of his sleep. The regiment grew very angry, and one night-thief who managed to limp away bears the visible marks of their anger upon him to this hour. That incident stopped the burglaries for a time, and the guards were reduced accordingly, and the regiment devoted itself to polo with unexpected results, for it beat by two goals to one that very terrible polo corps, the Lushkar Light Horse, though the latter had four ponies apiece for a short hour's fight, as well as a native officer who played like a lambent flame across the ground.

Then they gave a dinner to celebrate the event. The Lushkar team came, and Dirkovitch came in the fullest full uniform of a Cossack officer, which is as full as a dressing-gown, and was introduced to the Lushkars, and opened his eyes as he regarded them. They were lighter men than the Hussars and they carried themselves with the swing that is the peculiar right of the Punjab frontier force and all irregular horse. Like everything else in the service, it has to be learned; but, unlike many things, it is never forgotten, and remains on the body till death.

The great beam-roofed mess-room of the White Hussars was a sight to be remembered. All the mess-plate was on the long table — the same table that had served up the bodies of five dead officers in a forgotten fight long and long ago — the dingy, battered standards faced the door of entrance, clumps of winter roses lay between the silver candlesticks, the portraits of eminent officers deceased looked down on their successors from between the heads of sambhur, nilghai, maikhor, and, pride of all the mess, two grinning snow-leopards that had cost Basset-Holmer four months' leave that he might have spent in England instead of on the road to Tibet, and the daily risk of his life on ledge, snow-slide, and glassy grass-slope.

The servants, in spotless white muslin and the crest of their regiments on the

brow of their turbans, waited behind their masters, who were clad in the scarlet and gold of the White Hussars and the cream and silver of the Lushkar Light Horse. Dirkovitch's dull green uniform was the only dark spot at the board, but his big onyx eyes made up for it. He was fraternizing effusively with the captain of the Lushkar team, who was wondering how many of Dirkovitch's Cossacks his own long, lathy down-countrymen could account for in a fair charge. But one does not speak of these things openly.

The talk rose higher and higher, and the regimental band played between the courses, as is the immemorial custom, till all tongues ceased for a moment with the removal of the dinner slips and the First Toast of Obligation. The colonel, rising, said: "Mr. Vice, the queen," and Little Mildred from the bottom of the table answered: "The queen, God bless her!" and the big spurs clanked as the big men heaved themselves up and drank the queen, upon whose pay they were falsely supposed to pay their mess-bills.

That sacrament of the mess never grows old, and never ceases to bring a lump into the throat of the listener wherever he be, by land or by sea. Dirkovitch rose with his "brothers glorious," but he could not understand. No one but an officer can understand what the toast means; and the bulk have more sentiment than comprehension. It all comes to the same in the end, as the enemy said when he was wriggling on a lance-point.

Immediately after the little silence that follows on the ceremony there entered the native officer who had played for the Lushkar team. He could not of course eat with the alien, but he came in at dessert, all six feet of him, with the blue-and-silver turban atop and the big black top-boots below. The mess rose joyously as he thrust forward the hilt of his saber, in token of fealty, for the colonel of the White Hussars to touch, and dropped into a vacant chair amid shouts of *"Rung ho!* Hira Singh!" (which being translated means "Go in and win!"). "Did I whack you over the knee, old man?" "Ressaidar Sahib, what the devil made you play that kicking pig of a pony in the last ten minutes?" *"Shabash,* Ressaidar Sahib!" Then the voice of the colonel: "The health of Ressaidar Hira Singh!"

After the shouting had died away Hira Singh rose to reply, for he was the cadet of a royal house, the son of a king's son, and knew what was due on these occasions. Thus he spoke in the vernacular:

"Colonel Sahib and officers of this regiment, much honor have you done me. This will I remember. We came down from afar to play you; but we were beaten." ("No fault of yours, Ressaidar Sahib. Played on our own ground, y' know. Your ponies were cramped from the railway. Don't apologize.") "Therefore perhaps we will come again if it be so ordained." ("Hear! Hear, hear, indeed! Bravo! H'sh!") "Then we will play you afresh" ("Happy to meet you"), "till there are left no feet upon our ponies. Thus far for sport." He dropped one hand on his sword-hilt and his eye wandered to Dirkovitch lolling back in his chair. "But if by the will of God there arises any other game which is not the polo game, then be assured, Colonel Sahib and officers, that we shall play it out side by side, though *they"* —again his eye sought Dirkovitch— "though *they,* I say, have fifty ponies to our one horse." And with a deep-mouthed *"Rung ho!"* that rang like a musket-butt on flag-stones, he sat down amid shoutings.

Dirkovitch, who had devoted himself steadily to the brandy—the terrible brandy aforementioned—did not understand, nor did the expurgated translations offered to him at all convey the point. Decidedly the native officer's was the speech of the evening, and the clamor might have continued until dawn had it not been broken by the noise of a shot without that sent every man feeling at his defenseless left side. It is notable that Dirkovitch "reached back," after the American fashion—a gesture that set the captain of the Lushkar team wondering how Cossack officers were armed at mess. Then there was a scuffle and a yell of pain.

"Carbine-stealing again!" said the adjutant, calmly sinking back in his chair. "This comes of reducing the guards. I hope the sentries have killed him."

The feet of armed men pounded on the veranda flags, and it sounded as though something was being dragged.

"Why don't they put him in the cells till the morning?" said the colonel, testily. "See if they've damaged him, sergeant."

The mess-sergeant fled out into the darkness, and returned with two troopers and a corporal, all very much perplexed.

"Caught a man stealin' carbines, sir," said the corporal. "Leastways 'e was crawlin' toward the barricks, sir, past the main-road sentries; an' the sentry 'e says, sir——"

The limp heap of rags upheld by the three men groaned. Never was seen so destitute and demoralized an Afghan. He was turbanless, shoeless, caked with dirt, and all but dead with rough handling. Hira Singh started slightly at the sound of the man's pain. Dirkovitch took another liqueur glass of brandy.

"*What* does the sentry say?" said the colonel.

"Sez he speaks English, sir," said the corporal.

"So you brought him into mess instead of handing him over to the sergeant! If he spoke all the tongues of the Pentecost, you've no business——"

Again the bundle groaned and muttered. Little Mildred had risen from his place to inspect. He jumped back as though he had been shot.

"Perhaps it would be better, sir, to send the men away," said he to the colonel, for he was a much-privileged subaltern.

He put his arms round the rag-bound horror as he spoke, and dropped him into a chair. It may not have been explained that the littleness of Mildred lay in his being six feet four, and big in proportion. The corporal, seeing that an officer was disposed to look after the capture, and that the colonel's eye was beginning to blaze, promptly removed himself and his men. The mess was left alone with the carbine thief, who laid his head on the table and wept bitterly, hopelessly, and inconsolably as little children weep.

Hira Singh leaped to his feet with a long-drawn vernacular oath.

"Colonel Sahib," said he, "that man is no Afghan, for they weep *'Ai! Ai!'* Nor is he of Hindustan, for they weep *'Oh! Ho!'* He weeps after the fashion of the white men, who say *'Ow! Ow!'*"

"Now where the dickens did you get that knowledge, Hira Singh?" said the captain of the Lushkar team.

"Hear him!" said Hira Singh, simply, pointing at the crumpled figure, that wept as though it would never cease.

"He said, 'My God!'" said Little Mildred. "I heard him say it."

The colonel and the mess-room looked at the man in silence. It is a horrible thing to hear a man cry. A woman can sob from the top of her palate, or her lips, or anywhere else, but a man cries from his diaphragm, and it rends him to pieces. Also, the exhibition causes the throat of the onlooker to close at the top.

"Poor devil!" said the colonel, coughing tremendously. "We ought to send him to hospital. He's been mishandled."

Now the adjutant loved his rifles. They were to him as his grandchildren—the men standing in the first place. He grunted rebelliously:

"I can understand an Afghan stealing, because he's made that way. But I can't understand his crying. That makes it worse."

The brandy must have affected Dirkovitch, for he lay back in his chair and stared at the ceiling. There was nothing special in the ceiling beyond a shadow as of a huge black coffin. Owing to some peculiarity in the construction of the mess-room, this shadow was always thrown when the candles were lighted. It never disturbed the digestion of the White Hussars. They were, in fact, rather proud of it.

"Is he going to cry all night?" said the colonel, "or are we supposed to sit up with Little Mildred's guest until he feels better?"

The man in the chair threw up his head and stared at the mess. Outside, the wheels of the first of those bidden to the festivities crunched the roadway.

"Oh, my God!" said the man in the chair, and every soul in the mess rose to his feet.

Then the Lushkar captain did a deed for which he ought to have been given the Victoria Cross—distinguished gallantry in a fight against overwhelming curi-

osity. He picked up his team with his eyes as the hostess picks up the ladies at the opportune moment, and pausing only by the colonel's chair to say: "This isn't *our* affair, you know, sir," led the team into the veranda and the gardens. Hira Singh was the last, and he looked at Dirkovitch as he moved. But Dirkovitch had departed into a brandy paradise of his own. His lips moved without sound, and he was studying the coffin on the ceiling.

"White—white all over," said Basset-Holmer, the adjutant. "What a pernicious renegade he must be! I wonder where he came from?"

The colonel shook the man gently by the arm, and "Who are you?" said he.

There was no answer. The man stared round the mess-room and smiled in the colonel's face. Little Mildred, who was always more of a woman than a man till "Boot and saddle" was sounded, repeated the question in a voice that would have drawn confidences from a geyser. The man only smiled.

Dirkovitch, at the far end of the table, slid gently from his chair to the floor. No son of Adam, in this present imperfect world, can mix the Hussars' champagne with the Hussars' brandy by five and eight glasses of each without remembering the pit whence he has been digged and descending thither.

The band began to play the tune with which the White Hussars, from the date of their formation, preface all their functions. They would sooner be disbanded than abandon that tune. It is a part of their system. The man straightened himself in his chair and drummed on the table with his fingers.

"I don't see why we should entertain lunatics," said the colonel; "call a guard and send him off to the cells. We'll look into the business in the morning. Give him a glass of wine first, though."

Little Mildred filled a sherry-glass with the brandy and thrust it over to the man. He drank, and the tune rose louder, and he straightened himself yet more. Then he put out his long-taloned hands to a piece of plate opposite and fingered it lovingly. There was a mystery connected with that piece of plate in the shape of a spring which converted what was a seven-branched candlestick, three sprigs each side and one in the middle, into a sort of wheel-spoke candelabrum. He found the spring, pressed it, and laughed weakly. He rose from his chair and inspected a picture on the wall, then moved on to another picture, the mess watching him without a word. When he came to the mantelpiece he shook his head and seemed distressed. A piece of plate representing a mounted hussar in full uniform caught his eye. He pointed to it, and then to the mantelpiece with inquiry in his eyes.

"What is it—oh, what is it?" said Little Mildred. Then, as a mother might speak to a child, "That is a horse—yes, a horse."

Very slowly came the answer, in a thick, passionless guttural:

"Yes, I—have seen. But—where is *the* horse?"

He could have heard the hearts of the mess beating as the men drew back to give the stranger full room in his wanderings. There was no question of calling the guard.

Again he spoke, very slowly: "Where is *our* horse?"

There is no saying what happened after that. There is but one horse in the White Hussars, and his portrait hangs outside the door of the mess-room. He is the piebald drum-horse, the king of the regimental band, that served the regiment for seven and thirty years, and in the end was shot for old age. Half the mess tore the thing down from its place and thrust it into the man's hands. He placed it above the mantelpiece; it clattered on the ledge, as his poor hands dropped it, and he staggered toward the bottom of the table, falling into Mildred's chair.

The band began to play the "River of Years" waltz, and the laughter from the gardens came into the tobacco-scented mess-room. But nobody, even the youngest, was thinking of waltzes. They all spoke to one another something after this fashion: "The drum-horse hasn't hung over the mantelpiece since '67." "How does he know?" "Mildred, go and speak to him again." "Colonel, what are you going to do?" "Oh, dry up, and give the poor devil a chance to pull himself together!" "It isn't possible, anyhow. The man's a lunatic."

Little Mildred stood at the colonel's side talking into his ear. "Will you be good enough to take your seats, please, gentlemen?" he said, and the mess dropped into the chairs.

Only Dirkovitch's seat, next to Little Mildred's, was blank, and Little Mildred himself had found Hira Singh's place. The wide-eyed mess-sergeant filled the glasses in dead silence. Once more the colonel rose, but his hand shook badly, and the port spilled on the table as he looked at the man in Little Mildred's chair and said, hoarsely: "Mr. Vice, the queen." There was a little pause, but the man sprung to his feet and answered, without hesitation: "The queen, God bless her!" and as he emptied the thin glass he snapped the shank between his fingers.

Long and long ago, when the Empress of India was a young woman, and there were no unclean ideals in the land, it was the custom in a few messes to drink the queen's toast in broken glass, to the huge delight of the mess contractors. The custom is now dead, because there is nothing to break anything for, except now and again the word of a government, and that has been broken already.

"That settles it," said the colonel, with a gasp. "He's not a sergeant. What in the world is he?"

The entire mess echoed the word, and the volley of questions would have scared any man. Small wonder that the ragged, filthy invader could only smile and shake his head.

From under the table, calm and smiling urbanely, rose Dirkovitch, who had been roused from healthful slumber by feet upon his body. By the side of the man he rose, and the man shrieked and groveled at his feet. It was a horrible sight, coming so swiftly upon the pride and glory of the toast that had brought the strayed wits together.

Dirkovitch made no offer to raise him, but Little Mildred heaved him up in an instant. It is not good that a gentleman who can answer to the queen's toast should lie at the feet of a subaltern of Cossacks.

The hasty action tore the wretch's upper clothing nearly to the waist, and his body was seamed with dry black scars. There is only one weapon in the world that cuts in parallel lines, and it is neither the cane nor the cat. Dirkovitch saw the marks, and the pupils of his eyes dilated—also his face changed. He said something that sounded like *"Shto ve takete;"* and the man, fawning, answered *"Chetyre."*

"What's that?" said everybody together.

"His number. That is number four, you know." Dirkovitch spoke very thickly.

"What has a queen's officer to do with a qualified number?" said the colonel, and there rose an unpleasant growl round the table.

"How can I tell?" said the affable Oriental, with a sweet smile. "He is a —how you have it?—escape—runaway, from over there."

He nodded toward the darkness of the night.

"Speak to him, if he'll answer you, and speak to him gently," said Little Mildred, settling the man in a chair.

It seemed most improper to all present that Dirkovitch should sip brandy as he talked in purring, spitting Russian to the creature who answered so feebly and with such evident dread. But since Dirkovitch appeared to understand, no man said a word. They breathed heavily, leaning forward in the long gaps of the conversation. The next time that they have no engagements on hand the White Hussars intend to go to St. Petersburg and learn Russian.

"He does not know how many years ago," said Dirkovitch, facing the mess, "but he says it was very long ago, in a war. I think that there was an accident. He says he was of this glorious and distinguished regiment in the war."

"The rolls! The rolls! Holmer, get the rolls!" said Little Mildred, and the adjutant dashed off bareheaded to the orderly-room where the rolls of the regiment were kept. He returned just in time to hear Dirkovitch conclude:

"Therefore I am most sorry to say there was an accident, which would have been reparable if he had apologized to our colonel which he had insulted."

Another growl, which the colonel tried to beat down. The mess was in no mood to weigh insults to Russian colonels just then.

"He does not remember, but I think that there was an accident, and so he was not exchanged among the prisoners, but he was sent to another place—how do you say?—the country. *So,* he says, he came here. He does not know how he came. Eh? He was at Chepany"—the man caught the word, nodded, and shivered—"at Zhigansk and Irkutsk. I cannot understand how he escaped. He says, too, that he was in the forests for many years, but how many years he has forgotten—that with many things. It was an accident; done because he did not apologize to that our colonel. Ah!"

Instead of echoing Dirkovitch's sigh of regret, it is sad to record that the White Hussars livelily exhibited unchristian delight and other emotions, hardly restrained by their sense of hospitality. Holmer flung the frayed and yellow regimental rolls on the table, and the men flung themselves atop of these.

"Steady! Fifty-six—fifty-five—fifty-four," said Holmer. "Here we are. 'Lieutenant Austin Limmason—*missing.*' That was before Sebastopol. What an infernal shame! Insulted one of their colonels, and was quietly shipped off. Thirty years of his life wiped out."

"But he never apologized. Said he'd see him —— first," chorused the mess.

"Poor devil! I suppose he never had the chance afterward. How did he come here?" said the colonel.

The dingy heap in the chair could give no answer.

"Do you know who you are?"

It laughed weakly.

"Do you know that you are Limmason—Lieutenant Limmason, of the White Hussars?"

Swift as a shot came the answer, in a slightly surprised tone: "Yes, I'm Limmason, of course."

The light died out in his eyes, and he collapsed afresh, watching every motion of Dirkovitch with terror. A flight from Siberia may fix a few elementary facts in the mind, but it does not lead to continuity of thought. The man could not explain how, like a homing pigeon, he had found his way to his old mess again. Of what he had suffered or seen he knew nothing. He cringed before Dirkovitch as instinctively as he had pressed the spring of the candlestick, sought the picture of the drum-horse, and answered to the queen's toast. The rest was a blank that the dreaded Russian tongue could only in part remove. His head bowed on his breast, and he giggled and cowered alternately.

The devil that lived in the brandy prompted Dirkovitch at this extremely inopportune moment to make a speech. He rose, swaying slightly, gripped the table-edge, while his eyes glowed like opals, and began:

"Fellow-soldiers glorious — true friends and hospitables. It was an accident, and deplorable—most deplorable." Here he smiled sweetly all round the mess. "But you will think of this little—little thing. So little, is it not? The Czar! Posh! I slap my fingers—I snap my fingers at him. Do I believe in him? No! But the Slav who has done nothing, *him* I believe. Seventy—how much?—millions that have done nothing—not one thing. Napoleon was an episode." He banged a hand on the table. "Hear you, old peoples, we have done nothing in the world—out here. All our work is to do: and it shall be done, old peoples. Get away!" He waved his hand imperiously, and pointed to the man. "You see him. He is not good to see. He was just one little—oh, so little—accident, that no one remembered. Now he is *That.* So will you be, brother-soldiers so brave—so will you be. But you will never come back. You will all go where he is gone, or—" he pointed to the great coffin shadow on the ceiling, and muttering, "Seventy millions—get away, you old people," fell asleep.

"Sweet, and to the point," said Little Mildred. "What's the use of getting wroth? Let's make the poor devil comfortable."

But that was a matter suddenly and swiftly taken from the loving hands of the White Hussars. The lieutenant had returned only to go away again three days later, when the wail of the "Dead March" and the tramp of the squadrons told the wondering station, that saw no gap in the table, an officer of the regiment had resigned his new-found commission.

And Dirkovitch—bland, supple, and always genial—went away too by a night

train. Little Mildred and another saw him off, for he was the guest of the mess, and even had he smitten the colonel with the open hand, the law of the mess allowed no relaxation of hospitality.

"Good-by, Dirkovitch, and a pleasant journey," said Little Mildred.

"*Au revoir,* my true friends," said the Russian.

"Indeed! But we thought you were going home?"

"Yes; but I will come again. My friends, is that road shut?" He pointed to where the north star burned over the Khyber Pass.

"By Jove! I forgot. Of course. Happy to meet you, old man, any time you like. Got everything you want——cheroots, ice, bedding? That's all right. Well, *au revoir,* Dirkovitch."

"Um," said the other man, as the tail-lights of the train grew small. "Of—all—the—unmitigated——"

Little Mildred answered nothing, but watched the north star, and hummed a selection from a recent burlesque that had much delighted the White Hussars. It ran:

I'm sorry for Mr. Bluebeard,
I'm sorry to cause him pain:
But a terrible spree there's sure to be
When he comes back again!

Spring in a City Square.

BY ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.
(1819—1861.)

PUT forth thy leaf, thou lofty plane,
East wind and frost are safely gone;
With zephyr mild and balmy rain
The summer comes serenely on;
Earth, air, and sun and skies combine
To promise all that's kind and fair;
But thou, oh, human heart of mine,
Be still, contain thyself, and bear!

December days were brief and chill,
The winds of March were wild and drear,
And, nearing and receding still,
Spring never would, we thought, be here.
The leaves that burst, the suns that shine,
Had, not the less, their certain date;
And thou, oh, human heart of mine,
Be still, refrain thyself, and wait!

WISDOM OF THE TALMUD.

THE name Talmud, which means "instruction," is given by the Jews to a body of laws, regulations, and teachings which are said to have been first put together by a learned rabbi, Jehuda ha-Nasi, in the third century after Christ, and which were subsequently augmented by other Jewish teachers. That part of it which is known as the "Mishna" (law) is exceedingly interesting because of its varied character, containing anecdotes, parables, and bits of practical philosophy, many of which strikingly resemble some of the sayings of Christ, while others recall modern proverbs—which latter, very possibly, have taken their origin in the sayings of the Jewish sages. The brief extracts here translated consist, however, of wise maxims based upon the universal experience of mankind, and animated by a spirit of high morality.

HE who seeks a brother without a fault will have to remain without a brother.

When the ox falls down the butchers are many.

If your wife is small, bend down in order to listen to her advice.

That which a child says beyond the house, it has learned within the house.

It is easy to lead a man on the way which he desires to go.

Discord is like a leak in a cistern. Drop by drop all the water gradually escapes.

Do not wait to show honor to the physician until you are taken sick.

Devotion with little prayer is better than much prayer without devotion.

If a man does not seek wisdom, wisdom will not seek him.

He who destroys the reputation of his fellow is a murderer.

The act of a foolish man can never be a precedent.

When two men grow angry, he who is first silent is the wiser of the two.

The passion of a man at first is like a cobweb; but in the end it becomes a cord that cannot be broken.

Do not cast a stone into the well from which you drink.

Do not restrict your children to what you know yourself, since they were born in another time than yours.

A friendless man is like the left hand without the right.

If you think your friend is honey, do not consume him altogether.

Things that are new are the things that are best; but friends that are old are the friends that are best.

He who frowns in giving gives but little; he who smiles in giving gives abundantly.

He who watches his field daily, finds at last a harvest there.

Incompetent servants ask for orders after a thing has happened.

The soldiers do the fighting and the kings are glorified as heroes.

God looks first into the heart of man and then into his mind.

WHILE ROCKING THE CRADLE.

Crooning Songs of Slumberland Which Have Been Invoked to Bring the Sand-Man to Sift His Golden Dust on Drowsy Baby Lids.

ROCK-A-BY LAND.

By E. A. Brininstool.

HO and away for the Rock-a-by land—
The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land,
Where the little ones go on the hush-a-by cars
To play peek-a-boo with the silvery stars.
'Tis the airest, fairiest land that I know—
Is this land where the dollies and sugar-plums grow;
The dream train is ready with Love in command
For the
Rollicking,
Frolicking
Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—
Sweet Rock-a-by land!
Dancing and singing while bluebells are ringing.
Close your eyes, little one,
Soon you will stand
On the borders of far-away Rock-a-by land.

Such a queer little car for the Rock-a-by land—
The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land.
The wheels are the rockers; 'tis deep and 'tis wide,
All quilted and cushioned for baby's long ride;
Then out through the shadows we dreamily go,
Past Slumberland hills and the heights of By-low—
We are off on a journey, delightful and grand
For the
Rollicking,
Frolicking
Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—
Dear Rock-a-by land!
Stars are a-gleaming while baby is dreaming—
Dreaming sweet dreams
Of a fairykin band
In the far-away, beautiful Rock-a-by land.

Oh, what a trip to the Rock-a-by land—
The rollicking, frolicking Rock-a-by land!
There's dancing and singing and music that's sweet,
And peek-a-boo dreams that are tiny and fleet.
We glide past Love's river, which ripples and gleams
Through blossoming meadows in silvery streams;
At Sound Asleep Station we finally stand
For the
Rollicking,
Frolicking
Rock-a-by land.

Rock-a-by land—
Charming Rock-a-by land!
Fairies are winging while baby is swinging.
Nestle close, little one!
Now hand in hand
We'll wander and dream in the Rock-a-by land!

Atlanta Constitution.

* * * *

TRUNDLEBED TOWN.

By Norman C. Schlichter.

EVERY man whose under seven
Knows a borough much like heaven,
With four towers round and tall
Just inside the nursery wall.

All its streets are through and through
Paved with quiltings red and blue,

And a boulevard of white
Runs along its bolster-site.

Mother is the borough's queen,
But the only ruling seen
Is her taking tax of prayer
Nightly from each res'dent there.

Hushed and still it is by day,
For the dreams are made that way;
What save silence could devise
All the night-time's sweet surprise?

Innocence and sleep abide
In this town at eventide,
Only men devoid of sin
Having right to enter in.

Pillows soft and white and fair,
Help to answer mother's prayer
That her men rest snug and sound
While the wheels of night go round.

I went up there, years ago,
Every night, I loved it so,
And I wish I knew the way
Up there still at close of day.

Youth's Companion.

* * * *

REST.

By Mary F. Butts.

THE night is wild and weird and chill—
Rest, little one, rest;
Our hearth is bright beneath the hill—
Rest, little one, rest.

Thy father's earned thy bread to-day—
Rest, little one, rest;
The moon shines on his homeward way—
Rest, little one, rest.

Stout and brave in the winter storm—
Rest, little one, rest;
The firewood grows to keep thee warm—
Rest, little one, rest.

Down from the blue above thy head—
Rest, little one, rest;
A wild-goose came to make thy bed—
Rest, little one, rest.

A sheep's fleece gave thy gown to thee—
Rest, little one, rest;
Thy cradle was cut from a great oak-tree—
Rest, little one, rest.

The dun cow's milk is in thy cup—
Rest, little one, rest;
Thou mayest drink when the morning star is up—
Rest, little one, rest.

Wake not, tho' thy mother go away—
Rest, little one, rest;
Fear no harm, for God will stay—
Rest, little one, rest.

Nay, stir not at the wind's alarms—
Rest, little one, rest;
The world is cradled in Love's strong arms—
Rest, little one, rest.

The Independent.

* * * *

THE SLUMBERLAND BOAT.

By Emeline Goodrow.

THERE'S a boat that leaves at half past six
From the busy port of Play,
And it reaches the haven of Slumberland
Before the close of day.

It carries the tiniest passengers,
And it rocks so gently, oh!
When the wee ones nestle in their berths,
And the boatman begins to row!

The whistle sounds so low and sweet
(Like a mother's lullaby),
That the travelers smile and close their eyes,
To dream of angels nigh.

Sometimes the travelers tarry too long
In the busy port of Play,
And the anxious boatman coaxes and calls,
And grieves at their delay.

But they come at last to the rocking boat,
Which bears them down the stream,
And drifts them to the Slumberland,
To rest, and sleep, and dream.

The name of the boat is Rock-a-by,
And it's guided by mother's hand,
For she is the patient boatman, dear,
Who takes you to Slumberland.

Now what is the fare a traveler pays
On a Rock-a-by boat like this?
Why, the poorest child can afford the price,
For it's only a good night kiss!

Little Men and Women.

The Story of an Old Song.

BY MONTAGUE GLASS.

A Simple Melody Known to Many Peoples and to Many Ages—The French Call it "Malbrouck," the English-Speaking Nations "We Won't Go Home Till Morning."

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

AN examination of the "folk music" of continental Europe discloses the fact that drinking-songs form a large proportion of it. In beauty of melody and verse the German and Italian compositions far surpass the popular American or British airs suitable for convivial occasions. Indeed, so intricate are many of them that one is forced to believe them drinking-songs in name only. A person about to drink might be able to sing them, but for the roysterer midway in the enjoyment of his liquor they present insurmountable difficulties both of words and of music.

It remained for merry England to devise a drinking-song so simple in construction that when sight, hearing, and even motion fail the performer, sufficient intelligence survives the alcoholic chaos to direct his hiccuping rendition of the air. In fact, this bacchanalian melody isn't so much a drinking-song as a symptom of drunkenness. Its title is variously given as "We Won't Go Home Till Morning" and "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Consider, if you please, the chaste design of this time-honored measure, which many a home-faring toper has remembered to the exclusion of his own name and address. The first version is as follows:

We won't go home till morning;
We won't go home till morning;
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.
Till daylight doth appear;
Till daylight doth appear;
We won't go home till morning;
We won't go home till morning;
We won't go home till morning,
Till daylight doth appear.

Substitute the words "For he's a jolly good fellow" for the first theme of the preceding stanza, and "Which nobody can deny" for the second, and there you have your second version.

And who, you ask, wrote these simple stanzas? Nobody. They weren't written at all. They're a tradition; nay, they seem to be almost an involuntary function of a toper's speech-center. But the music, whence came it to grace the trenchant verse?

Chateaubriand, the French savant and traveler, declares that he heard it sung by the Bedouins of Palestine, and that he believes it was conveyed there from France during the Crusades, by Godfrey de Bouillon or Louis IX. He is contradicted by Sir George Grove, the English musical historian, who submits that the broad phrasing, the major mode, and the close on the dominant are as characteristic of popular music of the time of Louis XIV as they are unlike the rhythmical melodies of the Middle Ages.

One account of the matter declares that the jovial melody found its origin under rather tragic circumstances. It was composed after the battle of Malplaquet, which occurred on September 11, 1709. The French troops, under the command of the Maréchal de Villan, were bivouacked at Quesnoy, three miles from the field of battle. They had suffered severe losses during the day's fight, and a poor commissariat, coupled with chill, rainy weather, added much to their

discomfort. Written on a drumhead by a trooper whose name has not descended to us, the song was designed to cheer his comrades. The following are the French words:

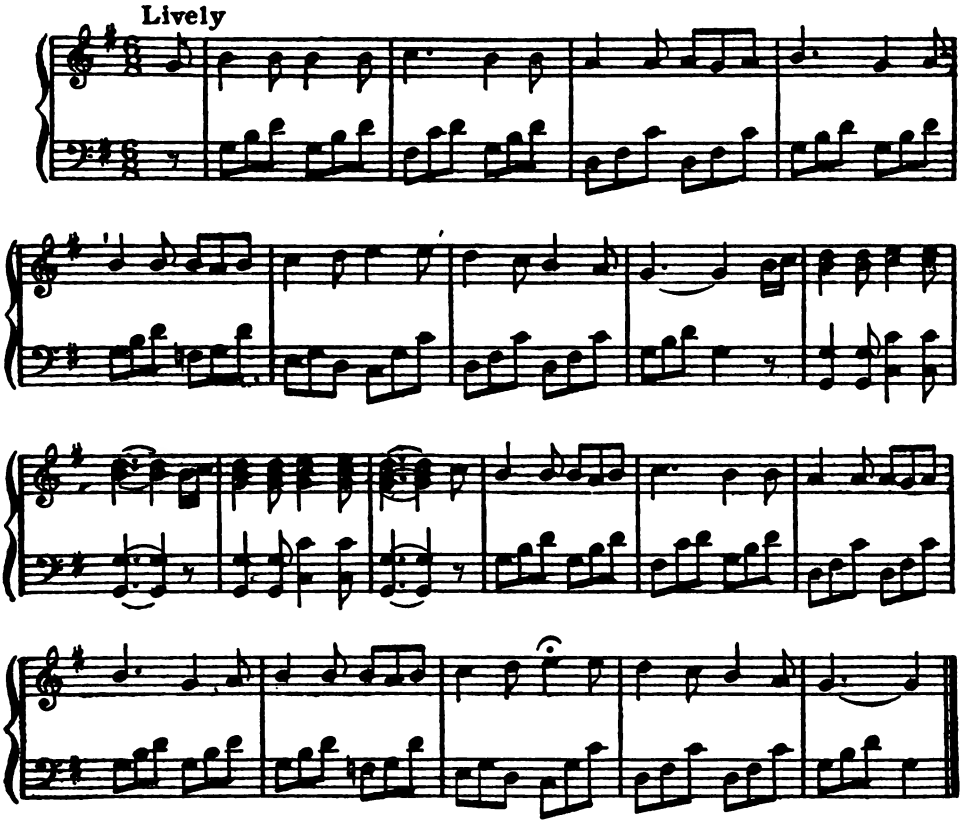
Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra!

Il reviendra-z-à Pâques—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Il reviendra-z-à Pâques,
Ou à la Trinité.

"Mon page, mon beau page—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Mon page, mon beau page,
Quelles nouvelles apportez?"

"Aux nouvelles que j'apporte—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Aux nouvelles que j'apporte
Vos beaux yeux vont pleurer.

"Quittez vos habits roses—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Quittez vos habits roses,
Et vos satins brochés!



La Trinité se passe—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
La Trinité se passe,
Malbrouck ne revient pas!

Madame à sa tour monte—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Madame à sa tour monte,
Si haut qu'elle peut monter.

Elle voit de loin son page—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Elle voit de loin son page,
Tout de noir habillé.

"Le Sieur Malbrouck est mort—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Le Sieur Malbrouck est mort,
Est mort—et enterré!"

Omitting the meaningless refrain and giving only the significant lines in each stanza, the French trooper's verses may be translated thus:

Lord Marlborough goes to war,
None knows when he'll come back.

At Easter he'll come back,
Or else at Trinity.

But Trinity goes by,
And Marlborough comes not back!

My lady mounts her tower,
As high as she can climb;

Afar she sees her page
All dressed in mournful black.

"My page, my gallant page,
What tidings dost thou bring?"

"Such tidings do I bring
That your sweet eyes will weep.

"Doff, doff your gown of rose
And your embroidered silks;

"Lord Marlborough is dead—
He's dead and in his grave!"

The gentleman thus finally disposed of was, of course, John Churchill, first Duke of Marlborough, the great English commander whose brilliant series of victories over the generals of Louis XIV had made his name a terror to the armies of France.

The campaign over, the French troops returned to Paris, where the tune of "Malbrouck" soon became a favorite. At length, however, it was whistled and sung into oblivion, as is the fate of most popular songs, and it would probably have disappeared entirely had it not been for the good old Mme. Poitrine, in the reign of Louis XVI. She was the nurse of the infant Dauphin, and she crooned "Malbrouck" as a royal lullaby until it reached the ears of the little prince's mother, Marie Antoinette. This sprightly queen took up the melody, and it became the rage among her courtiers.

Once more all Paris sang the unknown trooper's music. Beaumarchais, the court composer, wrote an opera on the theme used by Mozart in "The Marriage of Figaro," in which he introduced and elaborated the same melody. Then came the Reign of Terror, and the ill-fated Marie Antoinette perished beneath the guillotine. It is said that in the tumbril which conveyed her to the scaffold she sat, head erect, in scornful heedlessness of the rabble's jibes, and hummed this same "Malbrouck" defiantly between her clenched teeth.

Next, the simple melody had the distinction of being used by Beethoven in his "Wellington Symphony," written to celebrate the Iron Duke's victory over the French at Vittoria, in Spain. The composition—which was revived about three years ago by Walter Damrosch, after long disuse—was one of the great German master's least successful works. Its one bright spot was its ingenious arrangement of "Malbrouck," which represented the French army's advent upon the martial field. Forthwith the poor little tune was engulfed in a cacophony of drum-beats and brasses, and finally drowned out by a thunderous orchestral rendition of "The British Grenadiers."

After Beethoven's recognition of its forceful simplicity, "Malbrouck" seems to have waned in popularity, at least for a time. Fifty years later it was revived in a four-act opera bouffe, over which several prominent musicians collaborated. One of them, Délibes, achieved fame by his opera "Lakmé," produced during the present season in New York, and another, Georges Bizet, has endeared himself to all music-lovers by his masterpiece of "Carmen."

Finally, mention must be made of Du Maurier's use of the old song in his novel, "Trilby." Few of us have not read and enjoyed the adventures of *Taffy*, the *Laird*, and *Little Billee*, that incomparable trio whose fame has almost eclipsed the renowned musketeers of Dumas. But *Trilby*, poor *Trilby*, with the heart of a child and the broad, warm sympathies of a noble woman, appeals to us still more strongly. Open again the well-thumbed volume, and, as you scan Du Maurier's illustrations of his own wonder-tale, listen carefully. Can you hear it, that faint echo of a glorious contralto?

Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre—
Mironton, mironton, mirontaine!
Malbrouck s'en va-t'en guerre,
Ne sais quand reviendra!

I can, even though I know that in reality it is only a convivial gentleman in his cups. But for the sake of poor Marie Antoinette, of the illustrious Beethoven, and of *Trilby* of the immortal voice, forgive him, friends. Though he probably knows it not, he sings a historic and immortal melody.

How It Feels to Die.

From "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch."

BY COUNT LEO TOLSTOY.

LEO TOLSTOY, the famous Russian novelist, moralist, and social reformer, was born in 1828. He was of a noble family, and after a short period of study he became an artillery officer, serving through the Crimean War and taking part in the famous defense of Sebastopol. He wrote some realistic sketches of the terrible scenes which he had witnessed in the war, showing a power of word-painting equal to the power which is found in the battle-pictures of Verestchagin. After the war had ended, Tolstoy traveled in Germany, and then retired to his estates, where he gradually developed a detestation of the social system as it exists to-day. He continued, however, to write, and produced a number of remarkable books, chief among which are "War and Peace," "Anna Karénina," "The Kreutzer Sonata," and "Resurrection."

Tolstoy preaches the simple life, and he himself labors in the fields among the peasants. He believes that even the ordinary comforts of life are wrong, and that any teaching which cannot be found in the Four Gospels is false. He denounces government, an organized church, the military system, trial by jury, the courts, and even marriage. He represents, in fact, the discontent which pervades the modern world, a striving after an entirely new order of things, and a return to absolutely primitive conditions. In all this he shows a strange intensity that seems almost morbid, and his own life has been in striking contrast with his teaching. A great literary artist, he denounces art; a Christian, he would destroy every form of religion save his own; though happily married, he calls marriage vile; and though himself the father of eight children, he preaches that the human race ought to become extinct. Nevertheless, the essence of his doctrine has made a powerful impression upon the world.

The story from which the accompanying passage has been translated is entitled "The Death of Ivan Ilyitch," and was published in 1885. It is not so much a story as a study of the average man. *Ivan Ilyitch* is a middle-class Russian official, good-natured, and well-meaning, and married to a usual type of woman who busies herself entirely with the affairs of ordinary life. At last, *Ivan* meets with an accident which injures him internally, so that his health gives way, and in the end he dies a death of agony. During his last days it dawns upon him how useless and frivolous his life has been. The final passages are extraordinarily vivid, and seem almost to have been written by one who has himself passed through the gloomy gates of death.

THAT very night there was a change for the worse in Ivan Ilyitch. Praskovya Feodorovna found him on the same sofa, though in a different position. He was lying on his face, groaning and staring straight before him fixedly.

She began to talk of remedies. He turned his staring eyes upon her. She did not finish what she had begun to say, so definite a hatred of her was expressed in his look.

"For the love of Christ, let me die in peace," said he.

She would have gone away, but just then their daughter came in and ap-

proached him to say good morning to him. He looked at her just as he had looked at his wife, and to her questions as to how he was, he answered dryly that they would all soon be rid of him. Both were silent. They sat there a little while, and then went out.

"How are we to blame?" said Lisa to her mother. "As though we had done it! I'm sorry for papa, but why should he punish us?"

At the regular hour the doctor came. Ivan Ilyitch answered him "Yes" or "No," never ceasing from his irritated stare. At last he said: "You know that you can do nothing, so let me alone."

"We can relieve your suffering," said the doctor.

"Even that you can't do. Let me alone."

The doctor went into the drawing-room and told Praskovya Feodorovna that the case was very serious, and that the only resource left to them was opium to relieve his sufferings, which must be dreadful. The doctor declared that his physical suffering was dreadful, and that was true; yet still more dreadful than his physical suffering were his mental sufferings, and in them lay his greatest anguish.

His moral sufferings were due to the fact that through the night, as he looked at the sleepy, good-natured, broad-cheeked face of his attendant, Gerasim, the thought had suddenly come into his head: "What if in reality my life, my conscious life, has all been wrong?" The thought came to him that what he had regarded before as an utter impossibility, that he had not spent his life as he should have done, might very well be true. It occurred to him that those half-detected impulses within him of revolt against what was viewed as right by persons of high position—those half-detected impulses which he had ignored—might possibly be right, and all else might be wrong. His official work, too, his regulation of his daily life and of his household, and his social and official interests—all these might all be wrong. He tried to defend them to himself. But suddenly he felt all the weakness and futility of his defense.

"Yet, if it's so," he said to himself, "and if I am leaving life with the consciousness that I have lost all that was given me, and there's no help for it—then what?"

He lay on his back and began going over his whole life entirely anew. When he saw the attendant in the morning, and after that his wife and then his daughter, and then the doctor, every move they made, every word they spoke, confirmed the appalling truth that had been revealed to him in the night. In them he saw his own self, the environment in which he had lived, and then he saw distinctly that it was all quite wrong. It was a horrible, abysmal deception that ignored both life and death. This consciousness intensified his physical sufferings and multiplied them tenfold. He groaned, rolling from side to side and pulling at the bed-covering. It seemed to him as though it was stifling him and weighing him down. And so he hated it.

They gave him a powerful dose of opium. He sank into unconsciousness; but at dinner-time the same thing began again. He drove every one away, and kept tossing from side to side.

His wife came to him and said, "Ivan, dear, do this for my sake. It can do no harm, and often it does good. Why, it is nothing. Often when in health people——"

He opened his eyes wide.

"What? Take the sacrament? What for? No! Besides——"

She began to cry.

"Yes, dear. I'll send for our priest. He's so agreeable."

"Very well, very well," he said.

When the priest came and heard his confession he was softened, and felt, as it were, a relief from his doubts and, consequently, from his sufferings. There came a moment of hope. He began once more thinking of his disease of the appendix, and of the chance of curing it. He took the sacrament with tears in his eyes.

When they laid him down again after the sacrament, for a while he felt comfortable, and again the hope of life revived. He began to think about the operation which had been suggested to him. "Life! I want to live!" he said to himself. His wife came to congratulate him. She uttered the customary words, and added:

"It's quite true, isn't it, that you're better?"

Without looking at her, he said "Yes."

Her dress, her figure, the expression of her face, the tone of her voice—all told him the same thing: "It's wrong. All that amid which you lived and are now living is lying and deceit, hiding from yourselves both life and death." And as soon as he had formulated the thought, hatred sprang up in him, and with that hatred agonizing sufferings, and with those sufferings a sense of inevitable destruction approaching him. Something new was happening. There were twisting, shooting pains, besides a tightness in his breathing.

The expression of his face as he pronounced that "yes" was frightful. After uttering it, looking her straight in the face, he turned face down, with a rapidity remarkable in his state of weakness, and shrieked out:

"Go away! Go away! Leave me alone!"

From that moment there began the scream that never ceased for three whole days, and which was so awful that through two closed doors no one could hear it without horror. At the moment when he answered his wife he had recognized the fact that he was lost, that there was no return, that the end had come, the real end, while doubt, though still unsolved, remained.

"O! O-o! O-o!" he screamed, in varying tones. He had begun screaming, "I don't want to!" and so had gone on screaming with the same vowel sound —"O-o!"

Through those three days, during which time did not exist for him, he was struggling in that sable sack into which he was being thrust by an unseen, resistless force. He struggled as the man condemned to death struggles in the hands of the executioner, knowing that he cannot save himself. And every moment he felt that, in spite of all his efforts to fight against it, he was drawing nearer and nearer to what horrified him. He felt that his agony came both from his being thrust into this black pit, and still more to his inability to plunge directly into it. What hindered him from plunging into it was his assertion that his life had been a good one. That justification of his life held him fast and would not let him go, and this caused him more agony than all the rest.

Suddenly some force struck him in the chest, in the side, and stifled his breathing more than ever. He rolled forward into the pit, and there, at the end, there was some sort of light. It had happened with him, as it had sometimes happened to him in a railway carriage, when he had supposed that he was going forward, he was really going back; and of a sudden he recognized his real direction.

"Yes, it has all been wrong," he said to himself; "but it's no matter." He could, he *could* do what was right. "What is right?" he asked himself; and suddenly he became quiet.

This was at the end of the third day, two hours before his death. At that very moment the boy from school had stealthily crept into his father's room and gone up to his bedside. The dying man was screaming and waving his arms. His hand fell on the schoolboy's head. The boy seized it, pressed it to his lips, and burst into tears.

At that instant, Ivan Ilyitch had rolled into the pit, and had glimpsed the light; and it was revealed to him that his life had not been what it ought to have been, but that it could still be set right. He asked himself, "What is right?"—and became quiet, listening. Then he felt that some one was kissing his hand. He opened his eyes and glanced at his son. He felt sorry for him. His wife went up to him. He glanced at her. She was gazing at him with open mouth, the unwiped tears streaming over her nose and cheeks, and with a look of despair upon her face. He felt sorry for her.

"Yes, I'm making them wretched," he thought. "They're sorry, but it will be better for them when I die." He would have said this aloud, but he had not the strength to utter it. "Besides, why speak? I must act," he thought. With a glance toward his wife, he pointed to his son and said:

"Take away . . . sorry for him. . . . And you also . . ."

He tried to say "forgive," but said "forego" . . . and, too feeble to correct himself, shook his hand, knowing that He would understand whose understanding mattered.

Then all at once it was revealed to him that what had tortured him and would not leave him was suddenly falling away on all sides. He was sorry for them; he must act so that they might not suffer. Set them free and be free himself of those agonies. "How right and how simple!" he thought. "And the pain?" he asked of himself. "Where has it gone? Where are you, pain?"

He began to watch for it.

"Yes, here it is. Well, what of it? Let it be; and death—where is it?"

He looked for his old accustomed dread of death, and did not find it.

"Where is it? What death?"

There was no dread, because death also existed not.

In the place of death there was light.

"So this is it!" he suddenly cried out. "What joy?"

To him all this passed in a single instant, and the meaning of that instant underwent no change thereafter. For those who were present his agony lasted two more hours. There was a rattle in his throat, a twitching of his wasted body. Then the rattle and gasping came at longer and still longer intervals.

"It is over!" some one said, bending over him.

He caught the words and repeated them in his soul.

"Death is over," he said to himself. "It is no more."

He drew in a breath, stopped midway in the breath, then stretched himself out, and died.

VICTOR HUGO'S HOPE OF A FUTURE LIFE.

A Stalwart Believer in Immortality, He Declared that He Would Live Again to Finish His Unwritten Masterpieces.

VICTOR HUGO'S opinion on the question of life beyond the grave was a remarkable one. Definite and virile, it struck incisively against the jaded and skeptical spirit of his age and country. Backed by his strong intellect, the creed of such a man is a distinct note in the discord of warring theologies, its power multiplied by the number of Hugo's gifts, its value measured by the worth of his personality.

The great Frenchman was firmly convinced that he would meet all his friends in a future world. He was equally sure that he had always existed from the antediluvian times, when the Creator placed him on earth. He believed that he would exist forever, inasmuch as he felt in his soul thousands of hymns, dramas, and poems that had never found expression.

When the atheists would say to him, "The proof that you will not exist in the future is that you did not exist in the past," Hugo would answer:

"Who told you I did not exist in the past centuries? You will say that is the legend of the ages. The poet has written, 'Life is a fairy-tale twice written.' He might have said a thousand times written. You do not believe in the doctrine of surviving personalities for the reason that you do not recollect your anterior existence. But how can the recollection of vanished ages remain imprinted on your memory when you do not remember a thousand and one scenes and events of your present life? Since 1802 there have been ten Victor Hugos in me. Do you think that I can recall all their actions and all their thoughts?

"The tomb is dark, and when I shall have passed the tomb to emerge into light once more, all these Victor Hugos will be almost wholly strangers to me, but it will always be the same soul."

THERE is, I know not how, in the minds of men a certain presage, as it were, of a future life; and this takes the deepest root, and makes itself most strongly felt, in the greatest geniuses and most exalted souls.—**Marcus Tullius Cicero** (106—43 B.C.).

The Bath of Light.

BY BURKE JENKINS.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

I WAS seventh on the bread-line that night. The hour of distribution had just struck, and I was making ready to edge my way by slow degrees toward that blessed loaf and coffee when the man with the fur-collared overcoat appeared. He took his station, back of the door-jamb, and as the light fell from the open door he scanned the face of man after man in closest scrutiny. There were those who shrank from the gaze, though they all faced it for the sake of the food.

My turn came. I stepped into the fuller glare to drink the mug, and felt his eye upon me. He was giving me a longer view; this I sensed without looking at him. Finally he tapped me on the shoulder, reaching out from where he stood in the semi-gloom, and said:

"Will you speak with me a few moments? It may prove to your advantage."

The words were framed as a question, but I felt the command.

He led the way and I followed. Our movements seemed to awaken no interest in my erstwhile companions of the line, for curiosity is early dulled in the numbness of misery. My own action was hardly more than reflex as I took my way after this man whom I had scarcely seen. He rounded the nearest corner, myself at the flank, and, indicating a cab which stood at the curb, got in with me, after a nod to the driver.

Strangely enough, the fear of any bodily injury or harm never for a moment occurred to me. Furthermore, my conductor took no pains to reassure me, beyond the remark:

"We'll talk when we get home and after you've eaten."

Men who have been hungry, I mean *hungry,* need no further proof of the inner satisfaction that stole upon me as we rumbled our way over the dulness of city-packed snow. Now and then the passing arc-lights cast their glints over our faces, and must have revealed mine smiling in anticipation of something to eat—followed by I cared not what.

Our destination proved to be an apartment hotel of the modern type somewhere in the eighties on Central Park West.

He dismissed the cab, and with a nod to the door-boy, who smiled a greeting, he led the way past the elevator-shaft and back to a door on the main or street floor. Producing a key, which I noted was of intricate pattern, he opened this door, followed me in, and closed it.

We were in absolute blackness; but we did not stay so long. The click of a wall-switch flooded the room with a most astonishing brilliance. In fact, so great was the contrast to the gloom preceding that I was blinded.

"Pardon me," he of the fur collar remarked politely, as he threw off his overcoat. "I had forgotten you are not quite used to it—yet." And with that he toyed at the switch again and shut the light down about half.

Now I could better see about me. The room was some twenty feet square, and rather extraordinarily, if meagerly, furnished.

Two thickly upholstered chairs of comfortable lines formed the entire fittings of the room, with the exception of seven objects that looked like tall, closed cabinets of oak, about six feet high, ranged along the wall.

My incongruous host indicated one of the easy chairs to me, and throwing himself carelessly into the other, touched a push-button which was let into the arm of the chair. On the immediate appearance of a mulatto boy from a small door

at the rear, which I had not noticed, the master indicated his desires in the finger code of the deaf and dumb.

Within the minute the boy reappeared, this time bearing a small table, on which a daintily prepared meal was spread. At a motion, he set this before me, and after straightening a plate or two, quietly withdrew. Without a word I attacked the food, oblivious to all else, even the eye of the man before me.

Finally, hunger at last appeased, I shoved the little table back a trifle and looked up inquiringly. The boy again appeared and removed the table.

Not even yet did he break the silence. He seemed to be waiting, now that I was more at ease, to give me a chance, in my turn, of looking him over. And this I proceeded to do.

There was something about the build of the man before me which, in its lines, spoke of great physical strength; but this impression was belied when one noticed the almost delicate frailty of any particular feature of his bodily equipment. Breadth of shoulders was there, but between them sat a neck sadly wasted. The hands, too, seemed to argue something of a lost massiveness. Coupled with this wasted appearance, and even more noteworthy, was a certain blueness of color; or, rather, a sort of translucent quality in his skin. In fact, his hand appeared as if one could literally see through it.

At last he smiled good-humoredly, and said:

"You're an educated man, and a gentleman."

"I can deny neither accusation," I answered; "but I don't wear many of the badges of either calling," I added, glancing over my tattered clothes.

"You've got what I want, I think. Would you mind holding each of my hands for a moment? No ill effects, I assure you."

He drew the two chairs face to face, and we sat there a full two minutes in absolute silence, while I held each of his wrists. Then up he jumped, and with satisfaction written deep upon him exclaimed:

"Good!"

Following this with an alacrity of which I would not have believed him capable, he sprang again to the wall-switch and threw on the full glare, which I now perceived proceeded from innumerable incandescent bulbs that studded the entire ceiling. Then he seated himself again before me, assumed a more practical attitude, and began:

"Now for the proposition! But first I must explain somewhat. Can I trust you as to secrecy? Before I've gotten far you'll see why I desire it."

I simply bowed, and he seemed satisfied.

"I am a man of some wealth. In fact, I own the building we're in, which accounts for my being able to fit this room up in what must appear to you to be so extraordinary a manner. Two years ago I was returning from the Mediterranean by slow steamer. Among the passengers was a young lady. You guess the rest? Yes, and my affection, as you'll agree, has proven as lasting as it was violently sudden. Now, this young lady, alone but for a companion, was suffering from what is called, in ignorance of more definite knowledge, nervous prostration; an aloofness from one's own personality it really is, and not till one finds himself, as it were, can complete cure be effected. My own theory of the malady is that it is really psychic in its nature.

"But, be that as it may, I loved this woman before I met her. I made inquiries, learned of her trouble, and upon being introduced to her I represented myself as a physician, a specialist in nervous diseases. To this information she gave more than her usual listless attention, but I soon learned that I had awakened no response to my own passion. She was merely interested in a possible benefit to her condition, and liked me, as she has continued to like me, in a way one would but deem natural under the circumstances. She agreed to come under my treatment after we had reached New York. I named this address as my office, and here in this very room I have been treating her since that time."

"You are really a physician, then?" I interrupted.

He smiled as he answered:

"Well, not under any particular school. You see, not having to waste time making my living, I have been enabled to delve into realms which interested me. Indeed, it was just to prove

one of my theories that I had made that trip to the Mediterranean, and fate threw me to the aid of the one whom I consider it almost a worship to benefit. And I have benefited her"—his face clouded—"but I can't complete the cure alone. I want you to help me.

"I'll explain further. As I said before, I have delved into realms of the unknown, and by following up a series of hypotheses, I finally hit upon a theory of nerve-force transmission, let us call it. As you must understand, since we as yet have nothing but our overworked words of common parlance to convey thought, they will have to serve us in these realms, too. This force is man's very vitality, his very spark of life. You've noticed how when you are with certain persons they seem to rejuvenate, revivify you. Others draw from your own vivacity, and leave you feeling like a rag. This, too, not from any words or acts, which may be the incidents of the moment. It is due to either positive or negative nerve-force transmission. Your victim of nervous prostration is the one from whom this nerve-force has been sapped.

"How to recharge this exhaustion—for nervous exhaustion is a better term—was my problem. And I hit the solution, by so-called 'chance.' Here's my key to the problem."

He arose, and going to one of the seven cabinets which I have mentioned, opened the door-front of it and wheeled forward into fuller view one of those intensely strong electric arcs known in stagecraft as a spot light.

"This is what I found by actual experiment," he went on, warming to his subject. "By playing these lights upon my person for a certain period of time, myself being at their common focus, this bath of light, as it were, served to liberate or loosen up my nerve-energy and make it transferable. I never intended to make practical use of the discovery, for I'm no practitioner; but you see what good fortune it was to me in the case of this, my one patient, though she never guesses it. I subject myself to a light bath; then my patient arrives, takes that chair you are in, I take her wrists as you have just taken mine, and the nerve-transfer is effected."

"But, man," I cried, as the sudden realization struck me, "all this time you're losing your own vitality!"

"Exactly," he replied, with a wan smile; "and note the effects." He held his hand before the light. Through that almost uncanny blueness of his flesh I could see the opposed and almost touching carbons of the light. "In fact, I'm so depleted that I'm becoming afraid I'll not live to finish the cure. As it is, I have had to cut down the periods of my baths to one-third, and even that is getting dangerous. If I could rest up for a while I'd recuperate, but that's the very trouble. She'd lose in that time all we've gained."

"But you're killing yourself!"

For reply he looked me eye to eye.

"I love her," he said quietly.

II.

And so I undertook to do for money what he was doing for love, but with this difference—I resolved that when I felt the first signs of weakness I would retire in favor of a successor. I would simply sell some of my nerve-force for ready money. God knows, many a poor devil is selling himself at a much lower figure than I got, if he but realized it!

My new friend seemed delighted when I agreed to his proposition, which was this: I was to take the light baths; he would sit to me to absorb the energy which he would later transfer to her. My payment, he assured me, would be anything in reason, and he added:

"You will be able again to live in the fashion which my intuition tells me is your birthright."

"Yes, but," I hesitated, for I feared to lose my opportunity, "you probably don't know that another of my inheritances is a taste for liquor. In fact, that's why you found me where you did. I may not be the man you need."

"I like your honesty in telling me of it," he replied, "but it need be but little hindrance. If you really desire it, I can cure you of the craving by suggestion. We'll call it a little side-line, if you wish."

I liked his smile.

"Well, I've lost enough by it to want to be rid of the stuff," I answered bitterly, "and I'll do my best."

"Good!" he exclaimed again, with that short emphasis of his, and the next day I took my first light bath.

The sensation as I was seated in one of the upholstered chairs with those seven sharp electrics playing full upon me was at first one of almost intense pain; but this soon wore off, and a feeling of rather pleasing lassitude followed. My conductivity, my employer told me, was remarkable, and he seemed more and more pleased with me.

So the days began to roll along in that pleasant way they have when bitter want has been succeeded by a provided morrow. The girl I never saw. I would take my bath in the forenoon, and the afternoons I had free. From time to time I would ask how things were progressing. My employer seemed perfectly satisfied, and one morning he took me into his further confidence.

"The case is a difficult one," he said, "but the improvement, though so slow, seems sure. The greatest difficulty is that she has a secret trouble, a something that she broods over. I can't seem to clear it. She won't even tell me its nature, though she seems to trust me implicitly in everything else."

"You yourself are certainly looking better," I said, changing the subject.

"Yes, yes," he assented quickly, "but I wouldn't dare take the light direct yet."

I smiled, for I thought I read that he feared to lose me.

We had become more and more intimate. His tolerance of me when I presented myself with the heavy eyes of drink won my esteem, for not in a moment is so potent a foe to be overcome. But he conquered finally, and that before a month was out. My mirror again revealed my old self, as I had been before the brakes slipped. It is small wonder I loved him, for once more I began to dream dreams—one dream in particular.

The little that I seemed to lose by the light treatment was far overtopped by my gain from the conquering of the demon.

In the afternoon of the day of the first hint of spring I happened to return to the "office," as we called it, for my gloves, which I had left behind me in our sitting of the forenoon. As I entered the building I saw him approach the small reception-room which led off the hall. He didn't see me. I stepped up behind him and looked over his shoulder. I should probably see the patient, "our" patient.

I saw her.

I could feel him tremble as she looked up with that light in her eyes for which he had fought so long.

She rushed past him.

"Hal!" she cried against my shoulder.

He looked at us, stood aside, and bowed as we passed on out to her carriage.

I rode with her back to the house I hadn't been fit to enter for three years. Then I remembered. I caught a hansom and whirled back to the office. No response came to my rap.

I fingered for my key-ring, selected the one he had given me, released the catch, and threw open the door.

Seven bright eyes were looking on their handiwork of death. To such final use had he put the bath of light.

AN OPTIMIST'S PHILOSOPHY OF LIFE.

HAVE you found your life distasteful?
My life did, and does, smack sweet.
Was your youth of pleasure wasteful?
Mine I saved, and hold complete.
Do your joys with age diminish?
When mine fail me I'll complain!
Must in death your daylight finish?
My sun sets to rise again.

ROBERT BROWNING (1812—1889).

George Washington and the Balloon.

The Father of His Country Was the First American Patron of Aeronautics.

NONE of the biographers of George Washington, so far as THE SCRAP BOOK is aware, have recorded the fact that the Father of His Country was personally concerned in the first balloon ascension ever made in America. Of course, the dignity of the Presidential office—this was a century and more ago, be it remembered—prevented him from actually being a passenger in the air-ship; but next to the gentleman who did so, Washington seems to have played the most prominent part in the affair.

It was ten years after Pilâtre de Rozier, the first man who ever went up in a balloon, made his initial voyages over the heads of the astonished citizens of Paris, in October and November, 1783. That daring pioneer fell to his death after several successful flights; but one of his rival aeronauts, Jean Pierre Blanchard, made longer trips in safety, notably one across the English Channel in January, 1785. After exhibiting his skill and courage in half a dozen European countries, M. Blanchard crossed the Atlantic, and inaugurated the history of aeronautics in America by making an ascent in Philadelphia—at that time the capital and chief city of the United States—on the 9th of January, 1793.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Cortlandt Field Bishop, president of the Aero Club of America, THE SCRAP BOOK is enabled to reprint the following account of M. Blanchard's feat from a pamphlet printed in New York in 1796. Mr. Bishop owns what is probably the only existing copy of this interesting booklet.

The early aeronauts used either hydrogen (then called "inflammable air") or hot air to inflate their balloons. Blanchard's machine was of the former type—known as the Charlière, to distinguish it from the Mongolfière, or hot-air balloon.

Philadelphia, January 10.

MR. BLANCHARD, the bold aeronaut, agreeably to his advertisement, at five minutes past ten o'clock yesterday morning, rose with a balloon from the Prison Court in this city, in presence of an immense concourse of spectators there assembled on the occasion.

The process of inflating the balloon commenced about nine o'clock. Several cannon were fired from the dawn of day until the moment of elevation. A band of music played during the time of inflating; and, when it began to rise, the majestical sight was truly awful and interesting. The slow movement of the band added solemnity to the scene. Indeed, the attention of the multitude was so absorbed that it was a considerable time ere silence was broke by the acclamations which succeeded.

As soon as the clock had struck ten, everything being punctually ready, Mr. Blanchard took a respectful leave of all the spectators, and received from the hands of the President a paper; at the same time the President spoke a few words to this bold adventurer, who immediately leaped into his boat, which was painted blue and spangled. The balloon was of a yellowish colored silk, highly varnished, over which there was

a strong network. Mr. Blanchard was dressed in a plain blue suit, a cocked hat, and white feathers. As soon as he was in the boat, he threw out some ballast, and the balloon began to ascend slowly and perpendicularly; while Mr. Blanchard waved the colors of the United States, and those of the French Republic, and flourished his hat to the thousands of citizens from every part of the country, who stood gratified and astonished at his intrepidity.

After a few minutes, the wind blowing from the northward and westward, the balloon rose to an immense height, and then shaped its course toward the southward and eastward. Several gentlemen galloped down the Point Road, but soon lost sight of it, for it moved at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Great numbers, who had neglected to purchase tickets, were afflicted with considerable regret at not having been immediately present in the Prison Court to see the preparations, and to witness the undaunted countenance of the man who thus sublimely dared to soar through the regions of the air. Anxiety for the safety of the aeronaut was painted on every face from the time the citizens lost sight of him, and various were the conjectures as to the place where he would descend.

About half after six o'clock last evening we were happy to meet Mr. Blanchard again in this city, going to pay his respects to the President of the United States. He informed us that his aerial voyage lasted forty-six minutes, in which time he ran over a space of more than fifteen miles, and then descended a little to the eastward of Woodbury, in the State of New Jersey, where he took a carriage and returned to Cooper's Ferry, and was at the President's at half past six o'clock last evening.

Since the preceding sketch of Mr. Blanchard's ascension at Philadelphia was put to press, the editors have been favored with a copy of the paper, there alluded to, which the President handed Mr. Blanchard as he was stepping into the car. It is as follows:

GEORGE WASHINGTON, President of the United States of America, to all to whom these presents shall come.

The bearer hereof, Mr. Blanchard, a citizen of France, proposing to ascend in a balloon from the city of Philadelphia at ten o'clock A.M. this day, to pass in such direction and to descend in such place as circumstances may render most convenient; these are, therefore, to recommend to all citizens of the United States, and others, that in his passage, descent, return, or journeying elsewhere, they oppose no hindrance or molestation to the said Mr. Blanchard:

And that, on the contrary, they receive and aid him with that humanity and good will which may render honor to their country, and justice to an individual so distinguished by his efforts to establish and advance an art in order to make it useful to mankind in general.

Given under my hand and seal at the city of Philadelphia, this 9th day of January, 1793, and of the Independence of America the seventeenth.

WISDOM AND KNOWLEDGE.

WISDOM sits alone,
Topmost in heaven; she is its light—its God;
And in the heart of man she sits as high,
Though groveling eyes forget her oftentimes,
Seeing but this world's idols. The pure mind
Sees her forever; and in youth we come
Fill'd with her sainted ravishment, and kneel,
Worshiping God through her sweet altar-fires,
And then is knowledge good.

Nathaniel Parker Willis (1806-1867).

How They Got On In The World.

Brief Biographies of Successful Men Who Have Passed Through the Crucible of Small Beginnings.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

A SILENT DIPLOMAT OF THE LEGAL WORLD.

A Railroad Accountant Who Was "Quick at Figures," and Who Became a Rich and Famous Corporation Lawyer.

WILLIAM NELSON CROMWELL incidentally admitted before a Senate committee, not long ago, that he had more money than he knew what to do with. He did not inherit any of it, for when fortune knocked at his door he was merely an accountant in a railroad-office. The severe routine training to which he was subjected, partly self-imposed and partly necessitated by the demands of his position, helped to make him one of the most successful corporation attorneys in the country.

Mr. Cromwell's name does not appear in connection with sensational criminal trials. He is seldom seen in court, and almost never in public. He has nothing openly to do with politics or political parties. Yet he is one of the busiest men in the country, and few lawyers, whether struggling for a practise or struggling with one that has grown to unwieldy proportions, work harder or for a greater number of hours in the day. When he is handling a crucial case, Cromwell knows neither rest nor vacation, and almost forgets sleep. It is by work of this kind that he has grown rich beyond any needs of which he can conceive.

As an accountant, Cromwell was at the head of his class. He could handle figures like a lightning calculator, and was equally quick to understand the bearing of the most intricate statistics. John E. Searles, railroad man and capitalist, noted Cromwell's work and sought him out.

"There isn't a very big future for you as an accountant," Searles said to him. "Drop your pen and become a lawyer. I prophesy that you will become a great one."

From Ledgers to the Law.

Cromwell at the time was getting fifteen hundred dollars a year, with a prospect of getting two thousand if he worked hard for a few years longer. Besides, he was making some extra money by going over ill-kept books at night, and his reputation in this line was growing. From an accountant's standpoint he did not have much more to desire; but Searles's advice seemed good, and he dropped his work and went to the Columbia University Law School. He was admitted to the bar about thirty years ago, and became associated in business with Algernon S. Sullivan, a lawyer who had a good practise and an enviable reputation as a pleader. Sullivan, quick and accurate in his judgments, picked out Cromwell because he saw in the young man traits which few legal aspirants possess.

Sullivan's judgment in this instance was more than good, for from the start Cromwell brought increased prestige and plenty of business to the firm. His method of conducting cases was not the usual one. He did not believe in fighting matters out in court. Appearance before a judge was only a last and desperate resort, after everything else had failed. He always tried to bring the

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

parties to the dispute together, where the issue could be thrashed out and some equitable arrangement effected. The idea was new, for most lawyers looked upon prolonged court proceedings as their best source of revenue. But Cromwell's policy pleased his clients, because they found that while his fees were invariably large, they secured much quicker settlements and in the long run saved money.

Cromwell's Work In Wall Street.

When Sullivan died, in 1888, the firm was continued with his son as junior partner, while Cromwell became the head of the concern. Two years later Cromwell handled the first big case that made him nationally famous. During the money panic of November, 1890, the brokerage firm of Decker, Howell & Co. was forced to suspend. Its liabilities were ten million dollars, its accounts were terribly involved, and its creditors seemed certain to lose heavily. Cromwell was made assignee, and went silently to work to put the firm's machinery into running order again. Two months afterward he issued a simple statement announcing that a cash dividend of one hundred per cent would be paid, and that there would be a handsome surplus after all debts were settled. Such rapidity and thoroughness were without precedent in Wall Street, and from that moment Cromwell became the leading practitioner in his line.

Later, when Henry S. Ives, famed in his brief day as a young Napoleon of Wall Street, came to grief and made one of the worst failures in the history of the street, Cromwell took charge of the wreck and salvaged more than the experts had deemed possible. It was he, too, who put Price, McCormick & Co. on their feet again when they had failed for thirteen millions, and he settled the affairs of the Seventh National Bank.

Cromwell and the Panama Canal.

While Cromwell has been busy in Wall Street, his operations have extended throughout the Western Hemisphere. He knows the rulers of South and Central America better, probably, than any other man in the United States knows them. His work, extending over several years, is largely responsible for the purchase by the United States government of the Panama Canal properties. Cromwell fought the advocates of the Nicaragua Canal route to a standstill, and then he engineered the deal whereby the United States purchased for forty millions the holdings of the French company. He is said to have received, as his commission, somewhere from one to two millions of dollars; but even this colossal fee cannot fairly be called excessive, for there was probably no other lawyer-diplomat in the country who could have brought the transaction about.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, who has studied the canal question closely for many years, and who has talked at greater length on it than any other public official, fell foul of Cromwell when the lawyer appeared before the Senate committee. Despite Morgan's skill in cross-examination, despite all his thrusts and threats, he was unable to force Cromwell to answer any questions he did not choose to answer. The mere facts in the case—the sale by the French company, the acquisition by the United States, the beginning of active work, the revolution in Panama—all these were fully presented; but what happened to bring them about, who were the persons concerned, and what were the motives that actuated them, Cromwell declined to discuss.

Besides his tremendous activity as a lawyer, a readjuster of wrecked properties, a swayer of the affairs of Latin America, and an agent for big concerns, Cromwell has taken a prominent part in the consolidation of business enterprises and in forming big companies. The formation in 1899 of the National Tube Company, with a capital of eighty millions, was one of the moves toward the organization of the United States Steel Corporation; and when this latter "billion-dollar trust" was launched,

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

Cromwell was one of the experts who stood by and saw that it left the ways without jar or slip.

COLONEL HIGGINSON A VETERAN FIGHTER.

One of Boston's Foremost Citizens Who Has Been a Power in American Public Life for More than Sixty Years.

THOUGH well past eighty, Thomas Wentworth Higginson is still a leader of public opinion, a thinker to whom men turn for counsel and get of the best, and a fighter for what he considers the right. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in 1823, and comes of a long line of distinguished ancestors on both his father's and mother's side. At eighteen he graduated from Harvard, and at twenty-four he was ordained a Unitarian minister in Boston. The life of study and of preaching to which he intended to devote himself was interrupted by his interest in the bitter sectional conflict that was destined to culminate in the Civil War.

A Clergyman Militant.

On May 26, 1856, Higginson, after having delivered in Faneuil Hall a fiery speech against the arrest of Anthony Burns, a runaway slave, led the mob that tried to take the fugitive from prison. Anti-slavery sentiment had not yet crystallized into public conviction, and the attack was a fiasco. The rioters were beaten back, and Higginson, almost in a frenzy of disappointment, tried in vain to rally them. In the fight he received a saber slash across the face that left an ineradicable scar.

Richard Henry Dana has recorded Boston's deep feeling of surprise that a clergyman should have been the leader of the rabble in such a lawless enterprise. Most people thought that the young man had sacrificed his career to his beliefs, and felt that it was degrading in him to associate either with the rabble or with the slave. Higginson did not mind either opinion. The fighting quality in him had been aroused, and he was ready to give it full swing in defense of his firm conviction that slavery was an institution that should be wiped out, by violence if necessary.

Thereafter his anti-slavery work took a more effective form. He was one of the leaders who helped to settle Kansas with Free Soil partizans. This movement, useful as it was in the fifties from a political standpoint, was of enormous economic value, for it gave to a naturally rich section of the West a population of healthy, energetic, and intelligent settlers who were not only good fighters but also thrifty and sturdy husbandmen. Higginson preached migration to Kansas, he helped to organize some of the bands of Free Soilers, and finally he himself went to the Territory, as it then was, to forward the triumph of his cause. There he took an active part in the struggle of the hostile elements, and received his first lessons in actual warfare.

Higginson in the Civil War.

There was little time for preaching or for the building of a career between that time and the breaking out of the Civil War. When President Lincoln called for troops, Higginson was among the first in Boston to start organizing volunteer regiments. He helped to form the first regiment of liberated slaves—the First South Carolina Volunteers, later mustered into the regular army as the Thirty-Third Regiment of colored troops—and of this body he was commissioned colonel. Infinite patience, resourcefulness, and tact were required to whip these raw recruits into shape, but Higginson made good soldiers of them before he was wounded and compelled to retire in the third year of the war.

When hostilities ended, there remained a task scarcely less than that of the extinction of slavery—the task of caring for the freedmen. The "wards of the nation" idea led to much ineffectual action and vicious experimenting. With

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this Higginson had no sympathy. He saw that coddling the ex-slaves would impose an enormous burden on the nation; that the problem would never be settled until the negro was forced to depend upon himself, and that he could not be self-sustaining and independent until he had economic opportunity. During reconstruction days Higginson worked with that idea in mind, and it was the policy which the nation was obliged ultimately to adopt.

Since the Civil War, Higginson has devoted himself chiefly to literature, and his histories, poems, and essays have met with high critical favor. But the part he has played in American affairs has been greater and of more importance than that of mere writing. The same fearlessness, the same directness of purpose, and the same steadfastness that characterized him in earlier days have remained and have enabled him to meet new problems as boldly as he met old ones. As a type of the moral fighter who does not balk at the hardships of actual warfare when the occasion arises, Colonel Higginson has won a place in the country's history, and his usefulness has extended over a period of more than sixty years.

THE CASH-REGISTER MILLIONAIRE OF DAYTON.

An Ohio Coal-Merchant Whose Skill and Energy Pushed a Novel Invention to Phenomenal Success.

JOHN HENRY PATTERSON, of Dayton, Ohio, has built up from practically nothing a business which now employs nearly fourteen hundred people, and which is remarkable for other things besides its magnitude. His industrial career is parallel with the general introduction of tabulating and indicating machines, though he was not the inventor of them. There had been crude devices intended to keep dishonesty in check and to facilitate the counting of a day's receipts, but the register which Patterson put on the market was the first successful one. Other machines had been notable chiefly for the ease with which they got out of order, and for the small amount of ingenuity required to cheat their owner.

It is related that when one of Patterson's first registers was put up, a doubter watched it for a time, had it explained to him, and was still unconvinced. Then he began to spend varying small amounts, all the while keeping an observant eye on the machine. At last a wave of conversion swept over him.

"By heck," he shouted, "the blamed thing knows the right number every time!"

"The worst of the cash-register," Bill Nye once remarked, "is that it keeps a lot of enterprising young men out of business. But then," he added reflectively, "I suppose it keeps a lot of old fogies in!"

Born on an Ohio Farm.

Patterson was born near Dayton in 1844. His grandfather was one of the pioneers in the district, and one of the original proprietors of Cincinnati. His father was a farmer, and young Patterson did his share of farm work, beginning by weeding the garden when he was six or seven years old, and finishing by becoming one of the regular field hands and working in the grist-mill. Dayton, in those days, was a prosperous little city of perhaps five thousand inhabitants. Young Patterson attended its schools when he was not working on the farm, and at eighteen he was ready to enter Miami College. He spent three years there, and then went to Dartmouth, from which he was graduated in 1867. After graduation he went back to Ohio, and spent three years as collector of tolls on the Miami Canal.

In 1870, when he was twenty-six, he concluded that while a toll-collector's job was a comparatively easy one, it would require several centuries for a man to get rich in it; so he took what

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

money he had been able to save, and set up as a retail coal-dealer in Dayton. This led him into coal-mining and iron-mining ventures, in which he achieved a fair degree of success; but it was not until 1882, when he was thirty-eight years old, that he finally found the field in which his energies could be employed to the best advantage and his talents as an organizer put to their fullest use.

While he was helping to push to completion the Dayton and Southeastern Railroad, a short line designed primarily for bringing Jackson County coal into southern Ohio, he had heard of a new machine that indicated the amount each customer in a store purchased, and at the same time kept a full account of the total receipts. He was interested, and investigated. A little group of Dayton capitalists had organized the National Manufacturing Company, in order to make the machines. It was capitalized at ten thousand dollars, and its chief tangible asset was the patent right to a rather clumsy cash-register. Patterson bought some of the stock, and the following year he became a director of the concern. It was suffering at that time from lack of ready money, and had to issue additional stock to the amount of five thousand dollars, all of which was taken by Patterson and his brother.

Patterson had no practical knowledge of mechanics, but this new machine fascinated him. In order to improve it, and to bring out the possibilities that he saw in it, he spent his time in the foundry, in the tool-room, or in the assembling-room, instead of devoting himself to his coal business. From 1882, when the company was organized, to 1885, it had to face a steady tide of adversity. Finally matters came to a crisis, and reorganization was necessary. Patterson became the president of the company, and had to give up his coal interests to devote himself to the new enterprise. As a vendor of fuel, he was certain of a steady, comfortable income. The cash-register business had made progress, but its future was still a problem. By electing to try the uncertain, Patterson placed himself on the road that led to great wealth.

The Success of the Cash Register.

Under his management a systematic campaign for customers was started. To-day the cash-register is so much a matter of fact that the average merchant would almost as soon forget to have salesmen as neglect a register; but twenty years ago the machine was still a novelty. Its utility had first to be demonstrated, and the machine itself had to be made mechanically perfect. That both of these results were reached inside of a few years is entirely due to the head of the Dayton company. He displayed splendid ability in shop management, thereby bringing the machine up to a high standard and producing it with the least possible wastage of labor and material, and he got the registers before possible buyers in all parts of the country.

Inside of a year it was necessary to increase the capital stock of the concern and to build an addition to its factory. Since then its growth has been constant and enduring. The little building where the early registers were built has been replaced by a factory that covers about six acres of ground, and in place of eight mechanics about fourteen hundred are employed. Registers of all sizes and all varieties are turned out, and their use has spread to every part of the world. Their appearance in Manila, for instance, was one of the first signs of the American occupation.

While Patterson has been so successful in building up a large business, he has also devoted time, thought, and money to the labor problem. The side from which he approached it was unique, for he placed the government of the factory in the hands of the mechanics themselves, and controlled it through committees of employees. These committees have actual charge of operations in the plant, and their members, besides being superintendents and foremen, are themselves workers. The company's books show that the system works well in maintaining both quality and quantity of

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product. Another result has been the training of a force of thoroughly equipped workmen. The machinists, molders, polishers, and die-sinkers of the National Cash Register Company are looked upon as among the best in the country, and are always sure of a place when they apply to other factories.

Patterson made his plant as nearly perfect, from a hygienic standpoint, as such a busy place could be. He gave to the workers liberties and advantages such as are not usually accorded them in other establishments. Reading-rooms were opened, free lectures were given, and special schools were organized. The actual results of such a system are, of course, more or less difficult to trace. Discord and strikes broke out five or six years ago, and for a time one or two departments of the factory were tied up. In the end the difficulty was settled, and the men went back to work. The assertion that Patterson's belief in altruism had been shattered proved unfounded, for he has continued his experiments in bettering the condition of his workers, and has extended the scope of his endeavors.

A GREAT BENEFACTOR OF SMALL COLLEGES.

Dr. Pearsons Has Made it Easy for Hundreds of Men to Enjoy What He Had a Hard Fight to Get.

A GOOD many years ago Dr. Daniel Kimball Pearsons made up his mind to let others give to universities which are already wealthy, and to which gifts pour in each year, and to devote himself to helping along the small, struggling colleges of the West. His gifts now amount to millions of dollars, and it is through his generosity that many hundreds of young men have been prepared more successfully to battle with the world.

The policy of this veteran philanthropist is the direct outcome of the conditions under which he obtained his early education. He had to fight so hard for it that he resolved to do all he could to facilitate the course of future students. He was born eighty-six years ago on a small farm in Vermont. It needed constant hard work on the part of the whole family in order to wring a living from the sterile soil, and Pearsons went to work in the fields almost as soon as he could handle a hoe. Twenty-five or thirty weeks in the year he attended school, toiling on the farm before and after school hours. He had decided to get an education, cost what it might in labor and time, and he managed to go through a course at a local academy. Then he spent one year at Dartmouth, a year that was marked by the keenest poverty, for he was without resources, and the little town of Hanover, New Hampshire, gave a student few opportunities of self-support.

A Fight for an Education.

His means were entirely exhausted at the end of the year, and for a time he had to discontinue his studies. Then he entered a doctor's office, doing all the work about the place, acting as driver, and studying incessantly in his spare time. At last he got enough money together to enter the medical college at Woodstock, Vermont.

The whole period of his stay there was a struggle for bread as well as for knowledge. Toward the end, when his last cent was gone and he saw no way of getting more money, he announced his intention of discontinuing study until he had earned enough to pay for his last year in the medical school. Dr. Alonzo Clark, afterward a well-known New York physician, then an instructor in the college, heard of it, and went to Pearsons's rooms.

"I hear you are going to leave school because you have no money," said Dr. Clark. "Don't do it. You will lose a year."

Then he loaned the young student a hundred dollars with which to continue

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his studies. That action of Dr. Clark helped him at a time of the utmost despondency, and was directly responsible for the magnificent gifts Pearsons made when wealth came to him.

After graduation, Pearsons remained a short time in Vermont, and then removed to Chicopee, Massachusetts. Here he stayed twelve years, practising his profession, living economically, and saving whatever money he could. He was enabled in that time to get another five thousand dollars, and the possibility of making much more than that in Chicopee seemed more or less remote. So he and his wife decided to go West.

"Fools" Who Build Colleges.

Passing through Beloit, Wisconsin, on the stage-coach, Pearsons noticed a recently erected college building and inquired of a fellow passenger what it was.

"Oh," said the other, "some fools from the East have come here and stuck up a college!"

Pearsons resented the tone and the remark, and as he was never backward about fighting for his opinions he entered into an argument that ended only when the destination of the stage was reached. As Pearsons alighted, he shook his fist in the other's face and said:

"I came West to get rich, and I'm going to get rich, too. Furthermore, I'm going to give money to Beloit College and to other colleges that are going to be built in this country!"

In 1860 Pearsons settled in Chicago, and opened a real estate office, thinking it a quicker road to wealth than his former profession. Land values were soaring, and Chicago was making enormous strides. Having desk-room that cost him only a few dollars a year, Pearsons began to deal in Illinois farm lands. The Illinois Central turned over to him a quarter of a million acres, and in disposing of this he earned commissions that amounted to three thousand dollars in a week—more than he had ever been able to earn in a twelvemonth with pills and plasters. Within ten years he had sold at least a million acres and had become a millionaire through the transaction. While his wealth was swelling at an ever accelerated rate, he lived simply in a couple of furnished rooms, seldom spending more than twelve or fifteen dollars a week on his living.

Investments in Chicago real estate and transactions in lumber lands added still further to his pile. In 1875, when Chicago's credit had become impaired through political jobbery and through the debt left by the great fire of 1871, an agitation was started for the repudiation of the city's bonds. Pearsons instantly stepped forward and pledged his entire fortune for their redemption. His action was imitated by several other rich Chicago men, and the repudiators were shamed from their purpose.

One of the first things that Pearsons did when wealth came to him was to set aside a sum of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars, the income of which was loaned without charge to poor students. Scores of men who afterward did good work in the professions or in business were beneficiaries of this fund. To most of his gifts to colleges he has attached the condition that a like amount should be raised from other sources. In this way he has stimulated the interest of graduates of colleges, and of neighbors and friends of the institutions he has helped, so as to double the good accomplished.

Education as an Investment.

"There's no charity about my work," said Pearsons, in explanation of his methods. "It isn't charity to use money to give Americans educational advantages. It's an investment which gives such big interest that no one can count it. I am not more benevolent than other business men, and if I think I get the best returns from investments in fresh-water colleges, no one need protest. Besides, that is my way of enjoying life."

Many of these "fresh-water colleges" have developed at a rate that has brought them into the front educa-

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tional rank. The intelligent interest manifested by Dr. Pearsons, and the enthusiasm and liberality he has shown, have contributed in a large measure toward this result. In his Dartmouth days, when he was sometimes forced to live on bread and water, and often had only a little bread, he saw that in order to get the best results out of a college course a student must be well fed and decently housed. So in giving he has always insisted that the college dormitories be adequate, and that, as far as possible, students shall be free from all fear of the hardships which he himself was forced to undergo.

DR. SIMON NEWCOMB'S HARD ROAD TO SUCCESS.

The Dean of American Astronomers Began Life as Apprentice to a Quack "Yarb Doctor" in Canada.

SIMON NEWCOMB, who has not only helped to popularize the study of the heavens, but has also done much to advance American astronomers to a high place among the scientists of the world, at one time was the apprentice of a "yarb doctor," a charlatan who pretended to make wonderful cures by a combination of simple herbs and brazen effrontery. Most boys, thrown under the influence of such a conscienceless ignoramus, and possessing no other means of making a living, would have sunk down to quackery. Newcomb fought his way out of it, and subsequently won recognition in a most exacting science, one that is usually entered upon only after years of exhaustive preparation.

Newcomb came of a New England family that had settled in Nova Scotia. He was born near the village of Wallace, in 1835. His father was an itinerant schoolmaster, and as the province in those days contained only small and scattered settlements, a teacher's earnings were pitifully small. A farmhand or a fisherman was better paid. Young Newcomb received some instruction from his father, and much from his mother. At ten years of age he had read George Combe's "Constitution of Man," and various books on mathematics and philosophy.

A Boy Who Seemed a Failure.

But even at that age the family needed his assistance, and he had to do something toward his own support. At farm labor he was a failure. He was not physically fitted for the work of a fisherman. His manual clumsiness was so great that he could not become a carpenter, blacksmith, shoemaker, or quarryman. His father's poor success dissuaded him from considering teaching as a means of livelihood. There was some talk of making him a lawyer or a clergyman, but the money necessary for his education could not be obtained. It is not strange that his parents and neighbors considered him destined to failure. He could not make a living with his hands, and there was little place for mere brain-workers in the Nova Scotia of that day.

Young Newcomb continued to study hard by himself, but, instead of being commended for it, he was looked upon as a sort of unbalanced freak. At sixteen, when all the other boys of the neighborhood were well along in the work of earning their own living, he was at a standstill; so he was sent off to visit his grandfather, who, it was thought, might find something for him to do. To get to Moncton, in New Brunswick, where his grandfather lived, the lad had to tramp a hundred miles.

At Moncton he met the "yarb doctor," whose name was Foshay. Foshay agreed to teach the lad the "botanic system of medicine," and took him to his house for that purpose. The first thing the charlatan told his new pupil was that the humbug was the man who always came out best. The way to get a reputation for wisdom, he said, was to keep people guessing, and never to

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

let them understand what you were thinking or doing. Success, in the doctor's system of ethics, was based upon mastery in deceit. After delivering this little lecture he set Newcomb to grinding up herbs in an old coffee-mill.

His Escape from the "Yarb Doctor."

Newcomb remained two years with this impostor, learning nothing from him, for he had nothing to teach. But the lad learned by himself, and increased in knowledge, despite the degenerating influences that surrounded him. The books to which he had access were few in number, and usually out of date. This did not prevent him from extracting the good from them, and from slowly advancing toward a mastery of mathematics and physical science. Finally, however, he sickened so thoroughly of Foshay's dishonesty, and of the cruelty and insults to which the doctor's wife subjected him, that he took the two or three dollars he had saved, packed up his few belongings, and ran away. The doctor heard of it in time to prevent the little case in which his pupil's books and clothing were placed from following him; so at eighteen years of age, with no trade, no money, and no ability to work profitably with his hands, Newcomb went out into the world.

He walked to St. John, arriving there just at the time of the celebration incident to the beginning of the first railway in New Brunswick. A week of futile effort, hunger, and discouragement followed. Newcomb's money was almost gone, and as he was turned from one place after another he saw himself face to face with actual starvation. He at last fell in with the skipper of a small boat, who agreed to allow him to work his passage to the United States. He landed in Salem, and then made his way South. In 1854 he began teaching school at Massey's Crossroads, a village in Maryland. He spent two years there, and later became a tutor in a family living near Washington. All his spare time was devoted to the study of mathematics, and finally, at the age of twenty-two, he got his feet firmly placed on the road that was to lead him so far and so high.

Newcomb Becomes an Astronomer.

In 1856 he obtained a position as computer on the *Nautical Almanac,* then published at Cambridge, Massachusetts. The pay was thirty dollars a month, a sum greater than he had ever before been able to earn. It gave him money enough to live on, and leisure enough to begin systematic and thorough study in the Lawrence Scientific School. His progress from that time on was steady. He became successively professor of mathematics in the Naval Observatory at Washington, director of the *Nautical Almanac,* and professor of mathematics and astronomy at Johns Hopkins. He has traveled all over the world in the interests of science. Honors have been conferred on him by Oxford, Edinburgh, Heidelberg, Padua, and a score of other universities. Many learned societies have made him a member. The list of his achievements in astronomy is a long one, and yet at the age of twenty-two he had never looked through a telescope.

To-day, at seventy-one, he is engaged in computing the density of the earth, in order to verify the figures of Cavendish, or to find out what changes have taken place since the English physicist made his great computation.

THARE is no more real satisfackshun in laying up in yure buzzum an injury than thare iz in stuffing a dead hornet, who haz stung you, and keeping him tew look at.—Josh Billings (Henry Wheeler Shaw, 1818—1885).

ECHOES OF THE DANCE.

Some of the Countless Lyrics Inspired by the Most Poetic and Romantic of All Pastimes—In Every Age and Country Dancing Has Had Its Devotees.

THE OLD VIRGINIA REEL.*

(February 22, 1789.)

By Virginia Quitman McNealus.

FAR in the dusty corridors assigned to Father Time,
There are echoes still awaiting to be caught in prose and rime;
There is one that comes a stealing through the quiet nights of June,
'Tis the twanging and the thumping of an old familiar tune.
And I listen to its numbers, and my heart begins to feel
The scraping of the fiddles in the old Virginia Reel.

All the loved historic relics from the old hall disappear
And warn Mount Vernon Regents they must keep away this year.
'Tis a human habitation, with its portals open wide
To the old-time friends and neighbors from the hills and countryside.
They come not to gaze at relics, but to shake the lightsome heel
In Washington's great banquet-hall, to the old Virginia Reel.

There is Mistress Sally Fairfax in a gown of gold brocade,
Going lightly down the center in a swinging promenade;
And pretty Nellie Custis, who curtsies in the dance
To the Sieur de Lafayette, the gallant courtier of old France;
And sweet Mistress Betty Cary, to whom the beaus all kneel;
They have met once more together in the old Virginia Reel.

Ah, the lovely Kitty Duer from Manhattan's famous town,
With patch and powder, silken hose, and shimmering satin gown!
And Annie Aylett's stately form to her cavalier bends low;
'Twas thus Mount Vernon's Regents met a hundred years ago.
Patch and powder and silken gowns, and swords of burnished steel,
Kept time to this same measure in the old Virginia Reel.

* * * * * * * *

Now silence covers all things, and with darkness doth combine
In the banquet-hall of Pleasure where History's built a shrine.
No sound of fiddle-strings is heard on fair Mount Vernon's crest,
For old Potomac guards the key while the dancers take their rest. †
Yet while gazing at the relics, to my heart they still reveal
Faint echoes of the revelry in the old Virginia Reel.

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* These verses were written about ten years ago by a lady of Dallas, Texas, and were published in a local newspaper, the Dallas *News*. They have been used by school classes on patriotic occasions, and by members of the Society of Daughters of the American Revolution in connection with social gatherings, but they have long been out of print. In order to give them the wider circulation that they deserve, THE SCRAP BOOK reprints them here by request.

† The original key of the Washington tomb at Mount Vernon is said to have been thrown into the Potomac when the vault was filled.

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LOWELL, MASS.

THE SAILOR'S DANCE.

By J. L. Molloy.

WHAT'S he that talks of a jig or a reel,
Who has never been a sailor,
Or a hornpipe seen on a ship of the Queen,
Or an Arctic Ocean whaler?
You hear the ring of the bosun's call—
"For a dance, my lads, all ready;
The moon is high in the radiant sky
And the old ship going steady!"

The tar alone has a dance of his own,
And it takes a tar to dance it,
Though a lassie sweet, with her two little feet,
Is the one charm to enhance it.
You dance with one or you dance with two,
As the notion takes your fancy,
In an Indian glade with a dusky maid,
Or at home with blue-eyed Nancy!

It speaks of home to the hearts of a crew,
And it sets us all a dreaming,
As we dance in tune, to the light of the moon,
On a lovely ocean gleaming.
It takes us back on the homeward track
To the friends that soon will greet us;
The ringing cheer, as we touch the pier,
And the welcome that will meet us.

Oh, it's heel and toe
To the tuneful bow,
And it's all so light and breezy;
You may look in France or in Spain for a dance,
But you'll say
Any day
That the hornpipe beats them easy!

* * * *

THE COUNTRY DANCE.

WHO comes here with patch on cheek,
Looking so demure and meek,
Moving slowly, shy of glance,
Through the quaint old country dance?
Who's this, with an air of grace,
As they move in measured pace,
Meets her, greets her, bowing low?
'Tis her rich and lordly beau!
Who, here, looks across the room,
Heart of doubt and brow of gloom?
Ah, the song has oft been sung;
'Tis her suitor, poor and young!
But he meets her roving eyes,
Sees the blushes sweet that rise;
Ah, what matters what may be—
They are lovers, he and she!

But the dance is over now,
Sweeping curtsey, courtly bow;
Beats one true heart 'mid the press;
Is it no or is it yes?
Once, just once, their glances meet—
Ah, it is the signal sweet;
Where's the one white rose she wore?
Lying there upon the floor!
Hark, the clock is striking four;
Who's this at the postern door;
Cloaked and hooded in alarm,
Clinging to her lover's arm?
Fare thee well, oh, lordly beau—
They'll be wed long ere you know!
Love that has the will, folk say,
Soon or late will make the way!

Chambers's Journal.

* * * *

THE STATELY MINUET.

By Mary Mapes Dodge.

GRANDMA told me all about it,
Told me so I couldn't doubt it,
How she danced—my grandma danced,
Long ago.

How she held her pretty head,
How her dainty skirt she spread,
How she turned her little toes—
Smiling little human rose!
Long ago.

Grandma's hair was bright and sunny;
Dimpled cheeks, too—ah, how funny!
Really quite a pretty girl,
Long ago.

Bless her! Why, she wears a cap,
Grandma does, and takes a nap
Every single day; and yet
Grandma danced the minuet
Long ago.

Now she sits there, rocking, rocking,
Always knitting grandpa's stocking—
(Every girl was taught to knit
Long ago);

Yet her figure is so neat,
And her way so staid and sweet,
I can almost see her now,
Bending to her partner's bow,
Long ago.

Grandma says our modern jumping,
Hopping, rushing, whirling, bumping,
Would have shocked the gentlefolk,
Long ago.

No—they moved with stately grace,
Everything in proper place,
Gliding slowly forward, then
Slowly curtseying back again,
Long ago.

Modern ways are quite alarming,
Grandma says; but boys were charming—
Girls and boys, I mean, of course—
Long ago.

Bravely modest, grandly shy—
What if all of us should try
Just to feel like those who met
In the graceful minuet
Long ago?

With the minuet in fashion,
Who could fly into a passion?
All would wear the calm they wore,
Long ago.

In time to come, if I perchance,
Should tell my grandchild of *our* dance,
I should really like to say,
"We did it, dear, in some such way,
Long ago."

St. Nicholas.

* * * *

A DANCE AT THE RANCH.

FROM every point they gaily come,
the broncos' unshod feet
Pat at the green sod of the range
with quick emphatic beat;
The tresses of the buxom girls as banners stream behind—
Like silken castigating whips cut at the sweeping wind.

The dashing cowboys, brown of face, sit in their saddle thrones
And sing the wild songs of the range in free uncultured tones,
Or ride beside the pretty girls, like gallant cavaliers,
And pour the usual fairy-tales into their listening ears.

Within the "best room" of the ranch the jolly gathered throng
Buzz like a swarm of human bees and fill the air with song,
The maidens tap their sweetest smiles and give their tongues full rein
In efforts to entrap the boys in admiration's chain.
The fiddler tunes the strings with pick of thumb and scrape of bow,
Finds one string keyed a note too high, another keyed too low,
Then rosins up the tight-drawn hairs, the young folks in a fret
Until their ears are greeted with the warning words: "All set!"

S'lute yer pardners! Let 'er go!
Balance all an' do-se-do!
Swing yer girls an' run away!
Right an' left an' gents sashay!
Gents to right an' swing or cheat!
On to next gal an' repeat!
Balance next an' don't be shy!
Swing yer pard an' swing 'er high!
Bunch the gals an' circle 'round!
Whack yer feet ontil they bound!
Al'man left an' balance all!
Lift yer hoofs an' let 'em fall!
Back to pardners, do-se-do!
All jine hands an' off you go!

And thus the merry dance goes on till morning's struggling light
In lengthening streaks of gray breaks down the barriers of night,
And bronks are mounted in the glow of early morning skies
By weary-limbed young revelers with drooping, sleepy eyes.
The cowboys to the ranges speed to "work" the lowing herds,
The girls within their chambers hide to sleep like weary birds,
And for a week the young folks talk of what a jolly spree
They had that night at Jackson's ranch down on the Owyhee.

Denver Post.

The Broken Jug.

BY JOHANN H. D. ZSCHOKKE.

Translated from the German for THE SCRAP BOOK by R. Arrowsmith.

JOHANN HEINRICH DANIEL ZSCHOKKE (1771—1848) was born at Magdeburg, studied at the University of Frankfort, where for a time he lectured on history, philosophy, and law, and in 1792 went to Switzerland. He became deeply interested in the internal affairs of the country, and, after becoming a Swiss citizen, originated and carried out many reforms. Although he retired from public life in 1802, he was, until his death, frequently assigned to important duties, amid which he nevertheless found time for completing a number of historical works, establishing and editing the *Schweizerbote*, a medium for the promulgation of his political and social ideas, and a devotional work, "Stunden der Andacht," published anonymously, which was widely read and translated and became famous under its English title, "Meditations on Death and Eternity."

Zschokke's popularity, however, was largely won by his tales, many of which appeared in a monthly journal, *Erheiterungen*, founded by him. These stories are remarkable for the variety and interest of their incidents, and particularly for their delicate humor and insight into human nature. The best-known of the tales, some of which were composed with a definite purpose, others only to amuse, are "The Adventure of New Year's Night" and "The Broken Jug."

"The Broken Jug" is one of three interpretations of an engraving by Le Veau which hung in Zschokke's room in Berne, where he was frequently visited by his friends Heinrich von Kleist and Ludwig Wieland, son of the author of "Oberon." The picture represented a trial-scene before a judge with a long nose. The plaintiff was an old woman bearing a broken jug; the accused a young peasant. Between them stood a young girl, evidently the daughter of the plaintiff and the sweetheart of the accused, in great embarrassment between the calls of duty and love. On one occasion the engraving became the subject of discussion among the three friends, and each engaged to put his interpretation of it into literary form. Zschokke embodied his version in the present narrative; Kleist chose the dramatic form, and Wieland wrote a satire, which was not printed and was subsequently lost. Both the remaining versions, which agree in the essential features, have maintained themselves in public favor. Of the two, Kleist's is the more important as a literary work, while Zschokke's is more natural and delicate in its pervading humor.

LA NAPOULE, it is true, is only a little spot on the Gulf of Cannes; but it is known throughout all Provence. It nestles in the shade of tall evergreen palms and dark orange-trees. This, of course, does not make it famous; but they say that it produces the reddest grapes, the most fragrant roses, and the most beautiful girls. I cannot speak of my own knowledge, yet I like to think so. It is a pity that La Napoule is so small that it cannot possibly grow enough of the red grapes, the fragrant roses, and the beautiful girls; otherwise we should doubtless have some of them in our country.

If from the time La Napoule was founded all its girls have been beauties, little Mariette must certainly have been a wonder of wonders, since even the *Chronicle* mentions her. She was called *little* Mariette; but she was no smaller than a maiden of seventeen or thereabouts usually is, whose brow reaches exactly to the lips of a full-grown man.

The *Chronicle* of La Napoule had good grounds for mentioning Mariette. If I had been in the *Chronicle's* place I should have done so too. For when Mariette, who had hitherto lived in Avignon with her mother, Manon, came back to her birthplace, she turned it almost upside down; not actually the houses, but the people and their heads; or perhaps not the heads of all the people, but particularly of those whose head and heart, when in the vicinity of two soulful eyes, are always in great danger. I know about that. There is no joking under such circumstances.

Mother Manon would probably have been wiser if she had remained in Avignon; but she had inherited a little legacy in La Napoule—a small farm with a vineyard, and a tiny house in the shade of a rock, among olive-trees and acacias. No widow without means could refuse a legacy like that, and she felt as rich and fortunate as if she were a countess of Provence.

So much the worse for the good people of La Napoule. They had not foreseen such mischief, and had never read in their Homer how a pretty woman had involved all Greece in dissension and war.

Hardly had Mariette been in the house among the olive-trees and acacias a fortnight before every young fellow of La Napoule knew that Mariette was there, and that in all Provence there lived no more charming girl than in that very house.

When she went through the village, like an angel in disguise, in her fluttering gown and pale green bodice, with orange-blossoms and rosebuds on her bosom, and flowers and ribbons waving about her gay hat, then the silent elders became eloquent and the young men dumb. And everywhere, right and left, a door or a window opened, one after the other. "Good morning," or "Good evening, Mariette!" And she nodded smilingly to every side.

When Mariette went to church, all hearts, especially the hearts of the young men, forsook heaven, all eyes forsook the saints, and the prayerful fingers went astray among the beads of the rosary. This often caused great vexation of spirit, especially to the devout; and the young girls of La Napoule must at this period have been particularly devout, for they showed vexation most of all. They were hardly to be blamed, for since Mariette's arrival more than one betrothed had grown cool, and more than one adorer had turned recreant to his lady love. And so on all sides there were quarrels and reproaches, and tears, and many a parting of lovers. Even the rings and ribbons given as pledges of fidelity were returned. The old people took part in their children's quarrels; discord and strife ran from house to house. It was a pity.

"It is all Mariette's fault," said the devout maidens. Then their mothers said the same; then the fathers said it, and at last everybody, even the young men.

But Mariette, wrapped in her modesty and innocence, as the opening glow of a rosebud is wrapped in the dark green of its calyx, had no suspicion of all the trouble, and was always friendly to every one. This first touched the young men, and they said: "Why grieve the gentle, innocent child? She is not to blame." Then the fathers said the same, then the mothers, and finally everybody, even the devout girls. For none that talked with Mariette could help loving her. And before half a year had passed, everybody had talked with her, and everybody loved her. But she had no idea that she was so loved, just as before it had not entered her mind that anybody could hate her. How little the deep-hued violet, often trodden down in the grass, suspects its worth!

Every one was now anxious to atone for the injustice to Mariette, for pity enhances the tenderness of affection. On all sides she found more friendly greetings than ever, more friendly smiles, more friendly invitations to country sports and dances.

Yet some human beings have not the

gift of sweet sympathy. Their hearts are hardened, like Pharaoh's. This comes without doubt, from the natural corruption of mankind since the fall, or because the evil one was not duly gotten rid of at baptism. A notable example of this hardness of heart was furnished by Colin, the wealthiest farmer and proprietor in La Napoule, who could hardly traverse his vineyards and olive-orchards, his lemon and orange groves, in a day's journey. The fact that he was almost twenty-seven years old, and had never inquired what girls were made for, in itself is a proof of the depravity of his mind.

It is true that everybody, and especially women of a certain age, when they are glad to forgive sins, looked on Colin as the best young fellow under the sun. His lively disposition, his frank glance, pleased these people, who at a pinch would doubtless have given him absolution for the most deadly sin. But not much trust can be placed in the verdict of such judges.

While old and young at La Napoule had become reconciled to innocent Mariette and had made friends with her, Colin was the only one that showed no pity for the child. If the conversation turned on Mariette he became dumb as an oyster. If he met her on the street, he grew red and white with anger and cast at her sidelong glances that were truly consuming. In the evening, when the young people gathered on the seashore by the old ruined castle, for games or a country dance, or to start a chorus, Colin was never missing. But just as soon as Mariette came, the knavish fellow grew silent, and all the gold in the world would not have induced him to sing. It was a shame, for he had a charming voice and an inexhaustible fund of songs.

All the girls liked Colin, and he was friendly with them all. He had a roguish glance, which maidens fear and like; and when he smiled he was a picture; but Mariette did not look at him at all. And she was entirely right. Whether he smiled or not was all the same to her. She did not care about his roguish glance; and there again she was right. When he told a story—he always had many to tell—and everybody was listening, she would tease her neighbors, and pelt Pierre and Paul with weeds and grass; she laughed and chatted and did not listen to Colin. This vexed our proud gentleman; he often broke off in the middle of the story and went gloomily away.

Revenge is sweet. Mariette might well have triumphed then, but she was too kind a child and her heart was too tender. When he became silent she was sorry. If he was sad, her laughter faded. When he departed, she would not stay, and at home she wept more lovely tears of repentance than the Magdalen, though she had not sinned half as much.

The pastor of La Napoule, Father Jerome, a venerable man of seventy years, had all a saint's virtues, and the single defect of being hard of hearing on account of his age; but to make up for it he preached all the more edifying sermons to his flock, and every one loved to listen to him. His sermons were constantly on two texts, as if his whole religion were contained in them—either "Little children, love one another," or, "Little children, the ways of Providence are wonderful." But truly, in them was so much of faith, love, and hope, that in case of need they might have brought full salvation. The little children obediently loved one another and put their trust in Providence. Colin alone, with his flinty heart, cared nothing for it. Even when he appeared to be friendly, he had evil intentions.

II.

THE people of La Napoule are fond of going to the fair at Vence, where there is plenty of fun and many kinds of wares, even though there is little money. Once Mariette, with her mother, went to the fair, and Colin, too, was there. He bought all sorts of dainties and trifles for his friends, but not a penny's worth for Mariette. He was constantly at her heels, but he did not speak to her, nor she to him. It was easy to see that he was hatching some mischief.

All at once, Mother Manon stopped before a booth and cried:

"Oh, Mariette, see that beautiful jug! A queen need not be ashamed to put it to her lips. Look, the rim is all gold, and the flowers on it are as fine as anything in the garden, even if they are only

painted. And Paradise in the middle! Just see, Mariette, how the apples laugh at you from the tree! It almost makes your mouth water. Adam can't withstand the temptation, as Eve offers him one to taste. And just look, how charmingly the little lamb plays about the tiger, and the snow-white dove with the golden green neck stands before the vulture, as if she was about to kiss him."

Mariette could not gaze enough at it.

"If I had such a jug, mother," said she, "it is much too beautiful to drink from; I should put my flowers in it, and always be able to gaze into Paradise."

So spoke Mariette, and called up all her friends to admire the jug. Soon all the girls' admirers gathered about, and finally half the population of La Napoule stood before the wonderful jug. And indeed it was exquisite, made of the most delicate transparent porcelain, with gilt handles and glowing colors. Timidly they asked the price, and the merchant answered:

"It is worth a hundred francs at the very lowest terms."

Then they all became silent and went away.

When no one from La Napoule remained before the booth, Colin stole up, threw down a hundred francs on the counter, had the jug packed in a box filled with cotton, and carried it off. His wicked plans were known to none. Just outside La Napoule, on his return at dusk, he met old Jacques, the servant, coming from the field.

"Jacques," said he, "I'll pay you to carry this box to Manon's house and leave it there. If anybody should see you and ask from whom it comes, say that a stranger gave it to you; but don't give my name, or I'll never forgive you."

Jacques promised, took his fee and the box, and went with it toward the little house among the olives and acacias. Before he reached it his master, Judge Hautmartin, met him and asked:

"Jacques, what are you carrying?"

"A box for Mistress Manon. But I must not tell from whom."

"Why not?"

"Because Master Colin would never forgive me."

"It is well that you know how to hold your tongue. But it is late, and I am going to see Mistress Manon to-morrow. Give me the box; I will hand it to her, and not let her know that it comes from Colin. It will save you the trip and do me a good turn."

Jacques gave the box up to his master, whom he was accustomed to obey without objection. The judge carried it to his room and examined it by the lamplight with great curiosity. On the cover, neatly written with red chalk, was the inscription: "For the lovely and beloved Mariette." Master Hautmartin felt sure that this was only a piece of mischief on Colin's part, and that some trickery was behind it; so he opened the box with great care, in case a mouse or rat should be concealed in it. When he caught sight of the beautiful jug, which he himself had seen at Vence, he was startled. For Master Hautmartin was as well versed in the unlawful as in the law, and knew that the thoughts and strivings of the human heart are sinful from youth up. He at once concluded that it was Colin's purpose to get Mariette into some trouble by means of the jug—to give out that it was a gift from some favored lover in the city, or something of the kind, so that right-minded persons would feel obliged to desert Mariette. Therefore, Master Hautmartin, the judge, decided to acknowledge himself as the giver, in order to do away with all evil surmises.

Besides, he was in love with Mariette, and would have rejoiced if she had been willing more warmly to apply to him old Father Jerome's text, "Little children, love one another." Master Hautmartin, it is true, was a little child of fifty years, and Mariette did not consider that the text still referred to him. On the other hand, Mother Manon looked upon the judge as a wise fellow, who had money and position in all La Napoule, from one end of the village to the other. When the judge spoke of marriage and Mariette ran off in alarm, Mother Manon remained and displayed no awe of the tall, dignified man. It must be confessed that there was no flaw in his person; and even though Colin might be the handsomest man in the village, the judge had the advantage of him in two points—his years and his great nose. This nose, which always preceded the

judge like a herald to announce his arrival, was a regular elephant among human noses. With the elephantine nose, his good intentions, and the jug, the judge next morning entered the house among the olives and acacias.

"Nothing," said he, "is too costly for lovely Mariette. Yesterday you admired the jug at Vence. Permit me, fair Mariette, to lay it and my loving heart at your feet."

Manon and Mariette were delighted and astonished when they saw the jug. Manon's eyes sparkled happily; but Mariette turned her back and said:

"I can accept neither your heart nor the jug."

Then her mother grew angry and cried:

"But I accept both heart and jug. Oh, you foolish girl, how long will you despise your good fortune? For whom are you waiting? Do you expect a count of Provence to marry you, that you look down on the judge of La Napoule? I will look out for your interests. Master Hautmartin, I consider it an honor to call you my son-in-law."

Then Mariette went outside and wept bitterly, and hated the beautiful jug with all her heart. But the judge stroked his nose and said sagely:

"Mother Manon, don't press matters. The little dove will end by submitting, when she knows me better. I am not impetuous. I understand women, and I will creep into Mariette's heart before three months are past."

"Your nose is too big for that," whispered Mariette, who was listening outside the door; and she laughed to herself.

III.

THREE months passed, and Master Hautmartin had not penetrated into Mariette's heart by even so much as the tip of his nose.

During these three months the girl had other things to think of. The jug caused her much vexation and trouble, and something else besides.

For a fortnight nothing but the jug was talked about in La Napoule. Everybody said that it was a gift from the judge, and that the wedding was already arranged. When Mariette solemnly declared to her companions that she would rather marry the depth of the sea, the girls only rallied her all the more, saying: "What bliss it must be to rest under the shadow of his nose!" This was the first vexation.

Then Mother Manon was cruel enough, on principle, to compel Mariette to fill the jug every morning at the spring by the rock and to fill it with fresh flowers. By this means she hoped to accustom Mariette to the jug and to the thought of its giver. But the girl continued to hate both, and the task at the spring became a real punishment for her. Vexation number two!

Then, twice a week, when she went to the spring, there lay on the rock near it a posy of the most beautiful flowers, tastefully arranged and fit for the splendor of the jug. And wound about the stems of the flowers there was always a strip of paper bearing the words "Dear Mariette!" Now, of course it was of no use to try to make Mariette believe there were still magicians and fairies in the world; consequently, the flowers and the tender address on them came from Master Hautmartin. Mariette would not even smell the flowers, just because the judge's nose had breathed on them. At the same time she took them, because they were prettier than wild flowers; but she tore the paper into a thousand fragments and strewed them on the place where the flowers had been laid. Yet this did not at all trouble Judge Hautmartin, whose love was as incomparably great, in its way, as was his nose in its. Vexation number three!

However, it finally developed, in conversation with Master Hautmartin, that he was not the giver of the flowers after all. Mariette was much astonished at this unlooked-for discovery. From that time, indeed, she was more ready to gather up all the flowers from the rock, and smelled of them, too; but—who laid them there?

Mariette—contrary, of course, to the usual habit of young girl—was very curious. She guessed at one or another of the young men of La Napoule, but the secret she could not guess. She lay in wait and listened till late at night, and rose earlier; but neither by watching nor listening did she discover anything. Yet

two mornings a week the miraculous flowers were still placed on the rock, and on the strip of paper wound about them she still read the words of devotion: "Dear Mariette!" Such a mystery would rouse the curiosity of even the most indifferent, and curiosity at last becomes an active torment. Vexation number four!

On Sunday Father Jerome had again preached on the text: "The dispensations of Heaven are wonderful"; and little Mariette thought: "Then he even will arrange it so that I shall at last discover the invisible giver of the flowers." Father Jerome was never wrong.

One very warm summer night, Mariette awoke early, and could not fall asleep again; so she sprang from her couch as the first glow of dawn from over the sea gleamed on the window of her chamber. She dressed and went out to bathe her face, breast, and arms at the cold spring; her hat, too, she took, to stroll a while along the shore, where she knew a hidden bathing-nook. To get to this nook she was obliged to go over a rock behind the house, and thence downward, passing a row of palm-trees. But this time she could not pass; for under one of the palms lay a slender young man, wrapped in deep slumber, and by his side a bunch of the most lovely flowers. A white paper could also be seen about them, which, it was to be supposed, breathed the usual sigh of devotion. How could Mariette pass?

She stood still and trembled with fear in every limb. Then she started back to the cottage. She had gone only a few steps when she looked back again at the sleeper and stopped; but at such a distance his face could not be recognized. Now or never was her opportunity to solve the mystery. She tripped lightly toward the palm; he seemed to move; she ran back to the cottage. His movement, however, was only a fancy caused by her fear; again she started toward the palm. Perhaps he was only shamming sleep; quickly she flew back toward the house. But who would run away from a mere "perhaps"? She approached the palm more confidently.

This wavering of her timid yet eager spirit between fear and curiosity, this flitting to and fro between the cottage and the palm-tree, in the end carried her a few steps nearer the sleeper, and at the same time curiosity rose superior to fear.

"How does he concern me? The path takes me past him. Whether he is awake or asleep, I am only going past him."

So thought Mariette; yet she did not pass him, but stopped, for naturally one had to see the face of the flower-giver distinctly in order to be sure of one's facts. And besides, he was sleeping as if he had had no sound slumber for a month? Who was it? Well, who should it be but the arch-rascal Colin?

So it was he who, from his old enmity, first had caused the good girl so much annoyance with the jug, and involved her in the affair with Master Hautmartin; it was he who then went and mocked her with his flowers, to torment her with curiosity. For what purpose? He hated Mariette. In the presence of other people his attitude toward the poor child was unpardonable. He avoided her when he could; when he could not, he made her unhappy. To all the girls of La Napoule he was pleasanter, more affable, and more obliging than to Mariette. Think of it! He had never once asked her to dance, and yet she danced most charmingly.

Now he lay there betrayed, detected. Revenge awoke in Mariette's breast. What shame she could put upon him! She took the bouquet, tore it apart, and with righteous anger contemptuously scattered his gift over the sleeping youth The paper alone, with its "Dear Mariette," she kept, and quickly tucked it into her bosom. She meant to retain this specimen of his handwriting for future occasions. Mariette was clever!

Then she started to go. But her revenge seemed still incomplete; she could not leave the spot before she had punished Colin's act of malice with another. She tore from her hat the violet silk ribbon, wrapped it quietly around the sleeper's arm, and tied Colin fast to the palm with three knots. How astonished he would be when he awoke! How he would be tortured by his curiosity to discover who had played the trick! For it was impossible that he should guess. So much the better. It served him right.

And yet, somehow, Mariette seemed to

repent of her deed when she had accomplished it. Her bosom fluttered stormily. Indeed, I believe tears came into her eyes, which were gazing far too pityingly on the criminal. Slowly she went back to the pomegranate bushes by the rock, often looking back; slowly she climbed the rocks, often looking down to the palm-tree. Then she hastened to Manon, who was calling her.

IV.

THAT same day Colin was guilty of a fresh trick. He shamed poor Mariette openly and deliberately. Alas, she had not remembered that everybody in La Napoule knew the violet ribbon!

Colin knew it only too well. He wound it proudly around his hat, and wore it for all to see, like a conquest. And one and all cried: "He got it from Mariette." All the girls cried angrily: "The wretch!" And all the young men who liked Mariette cried: "The wretch!"

"How is this, Mother Manon?" cried Judge Hautmartin when he reached Manon's house; and he cried so loud that it reechoed strangely through all the length of his nose: "How is this? Do you permit this? My betrothed giving young farmer Colin a ribbon? It is high time to celebrate our wedding. When that is past, I shall have a right to speak!"

"You are right," answered Mother Manon. "If matters are in this state, the wedding must be soon. When it is past, everything is past."

"But, Mother Manon, your daughter still refuses her consent."

"Just prepare the wedding-feast."

"But she will not even look at me kindly; and when I sit down by her side the wild little creature jumps up and runs off."

"Just prepare the wedding-feast, judge."

"But what if Mariette resists?"

"We will take her by surprise. We'll go to Father Jerome, and early Monday morning he shall quietly perform the marriage. We'll get him to do it, never fear. I am her mother. You are the highest official personage in La Napoule. He must obey. But Mariette must know nothing of it. On Monday morning early I shall send her to Father Jerome all alone on an errand, so that she may not suspect anything. Half an hour later we shall both arrive; and then straight to the altar! Suppose Mariette does say no, what difference? You know the old gentleman can't hear. But till then not a word to Mariette of any one in La Napoule."

So it was settled between them. Mariette had no inkling of the happiness in store for her. She thought only of Colin's wickedness, which had made her a subject of talk all through the place. How she regretted her thoughtless trick with the ribbon! Yet in her heart she forgave the wretch his fault. Mariette was far too kindly. She said to her mother and all her playmates:

"Colin found my ribbon; I did not give it to him. Now he is trying to provoke me with it. Why, you know that he has been mean to me from the first, and has always hurt my feelings."

Alas, the poor child did not know what new atrocities the malicious creature was planning!

Early in the morning Mariette went with the jug to the spring. No flowers yet lay on the rock. It was probably too early; the sun was scarcely rising out of the sea.

Then steps sounded. Colin was coming, with the flowers in his hand. Mariette's face turned scarlet; Colin stammered: "Good morning, Mariette." But his heart was not in the greeting; he had the greatest difficulty in getting it past his lips.

"Why do you wear my ribbon so openly, Colin?" said Mariette, setting the jug on the rock. "I did not give it to you."

"You did not give it to me, dear Mariette?" asked he, pale with anger.

Ashamed of her falsehood, Mariette dropped her eyes and said:

"Well, I did give it to you; but you must not wear it publicly. Give it back to me."

He slowly untied it; he could scarcely keep back his tears.

"Dear Mariette, let me keep the ribbon," he said in a low voice.

"No!" she answered.

Then his anger was transformed into desperation. He wound the violet rib-

bon about the nosegay, and crying "Then take it all," hurled the flowers so spitefully at the jug on the rock that it was dashed to the ground and broken to pieces. Then he fled, pleased with the mischief he had wrought.

Mother Manon, listening behind the window, had heard and seen everything. When the jug was broken, sight and hearing left her, and her horror was such that she could scarcely speak. As she thrust herself through the narrow window to cry out after the fleeing transgressor, she forced the window-frame from the crumbling stones, and with a deafening clatter it crashed to the ground and broke.

Such mishaps would have driven any other woman out of her senses, but Manon soon recovered.

"It was a good thing," she cried, "that I was a witness of his mischief. He shall go before the judge; he shall pay well for the jug and the window, and that will give you a good dowry, Mariette!" But when Mariette brought in the fragments of the shattered jug, when she saw Paradise lost, Adam without a head, and only a leg left of Eve; when she saw the snake triumphing unharmed, the tiger untouched, but the lamb gone even to the tip of his tail, as if the tiger had swallowed it whole, then Manon burst into wild curses of Colin and cried: "It's plain that that throw came from the devil's hand."

Taking the jug in one hand and Mariette by the other, she appeared about nine o'clock in Judge Hautmartin's court. There with much vociferation she presented her complaint, showing the broken jug and the lost Paradise. Mariette wept bitterly. When the judge saw the broken jug and his bride in tears, he fell into such a rage with Colin that his nose turned violet, just like Mariette's unlucky ribbon, and he immediately sent a constable to fetch the criminal.

Colin came, deeply depressed. Mother Manon repeated her charge before judge, constables, and clerks with great eloquence, but Colin did not hear. He stepped to Mariette's side and whispered:

"Forgive me, dear Mariette, as I forgive you. I only broke the jug by accident; but you, you have broken my heart!"

"What is the meaning of that whispering?" demanded Master Hautmartin with judicial dignity. "Young man, listen to the accusation and defend yourself."

"I shall not defend myself. I did not intend to break the jug," said Colin.

"I almost believe it myself," sobbed Mariette. "I am as much to blame as he is, for I had treated him badly and made him angry; so he threw the flowers and ribbon to me without any thought of doing damage. He couldn't help it."

"Just listen to that!" screamed Mother Manon. "The girl sets herself up to defend him! I appeal to you, judge. He doesn't deny that he broke the jug, and I broke the window because of him. If he wants to deny it, let him look at it!"

"Since you cannot deny the accusation, Master Colin," said the judge, "you must pay three hundred francs for the jug, for it is worth that; and then for the——"

"No," cried Colin, "it is not worth that. I bought it for Mariette at the Vence fair for a hundred francs."

"You bought it, you insolent fellow!" shouted the judge, and his whole face turned a deeper purple than Mariette's ribbon.

More he could not and would not say, for he feared unpleasant revelations; but Colin was angered at the implication, and went on:

"I sent the jug to Mariette by your own servant the night of the fair. There stands Jacques by the door. He is my witness. Jacques, answer; did I not give you the box to carry to Mistress Manon?"

Master Hautmartin tried to interrupt, but simple-minded Jacques replied:

"You remember, your honor, you took Colin's box from me and carried whatever there was in it to Mistress Manon. The box lies over there now, under the papers."

Then the constables hustled the simpleton out, and Colin was shown out, too, until he should be summoned back.

"All right, master judge," retorted Colin, "but this trick shall be your last in La Napoule! I know of more things than this attempt of yours to gain favor with Manon and Mariette by means of

my property. If you wish to find me, you can do so by visiting the governor at Grasse!" And with that Colin departed.

Master Hautmartin was so angry and confused that he scarcely knew what he was about. Mistress Manon shook her head; the matter was too deep for her.

"Now, who is to pay for the broken jug?" she asked.

"As far as I am concerned," said Mariette with shining eyes, "it is almost paid for already."

The same day Colin rode to the governor, at Grasse, and early the following morning he came back. Master Hautmartin only laughed at the whole affair, and talked Mother Manon out of her suspicion, swearing that he would cut off his nose if Colin was not made to pay three hundred francs for the broken jug. He also went with Manon to Pastor Jerome to arrange for the wedding, and impressed on him the necessity of showing Mariette that it was her bounden duty, as an obedient daughter, not to oppose her mother's will. The good old priest did not understand more than half of what they screamed into his ear.

But Mariette carried the broken jug into her bedroom. Now at last she prized and cherished it, because the paradise shattered on the jug had taken up its abode in her heart.

V.

When Monday morning came, Manon said to her daughter:

"Dress yourself and carry this myrtle wreath to Father Jerome; he needs it for a bride."

So Mariette put on her finest dress, took the wreath, and all unsuspecting, carried it to the priest's. On the way she met Colin, who greeted her timidly, and on learning her errand, said:

"I am going the same way, for I have to take Father Jerome our tithes."

As they walked side by side he silently took her hand; and they both trembled, as though each were conscious of wrong toward each other.

"Have you forgiven me?" anxiously whispered Colin. "Oh, Mariette, what have I done that you are so cruel to me?"

She could only falter: "Do not trouble yourself, Colin; you shall have the ribbon back, and I will keep the jug. It *did* come from you?"

"Can you doubt it, Mariette? All that I have I would give you. Will you be kind to me in the future?"

She did not answer, but as they entered the parsonage she cast a sidelong glance at him, and when she saw his swimming eyes she murmured: "Dear Colin!" Then, as he bent and kissed her hand, a door opened and the venerable form of Father Jerome stood before them. The young people must have been overcome by a sudden dizziness, for they clung closely to each other. Was it the effect of the kiss, or of their awe of the good old man?

Then Mariette handed the myrtle-wreath to Father Jerome. He placed it on her brow, saying: "Little children, love one another," and in the most moving and touching manner he bade the maiden love Colin. For the old gentleman had either misunderstood the name of the bridegroom, on account of his deafness, or, because of his failing memory, he assumed that Colin must be the right man.

The old man's words melted Mariette's heart, and she cried:

"Oh, I have loved him so long, but he hates me!"

"What? I hate you, Mariette?" cried Colin. "My soul has lived only in you since the moment you came to La Napoule. How could I think or hope that you loved me? Does not all La Napoule adore you?"

"Why did you avoid me, Colin, and prefer all the others?"

"Oh, Mariette, I was in such fear and doubt, in trouble and love, when I saw you. I had not the courage to stay with you, and when I was not with you I was even more wretched."

As they conversed together the good old priest thought that they were quarreling, and placing an arm about each, he drew them together, beseeching them:

"Little children, little children, love one another!"

Then Mariette sank on Colin's breast, and Colin threw his arms about her, and their faces beamed with speechless rapture. They forgot the clergyman, the whole world, while Colin's lips were pressed to Mariette's mouth in a kiss of

sweetest oblivion. Each was so lost in the other that they unconsciously followed Father Jerome into the church and before the altar.

"Mariette!" breathed he.

"Colin!" breathed she.

The church contained many worshipers, who with amazement became witnesses of the marriage of Colin and Mariette, and at the close of the ceremony many hurried to spread the news. Father Jerome congratulated himself that he had been so successful, and that the young people had offered so little opposition. He led them into the parsonage just as Mother Manon arrived, breathless, after vainly awaiting the bridegroom at her house. When he did not arrive at the last stroke of the hour set, her anxiety drove her to Master Hautmartin's house, where a new horror greeted her. There she learned that the governor had come, accompanied by his servants, had examined the judge's accounts, moneys, and documents, and had at once placed Master Hautmartin under arrest.

"That is surely Colin's work," she thought.

She hastened to the parsonage to apologize to Father Jerome for the postponement of the wedding, and was smilingly met by the good old man leading the newly married pair by the hand. Then indeed words and thoughts failed Mother Manon when she learned what had taken place; but Colin's thoughts and words came more freely than ever in his life. He began to tell of his love, and of the broken jug, and of the judge's treachery, and how he had unmasked him to the governor. He asked Mother Manon's blessing, since the deed was now done, without fault on Mariette's part or on his.

Father Jerome was far from grasping the situation. When he learned the misunderstanding under which the marriage had been performed, he devoutly folded his hands and exclaimed:

"Wonderful are the ways of Providence!"

Colin and Mariette kissed his hand; Mother Manon, out of pure respect for Providence, gave the young couple her blessing, remarking, however, that her head was completely turned about.

The bride's mother learned to be proud of her son-in-law when she learned of his wealth, and particularly since Master Hautmartin had been taken off to Grasse a prisoner, along with his nose. But the broken jug is preserved as a memorial in the family to this very day.

THE STEALTHY WHISKERS OF THE CAT.

They Are a Relic of Jungle Days, When They Helped Him Through Narrow Places in the Dark—Their Screen Exactly Covers the Width of His Body.

IT is perhaps not generally known that a cat's power of discernment, especially at night, is due almost as much to his whiskers as to his eyes. To any one who goes to a menagerie, and looks at the giant cats of the forest—the lion and his like—the purpose of these *vibrissæ,* as science names the hairs that project from the muzzle and from above the eyes, is evident enough.

They are delicate organs of touch, wonderful mechanisms of warning. Each one grows from a follicle, or gland, nerved to exquisite sensibility. Its slightest contact with any obstacle is distinctly felt by the animal, though the hair itself is tough and insensible. Those exaggerated whiskers on the muzzle often project to each side of the animal so far that from point to point they stretch to just the width of his body.

Imagine, now, a lion stealing through a jungle at night, tracking his prey, where the stir of a twig gives alarm. His long hairs indicate, through the nicest nerves, any object that may be in his velvet path. A touch stops him short before pushing through some close thicket where the rustling leaves and boughs would tell aloud his presence. Wherever his head may be thrust without a warning from the *vibrissæ,* there his body may pass noiselessly; and it is their aid, in conjunction with the soft cushions of his feet, that enables him to travel as silently as the snake.

Brain-Weight and Intellectuality.

BY CHARLES H. CORBIN.

Scientists Who Have Made a Specialty of Such Comparisons Admit that While Some of Their Theories Have Been Verified, the Subject Is Almost as Perplexing as It Was Long Ago.

Written and compiled for THE SCRAP BOOK.

PHRENOLOGY, which taught that different parts of the brain were the seat of different faculties, and that a man's character could be ascertained by measuring his "bumps," has been so thoroughly discredited by modern investigators that it may be classed with astrology as an abandoned science. Indeed, it seems not wholly untrue to say that the more we study that mysterious organ, the brain, the less we know about it.

For instance, no question has been more exhaustively discussed with so little result in the shape of a definite settlement than the relation of the size of the brain to the power of the mind. There is undoubtedly a general presumption that a large head means a strong intellect. A dozen familiar phrases testify to the prevalence of the idea; and yet scientists, after much investigation, find no decisive evidence to support it. Some of the heaviest brains have belonged to individuals of small mental development. On the other hand, that of the famous French statesman and orator Gambetta —a man of brilliant ability and highly emotional temperament—astonished the medical world by its lightness, weighing only about eleven hundred grams, or less than forty troy ounces. It is quite clear that quality of brain counts for much more than quantity.

Women may be glad to have this conclusion recognized and admitted, for it is a fact that their brain averages considerably lighter than that of the other sex. The following figures (in grams) are given by Dr. Bischoff, of Bonn, who investigated the matter with true German thoroughness, carefully examining the brains of more than nine hundred subjects:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Average.
Males.....	1,925	1,018	1,362
Females.....	1,565	820	1,219

An Italian anatomist, Broca, reached very nearly the same result, his figures showing that the male cerebrum is eleven per cent heavier than the female.

Is There a "Criminal Brain"?

Bischoff's inquiries developed other interesting facts. He weighed the brains of ten cultivated and celebrated men, some of which he found to be below the average, while none reached the maximum. The brains of sixteen murderers averaged ninety grams less than the ordinary brain, while not one attained the common size, but his other researches did not tend to establish the theory that there is such a type as the "criminal brain," as the brains of more than a hundred ordinary offenders weighed forty-one grams more than the average, some having a weight of fifteen and even sixteen hundred grams. In regard to the insane, his researches showed that, with the exception of congenital idiots, they usually have brains of the average weight.

A Scottish doctor, Peacock by name, measured the brain-weights of one hundred and fifty-seven of his countrymen. Four of his subjects—all of them artisans who, so far as he could learn, had in no way been distinguished above their fellows—had brains weighing more than

sixty troy ounces, or about eighteen hundred grams. What is said to have been the heaviest cerebrum on record was reported by an English physician. It was that of a bricklayer who "had a good memory, and was fond of politics, but could neither read nor write, so that, whatever his potentialities, his actual acquirements were not great." It weighed sixty-seven ounces, or about twenty-two hundred grams.

Guiteau, the assassin of President Garfield, who could scarcely be regarded as anything but a low type of semi-insane criminal, had a brain of a little more than the average weight — forty-nine ounces and a half, or ten ounces more than Gambetta's. On the other hand, the cast of Raphael's skull shows that it was very small, much smaller than the average. Cardinal Mezzofanti, who understood more languages than any other man who has ever lived, had a very small head. So, too, had Charles Dickens, Lord Byron, and Charles Lamb.

The Brains of Some Famous Men.

Here is a list of brain-weights, compiled from various sources, and given in grams:

Turgenieff, Russian novelist.....	2,012
La Fontaine, French fabulist....	1,950
Volta, Italian physicist.....	1,850
Cuvier, French naturalist.....	1,830
Benjamin F. Butler, American soldier and politician.....	1,758
Descartes, French philosopher...	1,700
Boileau, French critic.....	1,690
Thackeray, English novelist.....	1,658
George Francis Train, American eccentric.....	1,525
Daniel Webster, American statesman	1,518
Napoleon III, Emperor of France.	1,502
Agassiz, Swiss-American naturalist	1,495
Gauss, German mathematician...	1,492
Skobeleff, Russian general.....	1,457
Helmholtz, German physicist.....	1,440
Grote, English historian.....	1,410
Bertillon, French anthropologist.	1,398
Whitman, American poet.....	1,282

Broca, whose investigations have already been mentioned, had a theory—by no means an improbable one—that the cranium of the human species has increased in size with the progress of civilization. On comparing the skulls taken from a vault closed up not later than the twelfth century with another series of specimens taken from a cemetery belonging to the earlier years of the nineteenth, he found that they indicated a growth of thirty-six grams in average brain-capacity. This, he argued, was the increment of seven hundred years of progressive development.

Against Broca's idea may be set the contention of an ingenious writer who declares that the average hat of to-day, as proved by the statistics of the hatters' trade, is smaller than its predecessor of earlier generations. This objection, however, is met by the statement that hats used to be worn farther down upon the head than is now the custom. Moreover, the general use of wigs formerly necessitated larger sizes in headgear.

The Large Brains of the Chinese.

Another fact bearing on this question is the high average brain-weight claimed for the Chinese. "Some years ago," we read, "the brains of eleven adult male and of five female Chinese—the chance victims of a great typhoon at Hong-Kong —were weighed. These belonged, with one exception, to the coolie or lowest grade of Chinese society, yet the average brain-weight of the males reached fifty ounces and a half, and that of the females forty-five and a half. This is an average not attained, so far as yet known, by any other nation, it being fully six ounces above that of the average negro, and an ounce and a half above the European."

Further evidence on this point would be desirable; but if it is true that the Chinaman's cerebrum outweighs ours, there would be a plausible explanation in the undoubted fact that his ancestors were civilized long before ours ceased to dress in skins and paint their faces with woad.

If some of the arguments cited above seem to support the "big brain" theory, here is one that counts strongly against it—the fact that the human cerebrum reaches its maximum size at the age of thirty, and thereafter begins to shrink. No one would for a moment contend that a man attains his highest level of intellect until long after the completion of his third decade.

The Crown of Rudensberg.

BY IZOLA FORRESTER.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

"THAT'S the reason why I object to these little one-horse princedoms. You never can tell what's going to happen next. Any other decent country sends out international invitations for a royal wedding, and barring such incidents as bombs, you can safely bet on its coming off; but these ten-by-twenty-mile Balkan princedoms announce a thing one day, and stand on their heads the next. If the wedding isn't pulled off to-morrow we miss the Saturday boat from Havre."

Neverson tilted his chair back against the balcony railing, twined his legs around the side rounds, and smoked on contentedly. He did not hold Kester's point of view toward the situation. It was his first trip to Europe. Frankly, he felt a kindly sense of gratitude toward this tiny principality of the Balkans, which had afforded him the opportunity of making it a visit.

He had been sent out from New York to "cover" two royal weddings. One had already come off very well, as Kester said, barring the bombs. The other was the marriage of Crown Prince Lorenzo of Rudensberg to his second cousin, the Archduchess Jacyntha of Moravia—a minor affair, as royal weddings go, but picturesque. There had been no bombs, and yet, that day, at high noon, when the bridal party was assembled in state in the little royal chapel at Brendau, there had been sudden confusion. The young archduchess had fainted, the chapel had been hastily cleared, and the wedding postponed, with no official explanation.

To Neverson, the delay was a welcome and unexpected diversion. Kester chafed and fretted to get back home in time for his own wedding. The two had met in Madrid the week before, and had drifted to Rudensberg together as a matter of common brotherhood. Neverson liked the combination. Royal weddings and international entanglements in general were old stories to Kester, and Neverson appreciated his chance of proximity to the inner side of things.

"We can get the Wednesday boat from Naples if we fall down on Havre," he said easily. "Let's take it easy, and drop into the comic-opera spirit of the thing. I wonder why she fainted!"

"Like it, don't you?" demanded Kester. "I don't. I know the whole bunch down here. Wait till Estevan shows up! He can tell you. This fellow Lorenzo has been dodging matrimony ever since he was of age. He's twenty-eight now. Good-looker, all right, isn't he?"

Neverson nodded. He was watching the street below. Two lights shone at the entrance to the hotel, large electric globes placed on wrought-iron griffin heads where once upon a time lanterns had swung. Just beyond the rim of the circle of light two figures had halted, and he watched them interestedly. One looked like Count Estevan.

"I knew them eight years ago," Kester went on. "Met them on the way from Manitoba down to Buffalo—yes, sir, Crown Prince Lorenzo of Rudensberg and his aide, private secretary, general all-around factotum, Count Estevan Vorga. But they didn't travel in the open hung with any superfluous titles. It was plain 'Peter Somebody' for Estevan and 'Count Valdemar' for the princelet. They were doing the world then. Lorenzo was twenty, and anxious to study modern improvements outside of Rudensberg. I was one of the improvements. They had been steered up against the hunting-game in British Co-

lumbia, and had done the coast from Santa Barbara's silver sands to Cape Nome's golden ones. I finished the education of the prince between Buffalo and New York, and Estevan managed to get him home in time for his coming of age. So we're friends, Estevan and myself."

Neverson was still watching the two figures just beyond the arc light.

"And the crown prince?" he asked idly.

Kester dug his hands deeply into his pockets, and smiled thoughtfully.

"I rather think that little Lorry would remember me all right," he said. "There was another affair——"

He stopped short at a sound in the room opening off the balcony. Neverson lifted his head also. The two figures had separated. One had vanished in the dimness of the narrow, stone-paved street. The other had entered the hotel. Before Kester reached the window, Count Estevan Vorga stepped out on the balcony.

"I did not wish to be announced," he said, in a low, even tone.

Neverson got his first good look at him as he stood in the oblong of light from the inner room, his hand clasping Kester's. He was tall, and young, and very fair. To an American there was something almost artificially effeminate in his appearance. He was too blond, too fair-skinned, too slender, too perfect in his dress. He looked like a picture in a story, Neverson thought—a very exact, delicate, well-drawn illustration by a girl artist with ideals. His small military mustache turned upward like horizontal quarter-notes, and his short, fair hair was brushed back crisply from a high, smooth forehead. His mother had probably been a very handsome woman, Neverson decided.

Kester performed the introduction briefly, and handed over a box of cigarettes to the count.

"You recognized me when the carriages passed the arch," he said. "I caught you looking. Eight years is not so long."

"Time is nothing at all," said the count gently. "Absolutely nothing! It was not eight years ago. It was but yesterday. Your letter was given me before we had left the chapel. Such an excellent memory!"

"Then I guessed right?" Kester laughed, and drew his chair nearer that of the count. "Is she here in Brendau?"

Estevan glanced at the figure of Neverson in the shadow. Kester caught the glance, and answered it.

"My friend knows," he said.

"You guessed right," replied Estevan quietly. "But she is not in Brendau, thank God!"

There was silence for a few minutes. Both Kester and Neverson waited for the count to give the cue. Presently he continued, slowly and with some reluctance:

"There are only four persons who know of this affair in all Altruria—yourselves, myself, and one other."

"Count Valdemar?" said Kester.

Estevan bowed his head.

"He whom I just left."

Kester leaned eagerly over the rail of the balcony, peering into the darkness.

"He would not come up?"

Estevan shrugged his shoulders negatively, and smiled at the two Americans.

"We are not *en route* from Manitoba to-night, *messieurs,*" he said lightly.

Kester fidgeted, and laid his cigarette-tip against the lattice-work beside him, burning tiny round spots in the wood.

"When did you first miss the crown jewels?" he asked at last, abruptly.

The count did not reply at first. On the mountainside above the town a mellow chime sounded from the chapel of a monastery. The streets were deserted. Across the valley, where gray towers showed darkly above the mass of trees, a few lights still burned in the royal palace, but Brendau kept early hours.

When the last chime had died away, Estevan said in a whisper:

"They are not all gone. It would have been impossible for any person to have removed them without detection. They have always been kept in the palace. Since the death of Lorenzo's mother he has had them. It was understood that they were to be kept in a safe place until there should be another queen. Most of the jewels are set in ornaments that a woman would wear."

"And to-day they had to be shown at the ceremony?"

Estevan nodded gravely.

"After the ceremony of betrothal, custom demanded that the crown princess elect receive the hereditary jewels. Lorenzo had produced them, and they were presented in due form; but at the final moment it was discovered that the most important article was missing."

"What was missing?" Kester bent forward until his dark hair almost touched the blond head of the count. "We were in the chapel, and heard the words of presentation, then the silence that followed. We thought that everything was all right even then, that Jacyntha was being crowned."

"It was impossible to crown her," said Estevan briefly. "There was no crown."

"No crown!"

"It was gone," repeated the count. "The crown of Altruria, the most precious article of all the crown jewels save the king's crown!"

"And the wedding stopped short?"

"Necessarily. Where there was no crown there could be no coronation, and as a matter of official form, when the queen is deceased, it is the custom of Rudensberg to invest the crown princess with the royal dignity. Jacyntha is an Archduchess of Moravia still, nothing more. The ceremony stopped short. Until the crown is produced there will be no wedding. Not only the official formalities stand in the way, but also the will and pride of the archduchess. She is a woman, and she suspects something. She has informed Lorenzo, through her father, that she will wait in Brendau three days. If at the end of that time he is not fully prepared to proceed with the wedding, she will declare the betrothal broken, and go home with her suite. You see his position."

Kester laughed.

"I see the hand of a mighty clever woman at the back of the affair," he said. "Where were the jewels placed for safekeeping before the ceremony?"

"I do not know," answered Estevan slowly. "That is the point. No one knows positively except the crown prince; but you and I, may we not surmise? On such points we in Rudensberg are somewhat lax. With a dead queen, and a mad king, we allow our crown prince extra privileges, perhaps. He practically occupies his father's place now, and assumes its prerogatives. The jewels have not been seen in public since the death of Queen Marie Valerie, five years ago."

Kester rose, his hands in his pockets, his face turned toward the gray towers of the palace.

"What does he wish done?" he asked.

"What neither he nor I can do," returned the count. "Go to Budapest, see the Countess Ilona Kalman, and recover the crown. If he leaves Brendau at this crisis, the archduchess will deem her worst suspicions confirmed. If I go—well, the countess does not feel friendly toward me. I should not be a harmonious agent, and persuasive methods are best with a woman."

Kester stood with his back to the balcony, looking down at the little count in amusement.

"It's the first time I ever saw you worried, Estevan," he said. "Where is the countess stopping, and when do we start?"

"She is at the Hôtel Augustine," replied Estevan. "You will have to leave Brendau to-night. I am to take the same train, but will not meet nor speak to you until we arrive in Budapest. There you must go to her and demand the return of the crown. It will not be refused. After all, it is merely a woman's caprice, the final stand against absolute renunciation. You will then meet me at a prearranged rendezvous, and deliver the crown. I will return at once to Brendau; you can follow later, and the wedding will take place the day after tomorrow."

Kester looked at his watch by the moonlight.

"I will go," he said. "Neverson, you wanted comic-opera details. You will find plenty, possibly a grand finale, if you care to come with me. If she should disclaim all knowledge of the crown——"

"But she will not. How can she?" The count had risen. He was self-assured once more. "You yourself remember the details, eight years ago. Lorenzo has really done very well in the

matter. He has avoided this issue for eight years, until state reasons render his marriage imperative. Even then he was considerate. Up to the last moment he kept the news of the wedding a secret from the countess. And he left it to her sense of honor to return the jewels——"

"Then he knew she had them?"

Estevan laughed for the first time during the interview.

"As I said, we may surmise. The countess is a Greek. She believes in fate, and what you Americans call 'getting even'—is it not so?"

"It is very much so," replied Kester. "I do not think persuasive methods will work with Ilona Kalman. Meet me, or send word to me, to-morrow morning at the Hôtel de Loire. We will leave on the ten-forty from Brendau."

II.

It was after nine the following morning that the train from Rudensberg reached Budapest. If Estevan was a passenger, neither of the Americans were certain of it. At the hotel, an hour later, a message arrived. Kester read it, and handed it to Neverson as they sat over their coffee. It was cautious, and recommended extreme diplomacy and persuasion; but if everything failed, they were to send at once for Estevan.

When they reached the Hôtel Augustine, Kester sent up cards. They came back. *Madame la comtesse* was indisposed, and would see no one. Kester took his card and added a line across the back in pencil. It was noncommittal, but expressive, and might be counted upon as the first diplomatic move.

En route, Manitoba to Buffalo, 1898.

The cards came back. Written across each was the one word, "Come."

Kester smiled. The first diplomatic move had proven successful.

Neither spoke as they ascended to the third floor. A maid awaited them, a pretty, dark Bulgarian girl, who ushered them into the salon of the countess's suite and retired.

Neverson's eyes took in every detail. Even as a setting for a comic-opera scene it was good. The furnishings were in dull gold and old-rose brocade, and an indefinable, delicate charm of exquisite taste seemed to pervade the whole room. At one end of it, between two long mirrors framed in gold rococo, heavy curtains of rose brocade hung before an inner corridor. Suddenly these parted noiselessly and the Countess Ilona Kalman stood before them.

Kester had said, on the way from Brendau, that she was the loveliest woman in all Europe. Neverson, as he gazed at her, mentally changed the phrase. He would have said "in the whole world."

She was tall, taller even than Kester. Some half-forgotten lines of one of her own Greek poets recurred to Neverson:

Rose-fleshed, sun-kissed, where'er she stepped
A flower sprang new-born.

Above the white lace and chiffon of her gown, her beautiful full shoulders and slender throat showed pink-tinted and palpitant with life as a child's. A single rope of pearls was wound around her neck, falling nearly to her feet. Her hair—Neverson wondered where he had ever seen such hair, vivid, golden, crowning the perfect head in curls and ripples, as on Athene's head, and with a string of pearls interwoven in the plaits.

Gravely and haughtily she looked at the two men facing her, and both knew that persuasive methods would be of no avail.

"You need not state your errand, *messieurs,*" she said, her voice low, and uncompromising. "I have expected this. Carry for me this answer back to your master: I deal with no emissaries; let him come to me himself."

Kester started to speak. The countess raised her hand and touched a bell. The outer door of the little salon opened, and before they realized that they had been dismissed the two Americans found themselves outside the suite. On the street, Kester took off his hat, and drew in a deep breath.

"I don't blame her for keeping the crown," he said. "It belongs on her head. Think of the little fat archduchess beside this woman, Nevvy! We must get word to Estevan, but it won't do any good. Lorenzo should have come on himself, at all hazards."

"There'll be no wedding in Brendau." Neverson spoke earnestly. He was beginning to get the proper focus on royalties. "This beats bombs, though! Wasn't there some Grecian chap that had a love-affair with a goddess, and when he tried to marry a mortal she raised unholy Ned?"

"Don't remember the party." Kester hailed a passing fiacre. "But I do think the crown prince will get all that's coming his way before he sees the finish of this thing."

From the Hôtel de Loire they sent a message to Estevan, telling him what the countess had said. It was nearly three o'clock before the reply arrived. Kester opened and read it, and a smile of appreciation overspread his face.

"Hostilities opened," he said. "Firing-line advanced. We are ordered to meet the count at the Augustine at once. I'd like to be fighting on the other side."

At the countess's apartments they were met by the Bulgarian maid, who, at mention of Estevan's name, admitted them in silence. On a settee in the narrow reception-hall was thrown a dark-blue cloak, and Kester glanced at it with more than passing interest.

"A colonel in the Rudensberg Guards! 'Peter Somebody' is coming on!"

The maid looked at him curiously. She had the odd, half-oriental eyes of her people, long, narrow, brilliant. For a moment she hesitated at the rose brocade portières, as if to speak, and then went on swiftly and quietly.

"We shall be in Brendau by morning," Kester said, pacing the room slowly. "I wonder what sort of methods the little count is using!"

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when a low, vibrant cry came from one of the inner rooms of the suite. It was a woman's voice, agonizing, hopeless in its intensity. Both men started for the entrance to the corridor through which the maid had passed; but before they could reach it the portières were thrust roughly apart and a man's figure stood before him. It was Crown Prince Lorenzo, his eyes staring, his face pallid.

"Kester!" he exclaimed. "Kester, for the love of God, help me!"

He turned, with a gesture commanding them to follow, and led the way along a small corridor. At one door, half-opened, knelt the Bulgarian girl, sobbing hysterically. The prince laid his hand on her head.

"Hush," he said sternly. "For the sake of the countess, hush!"

Neverson remained outside the door, with orders to admit no one. Kester and the crown prince entered the inner room. It was the private boudoir of the Countess Ilona. She lay on a couch near the broad windows. The heavy velvet curtains had been drawn to exclude the light, but one slender, wavering ray of sunshine fell directly on the head of the couch, showing the beautiful, blanched face and the loosened golden hair. On her breast, clasped in her white fingers, lay the queen's crown of Rudensberg, a circlet of gold with trefoils of diamonds and rubies bordering the front, and one immense, flawless pearl in the center.

Lorenzo knelt beside the couch, his dark young face tense with suffering. Kester, standing in the shadow, saw but two things—the crown on the woman's breast, and beneath it a dull red stain, which spread slowly over the delicate laces of her gown.

Suddenly the dark eyes opened, and met the gaze of the crown prince. The maid sprang to the side of her mistress, but the man motioned her back.

"Ilona," he said, "Ilona, speak to me!"

"It is the end," she answered. "There is no more to say. Kiss me, Lorenzo! Crown me always your wife—your queen!"

White as the woman before him, Lorenzo raised the crown and laid it on her head. It was moist from the red stain. Kester turned his back, as the two faces met in one last close kiss. After a strange stillness, the crown prince rose to his feet and laid the form of the Countess Ilona back on the satin pillow.

"There is no more to say," he said, facing Kester. "She chose this as the easier way. You, who know all, cannot censure her. It is her right."

III.

WHEN the Saturday boat left Cherbourg, Neverson and Kester leaned over

the railing, smoking lazily, and watching the French shore vanish in a violet haze.

"It's a shame we can't use it," Neverson was saying; "but we can't. Not for his sake, but for hers. Did you see the face of the little fat archduchess at the train? It's better than bombs, even if you do lose the story. You feel that you're mixed up in unwritten history, and court secrets, and all that sort of stuff."

Kester nodded.

"There'll never be a wedding in Brendau while Lorenzo lives. In the tomb of Ilona lie both the queen's crown and the heart of the crown prince; and it's right, after all, that she should have both. Eight years ago, *en route* from Manitoba to Buffalo, they were as happy a honeymoon couple as you ever saw—the young prince, incognito, and the prettiest lady in waiting in his mother's court. It was an elopement, and Count Estevan was acting as majordomo. They were first married in Switzerland by civil contract, then again in New York by the Greek ceremony. Talk about a morganatic mix-up! I never could see the reason why a title tagged on a fellow's name changed the tie that binds. The only right place for the queen's crown of Rudensberg is where it lies, on Ilona's head."

"But I do wish you had taken a look at the little fat archduchess," Neverson said slowly. "It was simply worth the whole show to get that one impression. It was a comic-opera detail, and the only one!"

"Shut up," interrupted Kester wearily. "You'll never get the proper focus on royalties, Nevvy. Better stick to bombs!"

A LITTLE LESSON IN ECONOMY.

How a Socialist Ran for Office in New Mexico Without Much Drain on His Purse.

W. F. DOBBIN, Socialist candidate for sheriff of Santa Fé County, New Mexico, in a recent election, received only fourteen votes, but he did establish a record for inexpensive campaigning. Witness the following exact reprint of his statement of expenses:

Expense account of W. F. Dobbin, Socialist candidate for Sheriff of Santa Fé County, incurred during the campaign he conducted for that office.

Cost of letter of acceptance of nomination from Socialist party	$0.02
Postage	2.10
Peanuts	0.20
Dances	nothing
Parlor meetings	nothing
Whisky (drank by myself)	1.40
Bouquets for ladies	nothing
Automobiles	nothing
Cigars	nothing
Car-fare (I walked)	nothing
Court-plaster	1.00
Beefsteak	0.50
Total	$5.22

(Signed) W. F. DOBBIN.

P. S.—I circulated several hundred Socialist cards announcing my candidacy (which my friends kindly donated and for which I extend sincere thanks), and, while I did not make a "whirlwind campaign" like some of my Democratic and Republican opponents, yet I placed myself in the hands of my friends, trusting to them to vote for the one whom they felt like supporting for the office.

The returns show on their face that I am not elected. My only regret, therefore, will be that I will not be able OFFICIALLY to work for the erection of an elevator to the dome of the Capitol building, which the public has long needed.

If every lady and gentleman who promised to vote for me had done so, there would now be no doubt of my success at the polls. Whether they forgot their promises or were improperly approached by the "enemy" has not yet transpired, but I am sure many of the ladies forgot or were unduly influenced by their husbands, who are held in bondage by the dominant parties, to vote for my opponent. Perhaps they did not wish to scratch the ballots at the polls in the presence of so many people.

It might be interesting to know why Mr. Dobbin had to spend a dollar for court-plaster during his campaign.

Oliver Twist Asks for "More."

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

"OLIVER TWIST" was the first novel that Charles Dickens wrote with a serious purpose. He began it in his twenty-fifth year, and the record of that time shows how prolific was his fancy; since, when he wrote the opening chapters of "Oliver Twist," he had still "The Pickwick Papers" to finish and was already meditating two other stories—"Nicholas Nickleby" and "Barnaby Rudge." In "Oliver Twist," Dickens points his pen against the abuses of the workhouse system as it then existed in England, and his vivid exposure did much to bring better conditions. He followed it up with equally telling attacks on other social evils, establishing, indeed, a new school of novel-writing whose full development has been reached in our own day.

As a story, "Oliver Twist" is replete with dramatic incident and well illustrates its author's power of creating character. *Oliver Twist* himself, *Bill Sikes*, the surly ruffian; *Fagin*, the Jew; *Charley Bates*, and *Dawkins*, the "artful dodger"; *Nancy Sikes*, a woman remaining good and true amid the vilest surroundings; *Mr. Bumble*, the pompous beadle, and *Mr. Fang*, the bullying police magistrate—all these are drawn with such a lifelike touch as to make us feel that they have actually lived. The novel is distinctly a story of low life; and for its material Dickens drew largely upon his personal knowledge of the London slums, acquired in the days when he was a reporter for the London *Chronicle*.

Oliver Twist is a young boy born in the parish workhouse—as we should call it in this country, a poor-house—managed by a board of respectable but close-fisted citizens, who feed the inmates upon "three meals of thin gruel, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays." This scanty fare is served out by the master of the workhouse thrice a day; and on one of these occasions the starved and shrunken *Oliver* distinguishes himself after the manner described in the following famous passage.

THE room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall, with a copper at one end; out of which the master, dressed in an apron for the purpose, and assisted by one or two women, ladled the gruel at meal-times. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more—except on occasions of great public rejoicing, when he had two ounces and a quarter of bread besides. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone again; and when they had performed this operation (which never took very long, the spoons being nearly as large as the bowls), they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed; employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon.

Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months. At last they got so voracious and wild with hunger that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook-shop), hinted darkly to his companions that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem* he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry

eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening and ask for more, and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys whispered each other, and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbors nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger and reckless with misery. He rose from the table; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said:

"Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale. He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel for some seconds, and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralyzed with wonder; the boys with fear.

"What?" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle; pinioned him in his arms; and shrieked aloud for the beadle.

The board was sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement, and addressing the gentleman in the high chair, said:

"Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance.

"For more!" said Mr. Limbkins. "Compose yourself, Bumble, and answer me distinctly. Do I understand that he asked for more, after he had eaten the supper allotted by the dietary?"

"He did, sir," replied Bumble.

"That boy will be hung," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung!"

Nobody controverted the prophetic gentleman's opinion. An animated discussion took place. Oliver was ordered into constant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

"I never was more convinced of anything in my life," said the gentleman in the white waistcoat, as he knocked at the gate and read the bill next morning —"I never was more convinced of anything in my life than I am that that boy will come to be hung!"

DICKENS AN ENEMY OF TEACHERS?

He Hated the Brutal Ones Who Bullied Their Pupils, but Couldn't Teach Them—Dotheboys Hall and Other Savage Satires Helped School Reform.

DICKENS, with something in his disposition peculiarly sympathetic toward children, was a bitter foe of any one—relative, teacher, or official guardian—who tyrannized over them. A writer in the New York *Evening Post* points out that he seems to take special delight in exposing the misdeeds of mercenary and cold-hearted pedagogues.

"When one's notice," says the *Post*, "is first directed to the attention the novelist gave to schools and their methods, it is interesting to try to recall the number mentioned. Six come to mind instantly, Dotheboys Hall, *Dr. Blimber's*, *David Copperfield's* two schools—*Dr. Strong's* and *Mr. Creakle's*—the Gradgrind School, and *Bradley Headstone's* in 'Our Mutual Friend.' But even the most devoted reader of Dickens is amazed, upon special investigation, to discover the sum total of twenty-eight.

"There is not a phase of education that he does not touch upon, and wrong methods are revealed and commented upon in tones so caustic and with reason so unerring that better conditions were the natural result."

Rules of the Perfect Life.

From "De Imitatione Christi."

BY THOMAS À KEMPIS.

FEW purely religious works have been more widely read than the book "On the Imitation of Christ" ("De Imitatione Christi"), attributed with practical certainty to Thomas à Kempis, who lived in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries. Before entering the priesthood he was known as Thomas Hammerken, and was the son of a poor German peasant living near the town of Kempen, not far from Düsseldorf. Thomas was a quiet, meditative youth, fond of books and of serious reflection. At the age of thirty-three he entered the priesthood, and later became sub-prior of the Convent of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwolle, in Holland, where he spent the rest of his long life in copying books of devotion and writing treatises on the conventual life as well as tracts and a few biographies. He was also the author of several hymns and sermons which have been preserved.

Thomas à Kempis was a typical devotee, knowing nothing of the world outside the convent walls, and going on his tranquil way through a stormy period of history, untroubled by the wars of kings and the sound of distant battle. Professor Lindsay describes him as "a man helpless anywhere save in the study or in the convent—a little fresh-colored man with soft brown eyes; somewhat bent; genial, if shy, and occasionally given to punning; a man who perhaps led the most placid, uneventful life of all men who ever wrote a book."

His blameless character is reflected in the pages of the work from which the following passages are quoted, and which, ever since his time, has been read by men and women of all creeds because of its serenity, its sincerity, and its profound devotion to all that is good and right and true. It has been translated into every language of the civilized world, and bears striking tribute to the lasting power and influence of a pure mind.

Of Avoiding Rash Judgment.

TURN thine eyes unto thyself, and beware thou judge not the deeds of other men. In judging of others a man laboreth in vain, often erreth, and easily sinneth; but in judging and examining himself, he always laboreth fruitfully.

We often judge of things according as we fancy them; for private affection bereaves us easily of a right judgment.

If God were always the pure object of our desire, we should not be so easily troubled, through the repugnance of our carnal mind.

But oftentimes something lurketh within, or else occurreth from without, which draweth us after it.

Many secretly seek themselves in what they do, and know it not.

They seem also to live in good peace of mind, when things are done according to their will and opinion; but if things happen otherwise than they desire, they are straightway moved and much vexed.

The diversities of judgments and opinions cause oftentimes dissensions between friends and countrymen, between religious and devout persons.

An old custom is hardly broken, and no man is willing to be led farther than himself can see.

If thou dost more rely upon thine own reason or industry than upon that power which brings thee under the obedience of Jesus Christ, it will be long before thou become illuminated; for God will have us perfectly subject unto Him, that, being inflamed with His love, we may transcend the narrow limits of human reasons.

Of Bearing with the Faults of Others.

THOSE things that a man cannot amend in himself or in others he ought to suffer patiently, until God order them otherwise.

Think that perhaps it is better so for thy trial and patience, without which all our good deeds are not much to be esteemed.

Thou oughtest to pray notwithstanding when thou hast such impediments, that God would vouchsafe to help thee, and that thou mayst bear them rightly.

If one that is once or twice warned will not give over, contend not with him: but commit all to God, that His will may be done, and His name honored in all His servants, who well knoweth how to turn evil into good.

Endeavor to be patient in bearing with the defects and infirmities of others, of what sort soever they be; for that thyself also hast many failings which must be borne with by others.

If thou canst not make thyself such an one as thou wouldst, how canst thou expect to have another in all things to thy liking?

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.

We will have others severely corrected, and will not be corrected ourselves.

The large liberty of others displeaseth us; and yet we will not have our own desires denied us.

We will have others kept under by strict laws; but in no sort will ourselves be restrained.

And thus it appeareth how seldom we weigh our neighbor in the same balance with ourselves.

If all men were perfect, what should we have to suffer of our neighbor for the sake of God?

But now God hath thus ordered it, that we may learn to bear one another's burdens; for no man is without fault; no man but hath his burden; no man is sufficient of himself; no man is wise enough of himself; but we ought to bear with one another; comfort one another, help, instruct, and admonish one another.

Occasions of adversity best discover how great virtue or strength each one hath.

For occasions do not make a man frail, but they show what he is.

Of Obedience and Subjection.

IT is a great matter to live in obedience, to be under a superior and not to be at our own disposing.

It is much safer to obey than to govern.

Many live under obedience, rather for necessity than for love; such are discontented, and do easily repine. Neither can they attain to freedom of mind, unless they willingly and heartily put themselves under obedience for the love of God.

Go whither thou wilt, thou shalt find no rest but in humble subjection under the government of a superior. Many have deceived themselves, imagining to find happiness in change.

True it is, that every one willingly doeth that which agreeth with his own liking, and inclineth most to those that are of his own mind.

But if God be amongst us, we must sometimes cease for the sake of peace to adhere to our own opinion.

Who is so wise that he can fully know all things?

Be not therefore too confident in thine own opinion; but be willing to hear the judgment of others.

If thy thought be good, and yet thou partest with it for God, and followest the opinion of another, this shall turn to thy good.

I have often heard that it is safer to hear and to take counsel than to give it.

It may also fall out, that a man's opinion may be good; but to refuse to yield to others when reason or a special cause requireth it, is a mark of pride and stiffness.

Of Avoiding Many Words.

FLY the tumult of the world as much as thou canst; for the treating of worldly affairs is a great hindrance, although it be done with sincere intention.

For we are quickly defiled, and enthralled by vanity.

Oftentimes I could wish that I had held my peace when I have spoken; and that I had not been in company.

Why do we so willingly speak and talk with one another, when notwithstanding we seldom cease our converse before we have hurt our conscience?

The cause why we so willingly talk, is for that by discoursing one with another, we seek to receive comfort one of another, and desire to ease our mind wearied with many thoughts:

And we very willingly talk and think of those things which we most love or desire; or of those things which we feel to be against us.

But, alas, oftentimes in vain, and to no end; for this outward comfort is the cause of no small lots of inward and divine consolation.

Therefore we must watch and pray, lest our time pass away idly.

If it be lawful and expedient for thee to speak, speak those things that may edify.

Evil habit and neglect of our own growth in grace do give too much liberty to inconsiderate speech.

Yet discourse of spiritual things doth greatly further our spiritual growth, especially when persons of one mind and spirit associate together in God.

That Too Much Familiarity Is to Be Shunned.

LAY not thy heart open to every one; but treat of thy affairs with the wise, and such as fear God.

Converse not much with the young nor with strangers.

Flatter not the rich; neither do thou appear willingly before the great.

Keep company with the humble and single-hearted, with the devout and virtuous; and confer with them of those things that may edify. Be not familiar with any woman; but commend all good women in general to God.

Desire to be familiar with God alone and His angels, and avoid the acquaintance of men.

We must have love toward all our fellow men, but familiarity with all is not expedient.

Sometimes it falleth out that a person unknown to us is much esteemed of, from the good report given him by others, whose presence notwithstanding is not grateful to the eyes of those who see him.

We think sometimes to please others by our society, and we rather displease them with those bad qualities which they discover in us.

VIRTUE is an angel, but she is a blind one, and must ask of Knowledge to show her the pathway that leads to her goal.

—Horace Mann (1796—1859).

THE COURTIN'

WHEN James Russell Lowell published his "Biglow Papers"—those shrewd, amusing satires in the Yankee dialect—he prefaced them with comments purporting to have been jotted down by a mythical clergyman, the *Rev. Homer Wilbur.* In one of these introductory sections, written in 1848, he gave a few stanzas—six in all—of what professed to be a love-poem composed by one Hosea Biglow. It was only a fragment, yet the quaint humor of it attracted so much favorable notice that in 1862 Mr. Lowell added other stanzas until the final version contained ninety-six lines.

In the opinion of many critics the poet made a mistake in extending it to so great a length. We reprint here the original stanzas and so much of the rest as completes and rounds out the poem without obscuring its simplicity.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ZEKLE crep' up quite unbeknown
An' peeked in thru' the winder,
An' there sot Huldy all alone,
'Ith no one nigh to hender.

The very room, coz she was in,
Seemed warm f'om floor to ceilin',
An' she looked full ez rosy agin
Ez the apples she was peelin'.

She heered a foot, an' knowed it tu,
A-raspin' on the scraper,—
All ways to once her feelins flew
Like sparks in burnt-up paper.

He kin' o' l'itered on the mat,
Some doubtfle o' the sekel,
His heart kep' goin' pity-pat,
But hern went pity Zekle.

"You want to see my Pa, I s'pose?"
"Wal . . . no . . . I come dasignin'"—
"To see my Ma? She's sprinklin' clo'es
Agin to-morrer's i'nin'."

To say why gals acts so or so,
Or don't 'ould be persumin';
Mebbe to mean *yes* an' say *no*
Comes nateral to women.

Says he, "I'd better call agin;"
Says she, "Think likely, Mister:"
Thet last word pricked him like a pin,
An' . . . Wal, he up an' kist her.

When Ma bimeby upon 'em slips,
Huldy sot pale ez ashes,
All kin' o' smily roun' the lips
An' teary roun' the lashes.

The blood clost roun' her heart felt glued
Too tight for all expressin',
Tell mother see how metters stood,
An' gin 'em both her blessin'.

Then her red come back like the tide
Down to the Bay o' Fundy,
An' all I know is they was cried
In meetin' come nex' Sunday.

Sidelights from Stageland.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

Collected and written for The Scrap Book.

FROM LADY BANCROFT'S STAGE REMINISCENCES.

An English Author Failed to Recognize His Own Play After Its Name Was Changed.

WHEN Lady Bancroft, then known as Marie Wilton, made her first venture as a managing actress at the old Prince of Wales's Theater in London—on the site upon which the new Scala now stands—her curtain-raiser was called, "A Winning Hazard." The original title was "All's Fair in Love and War," but this was looked on as too long, so Mr. Wooler, the author, supplied the other name, which was regarded as a good omen for the new enterprise, as indeed it proved.

This Mr. Wooler, by the way, was a most eccentric character. In the volume of reminiscences which she wrote with her husband, Lady Bancroft relates how one morning, at rehearsal, as he entered the theater, he met a member of the company with whom he was not on the best of terms.

The other saluted him, to which Wooler responded: "How do you do?"

"Quite well, thank you," said the actor, whereupon Mr. Wooler broke out quickly:

"Oh, don't thank me! I don't care how you are; I only asked for form's sake."

After Lady Bancroft's enterprise had been under successful way for some time, this same Mr. Wooler strolled into the greenroom one evening and expressed his delight over the manner in which things were going.

"He had been dining out," she records, "for he appeared to be not quite himself—not an unusual occurrence with poor Mr. Wooler—and he remarked that he liked everything but the first piece, which he condemned as rubbish. Having changed its title in a hurry, the poor gentleman had forgotten that he was its author. 'You should have accepted "All's Fair in Love and War," a much better play,' he told me.

"After he left I related the little scene to Byron (H. J.), who was immensely amused.

"'He was full of congratulations,' I added, to which Byron replied: 'Full of congratulations! I thought it was liquor!'"

WHY PLAYWRIGHTS ARE DISSATISFIED.

A Natural Preference for the Cold, Hard Truth of Rejection Rather than the Sugar-Coated Delay of Doubt.

"IF these managers would only say outright yes or no about my play! It's this keeping me everlastingly on the anxious seat that I kick at."

This was the lament of a friend of mine engaged in the strenuous pastime of trying to market a comic opera.

"Just listen to this experience," he went on. "I saw Scott at the theater the other night, and when I told him I had been waiting eagerly for him to come back to town, to tell me what he thought of my work, he said he was most anxious to see me, and wanted to know how early in the week I could come up to his office.

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

Well, I fixed it for eleven o'clock on Monday, and you had better believe I was on time to the minute in keeping the appointment.

"Mr. Scott had just stepped out, but would be back in half an hour, they told me at the office. Would I come back in that time? Would I? I walked around the block several times, my eye glued to my watch. After thirty minutes, to the dot, I presented myself again, to discover that Mr. Scott had come and gone and there was no telling when he would be on hand again. The next day I read in the papers that he had gone South.

"Now, I submit to you that he could not have been as anxious about that confounded opera as he pretended. So what was the good of luring me on with false hopes?"

"Oh, you are being let off easy," I told him. "I know a woman who has been trying for seven years to land an opera, and has gone through a succession of experiences just like yours. It isn't up to you to grumble after the very first one."

"But why—why do they want to keep us poor fools dangling?" my friend begged to be told. "It surely can't be any pleasure to them to have us bothering around. Magazine editors make no bones about letting authors know they don't want their manuscripts. Why should managers be so indefinite?"

"I think I can enlighten you," struck in Mr. Last-Nighter, as we call him, because of his fondness for attending the final performance of plays that are to be laid on the shelf. "It's very simple. It costs much more to bring out a play than to print an article or publish a book; and good plays are rarer than good books. Hence, your manager hesitates to let go of any offering with the grains of possibility in it, for fear somebody else may find it a nugget; and on the other hand, he hesitates to commit himself to it, lest he may find it a lemon, after all. Keeping the author hopeful at least prevents the other man from getting it. The whole thing's a game of chance, anyway; otherwise it wouldn't be so exciting and possess the fascination it exerts."

"Well," remarked my comic-opera marketer with an air of resignation, "it seems to me that we outsiders have all the excitement, while the fascination remains with those fellows who by hook or crook have already got inside the magic ring. Say what you will, I am positive that managers would much rather accept a poor play by a well-known name than a good one by a novice. And I can prove what I say by referring you to the constant procession of failures."

"Ah," struck in Last-Nighter, "you only prove one side of it by that. How are you going to show us that the unproduced would be winners? There's the rub!"

THE STAGE RAGE OF WILLIAM MACREADY.

A Device to Stimulate Intensity of Action That Might Prove of Service to Vaudeville Performers.

AN important character in "The Red Mill" is the *Governor of Zeeland*, who appears near the beginning of the second act. The part is played by Neal McCay, and has added more to his reputation than anything he has done. And yet he is only on the stage for twelve minutes. To achieve success under these circumstances is no easy matter. An actor has no opportunity to "work up" in such a part. He must make his whole effect within a few moments. That is one of the drawbacks some players from the legitimate find in entering vaudeville. You have your one chance, and that is all.

George Augustus Sala related that in one of Macready's plays the famous English tragedian had to enter in a wild rage, full of fury, and exhibiting the gasping exhaustion of mad passion. To assist him to this condition he had a hired super in the wings whom he would grapple with and shake and curse, out of sight and sound of the audience, so that he might work himself up to the proper

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

frame of mind to rush upon the scene at his cue. One night the regular super sent a substitute who did not understand Macready's rough treatment and resented it. This delighted the tragedian, who went at his man with increased vigor. The substitute presently "let him have it," and the pair fought savagely a good round. Macready burst upon his audience that night in a splendid rage, out-Macreadying Macready.

When the substitute learned the true state of affairs he fled, but he was unearthed, for Macready came off after the scene gasping:

"Hum—he! Where is he? Hum, ha, bless me! A splendid fellow! Pay him double and let me have him every night."

MEMORIES SUGGESTED BY "JEANNE D'ARC."

The Strange Superstitions of Fanny Davenport, and the Ingenious Devices of Steele Mackaye.

THE production by Sothern and Marlowe of Percy Mackaye's "Jeanne D'Arc" brings to mind the fact that just ten years ago a play on this same subject was a contributory cause of Fanny Davenport's death. It was written by Frances Aymar Mathews, and was brought out by Miss Davenport at the Fifth Avenue Theater in the spring of 1897, under the title "A Soldier of France." The New York critics criticized, and the public stayed away. Miss Davenport, who had been set on impersonating the Maid of Orleans, clung to her faith in the play; but the disappointment over its lack of success preyed upon her mind. She had perforce to return to the Sardou repertory, but she seemed to have lost her zest in life, and died on September 26 of the following year.

Miss Mathews, the author of "A Soldier of France," is best known to playgoers for her "Pretty Peggy," written for Grace George. She produced another drama on the same subject for Cecil Spooner, which was done at Daly's about the same time.

In a chat with a Boston newspaper man, Miss Davenport told frankly how she happened to skip Sardou's "Madame Sans-Gêne" while she was making a specialty of the Frenchman's output.

"I cabled to Paris while it was being rehearsed to find out what kind of an actress Réjane was, and got a reply that she was 'a little fat soubrette'; so I dismissed the matter from my mind. Yet, after all, the part would have suited me admirably, and would have been a relief in some ways."

It may be that Miss Davenport's superstitious preference for plays with a name ending in "a" counted against her taking "Sans-Gêne," although possibly Sardou might have changed the title of the piece—as he did with "Gismonda," which was originally called "The Duchess of Athens." Another of her deep-rooted superstitions was an aversion to birds. A number of them were worked into the hieroglyphics with which the elaborate Egyptian scenery for "Cleopatra" was ornamented. Soon after the play was produced in New York the Fifth Avenue Theater was burned down and the entire outfit of scenery and costumes destroyed. When the actress had a new set prepared the birds were left out.

Apropos of birds in a theater, the feeling against them is shared by most theatrical folk. There was much comment when the New Amsterdam Theater, the show playhouse of the metropolis, was opened a few years ago and revealed peacocks—of all winged creatures—disporting themselves in "new art" splendor up and down the proscenium-arch. Of course, the first play that came into the house—Nat Goodwin's lavish production of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"—left prematurely, and not until lately has the theater seemed able to overcome the hoodoo of the birds.

To revert to the Sothern and Marlowe "Jeanne D'Arc," Percy Mackaye

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

is the son of Steele Mackaye, author, manager, and inventor. It was the elder Mackaye who designed the double stage for the Madison Square Theater, which was opened with his "Hazel Kirke," in 1879; but as he did not invent a process for enabling the players to change their costumes with corresponding speed, the ingenious mechanism was soon allowed to rust in its grooves. In the early days of the house, however, they used to display its marvels to a wondering audience.

It was Steele Mackaye's "Dakolar" which inaugurated another old-time New York Theater, the Lyceum on Fourth Avenue, now demolished. This house boasted of another offshoot from his odd and fertile brain—a device to save space in the auditorium by placing the orchestra on a patent platform, which was pushed up from below the stage after each act. The musicians were attired in knee-breeches and white wigs, and their appearance in this Jack-in-the-box fashion so excited the risibilities of the audience that the innovation soon went the way of the other. Steele Mackaye, who died in 1894, is more likely to be remembered for his "Hazel Kirke" and "Paul Kauvar" than as a manager or as a mechanical genius.

WHAT IF ADA REHAN HAD NOT SULKED?

Why Melodrama Came Into Daly's With Such Haste Nine Years Ago, and What if It Hadn't.

"DO you realize," said my friend Last-Nighter, "that if Ada Rehan hadn't failed in 'Madame Sans-Gêne' Blanche Bates might have waited years for the chance that came to her in a night?"

He had been looking over early volumes of my scrap-book, and pointed to page 129 of one of them, where I read this extract from the *Sun* under a January date in 1899:

The astonishment of the first audience which witnessed the reproduction of "Madame Sans-Gêne" at Daly's Theater was followed by the expression of the same feeling in most of the newspaper reviews the next day. The utter and complete failure of Ada Rehan in the principal rôle was inexplicable. It was remembered that Augustin Daly, having neglected to get the American rights to the play, had tried in vain to buy them of Kathryn Kidder. Miss Rehan's legion of admirers seemed to feel that to keep her out of a play in which she would have been sure to triumph was a public deprivation. Well, when the long-anticipated time came, and an audience was ready to see histrionic wonders done by Miss Rehan, she gave only the keenest disappointment.

A surmise in the *Sun* was that for some reason or other she had refused to prepare herself, and that she did not desire to do well. That view of the matter was sustained by observation of her at a matinée this week. There were the same lapses and shortcomings.

Her seemingly intentional bad acting causes something like a disaster to the theater. The piece will be withdrawn on Saturday night, instead of lasting such a term as was expected.

All this incites a second surmise, which is that Miss Rehan's conduct was due to dissatisfaction with what her manager had planned for her. Daly's Theater is to be turned over to melodrama of the Drury Lane grade, beginning with "The Great Pearl," with all its scenes of excitement designed originally for the London multitude. Miss Rehan was cast for the eccentric matron, played over there by the aged Mrs. John Wood. It is now divulged that Miss Rehan has refused absolutely to appear in that character, and that "The Great Pearl" will have to shine as best it may without her. Whether or no this means her secession from Daly's can only be conjectured.

"'The Great Pearl' was a misprint for 'The Great Ruby,'" I remarked, "which Mr. Daly brought out the next month with great success, and which gave Blanche Bates a chance to score such a hit with the part of the adventuress that she played it for only two nights. And Mr. Daly died in Paris that same June."

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

"But suppose," struck in Last-Nighter, "that Miss Rehan had exerted herself to the utmost to win out in 'Sans-Gêne,' as every one expected. The success it could then have achieved would have put off 'The Great Ruby,' and theatrical history might have been written differently."

PAPER PEOPLE AT THE PLAYHOUSES.

Tricks by Which Theatrical Managers Endeavor to Give the Semblance of Success to a Disappointing Show.

"I'M sorry to see so many people here I know," remarked a writer to his friend at the theater the other night.

"Why, what do you mean by that?" was the reply.

"Because I like the play, and want it to succeed; but when I see so many people that I know here it looks as if they were papering the house. Don't you understand? I came in on complimentaries, and naturally I have among my acquaintances either actor-folk or newspaper men who also have the freedom of the house—when the show is not paying well. Hence, I am sorry to see them."

But these "paper people" are not always procured from among the elect, as one might say. Not long since I stepped in at a Broadway playhouse on the first Saturday night of a new production and noted row upon row of empty seats. This told a sad tale. On Saturday night, according to established theatrical custom, no passes are issued. On the following Wednesday I happened in at the same house again, and was amazed to discover the chairs occupied to the last row. But young women predominated—young women who seemed to have a general acquaintance with one another.

"Ha," I said to myself, "I am on! These are mostly paper people; young women from the department stores."

For this is the highway-and-hedges method of papering. The manager sends a huge bunch of tickets to the superintendent of some big dry-goods emporium with instructions to distribute them among the saleswomen who are able to dress the best. He really ought to add a proviso against chewing-gum or passing boxes of candy from row to row, betraying the fact that the seat-fillers are all one big group. One could scarcely mistake them for an up-to-date theater-party, which is always paired off in couples, a man and a woman, with a chaperon on the side.

There are tricks in all trades, and those in the theatrical world are not confined to the stage side of the footlights.

PARIS JUSTLY JEERS AT SOME LONDON PLAYS.

A Frenchman's Definition of What England Slaps Together under the Name "Musical Comedy" and Seems to Enjoy.

IN spite of the fact that the days of musical comedy in London have been said to be numbered for at least three years past, it is this type of entertainment that is still on the majority side of box-office winners in the West End theaters. But the English correspondent of a Paris weekly sees signs of hope in the success achieved by "Véronique," from the French, with music by André Messager, who has just been made joint director of the Grand Opéra, in Paris. Strangely enough, this writer fails to instance "The Little Michus," also by Messager, as another straw in the wind blowing away from musical comedy, but he does refer to the hit of the Gilbert and Sullivan revivals. "And if 'The Yoemen of the Guard,'" he concludes, "is able to deal a mortal blow to this thing Musical Comedy, we can indeed congratulate ourselves."

In his arraignment of this "exclusively British invention" the writer quoted

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

says that "there is nothing more lamentable in the way of amusement to be imagined. There is in the Musical Comedy neither comedy, nor music, nor wit, nor grace. And yet for a whole generation past certain London theaters have lived on this diet. There is nothing easier to make than a Musical Comedy. One need only supply a few sentimental songs, some jokes, or so-called ones, and two or three actors and actresses. For the actors, it is enough if they possess a trace of voice; as to the actresses, provided they are pretty, the rest can adjust itself. It is also necessary to have an eccentric dancer interspersed with groups of show girls. In Act One, the people are in modern dress; in Act Two, they wear ball costume. The players appear on the scene when they have a song to sing or a few steps to dance, and exit when they have finished. Of plot, there is none; there is a marriage at the end—that is all."

PLAY-WRITING IS NO LONGER EASY.

Shakespeare Had a Simple Task Compared With the Difficulties That Beset the Dramatist of To-Day.

THE *Westminster Gazette* has discovered a new reason why successful plays are harder to write nowadays than they used to be.

"There are writers," says this London journal, "with wit and a sense of character who under the freer system of the old days might have produced successful plays; but they are never able to acquire the mechanical skill now demanded, and are kept off the stage by artificial regulations, not based upon any essential idea of drama, but in reality upon questions connected with scenery. One cannot have many changes of the elaborate scenery nowadays employed in comedy, and it often happens that incongruities and absurdities in modern plays are due to desperate efforts to overcome these difficulties."

Just so. I have always contended that it was much easier for William Shakespeare to write a play, so far as the mere construction was concerned, than for you or me or Charles Klein to do so. *He* never had to trouble to stop to think whether he could shift the scene. A card hung up to indicate a street or a forest or a house was all that was necessary, and the action could go straight on wheresoever he chose to send it.

Speaking of Klein, these successful playwrights are no more infallible than the critics in telling why some shows catch on and others do not. Last fall Mr. Klein—who, it is perhaps needless to remind my readers, is the author of two of the biggest winners of the period, "The Music Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse"—wrote a paper affecting to reveal the secret of hitting the mark in play-writing. He declared that his "Lion and the Mouse" had caught on because it presented a condition of the times. Simultaneous with this acute contribution to magazine literature came Mr. Klein's newest play, "Daughters of Men," which also presented a condition of the times, but which left the public chilled in their seats, when they took the trouble to secure any.

PARIS CRITICS WERE WRONG ON "CARMEN."

Bizet's Opera, Now More Popular Than Ever, Was the Target for Many Shafts When New.

THE most popular opera in Oscar Hammerstein's list at the Manhattan proved to be "Carmen," and that without a high light in stars to draw the crowds. And yet on its first production in Paris, on the 3d of March, 1875, this last work by Bizet was treated with scorn by the critics.

"The opera by M. Bizet," said one of

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

them, "contains some pleasing fragments, but the oddity of the subject-matter makes the whole thing bizarre and incoherent."

Exception was taken to the kiss which *Michaela* brings to *José* from his mother; the goings-on of the smugglers in the third act were held to be the height of absurdity, and the sum and substance of the comment was—"Peculiar book, as bad in its conception as in its form."

On the occasion of "Carmen's" nine-hundredth performance at the Opéra Comique, five years ago, a French writer compiled the following statistics as to the number of performances recorded for the most popular operas in Paris:

"William Tell" (1829-1902)..... 825
"Huguenots" (1835-1902)..... 1,000
"Faust" (1859-1902)..... 900

From the foregoing it will be seen that while it required anywhere from forty to seventy years for these three Parisian favorites to attain about the same number of representations, "Carmen" reached the nine-hundred mark in only twenty-six years.

ELLEN TERRY'S DAUGHTER DRESSED THE SUPES.

Edith Craig Tells How She Came to Be a Stage Director, and What "The Good Hope" Doesn't Mean.

"IT is my brother Gordon, not I, who has the fad of doing away with the footlights."

I was chatting with Miss Edith Craig, Ellen Terry's daughter, who is stage director for her mother's American tour—the first time, by the way, that her name was ever on the bill in that capacity. Continuing, Miss Craig explained:

"You see, with the abolishing of the stage apron of late years, the footlights are brought close up to the players' faces, and I assure you it is most trying. It is my brother's plea that no room in real life is lighted from below in this way.

"As to myself, you may say that I drifted into the business of staging plays. You see I played for fifteen years in Sir Henry Irving's company; and in the summers, when he was resting, my mother sometimes used to take such plays as 'Sans-Gêne' and 'The Merchant of Venice' for tours in the provinces. Now Sir Henry, you know, was most particular about the stage details, down to the buttons on a super's coat, so mother fell into the way of never bothering her head about such things. Well, when we were without Sir Henry, and with a lot of new people in the company, things got into terrible snarls; so, as I had had such long experience in the bills, mother fell into the way of saying, 'Edith, you go out and see if everything is all right.'

"But I find some new problems with which to wrestle here in the States. For instance, at home the theater management always provides dressers; here, if you have such a luxury, you must pay for it out of your own pocket. When we put on 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion,' I had to dress those fifteen Moors myself. Really, I had no idea a costume consisting of but three pieces could be put on in so many wrong ways as they contrived to achieve. I showed them how at the dress rehearsal, but I had to do it all over again for the first performance.

"By the way, our Dutch play, 'The Good Hope,' was first brought to our notice by an American woman. I was talking with her about what she had seen on the Continent, and she mentioned this as having impressed her very strongly. Not only in Holland, but also in France and Germany, it is a great favorite in the smaller towns, rather than the great cities, and in England we found that it went better in the provinces than in London. We are much amused to see the New York and London critics trying to read inner meanings into the lines—something which they do not possess. These learned people imagine that in some way, the play must have an Ibsen flavor, when, as a matter of fact, it is merely the simple life-story of some Dutch fisher-folk."

THE SCRAP BOOK

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SONG—ON MAY MORNING.

BY JOHN MILTON.

THIS brief lyric is one of the best and most characteristic of Milton's short poems, though not so well known as some others. It was written soon after he graduated from Cambridge, while he was living with his father, the well-to-do London scrivener, at the village of Horton, near Windsor. Of the young poet's writings at this time, Taine has said that "the hopes, the dreams, the first enchantments of youth, rose from his heart like the morning breath of a summer day." These quiet years of simple country life were a prelude to the stormy days of civil strife in which Milton was to play a part, and the pastoral idyls and lyrics of his early period are in marked contrast to the sterner themes of his later work.

NOW the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail, bounteous May, that doth inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

THE HUNT FOR NEW MOONS.

During the Last Thirty Years Seven Have Been Found, All by American Astronomers.

FROM time to time there are published somewhat unconvincing articles telling us that science is international; that it is ignoble to seek distinction for one's own country as the home of important achievement in discovery. However this may be in theory, there is some very interesting reading for the average inhabitant of the United States who will take the trouble to look into the work of American astronomers for the last thirty years.

Take, for example, our knowledge concerning the solar system thirty years ago, and especially the families of "moons" or satellites that circle around the various planets. In December, 1876, seventeen such bodies were known to exist, and of these only four had been discovered in the first three-quarters of the nineteenth century. The other thirteen were noted by Galileo and Huygens in the seventeenth century, and by the elder Herschel in the eighteenth.

It is a fact that no less than seven others have been discovered since 1877; and every one of these by an American astronomer in America. The first two were found by Dr. Asaph Hall, in that year, with the twenty-six-inch telescope of the Washington Observatory. They belong to the planet Mars, which had not before been known to possess a satellite. The third was seen by Edward E. Barnard, in 1892—a tiny point of light near the giant planet Jupiter, first glimpsed with the big telescope set up in California by the late James Lick. Two more were found by William H. Pickering, in 1898 and 1905, near the planet Saturn, and two by Charles D. Perrine, in 1904 and 1905, revolving about Jupiter.

It is to these newest discoveries of Pickering and Perrine that attention should be called. They are the first to be made by a new method of observation, a method important in itself, and very promising also for the future. This is the photographic method. Not by exploring the sky visually through an enormous glass in a darkened observatory at night have these discoveries been perfected. On the contrary, the satellites have all been found by daylight, simply from a careful consideration of photographs previously made on some clear night.

The method of taking such photographs is very simple in its principle. It is merely necessary to substitute a photographic plate for the human eye at the small end of a telescope and allow the light from any celestial object to fall upon the plate. Subsequent chemical development, similar to that employed for an ordinary kodak negative, gives a perfectly accurate picture of the celestial object as it appears in the sky.

There exists only one serious difficulty: the planets do not "sit still," like the kodaker's victim. They are either rising, setting, or moving continually across the sky. Their motion is quite a serious matter in satellite photography, because the extreme faintness of these objects makes it necessary to give the photograph a long exposure. So, as one cannot make the planet sit still, the telescope must be moved just fast enough to follow exactly the planetary motion while the picture is being exposed. This is accomplished by delicate clockwork mechanism, aided by the care of the attendant astronomer.

The photographs once made and developed chemically, the exciting part of the chase begins. Two pictures made several hours apart are carefully compared. Usually they are precisely alike. But on some wonderfully lucky day this is not so. Just four times in all these years, two American astronomers have seen a tiny point that was *not in exactly the same spot* on both pictures. The fact of its having moved was evidence that it was a real satellite revolving around its planet, and not merely some dimly distant member of the stellar host.

Talks With Our Readers.

In this Department the Editor of THE SCRAP BOOK Answers Letters, Replies to Criticisms, and Chats Informally With Those Who Read the Magazine.

WE desire to express our thanks to the many correspondents who have answered the question as to the poem about Columbus with its refrain, "Sail On!" The poem is printed in full, with an introduction, in the present number of THE SCRAP BOOK on pages 328, 329.

Probably the most elusive personages in existence are Messrs. John Doe and Richard Roe. They are always being persecuted by minions of the law; warrants are sworn out against them; and courts of justice deal with their affairs continually. Yet they are never seen in their own proper persons, and we had come to think of them as being almost as mythical as the fabulous *Mrs. Harris*. It restores our early faith to receive a letter from the second of these two gentlemen. He lives in Carnegie, Pennsylvania, and seems to have hitherto escaped the toils of the law, for he writes in facetious mood:

The Bullet or the Hole?

> Will you kindly settle a dispute that has bothered some of us for some time? Here is the question that troubles us: When a bullet is fired through a board, which goes through first, the bullet or the hole? If you will answer this in THE SCRAP BOOK, you will save us a lot of worry and sorrow.
>
> Sincerely yours,
> DICK ROE.

This is easy. Of course the bullet goes through first, and the hole simply stays behind. Otherwise, after the bullet had gone through, there would be no hole in the board at all.

A rather difficult question is raised by one of our readers—evidently a lady—who requests that the name of the town in which she lives shall not be given. She writes:

A Question of Marriage.

> When convenient, I would be glad to have your idea as to why it is becoming such a common occurrence for men to marry women much older than themselves. Perhaps Andrew Carnegie's advice to young men, "If you must marry, select women older than yourselves," might have something to do with it.

We scarcely feel qualified to deal with this subject on its psychological side; and indeed our belief is that each marriage of this sort has its own special explanation based upon special circumstances. It usually occurs when the man is bashful and diffident, and is therefore helped on by the greater experience of the woman; or when proximity has exercised its usual influence by bringing such a woman into close relations with the man, there being no other women near him; or, finally, when he marries, not for sentimental reasons, but because his wife's intelligence, position, or money can advance his interests.

But we think our correspondent quite mistaken in supposing that this sort of marriage is more common now than it ever was. It is not at all likely that any

young men have rushed off and married women older than themselves, merely because Mr. Carnegie gave them—or is said to have given them—this particular advice. There are many striking examples in the past to refute a belief that these marriages are particularly unusual and new. Not to mention more instances, we may cite the marriage of Dr. Samuel Johnson with a woman old enough to be his mother; the marriage of Napoleon with Josephine; and the later but interesting case to be found in the marriage of Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett with the late Baroness Burdett-Coutts. As for the psychology of the matter, let us cite Balzac's famous dictum: "It is only the last love of a woman that can satisfy the first love of a man."

* * *

A rather literal-minded gentleman in Cleveland, Ohio, sends us the following criticism and comment:

The Time to Work.

According to what I have seen in a book does not agree with what you have said—that is, the time to work is not while others sleep, from two to four in the morning, because that is the time when the heart beats slowest, and is the reason why so many people die at that time. J. O. H.

The writer of this letter has somewhat misunderstood us. It was not meant to imply that any one should work throughout the entire twenty-four hours, but that the man who achieves success will steal some of the time which others give to sleep, and will employ it to the furtherance of his ambition. The brain is most active from ten o'clock until midnight, or even beyond. Later, during the hours which our correspondent mentions, it is true that the vitality is lowered. He is quite right in saying that more deaths take place at this time than at any other. What we said was equally correct.

* * *

"Beautiful Snow."

We continue to receive letters relating to the authorship of the poem "Beautiful Snow," or sending us additional stanzas. We are very much obliged to readers who have taken this trouble, but we really cannot engage to continue a controversy which is now about twenty-five years old, or to publish new stanzas which might perhaps get us into further trouble.

* * *

"Along the Potomac."

Reverting to a subject which we mentioned in these pages a few months ago, we desire to say that the authorship of the poem "All Quiet Along the Potomac" has long ceased to be disputed. The lines were written by Mrs. Ethel Lynn Beers (Ethelinda Eliot Beers). They first appeared in *Harper's Weekly* for September 30, 1861, with the title "The Picket Guard," and were reprinted in a volume of poems by Mrs. Beers, published in 1879.

* * *

From Clearwater, Kansas, comes the following question:

The Use of Range-Finders.

Will you inform the readers of THE SCRAP BOOK what a "range-finder" is? How can the officer on the bridge of a man-of-war tell the gunner the exact distance in yards from his ship to the target? Could the same or a similar instrument be used on land with the same accuracy, for distances from fifty to three hundred and fifty yards? Where could such an instrument be procured?

To explain the use of a range-finder would require too much space for us to give it here, especially as diagrams would be necessary. We refer our correspondent to any good encyclopedia published since 1900, and especially to the "Annual of the Office of Naval Intelligence," published by the Navy Department in Wash-

ington. The volume issued in the year 1900 contains very full information. We may add, for our inquirer's benefit, the remark that range-finders are even more useful on land than on sea, but that they would hardly be employed for such short distances as three hundred and fifty yards. A range-finder is a very complicated instrument, intended to assist artillerists against an enemy who is miles away. Nobody would think of taking one along with him when he goes out shooting rabbits.

* * *

The Amende Honorable.

Last January, a gentleman living on Cass Street, in Chicago, accused us of ascribing the selection "Taming a Country School" to Dr. Holmes's "Elsie Venner," whereas this gentleman declared that it was taken from Dr. Holmes's "Guardian Angel." We made some remarks about this at the time; and he has now written us a very frank and satisfactory letter which we publish, not—as we said we would—as an object-lesson to other critics, but as a model of manliness and courtesy:

You are in the right and I am in the wrong. I have a few virtues mingled with my many shortcomings. One is my willingness to acknowledge a wrong I may ignorantly do another. But had we changed places, if you were I and I you, I would have raked you with a twelve-inch gun. So I praise you for the attributes of patience and gentleness.

* * *

"Dixie."

A correspondent in New York sends us some further information with regard to "Dixie" which will interest our readers:

Being a Southerner, I have very much appreciated the discussion in THE SCRAP BOOK in regard to "Dixie" and its origin. I have had occasion once before to go into this subject, and if you care to continue it, I would like to add a little additional interest by throwing some light on the beginning of the song's popularity in the South. The music was never taken seriously until the Rock City Guards, of Nashville, Tennessee, started for the Civil War. This organization was composed of the flower and chivalry of that city, and the day of their departure was a memorable event in the history of Tennessee.

They came marching down Cherry Street with their regimental band playing "Dixie"; this was indeed a thrilling moment in history-making. The sidewalks were crowded with fathers, mothers, brothers, sisters, and sweethearts, who vied with each other amid tears and ringing applause for those who were never to return and the few who did; and from that instant "Dixie" was an undisputed success, and it is therefore needless to say that Southerners look upon this melody with reverence and tenderness.

* * *

The following letter explains itself. We merely add the remark that we had no intention of slighting so justly popular a delicacy as that which gave its name to the writer of the letter:

The Missing Olive.

An article in your March number especially interested me, namely, "Jokes on the Directory." Among the names recorded are Lemon, Citron, Orange, and others. If one looks closer, one may see in the New York Directory another fruit (if it may be called fruit), namely, the Olive. It is mentioned but three or four times, but it is there with the rest of the table delicacies. T. Z. OLIVE.

* * *

Information Wanted.

Can any of our accomplished readers assist us in procuring the following literary gems, which other readers have asked us to discover for them?

(1) A poem beginning—

Did you ever sit and wonder,
Sit and ponder, sit and think?

(2) An Italian dialect poem entitled "Rosa," telling the story of a broken-hearted father who begs from a florist some roses to place on the grave of his little daughter Rosa.

(3) A "piece" by "K. N. Pepper" entitled (in simplified spelling): "A Fite Between an Allygator and a Snaike."

(4) A poem entitled "Nothing from Nothing, Nothing Remains."

(5) A humorous article called "Esau Buck and the Bucksaw."

(6) A poem beginning with the following lines:

> Come along, come along, make no delay;
> Come from every nation, come from every way.
> Our land is broad enough, so fear no alarm;
> For Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm.

(7) A poem containing lines quoted from memory as follows:

> What I do and what I dream includes thee
> As the wine must taste of its own grape;
> And when I sue God for myself
> He hears the prayers of two.

* * *

We are asked by an educator in Iuka, Mississippi:

Information Given.

Will some one tell me where I can find a copy of the poem describing the carrying of Napoleon Bonaparte's body back to France?

Possibly our correspondent has in mind Lydia H. Sigourney's "The Return of Napoleon from St. Helena," written at the time when the great emperor's body was placed in the tomb under the dome of the Invalides. It can be found in Stedman's "American Anthology" and other collections of popular poetry.

A reader in Princeton, Illinois, inquires what author wrote a story describing "a man's struggle with an enemy who grapples with him again and again, and who, when finally overcome, is found to be the man's very self." No doubt this refers to Edgar Allan Poe's striking story called "William Wilson."

* * *

Mr. L. M. Pipkin, of San Antonio, Texas, sends us the following correction, which we gladly publish:

The Harp of a Thousand Strings.

In THE SCRAP BOOK for October, 1906, is published this old and quaint sermon ("The Harp of a Thousand Strings"), wherein the authorship is erroneously ascribed to Joshua S. Morris. This unique (and I think unexcelled) production was written by the late Rev. Henry Talliaferro Lewis, a Methodist divine formerly of the Mississippi Conference. It was first published in 1854, in the Brandon *Republican*, Rankin County, Mississippi, which was then edited by Andrew Harper.

This gifted writer lived before, during, and after the Civil War for a number of years on the Mississippi coast and in Clinton, East Feliciana parish, Louisiana. He died in Coushatta, Louisiana, November 4, 1870, where his remains lie buried. His children have erected a suitable monument to mark the spot. His second wife, Mrs. Poole (*née* Cleveland), and several children survive him.

Mr. Lewis was well and favorably known throughout the Florida parishes of Louisiana and many portions of Mississippi, where numbers of his old friends still live. His high literary attainments, exceptionally genial manners, and unexcelled wit and humor won the love and esteem of this whole country, noted for its intelligence and refinement, and caused him to be a more than welcome guest at the firesides of all, irrespective of faith or creed; for to know him was to love him. In person he was spare and frail, but in intellect a veritable genius, who wrote excellent prose and poetry. He was a fluent, if not eloquent speaker, and was unusually happy when pleading the cause of temperance.

* * *

A correspondent in Red Oak, Iowa, calls our attention to the fact that, in the February number of this magazine, reference was made (page 851) to Dr. Erastus Darwin as being the father of the famous Darwin. It should have been Dr. *Erasmus* Darwin who was the *grandfather* of the famous Darwin. The same reader also remarks:

Two Criticisms.

In the December number you have Napoleon saying: "It is but a step from the sublime to the ridiculous." If Napoleon said that he was only quoting or repeating, because long before any saying of the Hon. Mr. Bonaparte would have attracted any attention, the words were written by a much greater and better man—Thomas Paine.

The sentiment was not new when Napoleon uttered it, and, expressed in different ways, it is to be found in the sayings and the writings of other persons. Thomas Paine's version was: "One step below the sublime makes the ridiculous, and one step above the ridiculous makes the sublime again." Napoleon condensed the same thought into a much more terse, pointed sentence, and therefore it is the Napoleonic phrase which has justly become famous. As a matter of fact, the germ of the thought is contained in the Greek of Longinus, whose treatise "On the Sublime" was written about nineteen hundred years ago.

* * *

Again the "Off Horse."

The discussion of "near" and "off" as applied to horses is further enriched by a contribution which comes to us from Vernon, British Columbia. The writer signs himself "Pills, the Farmer's Son," and he bases his argument upon some facts relating to oxen.

When oxen were used more than they are to-day, and when wheeled vehicles were a luxury which few could afford, the driver walked beside his oxen, near their heads, and as an encouragement kept his wand, which he always carried, moving in a rotary fashion just in front or rather more to the side of his left ox. He walked on the left side, as he used his wand in the right hand. Encouragement and kindness were used more than the goad; of course, sometimes the goad was necessary. Hence, the reason for "near" and "off" ox.

Then, in breaking ground with horses, two men generally went with one team of horses, and the driver of necessity had to walk on the left side. Here, again, the left horse was the "near" horse. If you have ever had the experience of driving horses logging, you will notice that every one drives on the left side of the log. Your right hand is next the log, so as to be ready for quick action if occasion requires. Again, you can use the whip to far better advantage if you walk behind your left horse, as your reins are not in the way. These are all in reference to drivers walking, not riding. These reasons, coupled with the argument of mounting a horse is, I think, positive proof that I have the correct solution.

* * *

We have received two letters which are very similar in purport, so that if we print and answer one, the writer of the other will doubtless be satisfied. One reads:

The Enduring Fame of Dickens.

I am very much delighted with THE SCRAP BOOK—so much so, in fact, that I want to offer a suggestion which will make it even better than it is. I think that you give us a little too much Dickens and not enough from foreign writers. Of course Dickens is always delightful, but what I should like would be more Tolstoy, more Pushkin, and more from the French.

We certainly mean to give our readers what is best from all the foreign literatures, ancient and modern. But with regard to Dickens we cannot feel that too much space has been allotted to him. The facts appear to show that he is the most popular fiction-writer known to the English-speaking world. His books to-day are far more widely circulated than during his lifetime. Some statistics lately published in England prove this beyond a doubt. During the year 1906, a single London publishing house sold four hundred and fifty thousand copies of novels by Dickens; and it has been calculated that in England alone, during that year, not fewer than fifteen hundred thousand copies of his books were purchased by the public. If we add to this the sales in the United States, Canada, Australia, and elsewhere, it seems safe to estimate an annual sale of three million copies of this remarkable author.

There is a growing library of books about Dickens—Mr. Chesterton's being one of the latest and most notable—and a magazine devoted to Dickens literature was recently started in London. The great novelist's fame seems to be increasing with every year, and the statistics which we have cited justify us in giving to his most striking passages an especial place of honor in THE SCRAP BOOK.

COLUMBUS.

AT about the time when Bret Harte appeared upon the literary horizon with his dramatic pictures of the Pacific Slope, there was published a volume of poems entitled "Songs of the Sierras." These poems were lacking in artistic finish, and sometimes crude in their expression, but they were filled with a romantic spirit and breathed the fierce energy of the Far West. In parts they fairly blazed with color, and they seemed the spontaneous expression of an untrained but none the less truly poetical nature. These qualities were first recognized in England, where the volume was reprinted, and where presently their author received a very cordial welcome. His name, as given him at birth, was Cincinnatus Heine Miller, though he assumed, in writing, the Christian name Joaquin.

Joaquin Miller was a native of Indiana, where he was born in 1841, but whence, while still a boy, he was taken to Oregon. In the West he had a strangely checkered career—toiling as a gold miner, fighting as a filibuster under the once famous Walker, living among the Indians as an Indian, studying law, editing a newspaper, and finally serving in Oregon as a district judge. After he had become known through his poetry, he resumed his career as a journalist, and also wrote one play, "The Danites," which met with much success. He is still living in Oakland, California. The following poem has been much admired. It is reprinted here by the courteous permission of the Whitaker & Ray Company, of San Francisco, by whom a complete edition of Joaquin Miller's poetry was published in 1897.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

BEHIND him lay the gray Azores,
Behind the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghost of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo, the very stars are gone.
Brave admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! Sail on, and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on, and on!'"

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone.
Now speak, brave admiral, speak and say——"
He said: "Sail on! Sail on, and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth to-night.
He curls his lip, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave admiral, say but one good word:
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leapt like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! Sail on! Sail on, and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck——
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! Sail on!"

How Angels Got Religion.

BY GEORGE BROOKE.

THIS amusing story, which appeared many years ago in the pages of *The Californian,* is from the pen of Mr. George Brooke, then well known as a contributor to lighter contemporary literature. The tale belongs to the school of Bret Harte, depicting as it does the humors and also the occasional pathos of life in the old-time Western mining-camps, with their miscellaneous population of white gold-miners, gamblers, and blacklegs, with now and then a Chinaman who either by his oriental reticence or by his deeper craft was able to hold his own against the lawless element about him. "How Angels Got Religion" is by no means unworthy of Harte himself, the literary pioneer of the Pacific Coast.

"NEVER heard how we got religion to Angels, stranger? I thought, uv course, everybody'd heerd that yarn. Tell ye? Why, sure; but let's licker again and I'll reminisce.

"Yer see, 'twas afore Angels got to be sech a big camp as 'twas later on, but it was a rich camp and a mighty wicked one. There were lots uv chaps there who'd jest as soon die in their boots as eat; and every other house was a dance-house or a saloon or a gambling-hell. Pretty Pete and his pardner, Five-Ace Bob, was reckoned the wickedest men in the State; and Old Bill Jones, what kept the Golden West Hotel, had a national reputation for cussin'. The idea of a parson striking the camp never was thought uv; but one day I was playing bank into Pete's game when Five-Ace came a runnin' in 'n' sez:

"'Boys, I'll be derned, but there's an ornery cuss of a parson jest rid up to Jones's. He's got a pardner with him, and he 'lows he's goin' to convert the camp.'

"'The hell he is!' sez Pete. 'I'll finish the deal and go down and see about that!'

"So we all walked down to Jones's, and thar, sure 'nuff, in the bar, talking with Old Bill, wuz the parson, black coat and white tie 'n' all. He was a big, squar'-shouldered chap with a black beard, and keen gray eyes that looked right through yer. His pardner was only a boy of twenty or so, with yeller, curly ha'r, pink-and-white gal's face, and big blue eyes. We all walked in, 'n' Pete he stands to the bar 'n' shouts fer all hands ter drink; 'n' to our surprise the parson 'n' the kid both stepped up and called fer red licker 'n' drank it. After the drink was finished, the parson sez:

"'Gents, as yer see, I'm a minister of the Gospel, but I see no harm in any man drinking, ez long ez he ain't no drunkard. I drank just now because I want yer to see that I am not ashamed to do before yer face what I'd do behind yer back.'

"'Right yer are, parson,' sez Pete; 'put it thar'; 'n' they shook hands, 'n' then Pete he up and called off the hull gang—Five-Ace 'n' Lucky Barnes 'n' Dirty Smith, 'n' one 'n' all the rest uv 'em.

"The parson shook hands with all uv us, and sed he was going to have a meetin' in Shifty Sal's dance-house that night, ez 'twas the biggest room in camp, 'n' ast us all to come, 'n' we sed we would. When we got outside, Pete sez: 'Boys, you mind me, that devil-dodger'll capture the camp'; 'n' he did. That

night we all went along to Shifty's, and found the parson and the kid on the platform where the fiddlers used to sit; and every man in camp wuz in the audience. The parson spoke first:

"'Gents, I want to tell yer first off I don't want any uv yer dust. I've got enuff fer myself and my young friend, 'n' there won't be no rake-off in this yer meetin'-house, 'n' I'm not here to preach against any man's way o' makin' a livin'. I will preach ag'in drunkenness, and I shall speak privately with the gamblers; but I want to keep you men in mind uv yer homes 'n' yer mothers 'n' yer wives 'n' yer sweethearts, and get yer to lead cleaner lives, so's when yer meet 'em ag'in yer'll not hev to be 'shamed.'

"And then he sed we'd hev a song, 'n' the youngster he started in 'n' played a concertina and sang 'Yes, We'll Gather at the River'; 'n' there wuzn't one uv us that it didn't remind uv how our mothers used to dress us up Sundays 'n' send us to Sunday-school, and stand at the door to watch us down street, and call us back to ast if we were sure we had our clean pocket-handkerchur; 'n' I tell yer, mister, thar wuzn't a man with dry eyes in the crowd when he'd finished. That young feller had a v'ice like a angel. Pete he sed it wuz a tenner v'ice, but Five-Ace offered to bet him a hundred to fifty it wuz more like a fifteener or a twenty. Pete told Five-Ace he wuz a derned old fool 'n' didn't know what he wuz talkin' about.

"Well, things run along for about a week, 'n' one day Pete come to me and sez:

"'Look here, Ralters, this yere camp ain't no jay camp, 'n' we've got to hev a church fer the parson. He's a jimdandy, and won't ask for nothing. He'd jest natchelly go on prayin' and preachin', 'n' tryin' ter save a couple uv old whisky-soaked souls like yourn and Bill Jones's, which ain't wuth powder to blow 'em to hell, 'n' you'd let him go on doin' it in that old shack of Sal's 'n' never make a move. Now, I'm goin' to rustle round 'n' dig up dust enough from the boys, and we'll jest build him a meetin'-house as'll be a credit to the camp;' 'n' in a few days the boys hed a good log meetin'-house built, floored, 'n' benches in it, 'n' everythin'.

"The parson was tickled 'most to death. Next they built him a house, 'n' he 'n' his pardner moved into it. Then Pete said the gals must go; sed it wuz a dead, rank, snide game to work on the parson ter hev to go down street 'n' be guyed by them hussies ('n' they did guy him awful sometimes, too); so the gals they went. Then Pete sed the church had to be properly organized; hed to hev deacons 'n' churchwardens 'n' sextons 'n' things; so Old Bill Jones 'n' Alabam 'n' me wuz made deacons, 'n' Pete 'n' Five-Ace was churchwardens.

"In a month every last man in camp wuz worryin' 'bout his future state. Old Bill Jones came into meetin' one night with his face 'n' hands washed 'n' an old black suit on, 'n' sot down on the anxious bench and ast to be prayed fer. The parson knelt down 'n' put his arm round him, 'n' how he did pray! Before he got through Lucky Barnes, Alabam, 'n' me wuz on the bench, too, 'n' Pete shoved his Chinaman up the aisle by the collar 'n' sot him down 'longside o' me. Pete sed he was high-toned Christian gentleman himself, hed been born 'n' raised a Christian, 'n' wuz a senior churchwarden to boot, and that he'd make a Christian of Ah Foo or spoil a Chinaman.

"That parson prayed most powerful that night. As a offhand, rough 'n' tumble, free 'n' easy prayer, I never see his beat; he hed the whole aujience in tears, 'n' you might hev heard Pete's amens 'n' glory-halleluyers off to Buller's Flat. Old Jones wuz a rolling around on the floor 'n' hollering fer to be saved from the devil before the parson were half finished, 'n' he made so much noise that Pete hed to fire a bucket uv water over him to quiet him down. That meetin' wuz so plum full uv the spirit (ez the parson called it) that it never broke up till twelve o'clock, ez Jones's shift to deal faro begun at twelve.

"There wuz over twenty perfesses that night, not countin' Pete's Chinaman, 'n' next Sunday we hed a big baptism in the crick, 'n' forty uv us wuz put through. Pete sed he reckoned Ah Foo hed better be put through every day for a week or so, sence he'd always bin a dod-gasted heathen, but the parson 'lowed wunst wuz enuff; but he giv'

him an extra dip jest fer luck, 'n' I never see a more ornery-lookin' cuss in my life than that Chinese were when he came out.

"The Chinese laundrymen were ast to jine the church, but they wouldn't savey, 'n' so Pete 'n' Five-Ace, Old Bill 'n' me 'n' Alabam we waited on 'em 'n' told 'em to git, 'n' took 'em down to the crick 'n' baptized 'em jest fer luck. Pete sed if they stayed Ah Foo 'ud git to backslidin' fust thing he knowed, 'n' then where'd *his* reputation be?

"Waal, stranger, things run along nice 'n' smooth fer a couple uv months er so till Chris'mus come nigh. The boys hed been a keepin' mighty straight; there wuzn't a man in camp that drinked more'n wuz hullsome fer him; there hedn't bin a shootin' scrape fer weeks. Pete sed things wuz gittin' so all-fired ca'm 'n' peaceful that he wouldn't be at all surprised to git up some fine day 'n' find Ah Foo with wings, 'n' feathers on his legs like a Bramah hen. Nary a man packed a gun, 'n' when a gent 'ud forgit 'n' drop a cuss word he'd beg parding. The parson wuz thick with all the boys. He writ letters for us, advised us about all our biznus, 'n' knew all about everybody's affairs. Lots uv 'em gave him their dust-sack to keep fer 'em, 'n' he knowed where every man hed his cached.

"Along jest afore Chris'mus cum Pete called a meetin' uv the deacons 'n' churchwardens down to his place, 'n' after the sexton (Ah Foo) hed brought in a round of drinks, he sed:

"'Gents, ez chairman *ex-officer* in this yer layout, I move that we give the parson a little present fer Chris'mus. Yer know he won't take a dern cent from us, 'n' never has. Uv course, he has taken a few thousand from time to time to send to orfings 'n' things uv that kind, but not a red fer hisself or pard; 'n' I move that we make him a little present on Chris'mas Day, 'n' it needn't be so derned little, either. Gents in favor'll say so, and gents wot ain't kin keep mum. Carried, 'n' that settles it. Five-Ace 'n' me'll take in contributions, 'n' we won't take any less than fifty cases.'

"That wuz two days afore Chris'mus Day, 'n' when it cum Pete 'n' Five-Ace hed about five thousand in dust 'n' nuggets fer the parson's present. Pete assessed Ah Foo a month's pay, 'n' he kicked hard, but twer'n't no use.

"The day wuz bright 'n' clear, 'n' at 'leven o'clock every man in camp wuz at church. The little buildin' looked mighty tasty—all fixed off with pine-tassels 'n' red berries we'd got in the woods, 'n' every man wuz dressed out in his best duds. At 'leven exact the parson 'n' the kid, who hed bin standin' at the door shakin' hands 'n' wishin' everybody what cum in Merry Chris'mus, cum in 'n' took their seats on the platform. Pete 'n' Five-Ace 'n' Bill Jones 'n' Alabam 'n' me sot on a bench jest in front o' the platform. We wuz all togged out in our best fixin's, 'n' Pete 'n' Five-Ace they sported dimon's till yer couldn't rest. Waal, ez usual, the perceedin's opened up with er prayer from the parson; 'n' then we hed singin', 'n' it seemed ter me ez if I never hed heerd sich singin' in my life afore ez thet kid let out o' him thet day.

"Then the parson he started in ter jaw, 'n' I must ellow he giv' us a great discourse. I never see him so long-winded afore tho', 'n' Pete was beginnin' to get mighty restless 'n' oneasy, when all uv a suddint we heerd the door open 'n' shet quick 'n' sharp, 'n' every one turned round to find a great, big, black-bearded cuss at the door a coverin' the hull gang uv us with a double-bar'led shotgun, 'n' jest a standin' thar cool 'n' silent.

"'Face round here, ye derned fools!' yelled somebody in a sharp, quick, biznus-meanin' v'ice, 'n' all hands faced round to find the parson holdin' 'em up with another shotgun—own brother to the one the other cuss hed. 'I don't want a word out er yer,' he sed. 'Yer see my game now, don't yer? Thar ain't a gun in the house 'cept the ones you see, 'n' if any gent makes any row in this yer meetin' I'll fill his hide so plum full o' holes 'twon't hold his bones. The kid will now take up the collection, 'n' ez it's the first one we ever hev taken up, yer must make it a liber'l one, see?'

"The kid started out with a gunny-sack, 'n' went through the very last man in the crowd. He took everything, even

to the rings on our fingers. The parson hed the drop, 'n' we knew it 'n' never kicked, but jest giv' up our stuff like lambs.

"After the kid hed finished he took the sack outside, 'n' thet's the last we ever seed o' him. Then the parson he sez:

"'Now, gents, I must say adoo, ez I must be a travelin', for I hev another meetin' to attend this eve. I want to say, tho', afore I go, thet you're the orneriest gang uv derned fools I ever played fer suckers. A few friends uv mine hev taken the liberty, while yer've been to meetin' this blessed Chris'mus Day, uv goin' through yer cabins 'n' diggin' up yer little caches uv dust 'n' uther val'ables. Yer stock hez all been stampeded, 'n' yer guns yer'll find somewhar at the bottom of the crick. My friend at the door will hold yer level while I walk out, 'n' we will then keep yer quiet fer a few minutes longer through ther winder jest so's we can git a nice, cumf'table start;' 'n' so they did. What c'u'd we do? The parson walked out, grinning all over himself, 'n' he 'n' his pals they nailed up the door 'n' winders (thar wuz only two), 'n' very soon after they had finished we heerd the clatter o' huffs 'n' knowed they wuz gone.

"I must draw a veil over the rest uv thet day's purceedin's, stranger. The langwidge used by ther boys wuz too awful to repeat; but 'twas jest ez this parson sed, when we got out o' thet meetin'-house we found every animal on the location gone, 'n' the only arms left wuz knives 'n' clubs; yet we'd hev gone after 'em with nothin' but our hands, but we couldn't follow afoot.

"How much did they get? I don't rightly know, but not fur frum fifty thousand. The hull camp wuz stonebrook, all excep' Ah Foo, 'n' he wuz the only one uv us as hed sense enuff not to tell thet durned parson whar he cached his stuff. Pete 'n' Five-Ace wuz so everlastin' hurt at the hull biznus thet they shut up the Bird o' Prey, borrowed Ah Foo's sack, 'n' left for the Bay to try 'n' find thet parson; but they never did find him, 'n' no one ever heard uv him again."

THE FIRST WAGONS OF THE NEW WORLD.

They Were Used Four Centuries Ago in Mexico, a Country Where Freight is Still Carried on Human Backs.

TO its northerly neighbors, Mexico seems a land of contradiction. It was exploited by the Spanish conquerors a hundred years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and yet the American from the United States finds it a comparatively primitive and undeveloped country. In some respects it has gone back, losing the splendor of its early times, yet it is a land now stirring with youth and growth.

The carriage of goods affords an instance of these paradoxical conditions; for in Mexico, the first soil of the New World to be traveled by wheels, burdens are to-day largely borne on human backs. Says the New York *Evening Post:*

There was never a wheel turned on the western hemisphere until about the year 1523 or 1524, when Sebastian de Aparicio brought some ox-carts over from Spain and began hauling freight and passengers between Vera Cruz and the City of Mexico. He grew wealthy, moved to Puebla, became a lay brother of the Franciscans, and died full of years, piety, and honors in 1600, ninety-eight years of age. He was canonized by the Pope, and later was adopted as patron saint of Puebla.

Among the mountain and plateau tribes of Mexico, Central America, and a large part of South America, transportation methods are precisely the same to-day as they were in the days of Cortez, Alvarado, and Pizarro. The *cargado* (freighter) and the *aguador* (water-carrier) are still omnipresent. The size of their self-imposed burdens compels notice from the least observant traveler.

Mexico has been called the "land of the patient back." It is a good name. The Indians, who form nearly half of her population, seem to be enamored of their burdens. The loads they carry would be far too much for the average white man.

MAY QUEENS AND MOVING-VANS.

Various Aspects, Sentimental, Practical, and Humorous, of the Merry First of May.

THE MAY QUEEN'S CORONAL.

By Catherine S. Holmes.

LIKE a king, strewing gold on the path that he trod,
Came the day crowned with sapphire, with emerald shod;
And my heart, as I wakened, cried: "Up and away.
For they choose thy beloved the Queen of the May!

"They will gather the flowers they have cherished in town;
They will plunder the hillside and search the wide down,
That the spring's rarest treasures beside her may shine
Till she choose out the fairest her garland to twine."

Oh, her face as the face of this morning is blithe,
And her form like the grasses is slender and lithe,
And her voice sounds as sweet as the breeze sings to-day—
Oh, my heart breaks with love for the Queen of the May!

Though I broke through the forest and trampled the vale
Yet naught did my search after blossoms avail;
For they hid from the glance of the outcast's dull eye,
And they held their sweet breath when they felt he was nigh.

So I came to the city and climbed up its wall,
Where the slow-crumbling fragments mark time with their fall;
And I brought from the ivy which cloaked its decay,
One branch as my gift to the Queen of the May.

Now dark with disdain stood her courtiers around.
"With the death-nourished vine shall our May Queen be crowned?"
And her eyes, while her sovereign hand waved me away,
With a half-scornful pity had shadowed their day.

Then my heart overflowed and I fell at her feet,
And I dared that my fingers her garland should meet
Till they dimmed its fresh bloom with one time-darkened leaf—
And she hindered me not, she was touched by my grief.

And at night, when she rests from her triumph apart;
She will fondle my gift, she will read my true heart
When of all that is blent in her coronal gay
But this one leaf is left her, dear Queen of the May.

Boston Traveler.

* * * *

MAY DAY—AND AFTER.

By Robert J. Burdette.

COME, Pepita, Phyllis, Griselda, Jeannette,
Evangeline, Héloise, Fifine, Susette,
Rebecca, Nan, Margaret, Bertha, Babette—
Or whatever your name is—
Come, get on your mackintosh, poncho, umbrell,
Clogs, overshoes, pattens, "gums," mufflers as well,
And hey, for the green woods! I might as well tell,
A-Maying the game is!

We'll twine our May garlands beneath the green tree,
We'll make the swamp ring with our innocent glee,

We'll wade round our maypole, light-
hearted and free,
Where naught but delight is;
Then homeward we'll dance when the
twilight is come,
With diphtheria, croup, and pneumonia
dumb,
With phthisis, lumbago, and rheumatiz-
zum,
And acute tonsillitis!

* * * *

RUBAIYAT OF MOVING-DAY.

LOOK at the moving vans about us—lo,
The whole world seems to be upon
the go;
We leave the little ills we have and
move
To larger woes whereof we do not know.

The splendid hopes we set our hearts
upon
Turn ashes when we settle down anon,
And, having tacked our carpets fast,
we sit
Regretting the good things from which
we've gone.

The neighbors that we left were not our
style;
We didn't like the noise they made, but
I'll
Bet forty dollars the new neighbors,
too,
Will make us weary in a little while.

Alike for those who move to-day to where
High walls of masonry loom in the air
And those who go to humble quarters
—all
Must eat cold grub and sleep where floors
are bare.

What by the brawny teamster hurried
whence?
Our goods jammed in the van and hur-
ried hence?
There's many an earnest protest an-
swered by
The big red-whiskered mover's insolence.

And has not such a story from of old
Down man's successive generations
rolled?
We pitch our tents and then pull up
again
And move to where new beauties may un-
fold.

A little halt, a little peace of mind
And then we push along again to find
New disappointments—thus through
life we move
And leave our streaks of rubbish
stretched behind.

Chicago Record-Herald.

* * * *

AN IDYL OF SPRING CLEANING.

By May Morrison.

BROOM and bucket and soap!
Soap and bucket and broom!
And the odor of steamy suds
Flitters through every room.
And Mollie is crabbed and cross,
With her hair in a straggling coil.
If I venture to come near the house
We're sure to get into a broil.

The chairs are set out in the yard,
The bric-à-brac all in a pile.
The minister's coming to call—
I wonder if Mollie can smile!
The curtains are all put to soak,
And there on the fence, right in sight,
Are garments we've worn since the flood
In fearful and wonderful plight.

And after the turmoil is o'er,
And civilization again
Has made of our humble abode
A place for the children of men,
My life will be useless and vain,
For comfort and peace will have fled;
My face will grow haggard and wan—
I know I shall wish I was dead!

From earliest dawn till the sun
Has sunk in the fathomless sea,
Commands and entreaties and rules
Will be fired in a torrent at me.
And "John, clean your feet at the
door";
"Don't rumple that tidy, I say";
"Do put out that horrid cigar";
"Don't sleep on the pillow-shams,
pray!"

"Oh, John, take your feet off that stool,
Your great clumsy shoes are so rough,
You'll crumple those sweet zephyr flow-
ers—
I'm sure I have told you enough!"
No man with a wife and a home
Can harbor content for a day
Till after the calendar marks
Six months from the first day of May!

Miss Ophelia and Topsy.

By HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

FOR a long while Mrs. Stowe's world-famous story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," was regarded by Americans as first of all a sectional novel written with a semi-political purpose. It is undoubtedly to be reckoned among the influences which led to the war between the States. When Mrs. Stowe visited the White House in 1863, President Lincoln took her by the hand and, looking down at her from his great height, said: "Is this the little woman who brought on so great a war?"

Reading the book at the present day, one is compelled to admit that the attitude of the writer was thoroughly misunderstood. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is a terrible indictment of slavery; but in it there is not a trace of bitterness against those who had inherited the slaves. The slaveholders' argument, in fact, is very strongly set forth by one of the characters in the book, *St. Clare*. Moreover, the most attractive personages in the story are Southerners, while the most repulsive are men like *Haley* and *Simon Legree*, who are described as Northern renegades. Again, no more delightful picture of slavery as a patriarchal system has ever been drawn than that with which the book opens, on the Shelby estate in Kentucky.

Mrs. Stowe wrote the story under a sort of mental compulsion which, as one of her biographers declares, pursued her with increased intensity to the last, "till, with the death of *Uncle Tom*, it seemed as if her whole vital force had left. The story can less be said to have been composed by her than imposed upon her. Scenes, incidents, conversation, rushed upon her with a vividness and importunity that would not be denied. The book insisted upon getting itself into being, and would take no denial."

It was written as a serial for the *National Era*, of Washington, and was published in book form in March, 1852. Mrs. Stowe had been told by her publisher that it would probably not be successful, and when it was issued she was overcome by a profound depression. In less than a week, however, ten thousand copies had been sold; and before the end of the year, the sales had amounted to more than three hundred thousand copies. Eight printing-presses running night and day were unable to supply the public. The work was translated into all the languages of Europe, and its author became famous. She had, however, neglected to copyright it, and she never received more than a few hundred dollars for her work.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin" is written with great, even if it be unconscious, art. The dark side of slavery is only one part of the picture that it draws. Its humorous passages are as amusing as its tragic scenes are terrible. Most famous of all the former, perhaps, is the delicious contrast between *Miss Ophelia*, the prim and conscientious New England old maid, and *Topsy*, the irresponsible and impish little piccaninny, whom *Miss Ophelia* tries to train and discipline according to Yankee standards. The following passage is one that stands out as a comic masterpiece.

ONE morning, while Miss Ophelia was busying herself with some of her domestic cares, St. Clare's voice was heard calling her at the foot of the stairs.

"Come down here, cousin; I've something to show you."

"What is it?" said Miss Ophelia, coming down, with her sewing in her hand.

"I've made a purchase for your department—see here," said St. Clare; and, with the word, he pulled along a little negro girl, about eight or nine years of age.

She was one of the blackest of her race; and her round, shining eyes, glittering as glass beads, moved with quick and restless glances over everything in the room. Her mouth, half open with astonishment at the wonders of the new mas'r's parlor, displayed a white and brilliant set of teeth. Her woolly hair was braided in sundry little tails, which stuck out in every direction. The expression of the face was an odd mixture of shrewdness and cunning, over which was oddly drawn, like a kind of veil, an expression of the most doleful gravity and solemnity.

She was dressed in a single, filthy, ragged garment, made of bagging; and stood with her hands demurely folded before her. Altogether, there was something odd and goblin-like about her appearance—something, as Miss Ophelia afterward said, "so heathenish," as to inspire that good lady with utter dismay; and turning to St. Clare, she said:

"Augustine, what in the world have you brought that thing here for?"

"For you to educate, to be sure, and train in the way she should go. I thought she was rather a funny specimen in the Jim Crow line. Here, Topsy," he added, giving a whistle, as a man would to call the attention of a dog, "give us a song, now, and show us some of your dancing."

The black, glassy eyes glittered with a kind of wicked drollery, and the thing struck up, in a clear, shrill voice, an odd negro melody, to which she kept time with her hands and feet, spinning round, clapping her hands, knocking her knees together, in a wild, fantastic sort of time, and producing in her throat all those odd guttural sounds which distinguish the native music of her race; and finally, turning a somersault or two, and giving a prolonged note, as odd and unearthly as that of a steam-whistle, she came suddenly down on the carpet, and stood with her hands folded, and a most sanctimonious expression of meekness and solemnity over her face, only broken by the cunning glances which she shot askance from the corners of her eyes.

Miss Ophelia stood silent, perfectly paralyzed with amazement.

St. Clare, like a mischievous fellow as he was, appeared to enjoy her astonishment; and, addressing the child again, said:

"Topsy, this is your new mistress. I'm going to give you up to her; see, now, that you behave yourself."

"Yes, mas'r," said Topsy, with a sanctimonious gravity, her wicked eyes twinkling as she spoke.

"You're going to be good, Topsy, you understand," said St. Clare.

"Oh, yes, mas'r," said Topsy, with another twinkle, her hands still devoutly folded.

"Now, Augustine, what upon earth is this for?" said Miss Ophelia. "Your house is so full of these little plagues now that a body can't set their foot down without treading on 'em. I get up in the morning, and find one asleep behind the door, and see one black head poking out from under the table, one lying on the door-mat; and they are mopping, and mowing, and grinning between all the railings, and tumbling over the kitchen floor! What on earth did you want to bring this one for?"

"For you to educate—didn't I tell you? You're always preaching about educating. I thought I would make you a present of a fresh-caught specimen, and let you try your hand on her and bring her up in the way she should go."

"*I* don't want her, I am sure; I have more to do with 'em now than I want to."

"That's you Christians, all over! You'll get up a society, and get some poor missionary to spend all his days among just such heathen. But let me see one of you that would take one into your house with you, and take the labor of their conversion on yourselves. No; when it comes to that, they are dirty and disagreeable, and it's too much care, and so on."

"Augustine, you know I didn't think of it in that light," said Miss Ophelia, evidently softening. "Well, it might be a real missionary work," said she, looking rather more favorably on the child.

St. Clare had touched the right string. Miss Ophelia's conscientiousness was ever on the alert.

"But," she added, "I really didn't see the need of buying this one—there are enough now, in your house, to take all my time and skill."

"Well, then, cousin," said St. Clare, drawing her aside, "I ought to beg your pardon for my good-for-nothing speeches. You are so good, after all, that there's no sense in them. Why, the fact is, this concern belonged to a couple of drunken creatures that kept a low restaurant that I have to pass by every day, and I was tired of hearing her screaming, and them beating and swearing at her. She looked bright and funny, too, as if something might be made of her; so I bought her, and I'll give her to you. Try, now, and give her a good orthodox New England bringing up, and see what it'll make of her. You know I haven't any gift that way, but I'd like you to try."

"Well, I'll do what I can," said Miss Ophelia; and she approached her new subject very much as a person might be supposed to approach a black spider, supposing him to have benevolent designs toward it.

"She's dreadfully dirty, and half naked," she said.

"Well, take her down-stairs, and make some of them clean and clothe her up."

Miss Ophelia carried her to the kitchen regions.

"Don't see what Mas'r St. Clare wants of 'nother nigger!" said Dinah, surveying the new arrival with no friendly air. "Won't have her round under *my* feet, *I* know!"

"Pah!" said Rosa and Jane with supreme disgust; "let her keep out of our way! What in the world mas'r wanted another of these low nigger for, I can't see!"

"You go along! No more nigger than you be, Miss Rosa," said Dinah, who felt this last remark a reflection on herself. "You seem to tink yourself white folks. You an't nerry one, black *nor* white. I'd like to be one or turrer."

Miss Ophelia saw that there was nobody in the camp that would undertake to oversee the cleansing and dressing of the new arrival; and so she was forced to do it herself, with some very ungracious and reluctant assistance from Jane.

When arrayed at last in a suit of decent and whole clothing, her hair cropped short to her head, Miss Ophelia, with some satisfaction said she looked more Christian-like than Jane did, and in her own mind began to mature some plans for her instruction.

Sitting down before her, she began to question her.

"How old are you, Topsy?"

"Dun no, missis," said the image, with a grin that showed all her teeth.

"Don't know how old you are? Didn't anybody ever tell you? Who was your mother?"

"Never had none!" said the child, with another grin.

"Never had any mother! What do you mean? Where were you born?"

"Never was born!" persisted Topsy, with another grin, that looked so goblin-like, that, if Miss Ophelia had been at all nervous, she might have fancied that she had got hold of some sooty gnome from the land of diablerie; but Miss Ophelia was not nervous, but plain and business-like, and she said, with some sternness:

"You mustn't answer me in that way, child; I'm not playing with you. Tell me where you were born, and who your father and mother were."

"Never was born," reiterated the creature, more emphatically; "never had no father nor mother, nor nothin'. I was raised by a speculator, with lots of others. Old Aunt Sue used to take car' on us."

The child was evidently sincere, and Jane, breaking into a short laugh, said:

"Laws, missis, there's heaps of 'em. Speculators buys 'em cheap when they's little, and gets 'em raised for market."

"How long have you lived with your master and mistress?"

"Dun no, missis."

"Is it a year, or more, or less?"

"Dun no, missis."

"Laws, missis, those low negroes—they can't tell; they don't know anything about time," said Jane: "they don't know what a year is; they don't know their own ages."

"Have you ever heard anything about God, Topsy?"

The child looked bewildered, but grinned as usual.

"Do you know who made you?"

"Nobody, as I knows on," said the child, with a short laugh. The idea appeared to amuse her considerably; for her eyes twinkled, and she added: "I 'spect I grow'd. Don't think nobody never made me."

"Do you know how to sew?" said Miss Ophelia, who thought she would turn her inquiries to something more tangible.

"No, missis."

"What can you do? What did you do for your master and mistress?"

"Fetch water, and wash dishes, and rub knives, and wait on folks."

"Were they good to you?"

"'Spect they was," said the child, scanning Miss Ophelia cunningly.

Miss Ophelia rose from this encouraging colloquy. St. Clare was leaning over the back of her chair.

"You find virgin soil there, cousin; put in your own ideas—you won't find many to pull up."

Miss Ophelia's ideas of education, like all her other ideas, were very set and definite, and of the kind that prevailed in New England a century ago, and which are still preserved in some very retired and unsophisticated parts, where there are no railroads. As nearly as could be expressed, they could be comprised in very few words: to teach them to mind when they were spoken to; to teach them the catechism, sewing, and reading; and to whip them if they told lies. And though, of course, in the flood of light that is now poured on education, these are left far away in the rear, yet it is an undisputed fact that our grandmothers raised some tolerably fair men and women under this régime, as many of us can remember and testify. At all events, Miss Ophelia knew of nothing else to do, and therefore applied her mind to her heathen with the best diligence she could command.

The child was announced and considered in the family as Miss Ophelia's girl; and, as she was looked upon with no gracious eye in the kitchen, Miss Ophelia resolved to confine her sphere of operation and instruction chiefly to her own chamber. With a self-sacrifice which some of our readers will appreciate, she resolved, instead of comfortably making her own bed, sweeping and dusting her own chamber—which she had hitherto done, in utter scorn of all offers of help from the chambermaid of the establishment—to condemn herself to the martyrdom of instructing Topsy to perform these operations. Ah, wo the day! Did any of our readers ever do the same, they will appreciate the amount of her self-sacrifice.

Miss Ophelia began with Topsy by taking her into her chamber, the first morning, and solemnly commencing a course of instruction in the art and mystery of bed-making.

Behold, then, Topsy, washed and shorn of all the little braided tails wherein her heart had delighted, arrayed in a clean gown, with well-starched apron, standing reverently before Miss Ophelia, with an expression of solemnity well befitting a funeral.

"Now, Topsy, I'm going to show you how my bed is to be made. I am very particular about my bed. You must learn exactly how to do it."

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with a deep sigh, and a face of woful earnestness.

"Now, Topsy, look here; this is the hem of the sheet—this is the right side of the sheet, and this is the wrong; will you remember?"

"Yes, ma'am," says Topsy, with another sigh.

"Well, now, the under sheet you must bring over the bolster—so—and tuck it clear down under the mattress nice and smooth—so! Do you see?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, with profound attention.

"But the upper sheet," said Miss Ophelia, "must be brought down in this way, and tucked under firm and smooth at the foot—so—the narrow hem at the foot."

"Yes, ma'am," said Topsy, as before; but we will add, what Miss Ophelia did not see, that, during the time when the good lady's back was turned, in the zeal of her manipulations, the young disciple had contrived to snatch a pair of gloves and a ribbon, which she had adroitly slipped into her sleeves, and stood with her hands dutifully folded, as before.

"Now, Topsy, let's see *you* do this,"

said Miss Ophelia, pulling off the clothes, and seating herself.

Topsy, with great gravity and adroitness, went through the exercise completely to Miss Ophelia's satisfaction; smoothing the sheets, patting out every wrinkle, and exhibiting, through the whole process, a gravity and seriousness with which her instructress was greatly edified. By an unlucky slip, however, a fluttering fragment of the ribbon hung out of one of her sleeves, just as she was finishing, and caught Miss Ophelia's attention. Instantly she pounced upon it.

"What's this? You naughty, wicked child—you've been stealing this!"

The ribbon was pulled out of Topsy's own sleeve, yet she was not in the least disconcerted; she only looked at it with an air of the most surprised and unconscious innocence.

"Laws! Why, that ar's Miss Feeley's ribbon, an't it? How could it a got in my sleeve?"

"Topsy, you naughty child, don't you tell me a lie—you stole that ribbon!"

"Missis, I declar for't, I didn't; never seed it till dis yer blessed minnit."

"Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, don't you know it's wicked to tell lies?"

"I never tells no lies, Miss Feeley," said Topsy, with virtuous gravity; "it's jist the truth I've been a telling now, and an't nothin' else."

"Topsy, I shall have to whip you if you tell lies so."

"Law, missis, if you's to whip all day, couldn't say no other way," said Topsy, beginning to blubber. "I never seed dat ar, it must a got caught in my sleeve. Miss Feeley must have left it on the bed, and it got caught in the clothes, and so got in my sleeve."

Miss Ophelia was so indignant at the barefaced lie that she caught the child and shook her.

"Don't tell me that again!"

The shake brought the glove on to the floor from the other sleeve.

"There, you!" said Miss Ophelia. "Will you tell me now you didn't steal the ribbon?"

Topsy now confessed to the gloves, but still persisted in denying the ribbon.

"Now, Topsy," said Miss Ophelia, "if you'll confess all about it, I won't whip you this time."

Thus adjured, Topsy confessed to the ribbon and gloves, with woful protestations of penitence.

"Well, now, tell me. I know you must have taken other things since you have been in the house, for I let you run about all day yesterday. Now, tell me if you took anything, and I sha'n't whip you."

"Laws, missis! I took Miss Eva's red thing she wars on her neck."

"You did, you naughty child! Well, what else?"

"I took Rosa's yer-rings—them red ones."

"Go bring them to me this minute, both of 'em."

"Laws, missis, I can't—they's burnt up!"

"Burnt up? What a story! Go get em, or I'll whip you."

Topsy, with loud protestations, and tears, and groans, declared that she *could* not. "They's burnt up—they was."

"What did you burn 'em up for?" said Miss Ophelia.

"'Cause I's wicked, I is. I's mighty wicked, anyhow. I can't help it."

Just at this moment Eva came innocently into the room, with the identical coral necklace on her neck.

"Why, Eva, where did you get your necklace?" said Miss Ophelia.

"Get it? Why, I've had it on all day," said Eva.

"Did you have it on yesterday?"

"Yes; and what is funny, aunty, I had it on all night. I forgot to take it off when I went to bed."

Miss Ophelia looked perfectly bewildered; the more so as Rosa at that instant came into the room, with a basket of newly ironed linen poised on her head, and the coral ear-drops shaking in her ears.

"I'm sure I can't tell what to do with such a child!" she said in despair. "What in the world did you tell me you took those things for, Topsy?"

"Why, missis said I must 'fess; and I couldn't think of nothin' else to 'fess," said Topsy, rubbing her eyes.

"But, of course, I didn't want you to confess things you didn't do," said Miss

Ophelia; "that's telling a lie, just as much as the other."

"Laws, now, is it?" said Topsy, with an air of innocent wonder.

"La, there an't any such thing as truth in that limb," said Rosa, looking indignantly at Topsy. "If I was Mas'r St. Clare, I'd whip her till the blood run, I would! I'd let her catch it!"

"No, no, Rosa," said Eva, with an air of command, which the child could assume at times; "you mustn't talk so, Rosa. I can't bear to hear it."

"La, sakes! Miss Eva, you're so good, you don't know nothing how to get along with niggers. There's no way but cut 'em well up, I tell ye."

"Rosa," said Eva, "hush! Don't you say another word of that sort!" And the eye of the child flashed, and her cheek deepened in color.

Rosa was cowed in a moment.

"Miss Eva has got the St. Clare blood in her, that's plain. She can speak for all the world just like her papa," she said, as she passed out of the room.

Eva stood looking at Topsy.

There stood the two children, representatives of the two extremes of society. The fair, high-bred child, with her golden head, her deep eyes, her spiritual, noble brow, and prince-like movements; and her black, keen, subtle, cringing, yet acute neighbor. They stood, the representatives of their races. The Saxon, born of ages of cultivation, command, education, physical and moral eminence; the Afric, born of ages of oppression, submission, ignorance, toil, and vice!

Something, perhaps, of such thoughts struggled through Eva's mind. But a child's thoughts are rather dim, undefined instincts; and in Eva's noble nature many such were yearning and working, for which she had no power of utterance. When Miss Ophelia expatiated on Topsy's naughty, wicked conduct, the child looked perplexed and sorrowful, but said sweetly:

"Poor Topsy, why need you steal? You're going to be taken good care of now. I'm sure I'd rather give you anything of mine than have you steal it."

It was the first word of kindness the child had ever heard in her life; and the sweet tone and manner struck strangely on the wild, rude heart, and a sparkle of something like a tear shone in the keen, round, glittering eye; but it was followed by a short laugh and habitual grin. No! the ear that has never heard anything but abuse is strangely incredulous of anything so heavenly as kindness; and Topsy only thought Eva's speech something funny and inexplicable —she did not believe it.

THE SACRED CODFISH AND ITS MAKER.

The Famous Emblem of the Massachusetts State-House Comes from Colonial Days and is an Emblem of the Old Colony's Fisheries.

A CODFISH, carved in wood, hangs on the white mahogany wall of the Massachusetts Hall of Representatives in the State-house, in Boston. Between two classic pillars it occupies a place of honor, directly opposite the desk of the presiding officer. This wooden fish is the renowned original sacred codfish of the Old Colony, and it has assisted at the deliberations of the lawmakers of Massachusetts for more than a century and a half, gathering sanctity year by year. It is a relic of the old building which preceded the present State-house, and great is the dignity of this souvenir of Colonial art and industry.

The following account of its origin is given in the Boston *Budget and Beacon:*

Captain John Welch, of Boston, was the creator and carver of the celebrated fish. He was a wood-carver of renown for his time, and in 1747 established his business in Dock Square. He belonged to the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, and afterward became its captain. He was called upon to contribute to the decoration of the Colonial Assembly Hall; and as, at that period, codfish was the colony's main article of export, Captain Welch conceived the idea of immortalizing the king fish of the Massachusetts waters. When completed, the carving was finished off and colored so as to be a facsimile of life, and was hung on the wall of the Assembly Hall.

Napoleon and the Peasant Woman.

NAPOLEON died at St. Helena on May 5, 1821, while the sun was setting serenely after a stormy day—the elements thus symbolizing the great Corsican's remarkable career. The news of his death produced a profound sensation in France, where his memory had been cherished with a passionate devotion by the whole nation. The bloodshed which he had caused was deplored; yet the glory which he had brought to the French arms thrilled every Frenchman. Never had the personality of any man so bewitched the popular imagination; and this is well illustrated in the following poem, written, in imitation of a ballad by the French poet Pierre Jean de Béranger, by Francis Sylvester Mahony (1804—1866), better known by his pen name of Father Prout. Father Prout was an Irish clergyman, poet, and journalist of brilliant talent, much of whose life was spent on the continent. At the time of Napoleon's death he was a theological student in France.

BY FATHER PROUT (FRANCIS MAHONY).

THEY'LL talk of him for years to come
In cottage chronicle and tale;
When for aught else renown is dumb,
His legend shall prevail!
Then in the hamlet's honored chair
Shall sit some aged dame,
Teaching to lowly clown and villager
That narrative of fame.
'Tis true, they'll say, his gorgeous throne
France bled to raise;
But he was all our own!
Mother, say something in his praise—
Oh, speak of him always!

" I saw him pass; his was a host
Countless beyond your young imaginings—
My children, he could boast
A train of conquered kings!
And when he came this road,
'Twas on my bridal day,
He wore—for near to him I stood—
Cocked hat and surcoat gray.
I blushed; he said, ' Be of good cheer!
Courage, my dear! '
That was his very word."—
Mother! Oh, then this really occurred,
And you his voice could hear!

" A year rolled on; when next at Paris I,
Lone woman that I am,
Saw him pass by,
Girt with his peers, to kneel at Notre Dame,
I knew by merry chime and signal gun,
God granted him a son,
And oh, I wept for joy!
For why not weep when warrior-men did,
Who gazed upon that sight so splendid,
And blessed the imperial boy?
Never did noonday sun shine out so bright!
Oh, what a sight! "—
Mother! For you that must have been
A glorious scene!

" But when all Europe's gathered strength
Burst o'er the French frontier at length,
'Twill scarcely be believed
What wonders, single-handed, he achieved.
Such general never lived!
One evening on my threshold stood
A guest—'twas he! Of warriors few
He had a toil-worn retinue.

He flung himself into this chair of wood,
Muttering, meantime, with fearful air,
'*Quelle guerre! Oh, quelle guerre!*'"
Mother, and did our emperor sit there,
Upon that very chair?

"He said, 'Give me some food.'
Brown loaf I gave, and homely wine,
And made the kindling fire-blocks shine,
To dry his cloak, with wet bedewed.
Soon by the bonnie blaze he slept;
Then waking, chid me (for I wept):
'Courage!' he cried. 'I'll strike for all
Under the sacred wall
Of France's noble capital!'
Those were his words; I've treasured up
With pride that same wine-cup,
And for its weight in gold
It never shall be sold!"
Mother! On that proud relic let us gaze—
Oh, keep that cup always!

"But, through some fatal witchery,
He whom a Pope had crowned and blessed
Perished, my sons, by foulest treachery!
Cast on an isle far in the lonely West.
Long time sad rumors were afloat—
The fatal tidings we would spurn,
Still hoping from that isle remote
Once more our hero would return.
But when the dark announcement drew
Tears from the virtuous and the brave—
When the sad whisper proved too true,
A flood of grief I to his memory gave.
Peace to the glorious dead!"—
Mother! May God His fullest blessing shed
Upon your aged head!

The Story of Dr. MacLure.

BY THE REV. JOHN WATSON (IAN MACLAREN).

IN 1894, there appeared simultaneously in England and the United States a volume of fiction entitled "Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" and bearing upon its title-page the name of Ian Maclaren. The book immediately won a vast popularity. Its themes were simple, relating as they did to homely Scottish life and character; but they were treated with such quaint humor and moving pathos as to gain readers everywhere. Presently it became known that "Ian Maclaren" was the pen-name of the Rev. John Watson, a Presbyterian clergyman, whose charge was in Liverpool, where for nearly fifteen years he had been greatly admired as a pulpit orator, as well as for his genial, hearty manners, which had made him remarkably successful in his parish work. Dr. Watson, with Mr. J. M. Barrie, made Scottish life almost as interesting to the English-speaking world as Sir Walter Scott had done; and they were imitated widely by other writers, who were spoken of collectively as constituting "the kailyard school of fiction."

"Beside the Bonnie Brier-Bush" concerns the doings of Drumtochty, an out-of-the-way hamlet under the shadow of the Grampian Mountains. One of the principal characters is *Dr. MacLure*, a gruff but kindly village doctor, whimsical, yet full of real benevolence, and unselfishly devoted to the service of his neighbors and patients. The passage which is reprinted here by the kind permission of Dr. Watson and of his publishers, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, is one that forms the climax of the book. Mr. Andrew Carnegie once said in the course of a public address: "I defy any one to read the story of *Dr. MacLure* without shedding tears."

I—The Doctor's Last Journey.

IT was a bitter December Sabbath, and the fathers were settling the affairs of the parish ankle deep in snow, when MacLure's old housekeeper told Drumsheugh that the doctor was not able to rise, and wished to see him in the afternoon.

"Aye, aye," said Hillocks, shaking his head, and that day Drumsheugh omitted four pews with the ladle, while Jamie was so vicious on the way home that none could endure him.

Janet had lit a fire in the unused grate, and hung a plaid (shawl) by the window to break the power of the cruel north wind, but the bare room, with its half a dozen bits of furniture and a worn strip of carpet, and the outlook upon the snow drifted up to the second pane of the window and the black firs laden with their icy burden, sent a chill to Drumsheugh's heart.

The doctor had weakened sadly, and could hardly lift his head, but his face lit up at the sight of his visitor, and the big hand, which was now quite refined in its whiteness, came out from the bedclothes with the old warm grip.

"Come in by, man, and sit doon. It's an awfu' day tae bring ye sae far, but a' kent ye wudna grudge the traivel. A' wesna sure till last nicht, an' then a' felt it wudna be lang, an' a' took a wearyin' this mornin' tae see ye. We've been freends sin' we were laddies at the auld schule in the firs, an' a' wud like ye tae be wi' me at the end. Ye 'ill stay the nicht, Paitrick, for auld lang syne."

Drumsheugh was much shaken, and the sound of the Christian name, which he had not heard since his mother's death, gave him a "grue" (shiver), as if one had spoken from the other world.

"It's maist awfu' tae hear ye speakin' aboot deein'. Weelum; a' canna bear it. We 'ill hae the Muirtown doctor up, an' ye 'ill be aboot again in nae time. Ye hevna ony sair tribble; ye're juist trachled (worn out) wi' hard wark an' needin' a rest. Dinna say ye're gaein' tae leave us, Weelum; we canna dae withoot ye in Drumtochty;" and Drumsheugh looked wistfully for some word of hope.

"Na, na, Paitrick, naething can be dune, an' it's ower late tae send for ony doctor. There's a knock that canna be mista'en, an' a' heard it last night. A've focht deith for ither fouk mair than forty year, but ma ain time hes come at laist. A've nae tribble worth mentionin'—a bit titch o' bronchitis—an' a've hed a graund constitution; but a'm fair worn oot, Paitrick; that's ma complaint, an' it's past curin'."

Drumsheugh went over to the fireplace, and for a while did nothing but break up the smoldering peats, whose smoke powerfully affected his nose and eyes.

"When ye're ready, Paitrick, there's twa or three little trokes (trifles) a' wud like ye tae look aifter, an' a'll tell ye aboot them as lang's ma head's clear. A' didna keep buiks, as ye ken, for a' ay hed a guid memory, so naebody 'ill be harried for money aifter ma deith, and ye 'ill hae nae accoonts tae collect. But the fouk are honest in Drumtochty, and they 'ill be offerin' ye siller, an' a'll gie ye ma mind aboot it. Gin (if) it be a puir body, tell her tae keep and get a bit plaidie (shawl) wi' the money, and she 'ill maybe think o' her auld doctor at a time. Gin it be a bien (well-to-do) man, tak half of what he offers, for a Drumtochty man wud scorn to be mean in sic circumstances; and if onybody needs a doctor an' canna pay for him, see he's no left tae dee when a'm oot o' the road."

"Nae fear o' that as lang as a'm livin', Weelum. But what 'ill become o's when ye're no here tae gie a hand in time o' need? We 'ill take ill wi' a stranger that disna ken ane o's frae anither."

"It's a' for the best, Paitrick, an' ye 'ill see that in a whilie. A've kent fine (known well) that ma day wes ower, an' that ye sud hae a younger man. A' did what a' cud tae keep up wi' the new medicine, but a' hed little time for readin', an' nane for traivelin'. A'm the last o' the auld schule, an' a' ken as weel as onybody thet a' wesna sae dainty an' fine-mannered as the town doctors. Ye took me as a' wes, an' naebody ever cuist up tae me that a' wes a plain man. Na, na; ye've been rael kind an' conseederate a' thae years."

"Weelum, gin ye cairry on sic nonsense ony langer," interrupted Drumsheugh huskily, "a'll leave the hoose; a' canna stand it."

"It's the truth, Paitrick, but we 'ill gae on wi' oor wark, for a'm failin' fast. Gie Janet ony sticks of furniture she needs tae furnish a hoose, and sell a' thing else tae pay the wricht (undertaker) an' bedrel (grave-digger). If the new doctor be a young laddie and no verra rich, ye micht let him hae the buiks an' instruments; it 'ill aye be a help. But a' wudna like ye tae sell Jess, for she's been a faithfu' servant, an' a freend, tae. There's a note or twa in that drawer a' savit, an' if ye kent ony man that wud gie her a bite o' grass and a sta' in his stable till she followed her maister——"

"Confoond ye, Weelum," broke out Drumsheugh; "it's doonricht cruel o' ye to speak like this tae me. Whar wud Jess gang but tae Drumsheugh? She 'ill hae her run o' heck an' manger sae lang as she lives; the Glen wudna like tae see anither man on Jess, and nae man 'ill ever touch the auld mare."

"Dinna mind me, Paitrick, for a' expeckit this; but ye ken we're no verra gleg (quick) wi' oor tongues in Drumtochty, an' dinna tell a' that's in oor hearts. Weel, that's a' that a' mind, an' the rest a' leave tae yersel. A've neither kith nor kin tae bury me, sae you an' the neebors 'ill need tae lat me doon; but gin Tammas Mitchell or Saunders be stannin' near and lookin' as if they wud like a cord, gie't tae them, Paitrick. They're baith dour chiels (hard men), and haena muckle (much) tae say, but Tammas hes a graund hert, and there's waur (worse) fouk in the Glen than Saunders.

"A'm gettin' drowsy, an' a'll no be able tae follow ye sune, a' doot; wud

ye read a bit tae me afore a' fa' ower? Ye 'ill find ma mither's Bible on the drawers' heid, but ye 'ill need tae come close tae the bed, for a'm no hearin' or seein' sae weel as a' wes when ye cam."

Drumsheugh put on his spectacles and searched for a comfortable Scripture, while the light of the lamp fell on his shaking hands and the doctor's face, where the shadow was now settling.

"Ma mither aye wantit this read tae her when she was sober (weak);" and Drumsheugh began, "'In my Father's house are many mansions,'" but MacLure stopped him.

"It's a bonnie word, an yir mither wes a sanct; but it's no for the like o' me. It's ower gude; a' dourna tak it. Shut the buik an' let it open itsel, an' ye 'ill get a bit a've been readin' every nicht the laist month."

Then Drumsheugh found the parable wherein the Master tells us what God thinks of a Pharisee and of a penitent sinner, till he came to the words:

"And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes to heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying, God be merciful to me a sinner."

"That micht hae been written for me, Paitrick, or ony ither auld sinner that hes feenished his life, an' hes naething tae say for himsel. It wesna easy for me tae get tae kirk, but a' cud hae managed wi' a stretch, an' a' used langidge a' sudna, an' a' micht hae been gentler, and no been so short in the temper. A' see't a' noo. It's ower late tae mend, but ye 'ill maybe juist say to the fouk that I wes sorry, an' a'm houpin' that the Almichty 'ill hae mercy on me. Cud ye—pit up a bit prayer, Paitrick?"

"A haena the words," said Drumsheugh in great distress; "wud ye like's tae send for the minister?"

"It's no the time for that noo, an' a' wud rather hae yersel—juist what's in yir heart, Paitrick; the Almichty 'ill ken the lave (rest) Himsel'."

So Drumsheugh knelt and prayed, with many pauses:

"Almichty God—dinna be hard on Weelum MacLure, for he's no been hard wi' onybody in Drumtochty. Be kind tae him as he's been tae us a' for forty year. We're a' sinners afore Thee. Forgive him what he's dune wrang, an' dinna cuist it up tae him. Mind the fouk he's helpit—the weemen an' bairnies—an' gie him a welcome hame, for he's sair needin't after a' his wark. Amen."

"Thank ye, Paitrick, and gude nicht tae ye. Ma ain true freend, gie's yir hand, for a'll maybe no ken ye again. Noo a'll say ma mither's prayer and hae a sleep, but ye 'ill no leave me till a' is ower."

Then he repeated, as he had done every night of his life:

This night I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep,
And if I die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take.

He was sleeping quietly when the wind drove the snow against the window with a sudden swish; and he instantly awoke, so to say, in his sleep. Some one needed him.

"Are ye frae Glen Urtach?" and an unheard voice seemed to have answered him. "Worse is she, an' sufferin' awfu'; that's no lichtsome; ye did richt tae come. The front door's drifted up; gang roond tae the back, an' ye 'ill get intae the kitchen; a'll be ready in a meenut. Gie's a hand wi' the lantern when a'm saiddling Jess, an' ye needna come on till daylicht; a' ken the road."

Then he was away in his sleep on some errand of mercy, and struggling through the storm.

"It's a coorse nicht, Jess, an' heavy traivelin'. Can ye see afore ye, lass? For a'm clean confused wi' the snaw; bide a wee till a' find the diveesion o' the roads; it's aboot here back or forrit.

"Steady, lass, steady, dinna plunge; it's a drift we're in, but ye're no sinkin'; up noo—there ye are on the road again.

"Eh, it's deep the nicht, an' hard on us baith, but there's a puir wumman micht dee if we didna warstle through. That's it; ye ken fine what a'm sayin'.

"We 'ill hae tae leave the road here, an' tak tae the muir. Sandie 'ill no can leave the wife alane tae meet us; feel for yersel, lass, and keep oot o' the holes.

"Yon's the hoose, black in the snaw. Sandie, man, ye frichtened us; a' didna see ye ahint the dyke; hoo's the wife?"

After a while he began again:

"Ye're fair dune, Jess, and so a' am masel; we're baith gettin' auld, an' dinna tak sae weel wi' the nicht wark.

"We 'ill sune be hame noo; this is the black wood, an' it's no lang aifter that; we're ready for oor beds, Jess.

"Yon's the licht in the kitchen window; nae wonder ye're nickering (neighing). It's been a stiff journey; a'm tired, lass—a'm tired tae deith," and the voice died into silence.

Drumsheugh held his friend's hand, which now and again tightened in his, and as he watched, a change came over the face on the pillow beside him. The lines of weariness disappeared, as if God's hand had passed over it; and peace began to gather round the closed eyes.

The doctor has forgotten the toil of later years, and has gone back to his boyhood.

The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,"

he repeated, till he came to the last verse, and then he hesitated.

Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me.

"Follow me — and — and — what's next? Mither said I wes tae haed ready when she cam. 'A'll come afore ye gang tae sleep, Wullie, but ye 'ill no get yir kiss unless ye can feenish the psalm.

"And—in God's house—for evermore my—hoo dis it rin? A' canna mind the next word. My, my——

"It's ower dark noo tae read it, an' mither 'ill sune be comin'."

Drumsheugh, in an agony, whispered into his ear, "'My dwelling-place,' Weelum."

"That's it, that's it a' noo. Wha said it?

"And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

"A'm ready noo, an' a'll get ma kiss when mither comes; a' wish she wud come, for a'm tired an' wantin' tae sleep.

"Yon's her step—an' she's carryin' a licht in her hand; a' see it through the door. Mither! A' kent ye wudna forget yir laddie, for ye promised tae come, an' a've feenished ma psalm.

"And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

"Gie me the kiss, mither, for a've been waitin' for ye, an' a'll sune be asleep."

The gray morning light fell on Drumsheugh, still holding his friend's cold hand, and staring at a hearth where the fire had died down into white ashes; but the peace on the doctor's face was of one who rested from his labors.

II—The Mourning of the Glen.

DR. MACLURE was buried during the great snow-storm, which is still spoken of, and will remain the standard of snowfall in Drumtochty for the century. The snow was deep on the Monday, and the men that gave notice of his funeral had hard work to reach the doctor's distant patients. On Tuesday morning it began to fall again in heavy, fleecy flakes, and continued till Thursday; and then on Thursday the north wind rose and swept the snow into the hollows of the roads that went to the upland farms, and built it into a huge bank at the mouth of Glen Urtach, and laid it across our main roads in drifts of every size and the most lovely shapes, and filled up crevices in the hills to the depth of fifty feet.

On Friday morning the wind had sunk to passing gusts that powdered your coat with white, and the sun was shining on one of those winter landscapes no townsman can imagine and no countryman ever forgets. The Glen, from end to end and side to side, was clothed in a glistering mantle white as no fuller on earth could white it, that flung its skirts over the clumps of trees and scattered farmhouses, and was only divided where the Tochty ran with black, swollen stream. The great moor rose and fell in swelling billows of snow that arched themselves over the burns, running deep in the mossy ground, and hid the black peat-bogs with a thin, treacherous crust. Beyond, the hills northward and westward stood high in white majesty, save where the black

crags of Glen Urtach broke the line, and, above our lower Grampians, we caught glimpses of the distant peaks that lifted their heads in holiness unto God.

It seemed to me a fitting day for William MacLure's funeral, rather than summer-time, with its flowers and golden corn. He had not been a soft man, nor had he lived an easy life, and now he was to be laid to rest amid the austere majesty of winter, yet in the shining of the sun. Jamie Soutar, with whom I toiled across the Glen, did not think with me, but was gravely concerned.

"Nae doot it's a graund sicht; the like o't is no gien tae us twice in a generation, an' nae king was ever carried tae his tomb in sic a cathedral. But it's the fouk a'm conseederin', an' hoo they 'ill win through; it's hard eneuch for them 'at's on the road, an' it's clean impossible for the lave. They 'ill dae their best, every man o' them, ye may depend on that, an' hed it been open weather there wudna hev been six able-bodied men missin'.

"A' wes mad at them, because they never said onything when he wes leevin', but they felt for a' that what he hed dune, an', a' think, he kent it afore he deed. He hed juist ae (one) faut, tae ma thinkin', for a' never jidged the waur o' him for his titch of rochness—guid trees hae gnarled bark—but he thocht ower little o' himsel. Noo, gin a' hed asked him hoo mony fouk wud come tae his beerial, he wud hae said, 'They 'ill be Drumsheugh an' yersel, an' maybe twa or three neeburs besides the minister,' an' the fact is that nae man in oor time wud hae sic a githerin' if it werena for the storm.

"Ye see," said Jamie, who had been counting heads all morning, "there's six shepherds in Glen Urtach—they're shut up fast; an' there micht hae been a gude half-dizen frae Dunleith wy, an' a'm telt there's nae road; an' there's the heich (high) Glen, nae man cud cross the muir the day, an' it's aucht (eight) mile roond;" and Jamie proceeded to review the Glen in every detail of age, driftiness of road, and strength of body, till we arrived at the doctor's cottage, when he had settled on a reduction of fifty through stress of weather.

Drumsheugh was acknowledged as chief mourner by the Glen, and received us at the gate with a labored attempt at every-day manners.

"Ye've hed heavy traivelin', a' doot, an' ye 'ill be cauld. There wes nae use trying tae dig oot the front door yestreen, for it wud hae been drifted up again before morning. We've cleared awa the snow at the back for the prayer; ye 'ill get in at the kitchen door. There's a puckle (few) Dunleith men——"

"Wha?" cried Jamie in an instant.

"Dunleith men," said Drumsheugh.

"Div (do) ye mean they're here? Whar are they?"

"Drying themselves at the fire, an' no withoot need; ane of them gaed ower the head in a drift, and his neebors hed tae pu' him oot. It took them a gude fower oors tae get across, an' it wes coorse wark; they likit him weel doon that wy, an', Jamie man"—here Drumsheugh's voice changed its note, and his public manner disappeared—"what div ye think o' this? Every man o' them hes on his blacks (Sunday suit)."

"It's mair than cud be expeckit," said Jamie; "but whar dae yon men come frae, Drumsheugh?"

Two men in plaids were descending the hill behind the doctor's cottage, taking three feet at a stride, and carrying long staffs in their hands.

"They're Glen Urtach men, Jamie, for ane o' them wes at Kildrummie fair wi' sheep, but hoo they've wun doon passes me."

"It canna be, Drumsheugh," said Jamie, greatly excited. "Glen Urtach's steikit (closed) up wi' sna like a locked door. Ye're no surely frae the Glen, lads?" as the men leaped the dyke and crossed to the back door, the snow falling from their plaids as they walked.

"We're that an' nae mistak, but a' thocht we wud be lickit (beaten) ae place, eh, Charlie? A'm no sae weel acquant wi' the hill on this side, an' there wes some kittle (hazardous) drifts."

"It wes grand o' ye tae mak the attempt," said Drumsheugh, "an' a'm gled ye're safe."

"He cam through as bad himsel tae help ma wife," was Charlie's reply.

"They're three mair Urtach shepherds 'ill come in by sune; they're frae Upper Urtach, an' we saw them fording the

river; ma certes (on my word), it took them a' their time, for it wes up tae their waists and rinnin' like a mill-lade (mill-stream), but they jined hands and cam ower fine." And the Urtach men went in to the fire.

The Glen began to arrive in twos and threes, and Jamie, from a point of vantage at the gate, and under an appearance of utter indifference, checked his roll till even he was satisfied.

"Weelum MacLure 'ill hae the beerial he deserves in spite o' sna and drifts; it passes a' tae see hoo they've githered frae far an' near. A'm thinkin' ye can colleck them for the minister noo, Drumsheugh. A'body's here except the heich Glen, an' we maunna luke for them."

"Dinna be sae sure o' that, Jamie. Yon's terrible like them on the road, wi' Whinnie at their head;" and so it was, twelve in all, only old Adam Ross absent, detained by force, being eighty-two years of age.

"It wud hae been temptin' Providence tae cross the muir," Whinnie explained, "and it's a fell stap (long step) roond; a' doot we're laist."

"See, Jamie," said Drumsheugh, as he went to the house, "gin there be ony antern body (any one else) in sicht afore we begin; we maun mak allooances the day wi' twa feet o' sna on the grund, tae say naethin' o' drifts."

"There's something at the turnin', an' it's no fouk; it's a machine o' some kind or ither—maybe a bread-cart that's focht its wy up."

"Na, it's no that; there's twa horses, ane afore the ither; if it's no a dog-cairt wi' twa men in the front; they 'ill be comin' tae the beerial."

"What wud ye sae, Jamie," Hillocks suggested, "but it micht be some o' thae Muirtown doctors? They were awfu' chief (friendly) wi' MacLure."

"It's nae Muirtown doctors," cried Jamie, in great exultation, "nor ony ither doctors. A' ken thae horses, and wha's ahint them. Quick, man Hillocks, stop the fouk, and tell Drumsheugh tae come oot, for Lord Kilspindie hes come up frae Muirtown Castle!"

Jamie himself slipped behind, and did not wish to be seen.

"It's the respeck he's gettin' the day frae high an' low!" was Jamie's husky apology. "Tae think o' them fechtin their wy doon frae Glen Urtach, and toiling roond frae the heich Glen, an' his lordship driving through the drifts a' the road frae Muirtown, juist tae honor Weelum MacLure's beerial! It's nae ceremony the day, ye may lippen tae (depend on) it; it's the hert brocht the fouk, an' ye can see it in their faces; ilka man hes his ain reason, an' he's thinkin' on't, though he's speakin' o' naethin' but the storm; he's mindin' the day Weelum pu'ed him oot frae the jaws o' death, or the nicht he savit the gude wife in her oor o' tribble. That's why they pit on their blacks this mornin' afore it wes licht, and wrastled through the sna-drifts at risk o' life. Drumtochty fouk canna say muckle, it's an awfu' peety, and they 'ill dae their best tae show naethin', but a' can read it a' in their een.

"But wae's me"—and Jamie broke down utterly behind a fir-tree, so tender a thing is a cynic's heart—"that fouk 'ill tak a man's best wark a' his days without a word, an' no dae him honor till he dees. Oh, if they hed only githered like this juist aince when he wes livin', an' lat him see he hedna labored in vain! His reward hes come ower late, ower late."

During Jamie's vain regret, the castle trap, bearing the marks of a wild passage in the snow-covered wheels, a broken shaft tied with rope, a twisted lamp, and the panting horses, pulled up between two rows of farmers, and Drumsheugh received his lordship with evident emotion.

"Ma lord—we never thocht o' this—an' sic a road!"

"How are you, Drumsheugh? And how are you all this wintry day? That's how I'm half an hour late; it took us four hours' stiff work for sixteen miles, mostly in the drifts, of course."

"It wes gude o' yir lordship tae mak sic an effort, an' the hale Glen wull be gratefu' tae ye, for ony kindness tae him is kindness tae us."

"You make too much of it, Drumsheugh," and the clear, firm voice was heard of all; "it would have taken more than a few snow-drifts to keep me from showing my respect to William MacLure's memory."

When all had gathered in a half-circle before the kitchen door, Lord Kilspindie came out—every man noticed he had left his overcoat, and was in black, like the Glen—and took a place in the middle with Drumsheugh and Burnbrae, his two chief tenants, on the right and left, and as the minister appeared every man bared his head. The doctor looked on the company—a hundred men such as for strength and gravity you could hardly have matched in Scotland—standing out in picturesque relief against the white background, and he said:

"It's a bitter day, friends, and some of you are old; perhaps it might be wise to cover your heads before I begin to pray."

Lord Kilspindie, standing erect and gray-headed between the two old men, replied:

"We thank you, Dr. Davidson, for your thoughtfulness; but he endured many a storm in our service, and we are not afraid of a few minutes' cold at his funeral."

A look flashed round the stern faces, and was reflected from the minister, who seemed to stand higher.

His prayer, we noticed with critical appreciation, was composed for the occasion, and the first part was a thanksgiving to God for the life-work of our doctor, wherein each clause was a reference to his services and sacrifices. No one moved or said "Amen"—it had been strange with us—but when every man had heard the gratitude of his dumb heart offered to Heaven, there was a great sigh.

After which the minister prayed that we might have grace to live as this man had done from youth to old age, not for himself, but for others, and that we might be followed to our grave by somewhat of "that love wherewith we mourn this day Thy servant departed." Again the same sigh, and the minister said "Amen."

The wricht (undertaker) stood in the doorway without speaking, and four stalwart men came forward. They were the volunteers that would lift the coffin and carry it for the first stage. One was Tammas, Annie Mitchell's man; and another was Saunders Baxter, for whose life MacLure had a great fight with death; and the third was the Glen Urtach shepherd for whose wife's sake MacLure suffered a broken leg and three fractured ribs in a drift; and the fourth, a Dunleith man, had his own reasons of remembrance.

"He's far lichter than ye wud expeck for sae big a man—there wesna muckle left o' him, ye see—but the road is heavy, and a'll change ye aifter the first half-mile."

"Ye needna tribble yersel, wricht," said the man from Glen Urtach; "the'll be nae change in the cairryin' the day;" and Tammas was thankful some one had saved him speaking.

Surely no funeral is like unto that of a doctor for pathos, and a peculiar sadness fell on that company as his body was carried out who for nearly half a century had been their help in sickness, and had beaten back death time after time from their door. Death after all was victor, for the man that saved them had not been able to save himself.

The black thread wound itself along the whiteness of the Glen, the coffin first, with his lordship and Drumsheugh behind, and the others as they pleased, but in closer ranks than usual, because the snow on either side was deep, and because this was not as other funerals. They could see the women standing at the door of every house on the hillside, and weeping, for each family had some good reason, in forty years, to remember MacLure. When Bell Baxter saw Saunders alive, and the coffin of the doctor that saved him on her man's shoulder, she bowed her head on the dyke, and the bairns in the village made such a wail for him they loved that the men nearly disgraced themselves.

"A'm gled we're through that, at ony rate," said Hillocks; "he was awfu' taen up wi' the bairns, conseederin' he hed nane o' his ain."

There was only one drift on the road between his cottage and the kirkyard, and it had been cut early that morning.

Before daybreak Saunders had roused the lads in the bothy (laborers' lodging-house), and they had set to work by the light of lanterns with such good-will that, when Drumsheugh came down to engineer a circuit for the funeral, there was a fair passage, with walls of snow twelve feet high on either side.

"Man, Saunders," he said, "this wes a kind thocht, and rael weel dune."

But Saunders's only reply was this:

"Mony a time he's hed tae gang roond; he micht as weel hae an open road for his last traivel."

When the coffin was laid down at the mouth of the grave, the only blackness in the white kirkyard, Tammas Mitchell did the most beautiful thing in all his life. He knelt down and carefully wiped off the snow the wind had blown upon the coffin, and which had covered the name; and when he had done this he disappeared behind the others, so that Drumsheugh could hardly find him to take a cord. For these were the eight that buried Dr. MacLure—Lord Kilspindie at the head as landlord, and Drumsheugh at the feet as his friend; the two ministers of the parish came first on the right and left; then Burnbrae and Hillocks of the farmers, and Saunders and Tammas for the plowmen. So the Glen he loved laid him to rest.

When the bedrel (grave-digger) had finished his work and the turf had been spread, Lord Kilspindie spoke:

"Friends of Drumtochty, it would not be right that we should part in silence and no man say what is in every heart. We have buried the remains of one that served this Glen with a devotion that has known no reserve, and a kindliness that never failed, for more than forty years. I have seen many brave men in my day, but no man in the trenches of Sebastopol carried himself more knightly than William MacLure. You will never have heard from his lips what I may tell you to-day, that my father secured for him a valuable post in his younger days, and he preferred to work among his own people; and I wished to do many things for him when he was old, but he would have nothing for himself. He will never be forgotten while one of us lives, and I pray that all doctors everywhere may share his spirit. If it be your pleasure, I shall erect a cross above his grave, and shall ask my old friend and companion, Dr. Davidson, your minister, to choose the text to be inscribed."

"We thank you, Lord Kilspindie," said the doctor, "for your presence with us in our sorrow and your tribute to the memory of William MacLure, and I choose this for his text: 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends.'"

Milton was, at that time, held in the bonds of a very bitter theology, and his indignation was stirred by this unqualified eulogium.

"No doubt Dr. MacLure hed mony natural virtues, an' he did his wark weel, but it wes a peety he didna mak mair profession o' releegion."

"When William MacLure appears before the Judge, Milton," said Lachlan Campbell, who that day spoke his last words in public, and they were in defense of charity, "He will not be asking him about his professions, for the doctor's judgment hass been ready long ago; and it iss a good judgment, and you and I will be happy men if we get the like of it. It iss written in the Gospel, but it iss William MacLure that will not be expecting it."

"What it's, Lachlan?" asked Jamie Soutar eagerly.

The old man, now very feeble, stood in the middle of the road, and his face, once so hard, was softened into a winsome tenderness.

"'Come, ye blessed of My Father—I was sick, and ye visited Me.'"

THE REWARD OF A MEDICAL PIONEER.

AFTER William Harvey had made in 1616 the great discovery of the circulation of the blood, he durst not, for several years, even drop a hint upon the subject in his private lectures, and it was not until nearly twelve years had elapsed that he ventured to publish, not in his own country, but at Frankfort, the results of his experiments. And then nothing could exceed the contempt and ridicule with which it was received. Had he lived before the Reformation, he might have shared the fate of Galileo. In a quarter of a century more his system was received in all the universities of the world, and Harvey lived to enjoy the reputation he so justly merited.

ESPERANTO.

A First Lesson in the New International Language.

BY D. O. S. LOWELL.

SOME years since I was traveling in Egypt in company with two Germans and a Hungarian. We stopped overnight at a hotel in Alexandria kept by an Italian landlady. On calling for our bill, we found it reckoned in French money. One of the Germans tendered a twenty-mark piece, the Hungarian produced an Egyptian pound, and I asked change for an English sovereign. None of the party, except myself, spoke English; the landlady could speak no German, the Germans and Hungarian no French, and our change was given to us in Egyptian piasters. Thus there was absolutely no common currency; there was next to no common speech. I had to make shift as best I could to render my comrades' German into Anglo-French and the landlady's Italo-French into Anglo-German; but when we made Arabic numerals, all of us could understand. The figures saved the day.

I have often thought, since then, what a convenience some medium of communication would be, if it could be easily learned, like the Arabic numerals, and readily understood by all moderately educated men. How much the delights of traveling would be enhanced! How greatly should we enjoy reading the news directly in foreign newspapers and magazines, if it were printed so that all the world and his wife could understand!

When Volapük was invented I plunged into it with keen expectation, for I hoped there to find the medium of which I have spoken. But after a few days of disillusionment I withdrew, a sadder but hardly a wiser man. I had learned nothing that I cared to remember, and my dream had turned out a nightmare. The new language was just as difficult as any other, and seemed infinitely more ugly. It was neither dead nor living, but was a sort of etymologic Frankenstein which nobody was likely to adopt, for it seemed like a monstrosity.

Time passed, and at last I heard of Esperanto—another language designed to be universal; but a burnt child avoids the fire. I judged Hercules by one foot and did not care to look at the other. At last, a friend thrust the subject upon my attention, and I could not avoid listening without discourtesy. The story is short; to modify Pope's famous line, I first endured, then wondered, then embraced.

Volapük may be compared with Esperanto only as dusk with daylight. A single specimen is sufficient. I take one given recently by the *North American Review:*

VOLAPÜK—Pük bevünetik pakäpalom fa vol lölik pekulivöl; abu men nomik tala, sesumül volapükels, kapalom püki lekanix Volapük.

ESPERANTO—La lingvo internacia estas komprenita de la tuta mondo edukita; sed nenia homo sur la tero, escepte la volapükistoj, komprenas la artan lingvon Volapük.

ENGLISH—The international language is comprehended by the entire educated world; but no man on earth, except the Volapükists, understands the artificial language Volapük.

The story of Esperanto, in brief, is this: Dr. L. L. Zamenhof, a physician in Warsaw, Poland, was impressed from his boyhood with the possibility of producing a simple language without irregularities or exceptions and comprehensible by everybody. To this stupendous task he applied himself, and in 1878, when he was only nineteen years of age, he thought he had completed his scheme. But he gained adherents slowly; and, moreover, he found that many little

things were lacking to make his language a success. Accordingly, it was not till 1887 that he published his first work.

The first country to adopt the language widely was France. The Marquis de Beaufront had been working on similar lines, independently of Dr. Zamenhof, and was almost ready to publish his invention when the Polish doctor's book fell into his hands. With a self-repression almost unheard of in history, he cast his own work aside to become the chief agent in spreading Esperanto. In fact, he is sometimes called the godfather of Esperanto.

From France and Poland Esperanto made its way, slowly at first, and then rapidly, over the continent of Europe. In 1905 a monster congress of Esperantists was held at Boulogne-sur-Mer, in which more than a score of nations was represented; and addresses, discussions, and plays were given in Esperanto by men who apparently found no difficulty in understanding one another in the new tongue.

In 1906 a second congress was held at Geneva. This was even more successful than the first, and a third gathering has been arranged for August of the present year in Cambridge, England.

Now there is not a country in Europe without its Esperanto Society. The movement has crossed the seas also to Australia, India, China, and Japan. An Esperanto journal is now published in the last-named country. Among the Japanese interested are Dr. Kuroita and Professors Asada and Fujioka of the Imperial University in Tokyo, and Baron Oku, commander of one of the Japanese armies in the Manchurian War. Other great men abroad who believe in Esperanto are Professor W. W. Skeat, Sir William Ramsay, William T. Stead, M. Ernest Naville, and Pope Pius X.

In America, although two years ago Esperanto was almost unknown, it has to-day adherents among the faculties of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, Ohio State University, and other institutions of higher learning. The best periodicals open their columns for discussion and print articles *pro* and *con*—chiefly *pro*.

Esperanto is a very easy language to learn. It is not an exaggeration to say that the entire grammar can be mastered in an hour; and a learner can begin to read the literature at once with the aid of a dictionary—a thing that is impracticable with any other language under the sun.

There are two Esperanto journals published in the United States, and almost every foreign country of importance has its own. Everything goes to prove that Esperanto is not only wonderfully simple and fascinating, but also perfectly practical. From present indications, it seems safe to predict that it will soon be known and read and spoken in every quarter of the civilized globe. Such being the case, it behooves all who do not wish to be behind the times to learn something of this new tongue, and with this end in view THE SCRAP BOOK herewith begins a series of articles designed to make the first steps easy so that he who runs may read.

Let us begin by examining a typical sentence taken from one of Hans Christian Andersen's tales, found in the *Fundamenta Krestomatio* of Dr. Zamenhof. The story is called "La Novaj Vestoj de la Reĝo" ("The King's New Clothes"):

LA NOVAJ VESTOJ DE LA REĜO.

ANTAŬ multaj jaroj vivis unu reĝo, kiu tiel amis belajn novajn vestojn, ke li elspezadis sian tutan monon, por nur esti ĉiam bele ornamita.

ANTAŬ—"before." A preposition governing *multaj jaroj*. Literally, "before many years"; translate, "many years ago." Prepositions in Esperanto govern the nominative case. The mark over *u* is employed (making *ŭ*) whenever it follows *a* or *e*. Each vowel has its distinct sound *(ah-oo)*, but pronounced rapidly these coalesce and give the sound of *ow* in "now." Pronunciation: *ahn'-tow*.

MULTAJ—"many." An adjective agreeing in number and case with *jaroj*. The final *j* indicates the plural number. The singular form *(multa)*, ending in *a*, denotes an adjective. The two sounds

of *a* and *j (ah-ee)* coalesce, and give the sound of *i* in "mine." Pronunciation: *mool'-tie.*

JAROJ—"years." A noun in the nominative plural, object of *antaŭ.* (See *antaŭ* for the case which Esperanto prepositions govern.) Remove the plural ending *j*, and *jaro* (singular) is left. Of this the ending *o* denotes a noun. If the word were *jara* it would be an adjective; thus *jara festo* means "yearly festival." The letter *j* in Esperanto has the sound of English *y* or *ee.* In the ending *oj* each vowel has its distinct sound *(oh-ee);* but these coalesce into the sound of *oi* in "going." The pronunciation of *jaroj* written at length would be *ee-ah'-ro-ee;* condensed, *yah'-roy.*

VIVIS—"lived." The past tense of the verb *vivi,* "to live." Its subject is *reĝo.* There is but one form for the three persons and the two numbers. The past tense of every verb in Esperanto has this same ending—*is.* Pronunciation: *vee'-veece.*

UNU—"one," a cardinal number, usually invariable. Translate "a certain" and connect with *reĝo.* Pronunciation: *oo'-noo.*

REĜO—"king." All Esperanto nouns in the nominative singular end in *o.* Pronunciation: *ray'-jo.*

We have now seen how all the vowels in Esperanto are pronounced:

a like *a* in "father": *antaŭ*
e like *e* in "obey": *reĝo*
i like *i* in "machine": *vivis*
o like *o* in "note": *reĝo*
u like *oo* in "cool": *unu*

We have also learned how to pronounce *aŭ, aj,* and *oj:*

aŭ like *ow* in "now": *antaŭ*
aj like *i* in "mine": *multaj*
oj like *oi* in "going": *jaroj*

Most of the consonants are pronounced as in English; but—

j is like *y* in "yard": *jaroj*
ĝ is like *g* in "gem": *reĝo*

Whenever a word has more than one syllable the accent falls on the penult, or the syllable before the last.

THERE ARE NO EXCEPTIONS IN ESPERANTO; therefore a thing once learned need never trouble us again. So let us continue:

KIU—"who," a relative pronoun, which may relate to a person or a thing. Its antecedent is *reĝo,* and it is the subject of *amis.* Pronunciation: *kee'-oo.*

TIEL—"so" (in such a manner), an adverb, modifying *amis.* This, as well as *kiu,* is one of forty-five correlative words which play a very important part in Esperanto, and which will be explained farther on. Note carefully the meaning. Pronunciation: *tee'-ail.*

AMIS—"loved." From *ami,* "to love." What tense? (See *vivis.*) Look through the entire Esperanto paragraph and find verbs in the past tense. Pronunciation: *ah'-meece.*

BELAJN—"beautiful." An adjective agreeing with *vestojn.* The final *n* marks the objective case—the only case in Esperanto besides the nominative. The *j* marks the plural; the *a* denotes an adjective. Pronunciation: *bay'-line.*

NOVAJN—"new." Same construction and formation as *belajn.* Pronunciation: *no'-vine.*

VESTOJN—"garments." A noun, object of *amis.* The *n* shows the case; the *j* the number; the *o* the part of speech. Pronunciation: *vas'-toyn.*

KE—"that." A conjunction, used with the correlative *tiel* ("so . . . that"). Pronunciation: *kay.*

LI—"he." A personal pronoun, third person, singular, masculine, subject of *elspezadis.* Pronunciation: *lee.*

ELSPEZADIS—"used to spend." What does the *is* show? (See *vivis* and *amis.*) The *ad* is a suffix denoting continued or customary action; the *el* is a prefix, denoting "out" or "out of"; *spez* is the root, and *spezi* (the infinitive) means "to handle money": *enspezi,* "to hand in," "to receive"; *elspezi,* "to hand out," "to spend." Pronunciation: *ail-spay-zah'-deece.*

SIAN—"his." A reflexive possessive pronoun, referring to the subject of the clause in which it occurs (here *li*), but agreeing with *monon.* The *n* denotes what case? The *a* shows its adjective force. Pronunciation: *see'-ahn.*

TUTAN—"entire." Translate "all his money." Adjective, agreeing with *monon.* Pronunciation: *too'-tahn.*

MONON—"money." Noun, object of *elspezadis.* How do you know it to

be a noun? How to be in the objective case? Pronunciation: *mo'-none.*

POR—"for." A preposition denoting purpose, and governing the infinitive *esti.* (As in old-fashioned English, "What went ye out *for to see?*") Pronunciation: *porc.*

NUR—"only." An adverb, modifying the phrase *por esti,* etc. Pronunciation: *noor.*

ESTI—"to be." All infinitives end in *i.*

ĈIAM—"always." An adverb; one of the forty-five correlatives.

BELE—"finely, beautifully," a derived adverb, as shown by the ending *e; bela,* "beautiful." It modifies *ornamita.* Pronunciation: *bay'-lay.*

ORNAMITA—"adorned." The verb *ornami* means "to adorn." The past tense of any verb adds *is* to the root *(ornam-is),* as we have seen. Now we observe that the past (passive) participle adds *ita* to the stem.

A little while ago we summarized what we had learned of pronunciation. Now let us review our syntax:

1. Nouns in Esperanto end in *o.* Examples: *jaro, reĝo, vesto, mono.*

2. Adjectives end in *a.* Examples: *multa, bela, nova, sia, tuta, ornamita.*

3. Derived adverbs end in *e.* Example: *bele.*

4. Infinitives end in *i.* Example: *esti.*

5. The past tense—all persons and numbers—ends in *is.* Examples: *vivis, amis, elspezadis.*

6. The past passive participle ends in *ita.* Example: *ornamita.*

7. Prepositions govern the nominative case. Example: *antaŭ multaj jaroj.*

8. A *j* in the ending denotes a plural. Examples: *multaj, belajn.*

9. An *n* in the ending denotes an objective case. Examples: *vestojn, monon.*

Therefore, our entire sentence reads:

Many years ago** [there] **lived a certain king who so loved fine new garments that he spent all his money merely that he might always be well dressed.

VOCABULARY.

A: the ending of an adjective.
AD: a suffix denoting continued action.
AMI: to love.
ANTAŬ: before.
BELA: fine, beautiful.
BELE: finely, beautifully.
ĈIAM: always.
DE: of.
E: the ending of a derived adverb.
EL: out, out of (a prefix).
ESTI: to be.
I: the ending of an infinitive.
IS: the ending of the past tense.
J: the ending of a plural noun or adj.
JARO: year.
KE: that.
KIU: who, which.
LA: the.
LI: he.
MONO: money.
MULTA: much.
MULTAJ: many.
N: the ending of the obj. case.
NOVA: new.
NUR: only.
O: the ending of a noun.
ORNAMI: to adorn.
POR: for.
REĜO: king.
SIA: his, her, its (reflexive).
SPEZI: to handle money.
TIEL: so, in such a manner.
TUTA: entire, all, whole.
UNU: one, a certain.
VESTO: garment.
VIVI: to live.

EXERCISE.

Write the following sentences in Esperanto (a correct version will be given in next month's SCRAP BOOK):

1—The king loved fine garments.

2—The king who lived many years ago loved to be well dressed (adorned).

3—A king who lived many years ago loved fine garments. (There is no indefinite article in Esperanto.)

4—A certain king spent all his money.

5—The king so loved his money that he did not (ne) spend it (ĝin).

Against the War with Mexico.

By THOMAS CORWIN.

THE war between the United States and Mexico began sixty-one years ago this month with the fierce battle of Palo Alto (May 8, 1846). The war was unpopular in portions of the North; and though victory after victory was won by the Americans, the Whig party felt slight enthusiasm. In the following year, while a bill was before Congress making heavy appropriations for carrying on the campaign, Senator Corwin, of Ohio, delivered a speech in which he attacked the war policy of President Polk. This oration contained passages of fervid eloquence, of which the most famous is reprinted here. For years afterward it was declaimed by schoolboys, and it has taken its place among the most striking examples of American political oratory.

Thomas Corwin (1794—1865) was a native of Kentucky, though his political career began and continued in Ohio and at the national capital. The son of a prosperous farmer who served several terms in the Ohio Legislature, he was a man of striking presence, and was possessed of the true oratorical temperament, flinging himself into debate with a passionate intensity. His wit was equal to his eloquence, and upon the stump he was a most effective and persuasive speaker. He became Governor of Ohio, served in both Houses of Congress, was Secretary of the Treasury under President Fillmore, and acted as minister to Mexico during President Lincoln's first administration. He might have attained even higher honors, had not his course at the time of the Mexican War made him unpopular. Men admired the eloquence with which he denounced the invasion of Mexico, but they deemed his attitude unpatriotic.

Mr. Corwin himself attributed the disappointment of his political ambitions to a different reason. "One of the most dangerous things to a public man," he told the late Carl Schurz, "is to become known as a jester. Look at my career. There has always been a great deal more in Tom Corwin than he got credit for; and he did not get credit because it was always expected that Tom Corwin would make people laugh. That has been my curse. I have long felt it, but too late to get rid of the old reputation and to build up a new one."

MR. PRESIDENT, this uneasy desire to augment our territory has depraved the moral sense and blunted the otherwise keen sagacity of our people. What has been the fate of all nations who have acted upon the idea that they must advance? Our young orators cherish this notion with a fervid but fatally mistaken zeal. They call it by the mysterious name of "destiny." "Our destiny," they say, "is onward," and hence they argue, with ready sophistry, the propriety of seizing upon any territory and any people that may lie in the way of our "fated" advance. Recently these progressives have grown classical; some assiduous student of antiquities has helped them to a patron saint. They have wandered back into the desolated Pantheon, and there, among the polytheistic relics of that "pale mother of dead empires," they have found a god whom these Romans, centuries gone by, baptized "Terminus."

Sir, I have heard much and read somewhat of this gentleman Terminus.

Alexander, of whom I have spoken, was a devotee of the divinity. We have seen the end of him and his empire. It was said to be an attribute of this god that he must always advance, and never recede. So both republican and imperial Rome believed. It was, as they said, their destiny. And for a while it did seem to be even so. Roman Terminus did advance. Under the eagles of Rome he was carried from his home on the Tiber to the farthest East on the one hand, and to the far West, among the then barbarous tribes of western Europe, on the other. But at length the time came when retributive justice had become a "destiny." The despised Gaul calls out to the contemned Goth, and Attila, with his Huns, answers back the battle-shout to both. The blue-eyed nations of the North, in succession or united, pour forth their countless hosts of warriors upon Rome and Rome's always-advancing god Terminus.

Whoever would know the further fate of this Roman deity, so recently taken under the patronage of American Democracy, may find ample gratification of his curiosity in the luminous pages of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall." Such will find that Rome thought, as you now think, that it was her destiny to conquer provinces and nations, and no doubt she sometimes said, as you say, "I will conquer a peace." And where now is she, the Mistress of the World! The spider weaves his web in her palaces, the owl sings his watch-song in her towers. Teutonic power now lords it over the servile remnant, the miserable memento of old and once omnipotent Rome.

Sad, very sad, are the lessons which time has written for us. Through and in them all I see nothing but the inflexible execution of that old law which ordains as eternal that cardinal rule, "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's goods, nor *anything* which is his." Since I have lately heard so much about the dismemberment of Mexico, I have looked back to see how, in the course of events, which some call "Providence," it has fared with other nations who engaged in this work of dismemberment.

I see that in the latter half of the eighteenth century three powerful nations, Russia, Austria, and Prussia, united in the dismemberment of Poland. They said, too, as you say, "It is our destiny." They "wanted room." Doubtless each of these thought, with his share of Poland, his power was too strong to fear invasion, or even insult. One had his California, another his New Mexico, and the third his Vera Cruz. Did they remain untouched and incapable of harm? Alas! No—far, very far, from it. Retributive justice must fulfil its destiny, too. A very few years pass off, and we hear of a new man, a Corsican lieutenant, the self-named "armed soldier of democracy," Napoleon. He ravages Austria, covers her land with blood, drives the northern Cæsar from his capital, and sleeps in his palace. Austria may now remember how her power trampled upon Poland. Did she not pay dear, very dear, for her California?

But has Prussia no atonement to make? You see this same Napoleon, the blind instrument of Providence, at work there. The thunders of his cannon at Jena proclaim the work of retribution for Poland's wrongs; and the successors of the Great Frederick, the drill-sergeant of Europe, are seen flying across the sandy plain that surrounds their capital, right glad if they may escape captivity or death.

But how fares it with the Autocrat of Russia? Is he secure in his spoils of Poland? No. Suddenly we see, sir, six hundred thousand armed men marching to Moscow. Does his Vera Cruz protect him now? Far from it. Blood, slaughter, desolation spread abroad over the land, and finally the conflagration of the old commercial metropolis of Russia closes the retribution she must pay for her share in the dismemberment of her weak and impotent neighbor. Mr. President, a mind more prone to look for the judgments of Heaven in the doings of men than mine cannot fail in this to see the providence of God. When Moscow burned, it seemed as if the earth was lighted up, that the nations might behold the scene. As that mighty sea of fire gathered and heaved and rolled upward, and yet higher, till its flames licked the stars, and fired the

whole heavens, it did seem as though the God of the nations was writing in characters of flame, on the front of His throne, that doom that shall fall upon the strong nation which tramples in scorn upon the weak.

And what fortune awaits him, the appointed executor of this work, when it was all done? He, too, conceived the notion that his destiny pointed onward to universal dominion. France was too small—Europe, he thought, should bow down before him. But as soon as this idea took possession of his soul, he too becomes powerless. His Terminus must recede, too. Right there, while he witnessed the humiliation, and doubtless meditated the subjugation, of Russia, He who holds the winds in His fist gathered the snows of the north and blew them upon his six hundred thousand men; they fled—they froze—they perished.

And now the mighty Napoleon, who had resolved on universal dominion, he, too, is summoned to answer for the violation of that ancient law, "thou shalt not covet anything which is thy neighbor's." How is the mighty fallen! He, beneath whose proud footstep Europe trembled, he is now an exile at Elba, and now finally a prisoner on the rock of St. Helena, and there, on a barren island, in an unfrequented sea, in the crater of an extinguished volcano, there is the death-bed of the mighty conqueror. All his annexations have come to that! His last hour is now come, and he, the man of destiny, he who had rocked the world as with the throes of an earthquake, is now powerless, still—even as a beggar, so he died. On the wings of a tempest that raged with unwonted fury, up to the throne of the only Power that controlled him while he lived, went the fiery soul of that wonderful warrior, another witness to the existence of that eternal decree that they who do not rule in righteousness shall perish from the earth. He has found "room" at last.

And France, she, too, has found "room." Her "eagles" now no longer scream along the banks of the Danube, the Po, and the Borysthenes. They have returned home, to their old aerie, between the Alps, the Rhine, and the Pyrenees; so shall it be with yours. You may carry them to the loftiest peaks of the Cordilleras, they may wave with insolent triumph in the Halls of the Montezumas, the armed men of Mexico may quail before them, but the weakest hand in Mexico, uplifted in prayer to the God of Justice, may call down against you a power in the presence of which the iron hearts of your warriors shall be turned into ashes.

THE PASSING OF WAR.

By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

DOWN the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, "Peace."

Peace, and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

—*From "The Arsenal of Springfield."*

EPIGRAMS ON WOMAN.

OMEN are a new race, recreated since the world received Christianity.—BEECHER.

Woman is the Sunday of man.
—MICHELET.

The best woman is the woman who is the least talked about.—OLD PROVERB.

It is love that makes time pass, and it is time that makes love pass.
—OLD PROVERB.

We should choose a wife with our ears rather than with our eyes.—OLD PROVERB.

The desire to please is born in women before the desire to love.—NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

A fortress that parleys with you and a woman who listens to you are both ready to surrender.—FRENCH PROVERB.

Let a man pray that none of his womankind should form a just estimation of him.—THACKERAY.

There are more persons who wish to be loved than there are who are willing to love.—CHAMFORT.

It is not easy to be a widow; for she must resume all the modesty of maidenhood without being able even to pretend ignorance.—MME. DE GIRARDIN.

When women have been deceived by men, they wish to marry them. This is as good as any other kind of revenge.
—BEAUMANOIR.

A woman is seldom so tender to a man as when she has just deceived him.—ANONYMOUS.

A woman is easily managed when a man takes her hand in his love.—LA BRUYÈRE.

Love your wife as you love your soul; but shake her as you would shake a plum-tree.—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

A short absence quickens love; a long absence kills it.
—MIRABEAU.

Nature is in earnest when she makes a woman.
—O. W. HOLMES.

Women forgive injuries, but they never forget slights.
—HALIBURTON.

Women see without looking; their husbands often look without seeing.—DES NOYERS.

Wherever women are honored, the gods are satisfied.
—HINDU PROVERB.

A woman who has given her lips has given everything.
—ANONYMOUS.

What is civilization? I answer, the power of good women.
—EMERSON.

Shakespeare has no heroes; he has only heroines.—RUSKIN.

Love never dies of starvation, but often of indigestion.
—NINON DE L'ENCLOS.

A woman with whom you discuss love is always expecting something.—POINCELOT.

There was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.—SHAKESPEARE.

The love of a bad woman kills others; the love of a good woman kills herself.—GEORGE SAND.

TO OUR DEAD HEROES.

A Collection of Poetic Tributes to the Men Whose Undying Memory the Nation Unites to Honor on the Thirtieth Day of May.

OUR HEARTS TO YOURS.

By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

YE happy dead we gave to God,
Who keepeth what is His, alway;
We lay the violets on the sod,
We lay our hearts to yours to-day.

Oh, take them, broken and unmeet
For that high faith you used to have!
The trembling hand, the faltering feet
We turn to you, across the grave.

The fine resolve, the lofty part
That perished like a sun-smote flower;
The silent coward in the heart;
The memory of the weakest hour;

The thing we are not—meant to be—
And still go begging grief to make
Us, for the love we bear to ye—
Oh, take them all, for Love's dear sake!

Who else in earth or heaven can know?
Like the dear dead, who can forgive?
Again, because we love you so—
Be patient—teach us how to live.

Oh, happy dead who went to God!
Hold, hold us in your love alway.
We lay the violets on the sod,
We lay our hearts to yours to-day.

The Independent.

* * * *

ON MEMORIAL DAY.

By Joel Benton.

FOUND high on the hill, in the valley,
And dotting the green-meadowed plain,
To-day let us solemnly rally,
To deck the fair graves of the slain.

While duty and valor men cherish,
While devotion is dear to the race,
In no age shall their memory perish;
In our hearts it must hold the first place.

Bring garlands, twine wreaths and fair flowers,
Bring the flag that they died to uphold;
In the splendor of May be it ours
To see their great story retold.

For the freedom which Washington founded,
The law that blends justice with peace,
Through them won a future unbounded,
And a triumph that cannot decrease.

The cycle of years that has vanished
But deepens our love for their deeds;
The smoke of their battles is banished,
But 'tis time, not their fame, that recedes.

* * * *

A VOICE FROM THE SOUTH.

STREW o'er the graves of the Southern dead
Bright buds by spring-time brought,
And show the world, though years have fled,
We think of those who fought.

Heap flowers above their grassy mounds,
Their graves with moss and violets strew,
While war-worn veterans make their rounds,
These for the gray, those for the blue.

The drifts of orange-flowers make white
The graves where Southern warriors sleep;
Scarce waving in the mellow light,
Their vigils weeping willows keep.

Above the sod where they recline,
By loving hands are garlands spread;
Here trails the light clematis vine,
Like filmy lace on bridal bed.

For though our cause be one that's lost,
And though our flag be laid away,
Yet on Fame's shield are deep embossed
The deeds of those who wore the gray!

New Orleans Picayune.

* * * *

IN TIME OF PEACE.

By Samuel Davis.

OH, who would stand where hostile weapons gleam,
Where camp-fires glow and destinies are cast,
Or tread that misty bridge which spans the stream
That sweeps between us and the tragic past;
To see the glare of crimson on the sky,
Or hear the woods resound with clam'rous battle-cry?

Wouldst view once more the heaps of mangled flesh,
Where rise the smothered moans of men in pain?
Wouldst see the wounds of martyrs bleed afresh,
And red-mouthed trenches gaping for the slain—
The shivered saber and the crushed cuirass,
The hoof-flailed fields of grain, the powder-blackened grass?

No! Rather seek some consecrated court,
Where surpliced choir with organ's solemn note
Chants requiem for the dead; or boys in sport
Peer down the cannon's dark and rusty throat;
Where scents of roses drench the summer air
On ruined moat, and black and yellow lilies flare;

Or find the rent redoubt, where ivy creeps
O'er shattered shell and broken bayonet;
Planting its leafy standard on the steeps,
To win the grim, dismantled parapet;
Making a conquest none the less complete,
Than when ensanguined slope was pressed with weary feet.

The Past has left its heritage of hate
To souls still grieving for the dead adored,
But who would turn the dial hand of Fate
To cancel legacies so golden-stored;
Or rouse the ranks from fratricidal field,
To place the blot of bondage on a nation's shield?

Carson Appeal.

* * * *

THE MARTYR'S CROWN.

By Eugene Field.

SOUL-ANGUISHED words! How little ye can do
To ease the heart-pain after death has come;
We look on that dear face and bid adieu
With last, close kisses, while our lips are dumb.

Thus, silently, with roses strew these graves,
Mute eloquence of flowers for such as they!
Here, soldiers, rest, where sullen, storm-swept waves
In softest whispers fade unheard away.

If danger beckoned, fast they followed her,
Unknown, heroic, self-forgetful, great;
Not one heart faltered when the conqueror,
Death, rode the field in hand with joyless Fate.

Oh, noblest life of all and martyr-crowned,
Who dies in battle for his country's sake;
And doubly sacred be this precious ground,
Where birds in spring their first sweet music make.

A simple, gracious act to gather here;
Reverent of mood, with tender, loyal thought;
Recount high deeds, and drop a heartfelt tear
In gratitude for what such courage wrought.

How They Got On in the World.

Brief Sketches of Interesting People Who Have Won Their Way to Fame and Success.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

SIR WILLIAM PERKIN, DISCOVERER OF MAUVE.

The Artistic and Commercial Value of an English Boy's Casual Experiment with Some Supposedly Useless Anilin.

ONE of the most brilliant and erratic of modern writers in a frivolous moment said: "Never trust a woman who wears mauve." Like many other sayings of its author, this epigram needs explanation. It seems to put a slight upon a very delicate and beautiful color. Whether true or not, however, the saying was recalled by the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the discovery of mauve.

One color out of so many that we know might seem of no particular consequence. Yet to-day gigantic industries exist because a little more than fifty years ago an English boy, named William Henry Perkin, with a strong bent for chemistry, spent his Easter vacation in experimenting with anilin. Anilin was at that time only a chemical curiosity prepared from indigo. Young Perkin thought that he could make an artificial quinin, and it was for this purpose that he was testing one substance after another. From anilin he got a black, unpleasant-looking substance which was neither quinin nor anything else that seemed worth while. Most youthful chemists would have thrown it away at once. Young Perkin, however, had an inquiring mind, and before he had finished with his black, nameless lump he found that it contained an exquisite dye, to which he gave the name "mauve."

The discovery of the new dyestuff was not in itself a remarkable thing. What gave it importance was the revelation of what could be done with anilin, and later with coal-tar. At that time there were only a few vegetable and mineral dyestuffs known, and these were uncertain, and prone to fade. The discovery made by Perkin created an entirely new industry, besides giving to the world thousands of the purest dyestuffs of every color and shade of the rainbow. To-day the French and Germans are still eagerly developing the possibilities revealed by Perkin. Their great laboratories and works which produce anilin dyes earn for their owners not less than one hundred million dollars every year, while the manipulation of these beautiful colors has become almost an art.

New Wonders of Chemistry.

Mr. Perkin, who is now Sir William Perkin, has lived to be honored for his great discovery, which, in truth, extended beyond the field in which he made it. A distinguished American chemist has described its far-reaching significance in these words:

"A thousand new remedies have been created for the relief of suffering and the cure of disease. New antiseptics and disinfectants have been produced. The most valuable of the natural dyestuffs have been made artificially, thus releasing vast areas of land which had been devoted to their cultivation, rendering it available for foodstuffs, and thereby diminishing the danger of famine, even in countries as remote as Bengal. The perfumes of flowers have been produced synthetically. New developers have been provided for the photographer. No one can predict what wonders are yet to come."

A few months ago the entire chemical world united in honoring Sir William

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

Perkin upon his "jubilee." Distinguished men from both hemispheres met in London to greet him and show him their respect. King Edward conferred knighthood upon him. He visited the United States, and received honorary degrees from Harvard and Columbia. To-day, at the age of nearly seventy, Sir William is still pursuing his researches with the same ardor which, as a boy of eighteen, he showed when he gave to the world the beautiful color, mauve, and in doing so revolutionized one of the great industries of Europe and America.

AN ITALIAN NOVELIST WHO HAS WON FAME.

As a Youth, Fogazzaro Fought for United Italy—His Book "The Saint" Has Attracted World-Wide Notice.

THE discussion over the social and religious problems of his recent novel, "The Saint," has given the Italian author Fogazzaro a renown that has at least become world-wide. His poems, together with the two novels "Piccolo Mondo Antico" and "Piccolo Mondo Moderno" ("Little Ancient World" and "Little Modern World"), have long been among the most admired productions of Italian literature of to-day; but the conservative character of his work and the self-imposed isolation in which he has passed his life have retarded the growth of his reputation beyond the boundaries of his country.

The Fight for Italian Freedom.

It is also owing to some of the unusual features in his progress to success that the author's personality has aroused this general discussion. Antonio Fogazzaro was born at Vicenza in 1842, and thus spent his earlier years among the dismal times that succeeded the defeat of the Italian hopes at the battle of Novara. His home lay among the very scenes in which Austria again tried to crush out his countrymen's aspirations for freedom. The story of these dark days, which ended only with the patriotic uprising that created a United Italy, he has admirably portrayed in the "Piccolo Mondo Antico," now translated into English under the title of "The Patriot."

When his days of warfare were over, Fogazzaro turned back to his native province of Venetia and took up his modest share in the work of its social reconstruction. His entire life since then has been passed at Vicenza and at Oria, an exquisite retreat on the mountain shores of Lake Lugano, where, far from the discords of literary and political centers, he has confined his activities to filling small municipal offices, presiding over charitable institutions, and pursuing his studies. It would almost appear that instead of seeking fortune he has forced fortune to seek him in his seclusion.

At the appearance of "The Saint," Fogazzaro stood at the head of the more conservative world of Italian letters. He was considered the greatest representative of the tradition that began in Italy with Manzoni's famous romance, "I Promessi Sposi" ("The Betrothed"). No modern writer has been so much read and appreciated by the Italian public. Carducci, who has just passed away—a great poet, the greatest, perhaps, that Italy has produced in the last hundred years—has depended largely upon the *élite* for appreciation and comprehension. As for d'Annunzio, admiration for his literary qualities is far more general with readers outside of Italy than at home.

The Controversy over "The Saint."

Fogazzaro's prominence, however, is to-day not merely a literary one. It is in the religious discussion which has been aroused over the ideas promulgated in "The Saint" that he takes his place among the leaders of thought. His position must puzzle many observers both within Italy and without. He claims to be in full communion with the Roman Church, yet advocates changes both in its spirit and its discipline which his opponents declare to be subversive of all

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ecclesiastical organization. The Roman Congregation of the Index replied with an official condemnation of "The Saint," prohibiting the faithful from reading it.

Fogazzaro instantly submitted to the sentence, withdrawing his book from further circulation in Italy. This, however, did not restrain him from taking active part in propagating the religious ideas that it enunciates, and he is understood to be leading a social movement in Italy designed to promote that individual note in religious belief which aroused the authorities of Rome. He has also engaged to lecture on his views during the present religious crisis in Paris.

ONE OF THE THREE STRAUS BROTHERS.

Nathan Straus, Merchant, Public Man, Philanthropist, and Founder of the Sterilized Milk Charity.

IT would be difficult to find a more remarkable trio of brothers than the three Strauses—Isidor, Congressman, merchant, and publicist; Oscar, formerly American minister to Turkey and recently appointed a member of President Roosevelt's Cabinet; and Nathan, whom New York knows as one of its foremost and most useful citizens and men of business.

They come of a family long settled in Rhenish Bavaria, where their grandfather, Jacob Lazarus, took an active part in the work of the great Jewish Sanhedrim convened by Napoleon in 1307. Lazarus, son of Jacob Lazarus, took the surname of Straus. He was a well-to-do farmer, but becoming involved in the revolutionary movement of 1848 he lost most of his property. He decided to begin life anew beyond the Atlantic, and in 1854 he landed in Philadelphia with his three sons. They drifted southward to Talbotton, in Georgia, where Lazarus Straus opened a small general store. The boys went to school as much as possible, and when they were not in school they worked about the store.

The House of Straus & Sons.

After the Civil War Lazarus Straus entered the business of importing cut glass from Bavaria. He was one of the first in this field, and was highly successful. Nathan, his second son, was sent to a New York business college, in which he took up bookkeeping and other branches; and on his graduation he went into his father's firm. His careful business methods, his energy and resourcefulness, steadily increased its trade. Crockery was added to glassware, and the house of L. Straus & Sons became one of the most famous in the country.

Nathan Straus is also an active partner in two great retail concerns—the Macy department store, in New York, and that of Abraham & Straus, in Brooklyn. He has served as a park commissioner, and has been prominent in politics; but his name is still better known in connection with a form of philanthropy which he has made peculiarly his own.

Seventeen or eighteen years ago there was an awakening of interest in the conditions surrounding the life of the New York poor. Jacob Riis had just published his "How the Other Half Lives," and had called public attention to the dangers involved in permitting the degradation of the people through vile tenements and filthy food. Infant mortality was discreditably high, mainly on account of improper feeding; and among the improper foods the worst and deadliest was the milk sold in the poorer districts. Such inspection as existed, or was supposed to exist, was a farce. Dealers did about as they liked, sold contaminated and doctored milk at will, and diluted the fluid at their pleasure.

For the Children of the Poor.

During the summer of 1890 Nathan Straus established his first pure milk depot. Here people were able to obtain

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at cost—or, in some instances, absolutely free—pure, sterilized milk. Results were almost instantaneous, for there was a falling off in the infant death-rate, and the success of the first depot was such that others were established. The work thus inaugurated has resulted in the saving of the lives of thousands of babies. It has led to more care on the part of parents in the preparation of milk, and has compelled dealers to serve a better article.

During the great coal strike, too, when the price of fuel was skied above the reach of most poor consumers, Straus helped over the emergency until the strike was settled and prices came back to a more normal basis. This practical giving, or selling at cost, has been widely copied, and has helped to promote a truer view of the charity question.

When Nathan Straus was a park commissioner, in 1893, he did good work in promoting the formation of small parks in crowded districts, and the establishment of recreation piers. In 1894 the Democratic mayoralty nomination was offered to him, but he declined because the pressure of business was too great. Besides these varied activities, he has been prominent in Jewish benevolent societies, and in organizations for giving increased educational opportunities.

A VETERAN OF THE TELEGRAPH SERVICE.

It Took Robert C. Clowry Fifty Years to Climb from Messenger-Boy to President of the Western Union Company.

ROBERT C. CLOWRY was just fifty years in working up from the position of messenger-boy to the presidency of the Western Union Telegraph Company. He never knew any other employment, and practically the whole of his life has been spent within hearing of the click of the telegraph-key. Each step in his advance was taken slowly, but he always moved upward.

He was born on a farm near Joliet, in 1837. The Illinois city was then a thriving little place of about two thousand inhabitants. The whole of Will County had only about ten thousand. The schools were primitive, and a bright boy could learn all they had to teach in a few years. Clowry attended them, in the intervals of farm work, until he was thirteen. This was followed by a couple of years on the farm—years that hardened his muscles and gave him a consuming ambition to find some other kind of employment.

An Opening as Messenger-Boy.

When he was fifteen he walked into Joliet and drifted into the office of the Illinois and Mississippi Telegraph Company. He told the man in charge that he wanted work, and that work in a telegraph-office was the thing above all others that he desired.

"What can you do, my boy?" asked the man.

"I can deliver messages," said Clowry, "and I can learn to do anything else that is wanted."

"Well, we could use a messenger-boy, but you wouldn't get any pay for six months. You'd have a chance to learn how to operate, though."

Clowry had no money on which to live during the six months of trial, but he had no doubt of his ability to earn his bread and butter, so he took the place. He was the only messenger in the office, and was supposed to be on duty from twelve to fourteen hours a day. Business was not brisk, and when there was nothing for him to do he had a chance to undertake outside commissions. Every morning he milked a cow, for which he got a quart of milk. He also cared for a horse, cleaned out a store, beat carpets, sawed wood, drove a wagon, and did so many odds and ends that between these and his work in the office he had about seven hours a day in which to sleep. Yet he was happy and prosperous, for he was an independent man, was engaged in a

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

business that fascinated him, and felt that he was getting on in the world.

He had not been three weeks in the telegraph-office when he had learned the code and could click off a message with a fair degree of accuracy. Sunday was his only day of rest, and he used this to study, for his command of spelling was not good, his vocabulary was small, and he knew that if he wished to succeed as a telegrapher he would have to improve both. At the end of six months he was adjudged a competent operator, and was sent to the neighboring town of Lockport, where, though he was at the time only sixteen years old, he was made manager of the station, at a salary of one dollar a day. Lockport, at that time, was a growing and prosperous place of equal importance with Joliet, although it has since fallen far back in the race.

Clowry now had what he considered a comfortable living, with plenty of leisure to devote to study. He was enabled to continue his English studies, and to begin work on the theory of telegraphy. Books on the subject were scarce, but in dull moments it was possible to hold technical communications with more experienced men in other stations. Hours of work were not limited, and Clowry would put in from twelve to fifteen every day. All the time was spent with but one thought in mind—the mastery of telegraphy and the great possibilities of the science.

Climbing Upward Step by Step.

His work in Lockport attracted attention, because he was not only swift and accurate, but also far better informed on telegraphic matters than most of the other young fellows in the service. This led to his promotion to Springfield, the capital of the Southwest, with a jump in salary from six dollars a week to seven dollars and fifty cents. He was proud of his progress when he left for the new station, for in eighteen or twenty months he had risen from nothing a week to a sum that he considered sufficient for any solid citizen.

Before he had spent many weeks in Springfield another advance came to him. He was only seventeen, but he was already recognized as one of the experts, and was promoted to St. Louis, a big city, where he had the responsibility of a large office. The salary was also large—large, that is, according to the country lad's standards of wealth—for it was no less than ten dollars and fifty cents a week.

Clowry stayed in St. Louis four years, and then became superintendent of the St. Louis and Missouri Telegraph Company. In this position he was able to help in the development of the telegraph, and in the opening of new fields in the West. It was slow, hard work, often carried on under the greatest difficulties, but he never for a moment considered the possibility of entering into any other business.

Clowry's Service in the Civil War.

When the Civil War broke out the organization of the telegraph field-force became a matter of primary importance, and Clowry was made superintendent of the Department of Arkansas. Missouri and Kansas were subsequently added, and he served in the field to the end of the war. As soon as he was mustered out he went back to commercial telegraphy, rising to be superintendent of the Western Union lines in the Southwest. His record of service covered fifty years when he was made president of the company, in 1902; and during that time there was not a single grade through which he had not passed, there was not a thing connected with the business of which he was not master from actual experience, and through the Southwest and the Middle West there was scarcely a telegraph-office that he had not worked in or visited. He had personally taken part in the construction of thousands of miles of line, and in the opening of hundreds of new stations.

When Clowry went into telegraphy the business was only eight years old, and there were only about six thousand miles of wire in the United States. At the end of the Civil War the total had increased to about seventy-five thousand,

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and when he became president of the Western Union the number of miles had gone up to more than a million.

THE WEALTHIEST WOMAN OF THE STAGE.

Lotta Crabtree, the Famous American Comedienne Who Began Her Remarkable Career in a California Mining-Camp.

THE miners of Laporte, California, who in 1855 threw their nuggets of gold as bouquets at the feet of a frightened child eight years old, little realized that they were taking part in an event in the history of the American stage. For at that concert, held for the benefit of one of the orphaned families of the mining-camp, began the theatrical career of Lotta Mignon Crabtree, the first typical light-comedy artist produced in the United States.

When the lighter phases of the stage history of America shall come to be written by the critics who thus far have confined themselves to its serious aspects, as represented by the Cushmans, Kembles, and Booths, a fascinating chapter may be devoted to the romantic beginning of this stage-child of El Dorado.

Lotta, although of English parentage, was born over her father's old bookshop, on Nassau Street, in New York, on November 7, 1847. Mr. Crabtree's store was long a gathering-place where the wandering Briton rubbed shoulders with the scholar and bookworm; a corner that Dickens would have haunted and described. But in 1851, either through some ill turn of fortune or in quest of the glittering bait of the Golden West, the English bookseller set out to seek his fortune in the mines, going around Cape Horn to California; and three years later he was followed by his family.

It was not the mines that brought gold into the family coffers. Little by little the name of the child Lotta crept from camp to camp. Reports of her singing, of her dancing, of her remarkable winsomeness and natural wit and beauty, aroused a universal desire to witness her performances, and soon she was launched upon a career of success then unprecedented, and still unequaled, on the American stage.

A Child-Actress of the Mining-Camps.

The narrative of these pioneer theatrical days has yet to be written. Strapped to her bronco, which, unguided, followed the trails across the mountains and plains, the child would be hurried from one mining-camp to another. It is a picture to inspire a painter, this tawny-haired girl attired as a boy in velvet and corduroys and carried through the wilderness, often within sight of the campfires of hostile Indians. On the roads the little troupe sometimes traveled side by side with the highwayman and the outlaw, who never molested them, and in the settlements they were often housed where bullets flew through the board partitions and the mountains seemed safe by comparison.

Lotta's début as an actress was made at Petaluma, California, in 1858, as *Gertrude* in "The Loan of a Lover." Subsequently she was starred as "La Petite Lotta, the infant prodigy"; and then, after another eventful journey around the Horn, she appeared at Niblo's Garden, in New York, on June 1, 1864. The following August saw her at McVicker's Theater in Chicago in "The Seven Sisters." Next, after a tour through several States, she returned to New York, and played with John Brougham in his adaptation from Dickens's "Old Curiosity Shop," under the title of "Little Nell and the Marchioness," both of which rôles Lotta played with remarkable success.

A Favorite for More than Thirty Years.

Her theatrical career closed in 1891, after thirty-three years spent before the American public, which voted her the highest awards of personal and artistic

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

merit. The marvelous preservation of her youthful charm was due as much to nature as to the intense devotion of her mother. Lotta Crabtree possessed a real genius for light comedy, and her successors on our stage—if she can be said to have left any—have learned from her much that she was called upon to originate.

Older theatergoers recall with pleasure her interpretation of such rôles as *Topsy, Sam Willoughby, Firefly, Musette, Zip,* and *Mlle. Nitouche.* They also follow with interest the stories of her financial success. Her savings were put into real estate in several Eastern and Western cities, and so wisely were her investments chosen that they have made Lotta Crabtree the wealthiest actress of her times.

Good fortune has also followed her interest in her brother's trotting-stables. Naturally devoted to animals, and especially to the horse, she has had phenomenal good luck with her trotter Nut Boy.

A LAUNDRESS'S SON, AND HELPED HIS MOTHER.

Governor Johnson, of Minnesota, Is Not Ashamed of the Long and Desperate Fight with Poverty That He Waged as a Lad.

JOHN A. JOHNSON was nominated for Governor by the Minnesota Democrats three years ago, largely because the old-line politicians believed that the honor was an empty one. The State seemed to be so surely Republican that the selection of an opposition candidate was a mere formality.

Johnson was not a politician, and he was accustomed to fighting against tremendous odds. He managed his own campaign, and though the State gave Theodore Roosevelt a majority of a hundred and sixty thousand votes, it gave Johnson, running on the Democratic ticket, a plurality of more than six thousand for Governor. He is the second Democrat to hold that office in the fifty years since Minnesota entered the Union. He also has the distinction of being the youngest man ever elected Governor of Minnesota, and of being the first native of the State to rise to the position.

The Story of Johnson's Boyhood.

He was born at St. Peter, in the southern part of Minnesota, in 1859. His father was a Swedish farmer, who through ill health, had met with scant success. When Johnson was twelve years old he had to leave school, for matters at home were steadily becoming worse, and the family was sinking into the deepest poverty. His father died not long after, and the work of supporting the mother and four younger children devolved on the future Governor.

The fourteen-year-old boy took the responsibility thrust upon him without murmuring. Farm work paid only five dollars a month, so he got a place in a general store at twice the wages. By getting up before daylight he managed to cultivate a little patch of ground that yielded vegetables for the family; then he walked three miles to the place where he worked. All through the biting Minnesota winter, when the snow was sometimes higher than his head, he trudged back and forth, never missing a day, for each cent that he could earn counted in keeping the family. Sometimes he did not have clothing enough to keep him warm. Frequently he went without his midday meal in order that those at home might have enough.

A few months later he got a place in a drug-store, at a little advance in pay. Here his hours were often from seven in the morning until near midnight, and he frequently worked seven days a week; but there were times when business was dull and he was enabled to resume his interrupted studies. His early schooling had been defective enough, for in the ungraded school he had attended the standard of instruction was not high and teachers could give but little attention to each pupil. In trying to make up for what he had missed he had no one to as-

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

sist him, and he had access to few books; yet he managed, during the years he spent as a drug clerk, to round out a good stock of general information. He had also, by sheer force of persistence, dragged his family out of the depths of poverty and placed it on a tolerably comfortable footing.

Every one in and around St. Peter knew Johnson and how he had fought successfully against adversity, but few knew of his self-acquired education. It was a matter for surprise when it was learned that he had bought a half interest in the local paper and was going to leave the drug business in order to devote himself to editing.

Editor of the St. Peter "Herald."

Newspaper-making was a new game to him, but he went at it with the same unshakable purpose that he had shown in other undertakings. Sixteen hours a day in the office—and longer, if it was necessary—became a common routine with the newly fledged publisher.

"You'll kill yourself, working these hours," his friends protested.

"I've never worked less," he answered quietly. "I've put everything I have into this, and I'm not going to risk it in order to save a few hours' work."

The intervals of dulness in the drug business had permitted him to dig deep into the political, economic, and industrial history of America, and to read both widely and judiciously in the field of general literature; so when he took up newspaper work he was probably better equipped for it than the average university graduate. Besides, it was a crucial undertaking, and failure would mean the loss of all he had gathered so slowly and painfully since boyhood. He did not fail; on the contrary, he had an unshakable grip on the situation, and his own directness and simpleness in thinking enabled him to put his ideas into plain and simple words. His paper had to stand solely on its merits. There was no political machine, and no business interest, to make good its shortcomings, and the only backing that Johnson had consisted in his years of hard and honest work.

Almost before he knew it himself, Johnson became a power in local politics, and on being nominated to the State Senate he was easily elected. Then came the Presidential campaign of 1904, when Johnson, against his own wishes, undertook the forlorn hope of running for Governor on the Democratic ticket. He made one of the most remarkable fights in the political history of Minnesota. He was almost unaided in it, but by steady campaigning he managed to tour the whole State and get directly at the people. The straightforward force of what he had to say, the power that he manifested in dealing with current issues and conditions, and his remarkable knowledge of State and national history drew the voters to him.

His opponents made a foolish mistake. They distributed pamphlets ridiculing him for his early poverty and calling attention to the fact that at one time his mother took in washing. Johnson admitted the accusation.

"I used to help her collect and deliver it," he said, "whenever I could spare a moment from my own work."

The charge injured those who made it, for the vast majority of the people of Minnesota had carved out their own fortunes, had worked hard for all they possessed, and the fact that Johnson had done likewise was placed to his credit.

DEAR GIRLS:—If you can find a bright-eyed, healthy, and well-ballasted boy, who looks upon poverty as sassy as a child looks upon wealth—who had rather sit down on the curb-stun in front ov the 5th avenue hotel, and eat a ham sandwitch, than tew go inside, and run in debt for hiz dinner and toothpick, mi advise is tew take him—snare him at onst.—Josh Billings (Henry Wheeler Shaw, 1818—1885).

A PERSIAN LOVE-SONG.

THE Persian poet Shams ed-din Mohammed, or Hafiz, who lived in the fourteenth century at Shiraz, is one of the most famous of oriental writers, composing songs that at times were full of mirth, redolent of roses and of wine, and telling of spring-time, of nightingales, and of sensuous pleasure. Like the Greek lyrists, he worshiped beauty in every form; yet there are passages in his poetry which show a vein of seriousness and of religious feeling. The name Hafiz, which means "One of Great Memory," was given to him because he knew the whole Koran by heart. After his death his magnificent tomb became the resort of pilgrims, and has remained such even to the present day. His *ghazals*, or love-poems, were so melodious that their author was styled "Sugar-Lip" by his countrymen. Many of these odes have been translated or imitated in other languages, notably into German by Goethe in his "Westöstlicher Divan." The one given here is a rendering by Sir William Jones, the famous English Orientalist.

BY HAFIZ OF SHIRAZ.

SWEET maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
That rosy cheek, that lily hand
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Bokhara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarkand.

Boy, let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning zealots say:
Tell them their Eden cannot show,
A stream so clear as Ruknābād,
A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

Oh, when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our dearest haunts infest,
Their dear, destructive charms display;
Each glance my tender heart invades
And robs my wounded soul of rest
As Tartars seize their destined prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow;
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New luster to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where Nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

Speak not of fate! Ah, change the theme,
And talk of odors, talk of wine,
Talk of the flowers that round us bloom:
'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream;
To love and joy thy thoughts confine,
Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

But, ah, sweet maid, my counsel hear—
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage):
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answers have I heard!
And yet, by heaven, I love thee still:
Can aught be cruel from thy lip?
Yet say, how feel that bitter word
From lips which streams of sweetness fill,
Which naught but drops of honey sip?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay;
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung;
Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say;
But, oh, far sweeter, if they please
The nymphs for whom these notes are sung!

PRESIDENTS ON FOREIGN SOIL.

The Long-Established Rule that the Chief Magistrate of the United States Should Not Leave the Country—It Is Not Quite True that Mr. Roosevelt Was the First to Break It.

WHEN President Roosevelt visited Panama, in November last, the newspapers noted this as the first instance of an American President leaving the soil of the United States. In this they were not strictly accurate. President Cleveland, in 1885, while trout-fishing in the Adirondacks, once quite inadvertently strolled over the Canadian border and therefore was the first to depart from an unbroken line of precedent. President Arthur, in 1884, sailed from New York to Florida, and that was beyond the three-mile limit; yet, as he was conveyed upon an American man-of-war, he was still technically on American territory. At any rate, he did not set foot upon foreign soil.

For the past forty or fifty years, a great many Americans have had a vague notion that either the Constitution or the statutes of this country forbid the President to go beyond its borders. This belief was probably due to the fact that none of our chief magistrates had actually visited any foreign country. The long abstention from exercising a right led to a sort of superstition that no such right existed. Yet in the early days of the Republic there was ample reason why Presidents should stay at home. Our chief magistrates could not and cannot now delegate their authority to others.

In this respect they differ from the English sovereigns. Queen Victoria used often to spend many weeks on the Riviera, and King Edward has traveled about the Continent. But in Great Britain, when such a thing occurs, a royal commission is constituted with authority to affix the monarch's name and the great seal of England to such documents as require immediate attention. And as the English king or queen rules but does not govern, the whole thing is a mere form.

In the United States, however, the case is very different. The President can, indeed, resign his office and let the Vice-President succeed him; but he cannot temporarily allow the Vice-President to act for him in his absence. He is personally responsible for all executive decisions and hence he must be in immediate touch with his subordinates.

Until railways and the electric telegraphs were introduced, and still later telephones, the President of the United States usually kept near the seat of government in a very literal sense. If he did not, something would almost certainly go wrong; for postboys and couriers on horseback were too slow for use in cases of extreme emergency.

When President Monroe, in 1817, made his famous tour throughout the country he did so at a time of profound repose. President Jackson's visit to New England was another instance of choosing the right time. Yet in those days, when President Jackson was in Boston, for example, he was really farther away from Washington than President Roosevelt would be now if he were to pay a visit to the city of Timbuctoo.

A good instance of the danger of going far from these same lines is found in the history of the great gold panic of Black Friday in 1869. At that time President Grant was visiting a relative in Pennsylvania, in an obscure little country hamlet, miles away from telegraph or railroad. Two men had "cornered" all the gold in Wall Street. A frightful panic was under way. The only relief possible would be afforded if the United States Treasury should release some of the gold within its vaults. Secretary Boutwell hesitated to do this without the direct order of the President; yet the President could not be found. It was only after wreck and ruin on every side had threatened the financial stability of the nation that Mr. Boutwell gave the order to sell the necessary gold.

Monte Cristo's Escape from Prison.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS (1802—1870) was descended on his father's side from a highly aristocratic French family, but his grandmother was a full-blooded negress of Haiti. Dumas himself was an extraordinary character, as might have been expected in one whose heredity was so peculiar. Possessed of tremendous vitality, he was witty, daring, extravagant, impetuous, and imaginative; and into his almost innumerable novels he poured the full riches of his temperament. No story-teller of any age or any country, probably, has been read so widely. In his books one finds action everywhere. For description he cares little. For incident he cares everything. Much of the story is told in dialogue; and in all his greater works there is a rapid rush and sweep that fascinates the reader.

Dumas had all the thriftlessness and irresponsibility which go with negro blood. He made vast sums by his pen, and squandered them as fast as he had made them. His rooms were littered with gold and bank-notes, to which his friends were always welcome to help themselves. He built a palace which cost him half a million francs, and six years later he was obliged to flee from France to avoid his creditors. In his later years he wandered over the face of Europe until at last he died, a pauper and an imbecile, near Dieppe, where his son, whom he had neglected as a boy, supplied his wants. The day of his death was the day on which a Prussian force entered the village where this great genius passed away from earth.

Dumas was thoroughly unscrupulous as a man of letters. He took the material for his books from any source whatever. He bought ideas and plots and even whole novels by other writers, which he afterward recast. But when all is said against him, it can detract little if at all from his claim to immortality. Under his magic touch that which had been dull and tedious became, in some strange fashion, filled with vivid interest. In this respect he resembled the two great dramatists, Shakespeare and Molière, of whom it has been said that they took what before was dross and transmuted it into virgin gold. Chief among his romances are "The Three Musketeers" and "The Count of Monte Cristo." From the latter the following striking passage is taken. The hero of the book is *Edmond Dantès*—afterward styled the *Count of Monte Cristo*. *Dantès*, the youthful captain of a merchantman, is about to be married to a beautiful girl in Marseilles, when by the machinations of an enemy he is accused of treason and is hurried away to a gloomy prison, the Château d'If, situated on a tiny island in the Mediterranean. There, by means of a secret passage between his cell and another, he makes the acquaintance of a fellow prisoner, an Italian priest named *Faria*. The latter discloses to *Dantès* his knowledge of a treasure amounting to thirteen million francs, which is hidden on the island of Monte Cristo, off the Italian coast. Some time afterward, *Faria* dies in the prison, thus depriving *Dantès* of all human companionship. At this point the passage begins.

ALONE—no longer to see, no longer to hear, the only human being who attached him to life! Was it not better, like Faria, to go and ask of God the meaning of life's enigma, at the risk of passing through the mournful gate of suffering? The idea of suicide, driven away by his friend and forgotten in his presence while living, arose like a fantom in the presence of his dead body.

"If I could die," said Dantès, "I should go where he goes, and should assuredly find him again. But how to die? It is very easy," he continued with a smile of bitterness; "I will remain here; I will rush on the first person who opens the door; I will strangle him, and then they will guillotine me."

But as it happens that in excessive griefs, as in great tempests, the abyss is found between the tops of the loftiest waves, Dantès recoiled from the idea of this infamous death and passed suddenly from despair to an ardent desire for life and liberty.

"Die! Oh, no!" he exclaimed; "not die now, after having lived so long and suffered so much! It might have been good to die when I formed the purpose to do so, years ago; but now it would be indeed to give way to my bitter destiny. No, I will live; I will struggle to the very last; I will reconquer the happiness of which I have been deprived. Before I die I must not forget that I have my executioners to punish, and perhaps, too —who knows?—some friends to reward. But here I am, forgotten; and I shall go out from my dungeon only as Faria goes."

As he said this he remained motionless, his eyes fixed like a man who is struck with a sudden idea, but whom this idea fills with amazement. Suddenly he rose, lifted his hand to his brow as if his brain were giddy, paced twice or thrice round his chamber, and then paused abruptly at the bed.

"Ah! ah!" he muttered. "Who inspires me with this thought? Is it Thou, gracious God? Since none but the dead pass freely from this dungeon, let me assume the place of the dead!"

Without giving himself time to reconsider his decision, he bent over the appalling sack, opened it with the knife which Faria had made, drew the corpse from the sack, and carried it to his cell. There he laid it on his couch, passed round its head the strip of cloth he wore at night round his own, and covered it with his counterpane. Once again he kissed the ice-cold brow and tried vainly to close the resisting eyes, which remained open. Then he turned the head toward the wall, so that the jailer might, when he brought his evening meal, believe that the prisoner was asleep, as was his frequent custom.

Dantès now returned along the secret passage and drew the bed against the wall. Going back to the other cell, he took from the hiding-place the needle and thread, flung off his rags, that they might feel naked flesh only beneath the coarse sackcloth, and, getting inside the sack, placed himself in the posture in which the dead body had been laid, and sewed up the mouth of the sack on the inside.

The beating of his heart might have been heard if by any mischance the jailers had entered at that moment. He might have waited until the evening visit was over, but he was afraid the governor might change his mind and order the dead body to be removed earlier; in that case his last hope would have been destroyed. Now his project was settled under any circumstances, and he hoped thus to carry it into effect. If on the way out the grave-diggers should discover that they were conveying a live man instead of a dead body, Dantès did not intend to give them time to recognize him. He planned to open the sack from top to bottom with a sudden cut of the knife, and, profiting by their alarm, to escape. If they tried to catch him, he would use his knife. If they conducted him to the cemetery and laid him in the grave, he would allow himself to be covered with earth; and then, as it was night, the grave-diggers could scarcely have turned their backs ere he would work his way through the soft soil and escape. He hoped that the weight would not be too heavy for him to support. If he was deceived in this, and the earth proved too heavy, he would be stifled, and then so much the better; all would be over.

Dantès had not eaten since the previous evening, but he had not thought of hunger or thirst, nor did he now think of it. His position was too precarious to allow him time to think of anything else.

The first risk that he ran was that the jailer, when he brought the prisoner's supper at seven o'clock, might discover the substitution he had effected. Fortunately, twenty times at least, either from fatigue or from a distaste for com-

pany, Dantès had received his jailer in bed; and then the man placed his bread and soup on the table, and went away without saying a word. This time the jailer might not be silent as usual, but might speak to Dantès, and, receiving no reply, might go to the bed and thus discover all.

When seven o'clock came, Dantès's agony really commenced. His hand placed upon his heart was unable to repress its throbbings, while with the other he wiped the perspiration from his temples. From time to time shudderings ran through his whole frame and chilled his heart as if it were seized in an icy grasp. Yet the hours passed on without any stir in the château; and Dantès perceived that he had escaped this first danger. It was a good augury.

At length, about the hour the governor had appointed, footsteps were heard on the stairs. Edmond understood that the supreme moment had arrived. Summoning up all his courage, he held his breath; he would have been glad to stop the rapid beating of his heart.

The footsteps paused at the door; there were two persons, and Dantès guessed it was the two grave-diggers who came to seek him. This idea soon became certainty when he heard the noise they made in putting down the hand-bier. The door opened, and a dim light reached Dantès's eyes through the coarse sack that covered him. He saw two shadows approach his bed, a third man remaining at the door with a torch in his hand. The two former, approaching the ends of the bed, took the sack by its extremities.

"He's heavy, though, for a thin old man," said one, as he raised the head.

"They say every year adds half a pound to the weight of the bones," said another, lifting the feet.

"Have you tied the knot?" inquired the first speaker.

"What would be the use of carrying so much more weight?" was the reply; "I can do that when we get there."

"Yes, you're right," replied the companion.

"What's the knot for?" thought Dantès.

They deposited the supposed corpse on the bier. Edmond stiffened himself in order to play his part of a dead man, and then the party, lighted by the man with the torch, who went first, ascended the stairs. Suddenly Dantès felt the fresh, cool night-air, and he recognized the *mistral,* the cold wind from the Alps. It was a sudden sensation, at the same time replete with delight and with agony. The bearers advanced twenty paces, then stopped, putting the bier down on the ground. One of them went away, and Dantès heard his shoes on the pavement.

"Where am I, then?" he asked himself.

"Really, he is by no means a light load!" said the other bearer, sitting on the edge of the hand-barrow.

Dantès's first impulse was to escape, but fortunately he did not attempt it.

"Light me, stupid," said the other bearer, "or I shall not find what I am looking for."

The man with the torch complied, although not asked in the most polite terms.

"What can he be looking for?" thought Edmond. "The spade perhaps."

An exclamation of satisfaction indicated that the grave-digger had found the object of his search.

"Here it is at last," he said, "not without some trouble, though!"

"Yes," was the answer; "but it has lost nothing by waiting."

As he said this, the man came toward Edmond, who heard a heavy and sounding substance laid down beside him. At the same moment a cord was fastened round his feet with sudden and painful violence.

"Well, have you tied the knot?" inquired the grave-digger who was looking on.

"Yes, and pretty tight, too, I can tell you," was the answer.

"Move on, then."

The bier was lifted once more, and they proceeded. They advanced fifty paces farther, stopped to open a door, and then went forward again. The noise of the waves dashing against the rocks on which the château is built reached Dantès's ear distinctly as they proceeded.

"Bad weather!" observed one of the

bearers. "Not a pleasant night for a dip in the sea."

"Why, yes, the abbé runs a chance of being wet," said the other; and then there was a burst of laughter.

Dantès did not comprehend the jest, but his hair stood erect on his head.

"Well, here we are at last," said one of them.

"A little farther! A little farther!" said the other. "You know very well that the last one fell on the rocks and stuck half way. The governor told us next day that we were careless fellows."

They ascended five or six more steps, and then Dantès felt that they took him, one by the head and the other by the heels, and swung him to and fro.

"One!" said the grave-diggers. "Two, three, and away!"

Dantès felt himself flung into the vast void, passing through the air like a wounded bird—falling, falling, with a rapidity that made his blood curdle. Although drawn downward by some heavy weight which hastened his rapid descent, it seemed to him that the fall lasted a hundred years. At length, with a terrific dash, he entered the ice-cold water; and as he did so he uttered a shrill cry, stifled in a moment by his immersion beneath the waves.

Dantès had been flung into the sea, into whose depths he was dragged by a thirty-six-pound shot tied to his feet. The sea is the burial-place of the Château d'If.

Although giddy and almost suffocated, Dantès had yet sufficient presence of mind to hold his breath. As his right hand—prepared as he was for every chance—held his knife open, he rapidly ripped up the sack and extricated his arm, and then his body; but in spite of all his efforts to free himself from the ball, he continued to sink. He then bent his body, and by a desperate effort, just in time to save himself from suffocation, he severed the cord that bound his legs. With a vigorous spring he rose to the surface of the sea, while the heavy shot bore to its depths the sack that had so nearly become his shroud.

Dantès merely paused to breathe, and then dived again, in order to avoid being seen. When he rose a second time, he was fifty paces from where he had first sunk. He saw overhead a black and tempestuous sky, over which the wind was driving the fleeting clouds that occasionally suffered a twinkling star to appear; before him was the vast expanse of waters, somber and terrible, whose waves foamed and roared as if before the approach of a storm. Behind him, blacker than the sea, blacker than the sky, rose like a fantom a huge mass of granite, whose projecting crags seemed like arms extended to seize their prey; and on the highest rock was a torch that lighted two figures. He fancied these two forms were looking at the sea; doubtless the strange grave-diggers had heard his cry.

Dantès dived again, and remained a long time beneath the water. This was an old accomplishment of his. When he used to swim in the bay before the lighthouse at Marseilles he had often attracted a crowd of spectators, who with one accord pronounced him the best swimmer in the port.

When he reappeared the light had disappeared. It was necessary to strike out to sea. Ratonneau and Pomègue are the nearest isles of all those that surround the Château d'If; but Ratonneau and Pomègue are inhabited, and so is the little island of Daume. Tiboulen and Lemaire were the safest. These islands are a league from the Château d'If; Dantès nevertheless determined to make for them. But how could he find his way in the darkness of the night?

At this moment he saw before him, like a brilliant star, the lighthouse of Planier. By leaving this light on the right, he kept Tiboulen a little on the left; by turning to the left, therefore, he would find it. But as we have said, it was at least a league from the Château d'If to this island. Often in prison Faria had said to him, when he saw him idle and inactive:

"Dantès, you must not give way to this listlessness; you will be drowned if you seek to escape, and your strength has not been properly exercised and prepared for exertion."

These words sounded in Dantès's ears, even beneath the waves; he now struck out through the water to see if he had lost his strength. He found with pleasure that his captivity had taken away nothing of his power, and that he was

still master of the element on whose bosom he had so often sported as a boy.

Fear, that relentless pursuer, doubled Dantès's efforts. He listened to ascertain if any noise was audible. Each time that he rose on a wave his eyes scanned the horizon and strove to penetrate the darkness. Every wave a little higher than others seemed a boat in his pursuit. He redoubled his exertions, steadily increasing his distance from the castle, but drawing heavily upon his strength. He swam on still, and already the gloomy prison had disappeared in the darkness. He could not see it, but he felt its presence.

An hour passed, during which Dantès, excited by the feeling of freedom, continued to cleave the waves.

"Let us see," said he. "I have swum above an hour, but as the wind is against me that has retarded my speed; however, if I am not mistaken, I must be close to the island of Tiboulen. But what if I were mistaken?"

A shudder passed over him. He sought to float on the water, in order to rest himself; but the sea was too violent, and he saw that he could not make use of this means of repose.

"Well," said he, "I will swim on until I am worn out or the cramp seizes me, and then I shall sink;" and he struck out with the energy of despair.

Suddenly the sky seemed to become still darker and more dense, and heavy clouds lowered above him; at the same time he felt a violent pain in his knee. His imagination told him that a bullet had struck him, and that in a moment he would hear the report; but he heard nothing. He put out his hand and felt resistance; then he extended his leg and felt the land.

He saw now what it was that he had taken for a cloud. Before him rose a mass of strangely formed rocks that resembled nothing so much as a vast fire petrified at the moment of its most fervent combustion. Dantès rose, advanced a few steps, and with a fervent prayer of gratitude stretched himself on the granite, which seemed to him softer than down. Then, in spite of the wind and rain, he fell into the deep, sweet sleep of those worn out by fatigue.

An hour later Edmond was awakened by the roar of thunder. A furious storm was rolling up. From time to time a flash of lightning ran across the heavens like a fiery serpent, lighting up the clouds that rolled on like the waves of an immense chaos.

Dantès was not mistaken; he had reached the first of the two isles, which is in fact Tiboulen. He knew that it was barren and without shelter, but when the sea should become more calm he would plunge into its waves again and swim to Lemaire, equally arid, but larger, and consequently better adapted for concealment..

An overhanging rock offered him a temporary shelter, and scarcely had he availed himself of it when the tempest burst in all its fury. Edmond felt the rock beneath which he lay tremble; the waves, dashing themselves against the granite cliffs, wet him with their spray. In safety as he was, he felt himself become giddy in the midst of this war of the elements and the dazzling brightness of the lightning. It seemed to him that the island trembled to its base, that it would break its moorings like a vessel at anchor, and bear him off into the heart of the storm. He then recollected that he had not eaten or drunk for four and twenty hours. Using his hands for a cup, he drank greedily of the rain-water that had lodged in a hollow of the rock.

As he rose the darkness was illumined by a flash of lightning that seemed to open the sky even to the foot of the dazzling throne of God. By its light, between the island of Lemaire and Cape Croiselle, a quarter of a league distant, Dantès saw, like a specter, a fishing-boat driven rapidly on by the force of the winds and waves. A second later he saw it again, approaching nearer. Dantès cried at the top of his voice to warn its crew of their danger, but they saw it themselves. Another flash showed him four men clinging to the shattered mast and the rigging, while a fifth grasped the broken rudder.

The men he beheld saw him, evidently, for their cries were carried to his ears by the wind. Above the splintered mast a sail rent to tatters was waving; suddenly the ropes that still held it gave way, and it disappeared in the darkness of the night like a great sea-bird. At the same

moment a violent crash was heard, and cries of distress reached his ears. Perched on the summit of the rock, Dantès saw, by the lightning, the vessel in pieces; and among the fragments were heads with despairing faces, and arms stretched toward the sky. Then all became dark again; the terrible spectacle had been brief as the lightning-flash.

Dantès ran down the rocks at the risk of being himself dashed to pieces. He listened; he strove to examine; but he heard and saw nothing. All human cries had ceased, and the tempest alone continued to rage. By degrees the wind abated, vast gray clouds rolled toward the west, and the blue firmament appeared, studded with bright stars. Soon a red streak became visible in the horizon; the waves whitened, a light played over them and gilded their foaming crests with gold. It was day.

THE CLEANLY RED MAN.

It Is Not True That the American Indian Is a "Dirty Savage"—When He Wants a Bath, He Will Go Through Fire and Water, to Say Nothing of Ice, to Get One.

IT has been widely believed that Lo, the poor Indian, seldom brings his untutored mind to a proper estimate of the value of personal cleanliness. According to Dr. Charles S. Moody, however, this is another of the many popular delusions that have no basis in fact. In a recent article in the *American Journal of Clinical Medicine,* Dr. Moody thus gives the result of his many years' experience as a reservation physician:

Did the average white submit himself to one-half the hardships in order to keep clean that the Indian endures, he would consider himself a martyr. In order to illustrate my meaning allow me to relate an incident that very often occurs here in the West; and to relate it properly I shall have to take you down upon the river shore on a cold day in winter, with the slush ice running in the water and the hard snow flying in the gale.

By the water's edge stands a little hut of bent willows covered with mats of rushes and heavy blankets. In front of the hut lies a huge pile of heavy boulders. A fire burns near, and in the fire lie heating several of these stones. Huddled about the fire in a perfect state of nature are some half dozen natives. They are smoking and talking while the stones heat.

Shortly one of the boulders bursts with the heat, and now everything is considered ready. One native takes up a pail and fills it from the river. Another rolls the hot stones to the door of the little hut. One by one the Indians crouch on all fours and enter.

The man with the pail enters last, and they pack themselves away in there like sardines in a box. A man on the outside rolls in the heated stones and covers the door with several thicknesses of blanket.

Soon the steam is seen issuing from the structure. The master of ceremonies is throwing water on the hot rocks. Five, ten, fifteen minutes pass, and you wonder if they are not suffocated. Half an hour passes, and you are sure they are suffocated. Just about the time you are thinking of asking the attendant if he isn't going to drag the dead Indians out, the flap is thrown off and the several bathers emerge.

One would naturally suppose that they would hustle into some sort of garments, but one would be much mistaken. Those Indians are going to have a thorough bath. They begin a chant and a march single file toward the river.

"A-e, a-e, a-e, a-e, a-e, a-e, a-e, a-e, *a-e-e-e-e-e-e*" (as the foremost one strikes the water); thus they march right into that ice cold water. In this they remain for ten minutes, splashing and yelling like boys.

Do not suppose the bath is ended. They return to the fire, and another lot takes its turn while these smoke. After the next lot has been partially purified, the first lot return and submit themselves to a repetition of the performance. I have known one lot of Indians to bathe thus for three or four times. Still there are people who consider an Indian filthy.

The body odor of an Indian is what gives rise to the idea that he is dirty. But Chĩnamen tell me that the body odor of the white people is at times extremely offensive to them. It is merely a matter of education.

If cleanliness be next to godliness, then surely the Indians should stand high among the elect—at any rate, the Indians on Dr. Moody's reservation.

New York's Riot Record.

BY ABRAM S. ISAACS, PH.D.

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Some of the Darker Pages in the History of the American Metropolis—A Long List of Civic Disturbances from 1712 to 1871.

NEW YORK, in its three centuries of history, has been spared, happily, the overwhelming catastrophes which have befallen certain famous cities of the Old World. Yet the story of its growth from a village to a metropolis has not been without exciting chapters. It has not only survived changes of allegiance, from the Dutch to the British, and from the British to the American; but again and again it has had to struggle with fire, plague, and insurrection.

Few, probably, of those who rejoice in New York's modern greatness and splendor, and who regard themselves as well acquainted with its annals, are familiar with the story of the riots which have, from time to time, disturbed its orderly existence and more or less retarded its growth; so quickly are even recent events forgotten in the stir and excitement of our rapid age.

The Negro Riots of 1712 and 1741.

We have to go back nearly two hundred years for what was probably the earliest riot in New York. At that date, when the entire population was estimated at hardly six thousand, one-fourth of the number consisted of slaves and Indians. Evidently the negroes were not too kindly treated, for, resenting their condition, a body of them assembled under arms at midnight on April 6, 1712. By prearrangement, a negro friendly to the plot set fire to his master's outhouse. A number of citizens, awakened by the flames, hurried to render aid, but were received by a volley from the rioters, which killed several of them.

The noise of the firing quickly aroused the town, and proved its salvation. Governor Hunter ordered a detachment of troops to the spot, and the rioters fled to the woods; all but six, who committed suicide, being subsequently captured by the soldiers.

The fear of a negro revolt was more or less chronic in the early part of the eighteenth century. It must be remembered that it was legal, in those days, to bring slaves from Africa, and that too often they were treated with no little cruelty. On February 28, 1741, a robbery was traced to a notorious negro resort, and soon after a number of fires broke out in various neighborhoods. At once there were rumors of a projected conspiracy. In the panic that ensued one hundred and fifty-four negroes were imprisoned, of whom thirteen were burned at the stake, eighteen were hanged, and seventy-one were transported, the others being set free. So bloody a vengeance for a plot that may never have had any actual existence recalls the witchcraft clamor in New England, or the work of the Spanish Inquisition.

The Doctors' Mob of 1788.

The first riot in New York after the Revolution was the so-called Doctors' Mob of 1788. It was occasioned by popular resentment of the practise of desecrating the graveyards in order to procure subjects for dissection—a ghoulish business which has not wholly died out, if one is to judge from occasional newspaper items. Excited by repeated acts of vandalism, a mob attacked the New York Hospital; and when some of the physicians and students were placed

in jail for greater safety, the rioters followed them, and renewed the assault. A body of militia was ordered to defend the jail; and as the mob continued in force and showed no disposition to withdraw, Governor Clinton gave the order to fire. One volley was enough to scatter the crowd, killing and wounding several of the rioters.

The next riot of any consequence took place in 1806, on Christmas Eve—a curious time for disorder. It must have been a period of strong anti-Catholic feeling, although that church was then only beginning its growth in New York. A number of rioters, whom the *Evening Post* of December 26 called "Highbinders," thus giving the name to the riot, gathered near St. Peter's Church and attempted violence. Foiled in their efforts, the following day they attacked an Irish settlement in Augustus Street, afterwards City Hall Place. The mayor did not allow the disorder to grow, but firmly quelled it without bloodshed.

The Year of Riots (1834).

In 1834 New York suffered so many disturbances of the peace that it was called the "year of riots." The elections were then conducted in the olden fashion, the polls being held open three successive days, thus prolonging and intensifying the excitement. Party feeling ran high that year, on account of a split in the Democratic ranks, increasing the Whigs' chances of success. On April 10 a riot broke out in the Sixth Ward. The polls were seized and the ballots destroyed, while the Broadway gun-shops were raided in preparation for more tragic work. Rough elements in both parties continued the scenes of disorder, and the Whigs occupied the Arsenal, from which they attacked the Democrats. Thereupon the Twenty-Seventh Regiment—the present Seventh—was called out, dislodged the Whigs from the Arsenal, and restored quiet. This was called the Election Riot.

In July of the same year there was another serious disturbance—the first in which the slavery issue was a factor. It seems that during a meeting called by the Abolitionists in a church on Chatham Street, which was being addressed by a colored speaker, a violent mob broke up the assemblage. Lewis Tappan, who was known as an active opponent of slavery, was followed by a hooting crowd, which stoned his house. The next night the mob seized the Bowery Theater, on the pretext that the manager was an Englishman, and hence an antislavery man.

Other petty riots ensued which necessitated calling out the military. On July 11, the mob, at fever heat, attacked churches in Laight and Spring streets and formed double barricades, which were easily stormed by the Twenty-Seventh Regiment, the rioters taking to flight without further parley. The Five Points, that ruffianly section of New York which was long the headquarters of disaffection and squalor, continued the scene of depredation and disorder, until finally the mob spirit was quelled by the volunteer soldiers and firemen, one hundred and fifty of the rioters suffering imprisonment.

In the following month the Stonecutters' Riot broke out. This was due to the employment of state prisoners, at Sing Sing, to hew marble for the contractors who were building the old University on Washington Square, demolished a few years ago. So determined were the ringleaders, that the Twenty-Seventh Regiment remained on guard in Washington Square for four days. This display of strength overawed the mob.

The Riot Record from 1835 to 1849.

Less than a year later—on June 21, 1835—the unsavory Five Points was again the scene of riot. A violent quarrel broke out between Irish and American Democrats, owing to the report that a regiment called the O'Connell Guards was to be formed. This was not to be endured by the American element, and in the Sixth Ward, on Pearl Street, near Chatham, the rival clans battled for supremacy. The riot was suppressed by the police.

In February, 1836, the soldiers were summoned to put down a riot caused by the demand of the stevedores for higher wages, but the disorder did not attain large proportions.

The year 1837 was one of widespread panic, and New York's banks might have been sacked if they had not been defended by a cordon of soldiers. It was an

era of high prices for flour, meat, and coal, and the unruly element in the population grew sullen and impatient, particularly when a rumor spread that the commission firms on Washington Street were organizing a corner in flour. On February 10, 1837, an indignation meeting was held in City Hall Park. One of the speakers declared that fifty-three thousand barrels of flour were stored in Eli Hart's warehouse, on Washington Street. The crowd made its way to the place, after stoning the mayor, who had tried to interpose. In haste five hundred barrels were rolled out of the upper windows, and hurled to the ground. When files of soldiers were seen in the distance, however, the mob fled without completing its work.

New York has twice been visited by theater riots—not to mention an incident in 1797, at the John Street Theater, when Hodgkinson, one of the managers, was summarily hissed off the stage for the sins of Hallam, an associate, whose drunken condition the public could not endure. In 1836 the Park Theater, a playhouse of famous memories, was the scene of an outbreak called the Wood-Conduit Riot, when Mrs. Joseph Wood refused to play at Mrs. Conduit's benefit. A far more serious affair took place in 1849, known as the Astor Place Riot.

The Astor Place Riot (1849).

Four years before, when Edwin Forrest was playing *Macbeth,* in London, he was hissed—an insult which he charged to the influence of the famous English actor William Charles Macready. Forrest's American admirers sought an opportunity for revenge. Unaware of their enmity, Macready came to the United States, where he had made several previous tours, and in September, 1848, appeared at the Astor Place Opera House on the night when Forrest was to give the same play, "Macbeth," at Wallack's Broadway Theater. The friends of the American actor resolved to drive Macready off the stage, and filled the Astor Place auditorium with an uproarious crowd. When Macready appeared, they drowned his voice and threw missiles, compelling him to flee for safety behind the curtain.

Macready wished now to cancel his engagement, but the best citizens of New York sent a gracefully worded letter, asking him to give the city a chance to redeem its character; and the evening of May 10, 1849, was chosen for his reappearance in "Macbeth." Among the forty-eight signers of the letter were Samuel B. Ruggles, Washington Irving, Benjamin D. Silliman, Moses H. Grinnell, D. C. Pell, Mordecai M. Noah, Ogden Hoffman, Cornelius Mathews, William Kent, John W. Francis, Denning Duer, and others of similar standing.

An Appeal to Popular Prejudice.

On the night appointed, handbills were posted with this inflammatory appeal to prejudice and passion:

WORKINGMEN:

Shall Americans or Englishmen rule in this country? The crews of the British steamers have threatened all Americans who shall dare appear this night at the English aristocratic opera-house. Workingmen—freemen—stand up for your rights!

When the curtain rose, although three hundred policemen were stationed within and without the theater, and tickets had been sold only to those known to be in sympathy with Macready, many of the lawless element had gained entrance. A rush was made at the English actor, but the assailants were overpowered by the police. As soon as the mob outside heard of this, they also attacked the police. The Seventh Regiment, headed by Colonel Abram Duryea, now appeared on the scene. The soldiers drove the rioters from Broadway, but were met with such resistance that they retreated toward Third Avenue, many of them being severely wounded by the volleys of missiles.

Ordering his regiment to load with ball cartridge, Duryea "led his men in file under shelter of the opera-house, and thus gained the front." The mob, with redoubled execrations, continued to throw heavy stones, wounding many of the militiamen and damaging some of their rifles. Sheriff Westervelt at last gave the order to fire, but to aim over the heads of the mob, at the dead-wall of a house opposite. A further shower of stones showed the desperate spirit of the rioters. En-

raged by this treatment, the soldiers obeyed a second order to fire, this time being commanded to aim low. Many of the rioters were killed and wounded, and such a panic seized the mob that it retreated in haste. When some of the more desperate spirits rallied and renewed the attack, a third volley finally dispersed them. Twenty-two of the mob were killed and many wounded, while one hundred and forty-one members of the Seventh received wounds more or less severe.

It is difficult to exaggerate the alarm within the theater during the riot; but the play was performed. At its close Macready left by one of the rear exits; and after being in hiding in a private house for two days, he was driven in disguise to Boston and thence sailed for England. The Seventh remained on guard duty for two days, but there was no further need of its services.

Disorder and Bloodshed in 1857.

In 1857 the reorganization of the police department led to a riot which might have proved serious. A new force was constituted in order to cope with the lawless elements that were threatening to overspread the city. The mayor, Fernando Wood, refused to recognize the new system, and, gathering the old force around him, defied his opponents. A warrant was obtained for his arrest, and fifty of the new police became engaged in conflict with the old, all armed for the encounter. Many were wounded in the fray, which was fortunately ended by the appearance of the Seventh Regiment. Mayor Wood submitted to the inevitable, but nine of the city regiments remained under arms. It was not before a number of minor riots had been quelled that the new force secured undisputed control.

In the same year, on July 3, the Five Points district was again the scene of disorder. Two local factions, rejoicing in the names of the Dead Rabbits and the Bowery Boys, attacked each other on Bayard Street. Barricades were built; law-abiding citizens feared serious trouble, as it was charged that the city goverment was in sympathy with the mobs. The militia was called out, however, and put a stop to the disorder, six of the rioters being killed and a hundred wounded.

The next day another disturbance broke out, chiefly among the Irish in Anthony and Centre Streets, but it was quickly checked. On July 13 and 14 the new police quelled a riot among the Germans of the Seventeenth Ward, and public confidence was temporarily restored.

Toward the end of 1857, however, the disorder was resumed, and one day the Dead Rabbits had sufficient strength to hold the City Hall for an hour, compelling Mayor Wood to call upon the police to save him from his friends.

New York's riot record closes with the Draft Riots, which began on July 13, 1863, and lasted for four days; and the Orange Riots, on July 12, 1871. The former was by far the bloodiest affair in the history of the American metropolis, costing about a thousand lives and involving the destruction of a large amount of property. In the latter, fifty-four were killed or mortally wounded. Both have been too often described to require further notice.

NEW YORK'S GOLDEN AGE.—Ah, blissful and never-to-be-forgotten age! When everything was better than it has ever been since, or ever will be again; when the shad in the Hudson were all salmon; and when the moon shone with a pure and resplendent whiteness, instead of that melancholy yellow light which is the consequence of her sickening at the abominations she every night witnesses in this degenerate city! Happy would it have been for New Amsterdam, could it always have existed in this state of blissful ignorance and lowly simplicity; but alas! the days of childhood are too sweet to last!—*From "Diedrich Knickerbocker's History of New York," by Washington Irving.*

A Dose of Hasheesh.

BY FITZHUGH LUDLOW.

FITZHUGH LUDLOW (1836—1870), who is sometimes called "the American De Quincey," was born in Poughkeepsie, New York. At an early age he began to contribute sketches and stories to the magazines; but unfortunately for him, when only twenty years old, he experimented with the strange drug known as hasheesh *(cannabis Indica)*, and soon formed the habit of using it in order to enjoy the extraordinary visions and sensations which it gave. His experiences were recorded in a book entitled "The Hasheesh Eater," from which the following passages are taken. They describe the first occasion on which the narcotic took strong hold upon him.

Ludlow never quite broke off the habit; yet he partially mastered it and continued his literary work until his death. No other book of his, however, attained the same celebrity as his first.

HA! What means this sudden thrill? A shock, as of some unimagined vital force, shoots without warning through my entire frame, leaping to my fingers' ends, piercing my brain, startling me till I almost spring from my chair.

I could not doubt it. I was in the power of the hasheesh influence.

My first emotion was one of uncontrollable terror—a sense of getting something which I had not bargained for. That moment I would have given all I had or hoped to have to be as I was three hours before.

No pain anywhere—not a twinge in any fiber—yet a cloud of unutterable strangeness was settling upon me, and wrapping me impenetrably in from all that was natural or familiar. Endeared faces, well known to me of old, surrounded me, yet they were not with me in my loneliness. I had entered upon a tremendous life which they could not share. If the disembodied ever return to hover over the hearthstone which once had a seat for them, they look upon their friends as I then looked upon mine. A nearness of place, with an infinite distance of state, a connection which had no possible sympathies for the wants of that hour of revelation, an isolation none the less perfect for seeming companionship.

Still I spoke; a question was put to me, and I answered it; I even laughed at a *bon mot*. Yet it was not my voice which spoke; perhaps one which I had once had far away in another time and another place. For a while I knew nothing that was going on externally, and then the remembrance of the last remark which had been made returned slowly and indistinctly, as some trait of a dream will return after many days, puzzling us to say where we have been conscious of it before.

Perhaps I was acting strangely. Suddenly a pair of busy hands, which had been running neck and neck all the evening with a nimble little crochet-needle over a raceground of pink and blue silk, stopped at their goal, and their owner looked at me steadfastly. Ah! I was found out—I had betrayed myself. In terror I waited, expecting every instant to hear the word "hasheesh." No, the lady only asked me some question connected with the previous conversation.

As mechanically as an automaton I began to reply. As I heard once more the alien and unreal tones of my own

voice, I became convinced that it was some one else who spoke, and in another world. I sat and listened; still the voice kept speaking. Now for the first time I experienced that vast change which hasheesh makes in all measurements of time. The first word of the reply occupied a period sufficient for the action of a drama; the last left me in complete ignorance of any point far enough back in the past to date the commencement of the sentence. Its enunciation might have occupied years. I was not in the same life which had held me when I heard it begun.

And now, with time, space expanded also. At my friend's house one particular armchair was always reserved for me. I was sitting in it at a distance of hardly three feet from the centertable around which the members of the family were grouped. Rapidly that distance widened. The whole atmosphere seemed ductile, and spun endlessly out into great spaces surrounding me on every side. We were in a vast hall, of which my friends and I occupied opposite extremities. The ceiling and the walls ran upward with a gliding motion, as if vivified by a sudden force of resistless growth.

Oh! I could not bear it. I should soon be left alone in the midst of an infinity of space. And now more and more every moment increased the conviction that I was watched. I did not know then, as I learned afterward, that suspicion of all earthly things and persons was a characteristic of the hasheesh delirium.

In the midst of my complicated hallucination, I could perceive that I had a dual existence. One portion of me was whirled unresistingly along the track of this tremendous experience, the other sat looking down from a height upon its double, observing, reasoning, and serenely weighing all the phenomena. This calmer being suffered with the other by sympathy, but did not lose its self-possession. Presently it warned me that I must go home, lest the growing effect of the hasheesh should incite me to some act which might frighten my friends.

I acknowledged the force of this remark very much as if it had been made by another person, and rose to take my leave. I advanced toward the centertable. With every step its distance increased. I nerved myself as for a long pedestrian journey. Still the lights, the faces, the furniture receded. At last, almost unconsciously, I reached them. It would be tedious to attempt to convey the idea of the time which my leave-taking consumed, and the attempt, at least with all minds that have not passed through the same experience, would be as impossible as tedious. At last I was in the street.

Beyond me the view stretched endlessly away. It was an unconverging vista, whose nearest lamps seemed separated from me by leagues. I was doomed to pass through a merciless stretch of space. A soul just disenthralled, setting out for his flight beyond the farthest visible star, could not be more overwhelmed with his newly acquired conception of the sublimity of distance than I was at that moment. Solemnly I began my infinite journey.

Before long I walked in entire unconsciousness of all around me. I dwelt in a marvelous inner world. I existed by turns in different places and various states of being. Now I swept my gondola through the moonlit lagoons of Venice. Now Alp on Alp towered above my view, and the glory of the coming sun flashed purple light upon the topmost icy pinnacle. Now in the primeval silence of some unexplored tropical forest I spread my feathery leaves, a giant fern, and swayed and nodded in the spice-gales over a river whose waves at once sent up clouds of music and perfume. My soul changed to a vegetable essence, thrilled with a strange and unimagined ecstasy. The palace of Al Haroun could not have bought me back to humanity.

A new phenomenon manifested itself. I had just awaked for perhaps the twentieth time, and my eyes were wide open. I recognized all surrounding objects, and began calculating the distance home. Suddenly, out of a blank wall at my side, a muffled figure stepped into the path before me. His hair, white as snow, hung in tangled elf-locks on his shoulders, where he carried also a heavy burden, like unto the well-filled sack of

sins which Bunyan places on the back of his pilgrim. Not liking his manner, I stepped aside, intending to pass around him and go on my way. This change of our relative position allowed the blaze of a neighboring street-lamp to fall full on his face, which had hitherto been totally obscured.

Horror unspeakable! I shall never, till the day I die, forget that face. Every lineament was stamped with the records of a life black with dan...ing crime; it glared upon me with a ferocious wickedness and a stony despair which only he may feel who is entering on the retribution of the unpardonable sin. He might have sat to a demon painter as the ideal of Shelley's *Cenci*.

I seemed to grow blasphemous in looking at him, and, in an agony of fear, began to run away. He detained me with a bony hand, which pierced my wrist like talons, and, slowly taking down the burden from his own shoulders, laid it upon mine. I threw it off and pushed him away. Silently he returned and restored the weight. Again I repulsed him, this time crying out, "Man, what do you mean?" In a voice which impressed me with the sense of wickedness as his face had done, he replied, "You *shall* bear my burden with me," and a third time laid it on my shoulders. For the last time I hurled it aside, and, with all my force, dashed him from me. He reeled backward and fell, and before he could recover his disadvantage I had put a long distance between us.

I was bursting with an uncontrollable life; I strode with the thews of a giant. Hotter and faster came my breath; I seemed to pant like some tremendous engine. An electric energy whirled me resistlessly onward; I feared for myself lest it should burst its fleshly walls, and glance on, leaving a wrecked framework behind it.

At last I entered my own house. During my absence a family connection had arrived from abroad, and stood ready to receive my greeting. Partly restored to consciousness by the naturalness of home-faces and the powerful light of a chandelier which shed its blaze through the room, I saw the necessity of vigilance against betraying my condition, and with an intense effort suppressing all I felt, I approached my friend, and said all that is usual on such occasions. Yet recent as I was from my conflict with the supernatural, I cast a stealthy look about me, that I might learn from the faces of the others if, after all, I was shaking hands with a fantom, and making inquiries about the health of a family of hallucinations. Growing assured as I perceived no symptoms of astonishment, I finished the salutation and sat down.

It soon required all my resolution to keep the secret which I had determined to hold inviolable. My sensations began to be terrific—not from any pain that I felt, but from the tremendous mystery of all around me and within me. By an appalling introversion, all the operations of vitality which, in our ordinary state, go on unconsciously, came vividly into my experience. Through every thinnest corporeal tissue and minutest vein I could trace the circulation of the blood along each inch of its progress. I knew when every valve opened and when it shut; every sense was preternaturally awakened; the room was full of a great glory. The beating of my heart was so clearly audible that I wondered to find it unnoticed by those who were sitting by my side.

Lo, now, that heart became a great fountain, whose jet played upward with loud vibrations, and, striking upon the roof of my skull as on a gigantic dome, fell back with a splash and echo into its reservoir. Faster and faster came the pulsations, until at last I heard them no more, and the stream became one continuously pouring flood, whose roar resounded through all my frame. I gave myself up for lost, since judgment, which still sat unimpaired above my perverted senses, argued that congestion must take place in a few moments, and close the drama with my death. But my clutch would not yet relax from hope. The thought struck me, Might not this rapidity of circulation be, after all, imaginary? I determined to find out.

Going back to my own room, I took out my watch, and placed my hand upon my heart. The very effort which

I made to ascertain the reality gradually brought perception back to its natural state. In the intensity of my observations, I began to perceive that the circulation was not as rapid as I had thought. From a pulseless flow it gradually came to be apprehended as a hurrying succession of intense throbs, then less swift and less intense, till finally, on comparing it with the second-hand, I found that about ninety a minute was its average rapidity.

Greatly comforted, I desisted from the experiment. Almost instantly the hallucination returned. Again I dreaded apoplexy, congestion, hemorrhage, a multiplicity of nameless deaths, and drew my picture as I might be found on the morrow, stark and cold, by those whose agony would be redoubled by the mystery of my end. I reasoned with myself; I bathed my forehead—it did no good. There was one resource left: I would go to a physician.

With this resolve, I left my room and went to the head of the staircase. The family had all retired for the night, and the gas was turned off from the burner in the hall below. I looked down the stairs. The depth was fathomless; it was a journey of years to reach the bottom! The dim light of the sky shone through the narrow panes at the sides of the front door, and seemed a demon lamp in the middle darkness of the abyss. I never could get down! I sat me down despairingly upon the topmost step.

Suddenly a sublime thought possessed me. If the distance be infinite, I am immortal. It shall be tried. I commenced the descent, wearily, wearily down through my league-long, year-long journey. To record my impressions in that journey would be to repeat what I have said of the time of hasheesh. Now stopping to rest as a traveler would turn aside at a wayside inn, now toiling down through the lonely darkness, I came by and by to the end, and passed out into the street.

On reaching the porch of the physician's house, I rang the bell, but immediately forgot whom to ask for. No wonder; I was on the steps of a palace in Milan—no (and I laughed at myself for the blunder), I was on the staircase of the Tower of London. So I should not be puzzled through my ignorance of Italian. But whom to ask for? This question recalled me to the real bearings of the place, but did not suggest its requisite answer. Whom shall I ask for? I began setting the most cunning traps of hypothesis to catch the solution of the difficulty.

During this intellectual rummage I had rung the bell half a dozen times, under the impression that I was kept waiting a small eternity. When the servant opened the door she panted as if she had run for her life. I was shown up-stairs to Dr. H.'s room, where he had thrown himself down to rest after a tedious operation. Locking the door after me with an air of determined secrecy, which must have conveyed to him pleasant little suggestions of a design upon his life, I approached his bedside.

"I am about to reveal to you," I commenced, "something which I would not for my life allow to come to other ears. Do you pledge me your eternal silence?"

"I do; what is the matter?"

"I have been taking hasheesh—*cannabis Indica*—and I fear that I am going to die."

"How much did you take?"

"Thirty grains."

"Let me feel your pulse."

He placed his fingers on my wrist and counted slowly, while I stood waiting to hear my death-warrant.

"Very regular," shortly spoke the doctor; "triflingly accelerated. Do you feel any pain?"

"None at all."

"Nothing the matter with you; go home and go to bed."

"But—is there—is there—no—danger of—apoplexy?"

"Bah!" said the doctor; and, having delivered himself of this very Abernethy-like opinion of my case, he lay down again. My hand was on the knob, when he stopped me with, "Wait a minute; I'll give you a powder to carry with you, and if you get frightened again after you leave me, you can take it as a sedative. Step out on the landing, if you please, and call my servant."

I did so, and my voice seemed to

reverberate like thunder from every recess in the whole building. I learned in after days that this impression is due to the intense susceptibility of the sensorium as produced by hasheesh.

I returned and stood at the foot of the doctor's bed. All was perfect silence in the room, and had been perfect darkness also but for the small lamp which I held in my hand to light the preparations of the powder when it should come. And now a still sublimer mystery began to enwrap me. I stood in a remote chamber at the top of a colossal building, and the whole fabric beneath me was steadily growing into the air. The years flew on; I heard the musical rush of their wings in the abyss outside of me, and from cycle to cycle, from life to life I careered, a mote in eternity and space. Suddenly emerging from the orbit of my transmigrations, I was again at the foot of the doctor's bed, and thrilled with wonder to find that we were both unchanged by the measureless lapse of time. The servant had not come.

"Shall I call her again?"

"Why, you have this moment called her."

"Doctor," I replied solemnly, and in language that would have seemed bombastic enough to any one who did not realize what I felt, "I will not believe you are deceiving me, but to me it appears as if sufficient time has elapsed since then for all the Pyramids to have crumbled back to dust."

"Ha, ha! you are very funny tonight," said the doctor; "but here she comes, and I will send her for something which will comfort you on that score, and reestablish the Pyramids in your confidence."

He gave the girl his orders, and she went out again. And now, in another life, I remembered that far back in the cycles I had looked at my watch to measure the time through which I passed. The impulse seized me to look again. The minute-hand stood halfway between fifteen and sixteen minutes past eleven. The watch must have stopped; I held it to my ear; no, it was still going. I had traveled through all that immeasurable chain of dreams in thirty seconds.

"My God," I cried, "I am in eternity!"

In the presence of that first sublime revelation of the soul's own time, and her capacity for an infinite life, I stood trembling with breathless awe. Till I die, that moment of unveiling will stand in clear relief from all the rest of my existence. I hold it still in unimpaired remembrance as one of the unutterable sanctities of my being. The years of all my earthly life to come can never be as long as those thirty seconds.

Finally the servant reappeared. I received my powder and went home. There was a light in one of the upper windows, and I hailed it with unspeakable joy, for it relieved me from a fear which I could not conquer, that while I had been gone all familiar things had passed away from earth. I was hardly safe in my room before I doubted having ever been out of it.

"I have experienced some wonderful dream," said I, "as I lay here after coming from the parlor."

If I had not been out, I reasoned that I would have no powder in my pocket. The powder was there, and it steadied me a little to find that I was not utterly hallucinated on every point. Leaving the light burning, I set out to travel to my bed.

DR. JOHNSON'S LETTER TO HIS DYING MOTHER.

DEAR HONORED MOTHER—You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you His Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. I am, dear, dear mother, your dutiful son,

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

"NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES."

THIS very brief but very beautiful poem was written by Francis William Bourdillon (born in 1852), an English scholar and author who was educated at Oxford, where he took honors. For some time he acted as a private tutor to the two elder sons of Prince and Princess Christian, and afterward gave private instruction to candidates for the universities. From time to time he has published small volumes of verse, displaying the same quality of thought and feeling conveyed with delicate art that one finds in the verses printed below. Two other exquisite poems of Bourdillon's are those entitled "A Violinist" and "Old and Young."

BY FRANCIS WILLIAM BOURDILLON.

THE night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

The Famous "Sunset" Editorial

From the Columbus "Statesman" of May 19, 1853.

BY SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

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SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, born in Ohio in 1824, was one of the prominent Congressmen of Civil War days and of the period that followed. He graduated at Brown University in 1846, and seven years later became editor of the Columbus *Statesman*. He earned his nickname shortly afterward by an editorial. The production, given below, explains itself. It was quoted from one end of the country to the other, and everywhere its naïve and sophomoric eloquence raised a smile. The name "Sunset" fastened itself to the author, whose initials it happened to fit.

Sunset Cox outlived the ridicule. He was elected to Congress in 1857, and served until 1865. He became known as a telling speaker, and as a factor in the business of the House. He went to New York in 1866; and with one or two interruptions he served as a Representative from the Empire City from 1868 until shortly before his death, in 1889. He wrote half a dozen books on travel and similar topics, in a humorous strain, but never again attempted the higher flights of prose, or raised quite so hearty a laugh among the public. He is commemorated by one of the least artistic monuments in New York, a statue near the Cooper Union.

Post-office employees honor the memory of Cox for the permanent services that he rendered them in ameliorating their conditions of work. With the general public, he seems more likely to be remembered for the editorial imprudence of his earlier years.

WHAT a stormful sunset was that of last night! How glorious the storm, and how splendid the setting of the sun! We do not remember ever before to have seen the like on our round globe. The scene opened in the west, with a whole horizon full of a golden impenetrating lustre, which colored the foliage and brightened every object in its own rich dyes. The colors grew deeper and richer, until the golden lustre was transformed into a storm-cloud, full of finest lightning, which leaped in dazzling zigzags all round and over the city. The wind arose with fury, the slender shrubs and giant trees made obeisance to its majesty. Some even snapped before its force. The strawberry-beds and grass-plots "turned up their whites" to see Zephyrus march by. As the rain came, and the pools formed, and the gutters hurried away, thunder roared grandly, and the fire-bells caught the excitement and rung with hearty chorus. The south and east received the copious showers, and the west all at once brightened up in a long, polished belt of azure, worthy of a Sicilian sky.

Presently a cloud appeared in the azure belt, in the form of a castellated city. It became more vivid, revealing strange forms of peerless fanes and alabaster temples, and glories rare and grand in this mundane sphere. It reminds us of Wordsworth's splendid verse in his 'Excursion':

The appearance instantaneously disclosed
Was of a mighty city, boldly say
A wilderness of buildings, sinking far
And self-withdrawn into a wondrous depth.
Far sinking into splendor without end.

But the city vanished only to give place to another isle, where the most beautiful forms of foliage appeared, imaging a Paradise in the distant and

purified air. The sun, wearied of the elemental commotion, sank behind the green plains of the west. The "great eye in heaven," however, went not down without a dark brow hanging over its departing light. The rich flush of the unearthly light had passed and the rain had ceased; when the solemn church-bells pealed; the laughter of children out in the air and joyous after the storm, is heard with the carol of birds; while the forked and purple weapon of the skies still darted illuminations around Starling College, trying to rival its angles and leap into its dark windows.

Candles are lighted. The piano strikes up. We feel it is good to have a home—good to be on the earth where such revelations of beauty and power may be made. And as we cannot refrain from reminding our readers of everything wonderful in our city, we have begun and ended our feeble etching of a sunset which comes so rarely, that its glory should be committed to immortal type.

SICKNESS COSTS TWO MILLION YEARS.

The Vast Amount of Time Lost by Invalids in the United States—The Money Cost is Greater than the Steel Trade's Whole Product.

IF misery loves company, let the man or woman who is kept home a day or so by some seemingly insignificant ailment reflect that on an average every American is on the sick-list for nine days in the year—making a total, for the eighty million people of the United States, of almost two million years of illness. Industrially, two million years of human life annually go to waste; and, moreover, the sufferers demand a vast amount of time and of effort from those who are well. The invalid, singly, may seem insignificant; in mass, his totals indicate an enormous cost, a pitiful waste, a mighty problem.

The cost of illness is partly shown in figures prepared by Dr. P. M. Hall, who addressed the American Association for the Advancement of Science on this subject. He estimated that the loss of wages, at an average of a dollar a day to every invalid, would amount to more than seven hundred million dollars a year. The cost of treatment may easily amount to as much again. Thus, sickness costs the United States something like one and one-half billions annually, a sum not greatly below the combined value of the product of our two greatest manufacturing industries—those of iron and steel, and of textiles—in the last census year, 1900.

Of the deaths, tuberculosis claims one-tenth, pneumonia one-tenth, and ailments of the heart a somewhat smaller fraction. This means that eight million of the people now living in this country are to die of the first disease, another eight of the second, six million of the third. There is a fatalism about figures.

The United States government, according to Professor J. Pease Norton, of Yale, does not devote enough money to fighting disease, if the importance of this enormous waste is fairly considered. He points out that seven million dollars are spent annually by the Federal authorities on plant and animal health. Considering the vast saving of dollars and days that even a slight check to the ravages of any of a dozen of the leading diseases might effect, he urges that the country should also lay out a tiny fraction of its revenue in measures of national sanitation.

POPE'S THREE WORDS FOR THE WISE.

REASON'S whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence.
—*Essay on Man, Epistle iv.*

The Travels of Sir John Mandeville.

Extracts from a Famous Fourteenth-Century Book Which Is One of the Earliest and Most Curious Examples of English Prose-Writing.

INTRODUCTION BY LYNDON ORR.

UNTIL very recently the book which is known as "The Travels of Sir John Mandeville" was actually supposed to have been written by an English knight of that name, whose account of himself in the opening paragraphs of the book were believed to be literally true. According to this account, Mandeville was a traveler who, from love of adventure, spent thirty-three years in wandering over Europe, Asia, and Africa, returning to England at last and writing, in Latin, French, and English, an account of what he had seen. He was said to have served the Sultan of Egypt and the great Khan of Cathay (China), spending three years in what was then the fabulous city of Peking.

Critical investigation has now made it plain that the book is a very clever and artistic compilation drawn from the works of earlier writers in French, Latin, and Italian, mingled with some material taken from the Roman encyclopedic and geographical writers, such as Pliny and Solinus. These "travels" were not translated into English until some time after the date assigned to the death of the reputed author; and the translation, when made, was the work of a number of Englishmen. The book, in fact, is one of the most interesting examples of literary deception maintained successfully through several centuries; so that in certain modern works on English literature we find mention made of Sir John Mandeville as having been "the father of English prose."

Many of the supposed traveler's marvels were of course discredited, and he was at times declared to be "a lying writer"; but on the other hand, so many of his strange stories were afterward discovered to be true as to create a general belief in his sincerity. Mandeville was, therefore, regarded as a sort of English Herodotus, whose errors were due to his informants, while the truths which he told represented his own personal observation. As a matter of fact, such parts of the narrative as are in reality truthful were taken from the stories of other travelers, such as Odoric of Pordenone (1286—1331), who did actually visit China and Tartary, and who tells in the main of what he actually saw. In addition, however, to these truthful accounts, the unknown compiler has introduced every kind of fabulous tale—of monsters whose heads grew beneath their shoulders, of the Phœnix and the weeping crocodile, of the grains of Paradise from which grew the wood of the Cross, of the dragon of Cos, of the Perilous Vale—and a score of other legends which flourished in the Middle Ages as a heritage from credulous Rome.

It is possible that these spurious travels were written down by a certain John of Burgundy, who died at Liège, and who is reported to have revealed on his death-bed that his real name was Sir John Mandeville. Yet the evidence is unsatisfactory; and in consequence the book still remains a mystery—a fact which, as its latest editor declares, makes it all the more delightful. It is, to be sure, a translation, but it is "little less important in the history of English literature as a translation than

as an original work. For, though a translation, it stands as the first, or almost the first, attempt to bring secular subjects within the domain of English prose, and that is enough to make it mark an epoch."

Apart from the question of its authenticity, the book is most delightful reading, and has been translated into every modern language. Its style is simple and sometimes beautifully naïve. The most extraordinary stories are told with an air of absolute good faith; so that it is not remarkable if its readers, throughout the centuries which followed its first publication, accepted it as true. Here, indeed, is the art which conceals art, and which is later represented by Swift in his "Gulliver's Travels" and by Defoe in "Robinson Crusoe." There is no apparent attempt to color anything or to heighten the effect of the strange incidents which are narrated. One feels that he is listening to a man who has seen all the world, who has observed closely, and who is now repeating in good faith the facts which he has gathered during many years.

The passages which are here reprinted are characteristic of the whole. A few explanatory words have been inserted in brackets, and the spelling has been modernized, even as the earliest English printer, Caxton, had to modernize it only little more than a century after the book first made its appearance in English dress.

Sir John and His Travels.

FORASMUCH as it is long time passed that there was no general passage or voyage over the sea, and many men desiring to hear speak of the Holy Land, and have thereof great solace and comfort, I, John Mandeville, knight, albeit I be not worthy, who was born in England, in the town of St. Albans, passed the sea in the year of our Lord Jesus Christ 1322, on the day of St. Michael; and hitherto have been a long time over the sea, and have seen and gone through many divers lands, and many provinces, and kingdoms, and isles, and have passed through Tartary, Persia, Ermony [Armenia], the Little and the Great; through Lybia, Chaldea, and a great part of Ethiopia; through Amazonia, India the Less and the Greater, a great part; and throughout many other isles that are about India; where dwell many divers folks, and of divers manners and laws, and of divers shapes of men. Of which lands and isles I shall speak more plainly hereafter.

And I shall devise you some part of things that are there, when time shall be as it may best come to my mind; and especially for them that will and are in purpose to visit the holy city of Jerusalem, and the holy places that are thereabout. And I shall tell the way that they shall hold thither; for I have oftimes passed and ridden the way, with good company of many lords: God be thanked!

Egypt and the Phœnix.

EGYPT is a long country, but it is narrow, because they may not enlarge it toward the desert for want of water. And the country is situated along the river Nile; so that that river may serve by floods or otherwise, that when it flows it may spread abroad through the country. For it raineth but little in that country, and for that cause they have no water, unless it be by the overflowing of that river. And as it does not rain, the air is always pure and clear; therefore, in that country are good astronomers, for they find there no clouds to obstruct them.

In Egypt is the city of Heliopolis, that is to say the city of the Sun, in which there is a temple, made round, after the shape of the temple of Jerusalem. The priests of that temple have all their writings dated by the bird called Phœnix, of which there is but one in the world. It comes to burn itself on the altar of the temple at the end of five hundred years, for so long it lives; and then the priests array their altar, and put thereon spices, and sulfur, and other things that will burn quickly, and

the Phœnix comes and burns itself to ashes.

The next day they find in the ashes a worm; and the second day after they find a bird, alive and perfect; and the third day it flies away. This bird is often seen flying in those countries; it is somewhat larger than an eagle, and has a crest of feathers on its head greater than that of a peacock; its neck is yellow, its beak blue, and its wings of a purple color, and the tail is yellow and red. It is a very handsome bird to look at against the sun, for it shines very gloriously and nobly.

The Pyramids of Egypt.

NOW I will speak of another thing that is above the Nile, toward the desert, between Africa and Egypt; that is, of the granaries of Joseph, that he caused to be made, to keep the grains against the dear years. They are made of stone, well made by masons' craft; two of them are marvelously great and high, the others are not so great. And each granary has a gate to enter within, a little above the earth; for the land is wasted and fallen since the granaries were made. Within they are all full of serpents; and above the granaries without are many writings in divers languages.

And some men say that they are sepulchers of great lords that were formerly; but that is not true, for all the common rumor and speech of the people there, both far and near, is that they are the granaries of Joseph; and so find they in their writings and chronicles. On the other side, if they were sepulchers, they would not be empty within; for you may well know that tombs and sepulchers are not made of such magnitude or elevation.

The Dead Sea.

THE Dead Sea divides the lands of India and Arabia, and the sea reaches from Soara to Arabia. The water of that sea is very bitter and salt, and if the earth were moistened with that water it would never bear fruit. And the earth and land changeth often its color. The water casteth out a thing that is called asphalt, in pieces as large as a horse, every day and on all sides.

From Jerusalem to that sea is two hundred furlongs. That sea is in length five hundred and eighty furlongs, and in breadth one hundred and fifty furlongs, and is called the Dead Sea, because it does not run, but is ever motionless. Neither man, beast, nor anything that hath life, may die in that sea; and that hath been proved many times by men that have been condemned to death, who have been cast therein, and left therein three or four days, and they might never die therein, for it receiveth nothing within him that breatheth life. And no man may drink of the water on account of its bitterness. And if a man cast iron therein, it will float on the surface: but if men cast a feather therein, it will sink to the bottom; and these are things contrary to nature.

And there besides grow trees that bear apples very fair of color to behold; but when we break or cut them in two we find within ashes and cinders, which is a token that by the wrath of God the cities and the land were burned and sunk into hell. Some call that sea the Lake Dasfetidee; some, the River of Devils; and some, the river that is ever stinking.

Into that sea, by the wrath of God, sunk the five cities—Sodom, Gomorrah, Aldama, Seboym, and Segor, for the abominable sin that reigned in them. But Segor, by the prayer of Lot, was saved and kept a great while, for it was set upon a hill, and some part of it still appears above the water; and men may see the walls when it is fair and clear weather. At the right side of the Dead Sea the wife of Lot still stands in likeness of a salt stone, because she looked behind her when the cities sunk into hell.

And you shall understand that the river Jordan runs into the Dead Sea, and there it dies, for it runs no farther.

The Evil Land of Tartary.

THERE is one way, all by land, to Jerusalem without passing any sea; but that way is very long and perilous, and therefore few go that

way. It lies through Germany and Prussia, and so on to Tartary. This Tartary is held of the Great Chan, of whom I shall speak more afterward; and the lords of Tartary pay the Great Chan tribute. This is a very bad land, and sandy, and bears very little fruit; for there grows little corn, or wine, or beans, or peas; but there are plenty of cattle; and men eat nothing but flesh, without bread; and they drink the broth, and also they drink milk. And they eat all manner of animals, such as dogs, cats, and rats; and they are very foul people, and of evil nature.

And in summer, in all these countries, fall many tempests, and dreadful storms of thunder and lightning, which kill many people, and beasts also. And the temperature passes suddenly from extreme heat to extreme cold. It is the foulest country, and the most cursed, and the poorest, that men know. And truly no good man would dwell in that country, for it is not worthy for dogs to dwell in. It were a good country to sow thistles, and briers, and broom, and thorns; and it is good for no other thing. There is some good land, but very little, as men say.

I have not been in that country; but I have been in other lands which border on those countries, and in the land of Russia, and in Nyflan, and in the realm of Cracow, and Letto [Lithuania], and in Darestan, and in many other places which border on those parts; but I never went by that way to Jerusalem, wherefore I cannot describe it from personal knowledge; for no man may pass by that way well, except in time of winter, for the perilous waters and difficult marshes, which no man may pass except it be strong frost, and snow upon it.

Mount Ararat and Noah's Ark.

FROM the city of Artyroun [Erzeroum] men go to a mountain called Sabissocolle; and there besides is another mountain called Ararat, but the Jews call it Taneez, where Noah's ship rested, and still is upon that mountain; and men may see it afar in clear weather. That mountain is full seven miles high; and some men say that they have seen and touched the ship, and put their fingers in the parts where the devil went out, when Noah said "Benedicite." But they that say so speak without knowledge; for no one can go up the mountain for the great abundance of snow which is always on that mountain, both summer and winter, so that no man ever went up since the time of Noah, except a monk, who, by God's grace, brought one of the planks down, which is yet in the monastery at the foot of the mountain.

This monk had great desire to go up that mountain; and so upon a day he went up; and when he had ascended the third part of the mountain he was so weary that he fell asleep; when he awoke he found himself lying at the foot of the mountain. Then he prayed devoutly to God that He would suffer him to go up; and an angel came to him, and said that he should go up; and so he did. And since that time no one ever went up; wherefore men should not believe such words.

The Land of Griffins.

FROM that land men go toward the land of Bucharia, where are very evil and cruel people. In that land are trees that bear wool, as though it were of sheep, whereof men make clothes, and all things that may be made of wool. In that country are many ipotaynes [hippopotamuses], that dwell sometimes in the water and sometimes on the land; and they are half man and half horse, as I have said before; and they eat men, when they may take them. And there are rivers of water that are very bitter, three times more than is the water of the sea.

In that country are many griffins, more abundant than in any other country. Some men say that they have the body upward of an eagle, and beneath of a lion; and that is true. But one griffin has a greater body and is stronger than eight lions, and greater and stronger than a hundred eagles. For one griffin there will carry, flying to his nest, a great horse, or two oxen yoked together as they go at the plow. For he has his talons so long, and so large and great, as though they were horns of

great oxen, or of bulls, or of kine, so that men make cups of them to drink out of: and of their ribs, and of the feathers of their wings, men make bows full strong, to shoot with arrows and darts. From thence men go, by many days, through the land of Prester John, the great emperor of India.

Strange Isles of the Sea.

AFTERWARD men go by sea to an isle called Milk, where are very cursed people; for they delight in nothing more than to fight and slay men; and they drink most gladly man's blood, which they call Dieu. And the more men that a man may slay, the more worship he hath amongst them.

And thence they go by sea, from isle to isle, to an isle called Tracoda, the inhabitants of which are as beasts, and unreasonable, and dwell in caves which they make in the earth, for they have not sense to make houses. And when they see any man passing through their countries they hide them in their caves. And they eat flesh of serpents, and they speak nought, but hiss, as serpents do.

After that isle, men go by the Sea of Ocean, by many isles, to a great and fair isle called Nacumera, which is in circuit more than a thousand miles. And all the men and women of that isle have dogs' heads; and they are reasonable and of good understanding, except that they worship an ox for their god. And also every man of them beareth an ox of gold or silver on his forehead, in token that they love well their god. And they go all naked, except a little clout, and are large men and warlike, having a great target that covers all the body, and a spear in their hand to fight with. And if they take any man in battle they eat him.

Hence men go to another isle called Silha, which is full eight hundred miles in circuit. In that land is much waste, for it is so full of serpents, dragons, and cockodrills that no man dare dwell there. These cockodrills are serpents, yellow and rayed above, having four feet and short thighs, and great nails like claws; and some are five fathoms in length, and some of six, eight, or even ten; and when they go by places that are gravelly it appears as if men had drawn a great tree through the gravelly place. And there are also many wild beasts, especially elephants.

In another isle are people who have the face all flat, without nose and without mouth. In another isle are people that have the lip above the mouth so great that when they sleep in the sun they cover all the face with that lip. And in another isle there are dwarfs, which have no mouth, but instead of their mouth they have a little round hole; and when they shall eat or drink, they take it through a pipe, or a pen, or such a thing, and suck it in. And in another isle are people that have ears so long that they hang down to their knees. And in another isle are people that have horses' feet.

In another isle are people that go upon their hands and feet like beasts, and are all skinned and feathered, and would leap as lightly into trees, and from tree to tree, as squirrels or apes. And in another isle are people that go always upon their knees, and at every step they go it seems that they would fall; and they have eight toes on every foot. Many other divers people of divers natures there are in other isles about, of the which it were too long to tell.

The Dark Land of Hanyson.

IN the kingdom of Abchaz is a great marvel; for a province of the country, that has well in circuit three days, which they call Hanyson, is all covered with darkness, without any brightness or light, so that no man can see there, nor no man dare enter into it. And, nevertheless, they of the country say that sometimes men hear voices of people, and horses neighing, and cocks crowing; and men know well that men dwell there, but they know not what men.

And they say that the darkness befell by miracle of God; for a cursed emperor of Persia, named Saures, pursued all the Christians to destroy them, and to compel them to make sacrifice to his idols, and rode with a great host, in all that ever he might, to confound the Christians. And then, in that country, dwelt

many good Christians who left their goods, and would have fled into Greece; and when they were in a plain, called Megon, anon this cursed emperor met them with his host, to have slain them and cut them to pieces.

And the Christians kneeled to the ground, and made their prayers to God to succor them; and anon a great thick cloud came, and covered the emperor and all his host; and so they remain in that manner, that they may go out on no side; and so shall they ever more abide in darkness till doomsday, by the miracles of God. And then the Christians went where they liked at their own pleasure, without hindrance of any creature. And you shall understand that out of that land of darkness issues a great river, that shows well there are people dwelling there, by many ready tokens; but no man dare enter into it.

The Perilous Vale.

NIGH to the river of Pison is a marvelous thing. There is a vale between the mountains which extends nearly four miles; and some call it the Enchanted Vale, some call it the Vale of Devils, and some the Perilous Vale. In that vale men hear oftentimes great tempests and thunders, and great murmurs and noises, day and night; and great noise, as it were, of tabors, and nakers [drums], and trumpets, as though it were of a great feast. This vale is all full of devils, and has been always; and men say there that it is one of the entrances of Hell. In that vale is great plenty of gold and silver; wherefore many misbelieving men, and many Christians also, oftentimes go in, to have of the treasure; but few return, especially of the misbelieving men, for they are anon strangled by the devils.

And in the center of that vale, under a rock, is a head and the visage of a devil bodily, full horrible and dreadful to see, and it shows but the head to the shoulders. But there is no man in the world so bold, Christian or other, but he would be in dread to behold it, and he would feel almost dead with fear, so hideous is it to behold. For he looks at every man so sharply with dreadful eyes, that are ever moving and sparkling like fire, and changes and stirs so often in divers manners, with so horrible a countenance, that no man dare approach toward him. And from him issues smoke, and stink, and fire, and so much abomination that scarce any man may endure there.

But the good Christians, that are stable in their faith, enter without peril; for they will first shrive them, and mark them with the sign of the holy cross, so that the fiends have no power over them. But although they are without peril, yet they are not without dread when they see the devils visibly and bodily all about them, that make full many divers assaults and menaces, in air and on earth, and terrify them with strokes of thunder-blasts and of tempests. And the greatest fear is that God will take vengeance then of that which men have misdone against His will.

And you shall understand that when my fellows and I were in this vale, we were in great thought whether we durst put our bodies in aventure, to go in or not, in the protection of God; and some of our fellows agreed to enter, and some not. So there were with us two worthy men, friars minors of Lombardy, who said that if any man would enter they would go in with us; and when they had said so, upon the gracious trust of God and of them, we heard mass, and every man was shriven and housled; and then we entered, fourteen persons, but at our going out we were but nine. And so we never knew whether our fellows were lost, or had turned back for fear; but we never saw them after. They were two men of Greece, and three of Spain. And our other fellows, that would not go in with us, went by another road to be before us; and so they were.

And thus we passed that Perilous Vale, and found therein gold and silver, and precious stones, and rich jewels, in great plenty, both here and there, as it seemed; but whether it was as it seemed I know not, for I touched none; because the devils are so subtle to make a thing to seem otherwise than it is, to deceive mankind; and therefore I touched none; and also because that I would not be put out of my devotion, for I was more devout then than ever I was before or after, and all for the dread of fiends

that I saw in divers figures; and also for the great multitude of dead bodies that I saw there lying by the way, in all the vale, as though there had been a battle between two kings, and the mightiest of the country, and that the greater party had been discomfited and slain.

And I believe that hardly should any country have so many people in it as lay slain in that vale, as it seemed to us, which was a hideous sight to see. And I marveled much that there were so many, and the bodies all whole, without rotting; but I believe that fiends made them seem to be so fresh, without rotting. And many of them were in habits of Christian men; but I believe they were such as went in for covetousness of the treasure that was there, and had overmuch feebleness in faith; so that their hearts might not endure in the belief for dread.

And therefore we were the more devout a great deal; and yet we were cast down and beaten down many times to the hard earth by winds, and thunders, and tempests; but evermore God of His grace helped us. And so we passed that Perilous Vale without peril and without incumbrance, thanked be Almighty God!

Sir John's Home-Coming.

AND you shall understand that at my coming home, I came to Rome, and showed my life to our holy father the Pope, and was absolved of all that lay in my conscience of many divers grievous points, as men must need that are in company, dwelling amongst so many divers people, of divers sects and beliefs, as I have been. And, amongst all I showed him this treatise, that I had made after information of men that knew of things that I had not seen myself; and also of marvels and customs that I had seen myself, as far as God would give me grace; and besought his holy fatherhood that my book might be examined and corrected by advice of his wise and discreet council.

And our holy father, of his special grace, gave my book to be examined and proved by the advice of his said council, by the which my book was proved for true, insomuch that they showed me a book, which my book was examined by, that comprehended full much more, by an hundredth part, by the which the *Mappa Mundi* was made. And so my book (albeit that many men list not to give credence to anything but to what they see with their eye, be the author or the person ever so true) is affirmed and proved by our holy father in manner and form as I have said.

And I, John Mandeville, knight, above-said (although I be unworthy), that went from our countries, and passed the sea, in the year of grace 1322, have passed many lands, and many isles and countries, and searched many full strange places, and have been in many a full good and honorable company, and at many a fair deed of arms (albeit that I did none myself, for my insufficiency), now I am come home (in spite of myself) to rest; for rheumatic gouts, that distress me, fix the end of my labor, against my will (God knoweth).

And thus, taking comfort in my wretched rest, recording the time passed, I have fulfilled these things, and written them in this book, as it would come into my mind, the year of grace 1356, in the thirty-fourth year that I departed from our country. Wherefore I pray to all the readers and hearers of this book, if it please them, that they would pray to God for me, and I shall pray for them.

THE WIZARD OF SAMOS.—Many marvelous stories are told of Pherecydes. It is said that he was walking along the seashore at Samos, and that seeing a ship sailing by with a fair wind, he said that it would soon sink; and presently it sank before his eyes. At another time he was drinking some water which had been drawn up out of a well, and he foretold that within three days there would be an earthquake; and there was one.—**Diogenes Laertius** (200 A.D.).

SCHOOLROOM CLASSICS.

ONE of the most popular "pieces" ever selected for declamation in a schoolroom is the poem by Mrs. Hemans entitled "Casabianca." The poem itself is spirited and admirable enough in itself—which, of course, is the reason why it was so often recited; but in the United States it was literally done to death by the myriads of boys and girls of an older generation who droned it out in singsong fashion from the platforms of a thousand country schoolhouses. Moreover, it was parodied and burlesqued in every possible way, some of the parodies being almost as famous as the original. The best known of these, though perhaps the least clever, was the one beginning:

The boy stood on the burning deck
Peeling potatoes by the peck;
And when he found the flames were hot,
He put the potatoes in the pot.

A whole volume, in fact, might be filled by the travesties on the poem which narrates the tragic end of little Giacomo Casabianca, the ten-year-old son of Captain Louis Casabianca, a Corsican officer who commanded the French flag-ship L'Orient at the Battle of the Nile (August 1, 1798).

Felicia Dorothea Hemans (1793—1835), its author, was an English lady born in Liverpool. Though she died comparatively early, she was a most prolific writer, issuing volume after volume of prose and poetry, besides writing three plays which had no success. Only now and then does her poetry attain to the level of lasting excellence, and then exclusively in her lyrics. Her complete works extend to seven volumes, which are now little read, though they were thought to be worthy of re-editing and of a special memoir written in 1873 by William Michael Rossetti, brother of the well-known poet and painter.

"Casabianca" is the second of our series of "Schoolroom Classics," which began with "My Name is Norval," published in the April number of THE SCRAP BOOK.

II—Casabianca.

BY FELICIA HEMANS.

THE boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm—
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though childlike form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud: "Say, father, say
If yet my task is done!"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death
In still yet brave despair;

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder-sound—
The boy—oh, where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perish'd there
Was that young, faithful heart!

THE DECLINE OF THE LECTURER.

A Profession Which Once Boasted Men Like Emerson, Beecher, and Artemus Ward Seems Now to Have Fallen on Evil Days.

WHAT has become of the lecture? A quarter of a century ago it was one of the institutions of the United States. Not only did leading men take the platform—some of them do that to-day—but their utterances were swallowed as an almost necessary intellectual provender. The lecture-platform was one of the principal means of getting ideas before the people, and one of the chief sources of entertainment. Dickens came to America to lecture in 1842 and in 1867. In 1853 and again in 1855 we heard Thackeray. Emerson gave out from the platform his inspiring thoughts, and Artemus Ward and Josh Billings and Henry Ward Beecher and Mark Twain and Wendell Phillips and an army of other thinkers and entertainers had their tremendous personal platform followings all over the country.

If a man had anything to say in those days, he was most likely to say it from the platform. To-day?

The *Lyceumite,* a lecturers' publication, tells the story of a present-day lecturer who has recently made up his mind to retire into vaudeville. Imagine one of the old-time lecturers dreaming of such a declension!

The lecturers who still succeed are, for the most part, those who are most amusing. When we remember the impressive periods of old-fashioned lecture-eloquence, the whole tendency of the platform to-day seems grotesquely decadent. Here is a Missouri editor's description of a modern lecture:

> Of all things that are strangely and wonderfully made, a modern lecture is in a class by itself. The lecturer begins by tearing off a leaf on laughter and sunshine that he's learned out of some book. Then he tells a story that's meant to be funny.
>
> He next gives a description of Pike's Peak. Another story. Then a talk on gambling. One more story; after which he imitates a cow bawling for her calf.
>
> About this time he recites "Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night." This calls for another mirthful anecdote, after which the lecturer shows the audience how a drunken man unlocks his door at three o'clock in the morning. After doing a stunt or two as a ventriloquist, the high-browed hero of the platform tells a snake story and wishes all a final good night.

There are still good lecture courses, but they make little stir. The inhabitants of a Middle Western town no longer look forward eagerly for months to the coming of a pet speaker.

The decline of the lecture-platform is easily explained. It can be attributed to no one reason, but we may mention a few contributory causes.

First and most important is the development of the popular magazine. To-day there are twenty periodical publications where forty years ago there was one. And there is hardly a man in the country, from the President down, who is not easily prevailed upon to say through the magazines what he would have said from the lecture-platform forty years ago—and to say it more accurately and more completely, and to a far wider audience. People to-day look to the magazines for a large part of their information.

A second reason is the development of the interview in journalism. Men of importance to-day freely give out their opinions through the daily press.

A third is the growth of the theatrical business, which has rapidly followed the gradual disappearance of old-time churchly prejudice against the stage.

A fourth is the disappearance of the great orators who were awakened to eloquence by the struggle over slavery. There has failed to come, as yet, any great moral crisis which may raise up platform speakers worthy to maintain the traditions of the famous old-time lecturers.

A French Duel.

From "Bel Ami."

BY GUY DE MAUPASSANT.

GUY DE MAUPASSANT'S novel called "Bel Ami" is probably the most profoundly cynical work of fiction ever written. Henry James has remarked that its pages may be searched in vain for a manifestation of the sentiment of respect. It is a picture of a part of the Parisian world—the world of journalism and finance, extremely modern, and crowded with the figures of living, moving, human beings. Not one of them is respectable. Scarcely one of them is even decent. They are true to life, yet the picture as a whole must be untrue; since, as one critic has remarked, no society composed entirely of scoundrels, libertines, and fools could hold together for a single month. Nevertheless, the art of Maupassant makes the whole convincing as we read of it. To quote Mr. James again: "The breadth, the freedom, and brightness of all this gives the measure of the author's talent, and of that large, keen way of looking at life which sees the pathetic and the droll, the stuff of which the whole piece is made, in the queerest and humblest patterns."

The chief figure of "Bel Ami" is a journalist named *George Duroy*, formerly a cavalryman, but now a soldier of fortune. He is handsome in a cheap sort of way, but absolutely unscrupulous and base. His sole aim is to get on in the world, and in doing this he uses his friends with unflinching selfishness. His intimacies with women are exploited for his own advancement. He even accepts money from them and from the lover of his wife. And he is entirely successful, passing through the most difficult situations with a front of brass, experiencing no shame, but deriving a positive pleasure from the sensation of his own vileness.

The passage here reprinted is characteristically French. *Duroy* has been attacked in a newspaper by another journalist who seeks to pick a quarrel with him. *Walter*, the manager of *Duroy's* paper, *La Vie Française*, insists that a duel must be fought. *Duroy* is aghast at the suggestion, for at heart he is a coward; yet he is obliged to go through with the affair. It is interesting to note that the study of the man's emotions before the duel was transferred by Maupassant to the pages of "Bel Ami" from an earlier story called "The Coward," which is also a very curious and striking piece of psychological imagination.

GEORGE DUROY returned to his rooms and dressed, with no very clear idea of what he was doing. He had been insulted, and insulted in such fashion that hesitation was impossible. And for what? For nothing—in the cause of an old woman who had quarreled with her butcher!

He dressed hurriedly, and went at once to the house of M. Walter, although it was scarcely eight o'clock in the morning.

Walter had already risen and was reading *La Plume*.

"Well, well," said he with a grave face, as he looked at George. "You can't get out of it?" The young man made no answer. His chief went on: "Go and find Rival; he will look after your interests."

Duroy stammered some unintelligible words and went straight to the editor, who was still asleep. He jumped out of bed at the sound of the bell, and said, when he had read the objectionable paragraph:

"Plague take it! You've got to go ahead. Whom do you want for your other second?"

"I don't know, I'm sure."

"How would Boisrenard do?"

"Yes, Boisrenard."

"Can you handle a sword?"

"Not at all."

"The devil! And a pistol?"

"I shoot a little."

"Good! You can be practising while I attend to things. Wait for me a minute." He went into the bath-room and reappeared almost immediately, bathed, shaven, correct. "Come with me," said he.

He lived on the ground floor of a small apartment-house, and took Duroy down into the basement—a huge place which had been converted into a shooting-gallery, all the openings into the street being walled up.

Following a line of gas-jets, the two friends reached an inner room, where stood a shooting-master tricked out in red and blue. He laid two pistols on the table and began giving the orders in a sharp, incisive voice.

"Ready?"

"Fire! One, two, three!"

Duroy, in a daze, obeyed, raised his arm, took aim, fired, and made no bad show at hitting the mark, for in his boyhood he had used an old horse-pistol of his father's to kill the birds in the yard. Jacques Rival was satisfied.

"Good, very good, very good," said he; "you'll get there, you'll get there. Keep it up till noon. Here's plenty of ammunition, don't be afraid to burn it. I'll be back at lunch-time and tell you the news;" and out he went.

Left alone, Duroy fired a few more rounds, then sat down and began to think.

How stupid it was, just the same, the whole thing! What did it prove? Was a rogue any less a rogue after he had fought? What had an honest man, who had been insulted, to gain by risking his life against a cad.

Then he became conscious that he was thirsty. Hearing the sound of running water behind him, he looked round, saw a faucet turned on, stooped down, and took a drink. Again he went back to his thoughts. It was gloomy in that place, gloomy as in a tomb. The faint muffled sound of vehicles in the street seemed like the rumbling of a distant storm. What time was it? The hours passed, down there, as they must pass in a dungeon, with nothing to mark them, with nothing to distinguish them, but the return of the jailer with food. He waited a long time, a very long time.

Then all of a sudden he heard footsteps, voices, and Rival came in, accompanied by Boisrenard. He cried out the moment he saw Duroy:

"It's all arranged!"

Duroy thought that the whole affair had been settled by some word of apology; his heart gave a bound, he stammered:

"Oh, thank you!"

But the editor went on: "Laugremont is perfectly square; he has accepted all our conditions. Twenty-five paces, one shot, fired on raising the arm. It's ever so much steadier that way. Here, Boisrenard, see whether I'm right."

And taking up the pistols they began firing to show that one can hit the mark far better on raising the arm than on lowering it.

"Let's go to lunch; it's past noon," Rival suggested.

They went to a near-by restaurant. Duroy no longer had a word to say. He ate a little, so as not to seem afraid, and then went back with Boisrenard to the newspaper office. There he did his work in an absent-minded, mechanical way. Jacques Rival came to shake hands about the middle of the afternoon. It was arranged that the seconds should call in a cab at seven o'clock the next morning, and all go together to the Bois du Vesinet, where the encounter was to take place. The whole thing seemed to Duroy to arrange itself, without his taking any part, without his saying a word, without his accepting or refusing, and all so rapidly that he was stunned, dazed, with only a vague idea of what was going on.

At nine o'clock he found himself back in his rooms, after dining with Boisrenard, who had never before shown himself so assiduously devoted.

The moment he was alone, he began walking rapidly up and down his room. He was too disturbed to think about anything. Just one idea filled his mind: "A duel to-morrow!" And yet the idea aroused in him nothing but a strange, confused dread. He had been a soldier, he had fired at Arabs, without, it must be confessed, much danger to himself, a little as one shoots at a wild boar in the chase.

At any rate he had done what was expected of him; he had stuck to his colors. People would talk about it, they would approve, they would congratulate him. Then he said aloud, as one speaks who is deep in thought:

"What a beast that fellow is!"

He sat down and began to think. On the table lay his antagonist's visiting-card, left there by Rival for the address. He reread it, as he had read it twenty times during the day. *"Louis Laugremont, 176, Rue Montmartre."* That was all. He scanned the groups of letters, which seemed to him mysterious, full of disquieting emotions. Louis Laugremont—who was he? Was it not an outrage that a stranger, a total stranger, should all of a sudden upset one's life, for no reason, out of pure caprice, on account of an old woman who had quarreled with her butcher? Again he said aloud:

"What a beast!"

He remained motionless, thinking, with his eyes fixed intently on the card. He began to get angry at the scrap of paper—a spiteful anger with which was mingled a strange feeling of uneasiness. The whole thing was utterly stupid. He picked up a pair of scissors lying on the table and stuck them through the middle of the name as though he were impaling some one on a sword.

So he was going to fight, and to fight with a pistol! Why had he not chosen the sword? Then he might have got off with a scratch on the arm or on the hand, but with a pistol there was no knowing what might happen.

"Come now, brace up!" he said.

The sound of his own voice made him tremble and look behind him. He was beginning to feel dreadfully nervous. He drank a glass of water and went to bed.

The minute he was in bed, he put out the light and closed his eyes. He was burning up under the bed-clothes, though it was very cold in the room; but he could not get a wink of sleep. He turned and turned, lay five minutes on his back, then rolled over on his left side, then on his right. He was still thirsty. He got up and took another drink. Then a dreadful anxiety seized him:

"Is it possible that I am going to be afraid?"

Why did his heart beat so wildly at every familiar sound in the room? When his cuckoo-clock sounded, the little wheeze of the spring made him leap to his feet. He had to open his mouth for a few seconds in order to breathe, the feeling of oppression was so intense.

He set himself to reason philosophically on the question, "Am I going to be afraid?" No, certainly he was not, because he had resolved to see the thing through, because he had made up his mind to fight and not tremble. But he was so terribly disturbed that he asked himself: "Can one be afraid in spite of himself?" and this question filled him with doubt, with uneasiness, with terror. Suppose a force more powerful than his will, overmastering, irresistible, got possession of him, what would happen? Yes, what could happen?

Unquestionably he would go to the meeting-place, because he willed to go there. But what if he trembled? What if he fainted? And he thought of his position, of his reputation, of his future.

A strange desire seized him to look at himself in the glass. He lit his candle again. When he saw his face he scarcely recognized it. It seemed as if he had never looked at himself before. He thought his eyes were enormous, and he was pale; certainly he was pale, very pale. All of a sudden the thought entered his mind like a shot:

"By this time to-morrow I may be dead."

His heart began to beat furiously. He turned back toward his bed, and saw himself stretched out on his back in the place he had just quitted. He had the wrinkled face of a dead man, and his

hands were pale with the pallor that never goes away.

Then he was afraid of his bed. To avoid seeing it, he opened the window and looked out. The cold air chilled his flesh from head to foot, and he drew back gasping for breath.

It occurred to him to light the fire. He poked at it deliberately, without turning round. His hands trembled nervously when he touched anything. His head was dizzy, his thoughts wandering, confused, painful; it seemed to him that he had been drinking. And again and again he asked himself:

"What am I going to do? What is going to become of me?"

He began to pace up and down, repeating mechanically:

"I must brace up! I must brace up!"

Then he said:

"I had better write to my parents in case of an accident."

He seated himself again, took a sheet of paper, and wrote:

MY DEAR PAPA AND MAMA:

Then it occurred to him that this was too flippant under the present tragical circumstances. He tore up the first sheet and began over:

MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER: I am to fight a duel at dawn to-morrow, and as it may happen that . . .

He dared not write the rest, and sprang up from his chair. He was overwhelmed by the thought that he was going to fight a duel. He could no longer avoid it. What was going on inside of him? He wanted to fight, he had that intention and that resolution firmly fixed in his mind, and yet it seemed to him that in spite of every effort of his will he would not have enough strength even to get to the place of meeting.

From time to time his teeth came together in his mouth with a little dry snap, and he asked himself:

"Has my opponent ever fought before? Is he known in the shooting galleries? Is he classed?"

Duroy had never even heard his name mentioned, and yet, he thought, if this man were not a remarkable shot with the pistol, he would never have accepted so deadly a weapon without hesitation, without question.

Then he pictured to himself their meeting, his own manner and that of his antagonist. He wearied his mind trying to imagine the smallest details of the combat; and all of a sudden he saw in front of him that little mouth, deep and black, of the pistol from which a shot had just issued. He was seized with a terrible feeling of despair. His whole body quivered. He ground his teeth together to keep himself from crying out. He had a wild desire to roll on the floor, to tear, to bite. But he saw a glass on the mantel, and it occurred to him that he had a flask of brandy almost full in his closet.

He seized the bottle and drank from it with long swallows, greedily, and put it down only when he had no breath left. He had drunk a third of its contents.

The heat of it, like a flame, burned his stomach, spread itself along his limbs, reassuring but deadening his soul. His flesh seemed on fire now, and he opened the window again.

The day was dawning clear and cold. Overhead the stars seemed to falter and go out in the depths of the clear sky, and along the deep trench of the railroad the green, red, and blue lights grew pale.

The first locomotives came out and went puffing off to find the first trains, while others in the distance sounded their call, repeated and clear, the cock-crow of the busy city.

"Perhaps I shall never see it all again," thought Duroy; but against this fresh access of self-pity he steeled his heart. "Come, now, I needn't think of anything until the moment of encounter. It's the only way to get through."

He began to dress. While he was shaving he had another moment of weakness at the thought that he might never see his face again; but he took a long swallow of brandy and managed to finish dressing.

The hour that followed was a hard one. He strode up and down his room trying to be brave. When he heard a knock on his door he nearly fell over backward, the commotion was so violent. It was the seconds—already!

They were wrapped up in furs. Rival

announced, after shaking hands with his friend:

"It's as cold as Siberia." Then he asked: "Are you all right?"

"Yes, indeed."

"And not flustered?"

"Not at all."

"Good; you'll do! Have you had something to eat and drink?"

"Yes, I am quite ready."

Boisrenard was wearing a strange badge, yellow and green, that Duroy had never seen before. They went downstairs. A gentleman was waiting for them in the cab. Rival introduced him as "Dr. Le Brument." Duroy shook hands, stammering:

"I am obliged to you." Then as he attempted to take his place, he sat down on something hard and sprang up as if he had been shot. It proved to be the box of pistols.

"The combatant and the doctor on the back seat," said Rival, and Duroy finally sank into his place beside the doctor.

Then the two seconds got in and the driver started. He knew where to go. But the box of pistols got in everybody's way, above all Duroy's, who would rather not have seen it. They tried putting it behind them, but it broke their backs; then they set it up between Rival and Boisrenard, but it kept falling down. They finished by slipping it under their feet.

The conversation languished, although the doctor told story after story. Rival alone answered him. Duroy would have liked to show some spirit, but he was afraid of losing the thread of his ideas and making known the extent of his trepidation; besides, he was humbled by the terrible fear that he might begin to tremble.

The carriage was soon bowling along the open country. It was about nine o'clock on one of those raw mornings in winter when all nature is bright and hard and brittle as glass. The trees, covered with hoar-frost, seemed as if they had sweated ice; the earth rang under the horses' hoofs; the dry air carried the least sound; the sky shone like a mirror, and the sun, as it rose bright and cold itself, shed over the frozen earth rays that had no power to warm.

Rival said to Duroy:

"I got the pistols at Gastine Renette's. He loaded them himself. The box is sealed. They are to be taken out by lot with those of our antagonist."

"I am obliged to you," Duroy answered mechanically.

Then Rival gave him minute directions, because he was determined that his friend should make no mistake. He insisted on each point several times:

"When they ask: 'Are you ready, gentlemen?' you answer in a clear voice, 'Yes!' When they say 'Fire!' you raise your arm quickly and shoot before they have counted three."

"When they say 'Fire!' I raise my arm," Duroy repeated mechanically. "When they say 'Fire!' I raise my arm; when they say 'Fire!' I raise my arm."

The cab entered a wood, turned to the right down an avenue, then again to the right. Rival suddenly opened the door to call to the driver:

"There, down that little lane."

They turned into a worn path bordered by underbrush where the dead, half-frozen leaves quivered and rattled as the wheels passed.

"When they say 'Fire' I raise my arm," Duroy kept mumbling.

He thought that an accident might so easily settle everything. Oh, if only the carriage would upset, what a chance! He would manage to break a leg!

But presently he saw another carriage at the end of a clearing, and four men prancing about to keep their feet warm; and he was obliged to open his mouth, so hard had it become to breathe.

The seconds got out first, then the doctor and the duelist. Rival had taken the box of pistols and gone off with Boisrenard toward two strangers who came toward them. Duroy saw them greet one another ceremoniously, then walk together over the clearing, looking now at the ground, now at the trees, as if they were searching for something that might fall or fly away. Then they counted the paces, and with great difficulty stuck two canes upright in the frozen ground. Again they formed a group and tossed a coin, heads or tails, like boys at play.

"You are quite well?" Dr. Le Brument asked Duroy. "You don't want anything?"

"No, thank you, nothing."

It seemed to him that he was out of his mind, that he was asleep, that something ghostly had risen and enwrapped him. Was he afraid? Perhaps! But he did not know. Everything was different.

Jacques Rival came back and whispered to him with great satisfaction:

"It's all arranged. Chance favored us about the pistols."

This was a detail in which Duroy felt little interest.

They took off his overcoat. He let them do it. They tapped his chest-pockets to assure themselves that he had no papers or other things that could protect him. He kept repeating over and over to himself, like a prayer:

"When they say 'Fire!' I raise my arm."

Then they escorted him to one of the canes sticking in the ground, and handed him his pistol. At the same moment he perceived a man standing in front of him, all ready, a little fat man, bald, who wore glasses. It was his antagonist. He saw him perfectly, but could think of nothing but "When they say 'Fire!' I raise my arm and shoot."

A voice sounded in the great silence of space, a voice that seemed to come from far away, and it asked:

"Are you ready, gentlemen?"

"Yes," said George.

Then the same voice commanded:

"Fire!"

He listened for nothing more, he saw nothing, he thought of nothing; he only felt that he raised his arm and pulled with all his might on the trigger.

He heard no report, but presently he saw a little smoke at the mouth of his pistol; and while the man in front of him remained standing in exactly the same position, he saw another little white cloud rise and dissipate itself over his head.

They had both fired. It was all over. His seconds and the doctor ran their hands over him, unbuttoned his clothes, asking, in tones of anxiety:

"You're not wounded?"

"No, I think not," he answered vaguely.

Laugremont, his antagonist, was also unhurt, and Jacques Rival murmured disconsolately:

"With the confounded pistol it is always like that, a man either misses or kills. It's no good!"

Duroy did not stir; he was paralyzed with astonishment and joy. It was over. They had to take his pistol away from him, for he still held it gripped in his hand. It seemed to him now that he could fight the whole world. It was over. What joy! He felt all of a sudden like challenging somebody, anybody, it didn't matter whom.

All the seconds chatted a few moments, promising to meet the next day to prepare the official report; then they got into the carriage, and the driver, who was grinning on the box, cracked his whip and drove off.

They breakfasted, the four of them, on the boulevard and talked it over. Duroy gave his impressions:

"It didn't phase me an atom. You can see that for yourself."

"Yes, you're game, all right," replied Rival.

When the report had been drawn up they handed it to Duroy, who was to insert it in the personal column of his paper. He was astonished to read that he had exchanged two shots with M. Louis Laugremont.

"But we only fired one shot!" he said.

"Yes, one shot — one shot apiece; that makes two shots," answered Rival, with a smile.

And Duroy, finding this explanation satisfactory, said no more. Walter embraced him and cried:

"Bravo, my dear fellow! Bravo! You have defended the honor of *La Vie Française*. Bravo!"

COWARDS die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
—*Shakespeare, Julius Cæsar*, Act II, Scene 2.

The Greatest Americans.

CITY LIBRARY, Handle Carefully, GWELL, MASS.

A Symposium in Which Representatives of Many Departments of Activity Name Their Candidates for a National Hall of Fame.

QUITE recently, THE SCRAP BOOK asked the following question of a large number of prominent men and women:

Who are the greatest figures in American history—the word "greatest" being defined as connoting those of the most commanding genius and personality, who have had the most powerful influence on the course of American history, and whose career is most worthy of study and imitation?

In reply to this inquiry many letters have been received and are here reprinted. Some of them, as will be seen, merely give a list of names. Others explain with greater or less fulness the reasons upon which the choice is based. All of them are very instructive, because they come from representative people; and when collated and compared, they afford valuable material for psychological study and likewise show the drift of opinion upon a subject in which every American feels a lively interest.

From William Jennings Bryan, journalist, orator, ex-Congressman from Nebraska, and twice the Democratic candidate for the Presidency of the United States:

Five immortals stand out conspicuously in our nation's history.

Washington, whose military genius served us during the Revolution and whose character and commanding influence harmonized the conflicting elements at the time of the formation of our Constitution.

Jefferson, who wrote the Declaration of Independence, and who in the elaboration and defense of the principles of free government did much to mold our institutions.

Patrick Henry, whose eloquence fired the enthusiasm of the colonists at a critical time.

Jackson, who courageously championed the cause of the people against the encroachments of the bank conspiracy.

Lincoln, that typical American, who not less by his rare virtues and ability than by his distinguished public services became the central figure of the Civil War.

If more are needed, you may add Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, the great triumvirate, whose debates illumined the times in which they lived.

From Carter Henry Harrison, mayor of Chicago from 1897 to 1905:

George Washington.
Abraham Lincoln.
Benjamin Franklin.
Robert E. Lee.
Thomas Jefferson.
Andrew Jackson.

I include Lee, as man, as scholar, and as soldier, because of the appeal his Americanism makes to those who live in the South.

From John Merven Carrere, the well-known New York architect:

George Washington.
Benjamin Franklin.
Abraham Lincoln.
Thomas Jefferson.
Chief Justice Marshall.
Alexander Hamilton.

From Dr. D. W. C. Huntington, chancellor of the Nebraska Wesleyan University:

Responding to your request for names which in our judgment constitute the greatest figures in American history, I send you the following: George Wash-

ington, Alexander Hamilton, John Quincy Adams, Abraham Lincoln, John Hay, and Theodore Roosevelt.

From Hamlin Garland, novelist and poet:

The precise form of your question makes it a little difficult to answer. For example, I do not know that even Washington would be a good character to *imitate,* as your question puts it. Similarly, I think Walt Whitman worthy of the closest study as a mighty force in our literature; but he, too, had his limitations. Emerson was a great teacher, a far-reaching moralist, but to imitate even this saintly character would lead to absurdity. With this word of question, I venture to name Franklin, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Emerson, Whitman, and Edison, because each in his own way has profoundly influenced the life and thought of his day.

From Colonel Thomas Wentworth Higginson, of Boston, the veteran author and publicist:

The nine greatest figures in American history, living persons not included:

Washington.
Lincoln.
Webster.
Grant.
Garrison.
John Brown of Ossawatomie.
Emerson.
Longfellow.
Whittier.

From Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, of Boston, for fifty years a well-known figure in the literary world:

I should select, from a national point of view, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Benjamin Franklin.

In literature there are the compelling names of H. W. Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, J. G. Whittier, Edgar Poe, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

I think all these names are too well known and too highly honored to need any explanation of my choice.

From Brand Whitlock, lawyer, author, and mayor of Toledo, Ohio:

It is, of course, difficult to pick out the greatest men in American history, especially when the word greatest is defined as you define it—when the word is taken "as connoting those of the most commanding genius and personality, who have had the most powerful influence on the course of American history, and whose career is most worthy of study and imitation." That seems to me to stand for a personality that is perfect and ideal. There have been many men of commanding genius and personality who have powerfully influenced the course of our history, and yet in whose careers there was much that was worthy neither of study nor of imitation. There have been others of commanding genius and personality, whose careers are worthy of study and imitation, but who, nevertheless, have had only a slight influence on the course of our history.

Whenever I indulge in this most pleasant form of speculation—that is, picking out the greatest men of history, the greatest writers, the greatest artists, and so on—I find myself somehow thinking of the great unknown heroes whose careers were worthy of study and imitation, who led truly heroic lives and sent forth into the world influences which it is impossible to estimate, and yet died unknown. I usually come to the conclusion that I will award to none the palm.

However, among the half dozen greatest Americans I would place Benjamin Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and Ralph Waldo Emerson. I think these three men have probably done more for the great cause of human liberty than any others, and I say this because their work was largely done in the realm of the mind or spirit, and that realm, to my mind, is immeasurably higher than the material plane. Of course, in our Pantheon we should have to place Washington, but I confess I have never been able to realize Washington. Whenever I think of him, I think of a beautiful marble statue. With Lincoln it is different. I always think of Lincoln as human—completely, grandly human, one whose wisdom was the wisdom of the heart much more than the wisdom of the head; and the wisdom of the heart is a better and greater wisdom than the wisdom of the head. Lincoln was one

of the great lovers and saviors of humanity.

I should also in this list include Walt Whitman, because he had an understanding of democracy that was so profound as to be prophetic. I think he understood democracy better than any man that ever lived, and that if we all understood it as well as he did, and as he seems to have tried to posit it in his essay on "Democratic Vistas," we would solve all of our present-day problems in a short time.

I must also put in the name of Thomas Jefferson. But all in all, it seems to me that Lincoln was the greatest American, because in him, more than in any other, we find evenly balanced more of the great elemental human qualities.

From J. Sloat Fassett, Congressman from New York, and a prominent figure in New York State politics:

In response to your inquiry, I place as the greatest figures in American history, meaning of course political history:

Alexander Hamilton, the greatest of all our constructive statemen, and the man who has placed the most enduring impress upon the institutions of our country.

George Washington.

Benjamin Franklin.

John Marshall.

Abraham Lincoln, perhaps the greatest of all, as a pure American by birth, by education, by sympathies, by work, and by accomplishment.

From George Barr McCutcheon, one of the most popular American novelists of the day:

The question you ask—"Who are the greatest figures in American history?" is so big that one cannot answer it without long and careful deliberation. I have the inclination but hardly the time to answer it as I should.

I suppose every one will say Abraham Lincoln. He certainly is worthy of study, but I do not believe we can imitate such a man. George Washington, for his patriotism, pluck, and genius; Benjamin Franklin, for every quality that an American should possess—and all of our forefathers, who were better men than we, no matter how bad they were.

From George W. Cable, author of "Old Creole Days" and other novels:

I think your question a most valuable one for those who have life before them and are rightly looking for models by which, not as blind mimics but as shapers of their own clear principles, to design their own careers.

Professional scholars in biography may name many great Americans who for special reasons are peculiarly worthy to be accepted as landmarks along the true way of conduct and life, though their effects upon the making of a nation may be less recognized than profound; and I can hardly doubt that such enumerations would include one or two, at least, of our chief justices, one or two of our great college presidents, or divines, or poets. But these discriminations are best left to such scholars, and we know they can never leave out the three pre-eminent names of Franklin, Washington, and Lincoln.

From Dr. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago, the well-known Congregational clergyman, and president of the Armour Institute of Technology:

I am convinced that time will show that, according to your views of greatness, Washington, Franklin, Abraham Lincoln, and Emerson will be four among the greatest of Americans.

From Dr. Woodrow Wilson, president of Princeton University:

I should very much like to oblige you by complying with your request, but it has always seemed to me impossible to give a satisfactory answer to such questions. There are so many fields of greatness that in picking out a few "greatest" figures in American history, one would probably — indeed, almost certainly—commit the error of picking out the most conspicuous.

From Dr. Arthur T. Hadley, president of Yale University:

Your question seems to me to contain two parts, a little inconsistent with each other; asking, as it does, at once who have had the most commanding influence on American history, and who are most worthy of imitation.

In a general way, I should make the perfectly commonplace answer, Lincoln, Washington, and Franklin. I should be disposed to add Hamilton as a fourth. Robert E. Lee could go in on t' e basis of character, but hardly on that of influence.

From Dr. Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, president of Hamilton College:

I name as among "the greatest figures in American history":

Lincoln.
Washington.
Alexander Hamilton.
John Hay.
John Marshall.
Jonathan Edwards.
Ulysses S. Grant.
Robert E. Lee.

Among living Americans, I put first Elihu Root.

From Dr. Brander Matthews, professor of dramatic literature in Columbia University, and promoter of spelling reform:

Franklin, who helped to mold American character both by precept and by example.

Washington, who took us through war to peace, and then through turmoil to stability.

Jefferson and Hamilton, who represent the essential opposites on the equilibrium between which our social order is based.

Emerson, whose practical idealism nerved us for the tough tussle of the Civil War.

Lincoln, who is perhaps too near us to be properly appreciated.

From Dr. David Starr Jordan, president of Leland Stanford Junior University:

Abraham Lincoln.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.
Benjamin Franklin.
John Quincy Adams.
George Washington.
James Russell Lowell.
Andrew Dickson White.
Asa Gray.
Theodore Roosevelt.

From Dr. Charles William Dabney, president of the University of Cincinnati:

In reply to your question, I give the following names:

George Washington.
Thomas Jefferson.
Benjamin Franklin.
Chief Justice Marshall.
George Rogers Clark.
Abraham Lincoln.
Robert E. Lee.
Grover Cleveland.

Theodore Roosevelt seems to be coming, but I do not think that he has yet arrived in the class with those others.

From Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady, historian, novelist, and rector of Trinity Church, Toledo, Ohio:

I measure greatness by achievement; I test achievement by righteousness. The greatest man, therefore, is he who procures the greatest good for the greatest number. Foremost in our list of Americans inevitably comes Washington, for under God was due to him the establishment of our independence, our national autonomy. The founding of a republic such as this is of value not merely to those who compose it, but as an object-lesson in possibilities to all the world.

Although the theory of government as established by Washington and his associates was democratic, the government was in reality aristocratic. At first, the country was practically ruled by an oligarchy—an oligarchy of brains and talent, to be sure, but the statement is correct. The people had not learned to rule. The first real President from the people was Jackson. He stands upon a lower plane than Washington, but I nevertheless count him one of the greatest of Americans. His military qualities preserved the vast territory west of the Mississippi to the United States; his firmness and decision averted a conflict over secession which, had it been precipitated at that time, might and would probably have resulted in the dissolution of the Union.

The postponed question came inevitably to the fore in the day of Lincoln, the only other American who is qualified to stand absolutely on a parity with Washington. Like Jackson, he, too, came from the people, and not the least claim to his supereminence is found in the demonstration of the capacity of the people to preserve in its integrity

that which Washington had founded and Jackson had perpetuated.

There are other Americans to whom the title "great" might be applied, as Hamilton, Whitney, Edison, Beecher, Grant, and Roosevelt, for instance; but all of these and any others that could be mentioned of like quality—and there are many—fall so far below Washington and Lincoln, and even Jackson, that they cannot be included in the same category.

From Dr. Russell H. Conwell, of Philadelphia, the well-known Baptist clergyman, and president of Temple College:

Washington.
Lincoln.
Grant.
Lee.
Webster.
Beecher.

From Elbert H. Gary, of New York, chairman of the board of directors of the United States Steel Corporation:

George Washington.
John Marshall.
Abraham Lincoln.

From Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, California, the originator of new fruits and flowers:

Abraham Lincoln (sincerity, honesty).

Benjamin Franklin (breadth, liberality)—and lots of others.

From James H. Hyslop, of the American Institute for Scientific Research, formerly professor of logic and ethics in Columbia University:

I have no opinion whatever as to the greatest men in this country. I would not know how to go about forming one.

From William Dean Howells, the veteran novelist and essayist who stands at the head of the American world of letters:

Franklin.
Washington.
Jefferson.
Lincoln.

From Dr. George E. MacLean, president of the State University of Iowa:

I trust you will pardon me if I say I fear I cannot contribute anything of worth in view of the way your question is worded. You leave an opportunity, such is the breadth of the question, to name only names like Washington, Lincoln, McKinley, Roosevelt, Alexander Hamilton, and so on. To make any questions of this sort useful, it seems to me you should indicate fields of activity.

From William M. Ivins, of New York, the well-known lawyer and politician:

In answer to your request for my list of the greatest Americans, I give it as follows:

Franklin—for he was our greatest genius, our most perfect man of the world, and our greatest diplomat.

Washington—for he was the most perfectly balanced temperament, the sanest man our country has produced.

Jackson—for he was the first great American, as distinguished from a colonial Englishman.

Marshall—for he was the maker of our real Constitution.

Lincoln—for he was the man of supreme moral courage—our most perfect Christian type.

Emerson—for he was the greatest contributor to the making of American character.

Grant—for he was supreme in the art of war.

From Dr. Harry Thurston Peck, professor of Latin in Columbia University:

George Washington.
Thomas Jefferson.
Alexander Hamilton.
Abraham Lincoln.
Daniel Webster.
John Marshall.
Ralph Waldo Emerson.

From Edwin Markham, poet and lecturer, best known as author of "The Man with the Hoe":

The following is my list of greatest Americans, with a word of characterization:

Washington—a man so humble before the truth that he was always ready to retreat.

Jefferson—who wrote the autograph of young Freedom on the pages of the great Declaration.

Lincoln—who could order an army to

battle, yet could stoop down to lift a fallen fledgling back to its nest.

Horace Greeley—who had the vision to see that we will never have industrial peace till we find a material basis for brotherhood, till we organize labor wholly in the interests of those who do the labor.

John Brown—who stooped to kiss and smile upon a little child as he went out to his death; so keeping the strong heart to the awful end.

Horace Bushnell—who passed as a liberating power through the house of ecclesiastical bondage.

Henry James (the elder)—who with keen intellect and flashing phrase has helped to set true Christianity on its broad and impregnable foundations.

Fulton—who has given us wings for the waters.

Morse—who made the lightnings our lackeys.

Edison—who has made it possible for us to gossip across the continents.

John Fiske—who taught us to rethink the thoughts of God.

Laurence Gronlund—who in his little book, "Our Destiny," has laid the broadest foundations yet laid in America for the science of social ethics.

Emerson—who brought us news of the lost art of life.

Nathaniel Hawthorne—who opened unsuspected doors into the mystery of our existence.

Longfellow—who scattered the pollen of poesy into the dooryard gardens of the common people.

Lowell—who taught truth through laughter, and humanity through song.

Poe—who gave us a new sense of music and mystery, and has carried our name and fame into the literature of all lands.

From Dr. Lemuel H. Murlin, president of Baker University, Baldwin, Kansas:

I should vote for George Washington, Alexander Hamilton, Thomas Jefferson, and Samuel Adams as "the greatest men in American history"; these four standing at the beginning of our national life and giving it shape and character have left their indelible impress on American history.

Following these, I should name Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant; these at the period when the national life hung in the balance determined once and for all, one as President, counselor, diplomat, the other on the field of battle, that we were truly one great nation.

I would then mention Theodore Roosevelt, who in our own time is doing more to bring to the national consciousness the moral ideal in national and individual life.

Not as great as any of these men, but because of the distinguished services he has rendered to his race, and therefore to all mankind, I would also like to mention the name of Booker T. Washington.

From Bronson Howard, the dean of American dramatists, author of "Shenandoah":

The following seems certain to me without further thought:

George Washington.

Benjamin Franklin.

The first, by patience that amounted to genius, wore out his enemies even when victorious, and held together his friends for effective work when their jealousies or indifferences would have destroyed their patriotic efforts. The second, leaving out of thought all his other work, made the Constitution of the United States possible, when the inter-colonial jealousy of the delegates brought the convention to a deadlock, by saying that the next step must be compromise; and this underlying principle, government by compromise, has since that time been the most important principle in our political history. Next I set:

Abraham Lincoln.

Ulysses S. Grant.

Daniel Webster.

William Lloyd Garrison.

The latter two defined the issues of our great Civil War in advance; without that definition, its results would have been indefinite and perhaps worthless. On the definite lines thus laid down, the first two fought their equally great battles in statesmanship and on the field.

I also name Theodore Roosevelt. This is a guess. But it seems to me that he is laying down the lines on which a tremendous social and economic war will yet be fought in this country, perhaps

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with bloodshed, perhaps without; but it is inevitably coming, and probably, as now indicated, the issues of the war will be those indicated by Roosevelt. If this shall prove to be the case, he will take his place with the other great Americans named above.

From Charles Klein, dramatist, author of "The Music-Master" and "The Lion and the Mouse":

George Washington.
Abraham Lincoln.
Theodore Roosevelt.
General Grant.
John D. Rockefeller (but don't follow his example).

From John Mitchell, president of the United Mine Workers of America:

In my opinion, Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln, in the order named, are the greatest characters in American history. Each in his time and sphere wielded more influence for the good of humanity than any of his contemporaries.

From Clark Howell, of Atlanta, Georgia, editor of the Atlanta Constitution:

Washington.
Jefferson.
Jackson.
Lincoln.
Lee.
Benjamin Franklin.

IN all, thirty-three letters are given above; or, excluding President Wilson's and Professor Hyslop's, which contain no answer to the question, thirty-one. In these thirty-one letters the name of Abraham Lincoln occurs thirty-one times; that of George Washington thirty times. Benjamin Franklin is selected by eighteen of the writers; Thomas Jefferson by twelve. Alexander Hamilton is included in ten of the lists, and Emerson in an equal number. Ulysses S. Grant appears nine times. President Roosevelt has eight mentions, some of them more or less tentative; Chief Justice Marshall has seven; Robert E. Lee, six; Daniel Webster and Andrew Jackson, five each; Longfellow and Edison, three each. John Quincy Adams, Whitman, Whittier, Poe, Hawthorne, Lowell, Beecher, John Hay, William Lloyd Garrison, and John Brown, each appear twice. William McKinley and Grover Cleveland are each mentioned once, thus falling into the same class with Jonathan Edwards, Horace Greeley, John D. Rockefeller, and several others.

When we look over the more individual selections, we detect at once the special influences and interests that have unconsciously operated to mold opinion. One can only speculate as to why Mr. Luther Burbank omitted the name of Washington; but President Stryker of Hamilton College would probably not have included Secretary Root, had Mr. Root not been a graduate of Hamilton. President Jordan's intense interest in the natural sciences made Asa Gray, the botanist, appear to him worthy of inclusion. It was entirely natural, also, that Mr. Bryan should rank an ardent orator like Patrick Henry immediately after Washington and Jefferson, and that his supplementary list should be made up entirely of Congressional debaters. Mr. Hamlin Garland, having written a biography of General Grant, feels, of course, a special interest in that soldier; and so, too, Dr. Cyrus Townsend Brady stresses the importance of Andrew Jackson, of whom he is himself a recent biographer. Mrs. Moulton, as befits a woman and an author, thinks most of literary men; while Colonel Higginson, as one might well expect of an old-time abolitionist, exalts Garrison and John Brown, and also three men of letters—Emerson, Longfellow, and Whittier—with all of whom he was personally so well acquainted. One is not surprised, either, that Mr. Edwin Markham has placed the late Laurence Gronlund, the socialist philosopher, among the greatest Americans.

Perhaps the most interesting feature of this symposium is to be found in the fact that every list without exception contains the name of Abraham Lincoln, who is thus ranked above even Washington. Such, indeed, we believe to be the feeling of the nation as a whole, thus justifying the sentiment of James Russell Lowell that Lincoln was typically and beyond all question "the first American."

CALUMNY.

BY FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD.

FRANCES SARGENT OSGOOD (1811—1850) is perhaps best remembered for her long and interesting friendship with Edgar Allan Poe. Over that wayward and erratic genius she exercised a very helpful and restraining influence which he sadly needed. At her request he promised to refrain from using stimulants—a promise which he was unable long to keep. Mrs. Osgood (her maiden name was Locke) began to write verses when she was a mere child, and they were so good as to attract considerable attention. In 1834 she married the artist S. S. Osgood, who had been engaged to paint her portrait, but who devoted the sittings as much to courtship as to art. Her first volume of poetry was published in London, where she lived for some time after her marriage, and where she won some flattering recognition, inasmuch as Sheridan Knowles, the dramatist, asked her to write a play, which she did under the title "The Happy Release." Her verses show a good deal of technical skill, imagination, and melody, and they were much admired by Poe, who praised them highly, and did her the honor of asking her judgment on "The Raven" before that famous poem saw the light. The lines here reprinted have been very often quoted for their pathos.

A WHISPER woke the air,
A soft, light tone, and low,
Yet barbed with shame and wo.
Ah, might it only perish there,
Nor farther go!

But no! A quick and eager ear
Caught up the little, meaning sound;
Another voice has breathed it clear;
And so it wandered round
From ear to lip, from lip to ear,
Until it reached a gentle heart
That throbbed from all the world apart
And that—it broke!

It was the only heart it found—
The only heart 'twas meant to find,
When first its accents woke.
It reached that gentle heart at last,
And that—it broke!

A Blackjack Bargainer.

BY O. HENRY,

Author of "Cabbages and Kings."

THE accompanying story was originally printed in *Munsey's Magazine* six years ago, the author's name then appearing as Sydney Porter. Mr. Porter was at that time a drug-store clerk in a Western city, and this was one of his first essays in fiction. Not long after he came to New York to devote himself entirely to writing, and under the pen name of "O. Henry" his stories, dealing with many phases of contemporary American life, have since achieved quite a notable popularity.

It may be doubted, however, whether he has produced anything better than "A Blackjack Bargainer," which shows more of serious purpose than much of his more recent fiction. It is indeed a truly remarkable piece of work to come from the pen of a young and inexperienced writer. It has a strong and cleverly developed plot, and its characters are drawn with an exceedingly sure and graphic touch. *Yancey Goree*, in particular—the broken-down Southern lawyer who cannot utterly forget his gentlehood, and who ends a wasted life with a heroic death—is a figure not easily forgotten.

THE most disreputable thing in Yancey Goree's law-office was Goree himself, sprawled in his creaky old armchair. The rickety little office, built of red brick, was set flush with the street—the main street of the town of Bethel.

Bethel rested upon the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge. Above it the mountains were piled to the sky. Far below it the turbid Catawba gleamed yellow along its disconsolate valley.

The June day was at its sultriest hour. Bethel dozed in the tepid shade. Trade was not. It was so still that Goree, reclining in his chair, distinctly heard the clicking of the chips in the grand jury room, where the "court-house gang" was playing poker.

From the open back door of the office a well-worn path meandered across the grassy lot to the court-house. The treading out of that path had cost Goree all he ever had—first an inheritance of a few thousand dollars, next the old family home, and, latterly, the last shreds of his self-respect and manhood. The "gang" had cleaned him out. The broken gambler had turned drunkard and parasite; he had lived to see this day come when the men who had stripped him denied him a seat at the game. His word was no longer to be taken. The daily bout at cards had arranged itself accordingly, and to him was assigned the ignoble part of the onlooker. The sheriff, the county clerk, a sportive deputy, a gay attorney, and a chalk-faced man hailing "from the valley," sat at table, and the sheared one was thus tacitly advised to go and grow more wool.

Soon wearying of his ostracism, Goree had departed for his office, muttering to himself as he unsteadily traversed the unlucky pathway. After a drink of corn whisky from a demijohn under his table, he had flung himself into his chair, staring, in a sort of maudlin apathy, out at the mountains immersed in the summer haze.

The little white patch he saw away up on the side of Blackjack was Laurel, the village near which he had been born and bred. There, also, was the birth-

place of the feud between the Gorees and the Coltranes. Now no direct heir of the Gorees survived except this plucked and singed bird of misfortune. To the Coltranes, also, but one male supporter was left—Colonel Abner Coltrane, a man of substance and standing, a member of the State Legislature, and a contemporary with Goree's father. The feud had been a typical one of the region; it had left a red record of hate, wrong, and slaughter.

But Yancey Goree was not thinking of feuds. His befuddled brain was hopelessly attacking the problem of the future maintenance of himself and his favorite follies. Of late, old friends of the family had seen to it that he had whereof to eat and a place to sleep, but whisky they would not buy for him, and he must have whisky. His law business was extinct; no case had been entrusted to him in two years. He had been a borrower and a sponge, and it seemed that if he fell no lower it would be from lack of opportunity. One more chance—he was saying to himself—if he had one more stake at the game, he thought he could win; but he had nothing left to sell, and his credit was more than exhausted.

He could not help smiling, even in his misery, as he thought of the man to whom, six months before, he had sold the old Goree homestead. There had come from "back yan'" in the mountains two of the strangest creatures, a man named Pike Garvey and his wife. "Back yan'," with a wave of the hand toward the hills, was understood among the mountaineers to designate the remotest fastnesses, the unplumbed gorges, the haunts of lawbreakers, the wolf's den, and the boudoir of the bear. In a cabin far up on Blackjack's shoulder, in the wildest part of these retreats, this odd couple had lived for twenty years. They had neither dogs nor children to mitigate the heavy silence of the hills. Pike Garvey was little known in the settlements, but all who had dealt with him pronounced him "crazy as a loon." He acknowledged no occupation save that of a squirrel-hunter, but he "moonshined" occasionally by way of diversion. Once the "revenues" had dragged him from his lair, fighting silently and desperately like a terrier, and he had been sent to State's prison for two years. Released, he popped back into his hole like an angry weasel.

Fortune, passing over many anxious wooers, made a freakish flight into Blackjack's bosky pockets to smile upon Pike and his faithful partner.

One day a party of spectacled, knickerbockered, and altogether absurd prospectors invaded the vicinity of the Garveys' cabin. Pike lifted his squirrel-rifle off the hooks and took a shot at them at long range on the chance of their being revenues. Happily he missed, and the unconscious agents of good luck drew nearer, disclosing their innocence of anything resembling law or justice. Later on, they offered the Garveys an enormous quantity of ready, green, crisp money for their thirty-acre patch of cleared land, mentioning, as an excuse for such a mad action, some irrelevant and inadequate nonsense about a bed of mica underlying the said property.

When the Garveys became possessed of so many dollars that they faltered in computing them, the deficiencies of life on Blackjack began to grow prominent. Pike began to talk of new shoes, a hogshead of tobacco to set in the corner, a new lock to his rifle; and, leading Martella to a certain spot on the mountainside, he pointed out to her how a small cannon—doubtless a thing not beyond the scope of their fortune in price—might be planted so as to command and defend the sole accessible trail to the cabin, to the confusion of revenues and meddling strangers forever.

But Adam reckoned without his Eve. These things represented to him the applied power of wealth, but there slumbered in his dingy cabin an ambition that soared far above his primitive wants. Somewhere in Mrs. Garvey's bosom still survived a spot of femininity unstarved by twenty years of Blackjack. For so long a time the sounds in her ears had been the scalybarks dropping in the woods at noon, and the wolves singing among the rocks at night, and it was enough to have purged her of vanities. She had grown fat and sad and yellow and dull. But when the means came, she felt a rekindled desire to assume the perquisites of her sex—to sit at tea-

tables; to buy inutile things; to whitewash the hideous veracity of life with a little form and ceremony. So she coldly vetoed Pike's proposed system of fortifications, and announced that they would descend upon the world, and gyrate socially.

And thus, at length, it was decided, and the thing done. The village of Laurel was their compromise between Mrs. Garvey's preference for one of the large valley towns and Pike's hankering for primeval solitudes. Laurel yielded a halting round of feeble social distractions comportable with Martella's ambitions, and was not entirely without recommendation to Pike, its contiguity to the mountains presenting advantages for sudden retreat in case fashionable society should make it advisable.

Their descent upon Laurel had been coincident with Yancey Goree's feverish desire to convert property into cash, and they bought the old Goree homestead, paying four thousand dollars, ready money, into the spendthrift's shaking hands.

Thus it happened that while the disreputable last of the Gorees sprawled in his disreputable office, at the end of his row, spurned by the cronies whom he had gorged, strangers dwelt in the halls of his fathers.

II.

A CLOUD of dust was rolling slowly up the parched street, with something traveling in the midst of it. A little breeze wafted the cloud to one side, and a new, brightly painted carryall, drawn by a slothful gray horse, became visible. The vehicle deflected from the middle of the street as it neared Goree's office, and stopped in the gutter directly in front of his door.

On the front seat sat a gaunt, tall man, dressed in black broadcloth, his rigid hands incarcerated in yellow kid gloves. On the back seat was a lady who triumphed over the June heat. Her stout form was armored in a skin-tight silk dress of the description known as "changeable," being a gorgeous combination of shifting hues. She sat erect, waving a much ornamented fan, with her eyes fixed stonily far down the street.

However Martella Garvey's heart might be rejoicing at the pleasures of her new life, Blackjack had done his work with her exterior. He had carved her countenance to the image of emptiness and inanity; had imbued her with the stolidity of his crags, and the reserve of his hushed interiors. She always seemed to hear, whatever her surroundings were, the scalybarks falling and pattering down the mountainside. She could always hear the awful silences of Blackjack sounding through the stillest of nights.

Goree watched this solemn equipage, as it drove to his door, with only faint interest; but when the lank driver wrapped the reins about his whip, awkwardly descended, and stepped into the office, he rose unsteadily to receive him, recognizing Pike Garvey, the new, the transformed, the recently civilized.

The mountaineer took the chair Goree offered him. They who cast doubts upon Garvey's soundness of mind had a strong witness in the man's countenance. His face was too long, a dull saffron in hue, and immobile as a statue's. Pale blue, unwinking round eyes without lashes added to the singularity of his gruesome visage. Goree was at a loss to account for the visit.

"Everything all right at Laurel, Mr. Garvey?" he inquired.

"Everything all right, sir, and mighty pleased is Missis Garvey and me with the property. Missis Garvey likes yo' old place, and she likes the neighborhood. Society is what she 'lows she wants, and she is gettin' of it. The Rogerses, the Hapgoods, the Pratts, and the Troys hev been to see Missis Garvey, and she hev et meals to most of thar houses. The best folks hev axed her to differ'nt kinds of doin's. I cyan't say, Mr. Goree, that sech things suits me—fur me, give me them thar." Garvey's huge, yellow gloved hand flourished in the direction of the mountains. "That's whar I b'long, 'mongst the wild honey-bees and the b'ars. But that ain't what I come fur to say, Mr. Goree. Thar's somethin' you got what me and Missis Garvey wants to buy."

"Buy!" echoed Goree. "From me?" Then he laughed harshly. "I reckon you are mistaken about that. I sold out to you, as you yourself expressed it, 'lock,

stock, and barrel.' There isn't even a ramrod left to sell."

"You've got it; and we'uns want it. 'Take the money,' says Missis Garvey, 'and buy it, fa'r and squar'.'"

Goree shook his head. "The cupboard's bare," he said.

"We've riz," pursued the mountaineer, undeflected from his object, "a heap. We wuz pore as 'possums, and now we could hev folks to dinner every day. We been reco'nized, Missis Garvey says, by the best society. But there's somethin' we need we ain't got. She says it ought to been put in the 'ventory ov the sale, but it ain't thar. 'Take the money, then,' says she, 'and buy it fa'r and squar'.'"

"Out with it," said Goree, his racked nerves growing impatient.

Garvey threw his slouch hat upon the table, and leaned forward, fixing his unblinking eyes upon Goree's.

"There's a old feud," he said distinctly and slowly, "'tween you'uns and the Coltranes."

Goree frowned ominously. To speak of his feud to a feudist is a serious breach of the mountain etiquette. The man from "back yan'" knew it as well as the lawyer did.

"No offense," he went on, "but purely in the way of business. Miss Garvey hev studied all about feuds. Most of the quality folks in the mountains hev 'em. The Settles and the Goforths, the Rankins and the Boyds, the Silers and the Galloways, hev all been cyarin' on feuds f'om twenty to a hunderd year. Yo' feud is twenty-odd year old. The last man to drap was when yo' uncle, Jedge Paisley Goree, 'journed co't and shot Len Coltrane f'om the bench. Missis Garvey and me, we comes f'om the po' white trash. Nobody wouldn't pick a feud with we'uns, no mo'n with a fam'ly of tree-toads. Quality people everywhar, says Missis Garvey, has feuds. We'uns ain't quality, but we're buyin' into it as fur as we can. 'Take the money, then,' says Missis Garvey, 'and buy Mr. Goree's feud, fa'r and squar'.'"

The squirrel hunter straightened a leg half across the room, drew a roll of bills from his pocket, and threw them on the table.

"Thar's two hunderd dollars, Mr. Goree; what you would call a fa'r price for a feud that's been 'lowed to run down like yourn hev. Thar's only you left to cyar' on yo' side of it, and you'd make mighty po' killin'. I'll take it off yo' hands, and it'll set me and Missis Garvey up among the quality. Thar's the money."

The little roll of currency on the table slowly untwisted itself, writhing and jumping as its folds relaxed. In the silence that followed Garvey's last speech the rattling of the poker-chips in the court-house could be plainly heard. Goree knew that the sheriff had just won a pot, for the subdued whoop with which he always greeted a victory floated across the square upon the crinkly heat-waves. Beads of moisture stood on Goree's brow. Stooping, he drew the wicker-covered demijohn from under his table, and filled a tumbler from it.

"A little corn liquor, Mr. Garvey? Of course you are joking about—what you spoke of. Opens quite a new market, doesn't it? Feuds, prime, two fifty to three. Feuds, slightly damaged—two hundred, I believe you said, Mr. Garvey?"

Goree laughed self-consciously.

The mountaineer took the glass Goree handed him, and drank the whisky without a tremor of the lids of his staring eyes. The lawyer applauded the feat by a look of envious admiration. He poured his own drink, and took it like a drunkard, by gulps, and with shudders at the smell and taste.

"Two hunderd," repeated Garvey. "Thar's the money."

A sudden passion flared up in Goree's brain. He struck the table with his fist. One of the bills flipped over and touched his hand. He flinched as if something had stung him.

"Do you come to me," he shouted, "seriously with such a ridiculous, insulting, darned fool proposition?"

"It's fa'r and squar'," said the squirrel-hunter, but he reached out his hand as if to take back the money; and then Goree knew that his own flurry of rage had not been from pride or resentment, but from anger at himself, knowing that he would set foot in the deeper depths that were being opened to him. He turned in an instant from an outraged

gentleman to an anxious chafferer recommending his goods.

"Don't be in a hurry, Garvey," he said, his face crimson and his speech thick. "I accept your p-p-proposition, though it's dirt cheap at two hundred. A t-trade's all right when both p-purchaser and b-buyer are s-satisfied. Shall I w-wrap it up for you, Mr. Garvey?"

Garvey rose, and shook out his broadcloth. "Missis Garvey will be pleased. You air out of it, and it stands Coltrane and Garvey. Just a scrap ov writin', Mr. Goree, you bein' a lawyer, to show we traded."

Goree seized a sheet of paper and a pen. The money was clutched in his moist hand. Everything else suddenly seemed to grow trivial and light.

"Bill of sale, by all means. 'Right, title, and interest in and to'——'forever warrant and——' No, Garvey, we'll have to leave out that 'defend,'" said Goree with a loud laugh. "You'll have to defend this title yourself."

The mountaineer received the amazing screed that the lawyer handed him, folded it with immense labor, and placed it carefully in his pocket.

Goree was standing near the window. "Step here," he said, raising his finger, "and I'll show you your recently purchased enemy. There he goes, down the other side of the street."

The mountaineer crooked his long frame to look through the window in the direction indicated by the other. Colonel Abner Coltrane, an erect, portly gentleman of about fifty, wearing the inevitable long, double-breasted frock coat of the Southern lawmaker, and an old high silk hat, was passing on the opposite sidewalk.

As Garvey looked, Goree glanced at his face. If there be such a thing as a yellow wolf, here was its counterpart. Garvey snarled as his unhuman eyes followed the moving figure, disclosing long, amber-colored fangs.

"Is that him? Why, that's the man who sent me to the pen'tentiary once!"

"He used to be district attorney," said Goree carelessly. "And, by the way, he's a first-class shot."

"I kin hit a squirrel's eye at a hunderd yard," said Garvey. "So that thar's Coltrane! I made a better trade than I was thinkin'. I'll take keer ov this feud, Mr. Goree, better'n you ever did!"

He moved toward the door, but lingered there.

"Anything else to-day?" inquired Goree with frothy sarcasm. "Any family traditions, ancestral ghosts, or skeletons in the closet? Prices as low as the lowest."

"Thar was another thing," replied the unmoved squirrel-hunter, "that Missis Garvey was thinkin' of. 'Tain't so much in my line as t'other, but she wanted partic'lar that I should inquire, and ef you was willin', 'pay fur it,' she says, 'fa'r and squar'.' Thar's a buryin'-groun', as you know, Mr. Goree, in the yard of yo' old place, under the cedars. Them that lies thar is yo' folks what was killed by the Coltranes. The monyments has the names on 'em. Missis Garvey says a fam'ly buryin'-groun' is a sho' sign of quality. She says ef we git the feud, thar's somethin' else ought to go with it. The names on them monyments is 'Goree,' but they can be changed to ourn by——"

"Go! Go!" screamed Goree, his face turning purple. He stretched out both hands toward the mountaineer, his fingers hooked and shaking. "Go, you ghoul! Even a Ch-Chinaman protects the g-graves of his ancestors—go!"

The squirrel-hunter slouched out of the door to his carryall. While he was climbing over the wheel Goree was collecting, with feverish celerity, the money that had fallen from his hand to the floor. As the vehicle slowly turned about, the sheep, with a coat of newly grown wool, was hurrying, in indecent haste, along the path to the court-house.

III.

AT three o'clock in the morning they brought him back to his office, shorn and unconscious. The sheriff, the sportive deputy, the county clerk, and the gay attorney carried him, the chalk-faced man "from the valley" acting as escort.

"On the table," said one of them, and they deposited him there among the litter of his books and papers.

"Yance thinks a lot of a pa'r of deuces when he's liquored up," sighed the sheriff reflectively.

"Too much," said the gay attorney.

"A man has no business to play poker who drinks as much as he does. I wonder how much he dropped to-night."

"Close to two hundred. What I wonder is whar he got it. Yance ain't had a cent fur over a month, I know."

"Struck a client, maybe. Well, let's get home before daylight. He'll be all right when he wakes up."

The gang slipped away through the early morning twilight. The next eye to gaze upon the miserable Goree was the orb of day. He peered through the uncurtained window, first deluging the sleeper in a flood of faint gold, but soon pouring upon the mottled red of his flesh a searching, white, summer heat.

Goree stirred, half unconsciously, among the table's débris, and turned his face from the window. His movement dislodged a heavy law book, which crashed upon the floor. Opening his eyes, he saw, bending over him, a man in a black frock coat. Looking higher, he discovered a well-worn silk hat, and, beneath it, the kindly, smooth face of Colonel Abner Coltrane.

A little uncertain of the outcome, the colonel waited for the other to make some sign of recognition. Not in twenty years had male members of these two families faced each other in peace. Goree's eyelids puckered as he strained his blurred sight toward his visitor, and then he smiled serenely.

"Have you brought Stella and Lucy over to play?" he said calmly.

"Do you know me, Yancey?" asked Coltrane.

"Of course I do. You brought me a whip with a whistle in the end."

So he had—twenty-four years ago; when Yancey was six, and Yancey's father was his best friend.

Goree's eyes wandered about the room. The colonel understood.

"Lie still, and I'll bring you some," he said.

There was a pump in the yard at the rear, and Goree closed his eyes, listening with rapture to the click of its handle and the bubbling of the falling stream. Coltrane brought a pitcher of the cool water, and held it for him to drink. Presently Goree sat up—a most forlorn object, his summer suit of flax soiled and crumpled, his discreditable head tousled and unsteady. He tried to wave one of his hands toward the colonel.

"Ex-excuse—everything, will you?" he said. "I must have drunk too much whisky last night, and gone to bed on the table." His brows knitted into a puzzled frown.

"Out with the boys a while?" asked Coltrane kindly.

"No, I went nowhere. I haven't had a dollar to spend in the last two months. Struck the demijohn too often, I reckon, as usual."

Colonel Coltrane touched him on the shoulder.

"A little while ago, Yancey," he began, "you asked me if I had brought Stella and Lucy over to play. You weren't quite awake then, and must have been dreaming you were a boy again. You are awake now, and I want you to listen to me. I have come from Stella and Lucy to their old playmate, and to my old friend's son. They know that I am going to bring you home with me, and you will find them as ready with a welcome as they were in the old days. I want you to come to my house and stay until you are yourself again, and as much longer as you will. We heard of your being down in the world, and in the midst of temptation, and we agreed that you should come over and play at our house once more. Will you come, my boy? Will you drop our old family trouble and come with me?"

"Trouble!" said Goree, opening his eyes wide. "There's no trouble between us that I know of. But, good Lord, colonel, how could I go to your home as I am—a drunken wretch, a miserable spendthrift and gambler——"

He lurched from the table into his armchair, and began to weep.

Coltrane talked to him persistently and reasonably, reminding him of the simple mountain pleasures of which he had once been so fond, and insisting upon the genuineness of the invitation. Finally he landed Goree by telling him he was counting upon his help in engineering the transportation of a large amount of felled timber from a high mountainside to a waterway. He knew that Goree had once invented a device for this purpose—a series of slides and chutes—upon which he had justly prided

himself. In an instant the poor fellow, delighted at the idea of his being of use to any one, had paper spread upon the table, and was drawing rapid but pitifully shaky lines in demonstration of what he could and would do.

The man was sickened of the husks; his prodigal heart was turning again toward the mountains. His mind was yet strangely clogged, and his thoughts and memories were returning to his brain one by one, like carrier-pigeons over a stormy sea. But Coltrane was satisfied with the progress he had made.

Bethel received the surprise of its existence that afternoon when a Coltrane and a Goree rode amicably together through the town. Side by side they rode, out from the dusty streets and gaping townspeople, down across the creek bridge, and up toward the mountains. The prodigal had brushed and washed and combed himself to a more decent figure, but he was unsteady in the saddle, and he seemed to be deep in the contemplation of some vexing problem. Coltrane left him to his mood, relying upon the influence of changed surroundings to restore his equilibrium.

Once Goree was seized with a shaking fit, and almost came to a collapse. He had to dismount and rest at the side of the road. The colonel, foreseeing such a condition, had provided a small flask of whisky for the journey, but when it was offered to him Goree refused it almost with violence, declaring he would never touch it again. By and by he recovered, and went quietly enough for a mile or two. Then he pulled up his horse suddenly, and said:

"I lost two hundred dollars last night, playing poker. Now, where did I get that money?"

"Take it easy, Yancey. The mountain air will soon clear it up. We'll go fishing, first thing, at the Pinnacle Falls. The trout are jumping there like bullfrogs. We'll take Stella and Lucy along, and have a picnic on Eagle Rock. Have you forgotten how a hickory-cured ham sandwich tastes, Yancey, to a hungry fisherman?"

Evidently the colonel did not believe the story of his lost wealth; so Goree retired again into brooding silence.

By late afternoon they had traveled ten of the twelve miles between Bethel and Laurel. Half a mile this side of Laurel lay the old Goree place; a mile or two beyond the village lived the Coltranes. The road was now steep and laborious, but the compensations were many. The tilted aisles of the forest were opulent with leaf and bird and bloom. The tonic air put to shame the pharmacopœia. The glades were dark with mossy shade, and bright with shy rivulets winking from the ferns and laurels. On the lower side they viewed, framed in the near foliage, exquisite sketches of the far valley swooning in its opal haze.

Coltrane was pleased to see that his companion was yielding to the spell of the hills and woods. For now they had but to skirt the base of Painter's Cliff; to cross Elder Branch and mount the hill beyond, and Goree would have to face the squandered home of his fathers. Every rock he passed, every tree, every foot of the roadway, was familiar to him. Though he had forgotten the woods, they thrilled him like the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

They rounded the cliff, descended into Elder Branch, and paused there to let the horses drink and plash in the swift water. On the right was a rail fence that cornered there, and followed the road and stream. Enclosed by it was the old apple orchard of the home place; the house was yet concealed by the brow of the steep hill. Inside and along the fence, pokeberries, elders, sassafras, and sumac grew high and dense. At a rustle of their branches, both Goree and Coltrane glanced up, and saw a long, yellow, wolfish face above the fence, staring at them with pale, unwinking eyes. The head disappeared; there was a violent swaying of the bushes, and an ungainly figure ran up through the apple orchard in the direction of the house, zigzagging among the trees.

"That's Garvey," said Coltrane; "the man you sold out to. There's no doubt but he's considerably cracked. I had to send him up for moonshining once, several years ago, in spite of the fact that I believed him irresponsible. Why, what's the matter, Yancey?"

Goree was wiping his forehead, and his face had lost its color.

"Do I look queer, too?" he asked, trying to smile. "I'm just remembering a few more things. Some of the alcohol has evaporated from my brain. I recollect now where I got that two hundred dollars."

"Don't think of it," said Coltrane cheerfully. "Later on we'll figure it all out together."

They rode out of the branch, and when they reached the foot of the hill Goree stopped again.

"Did you ever suspect I was a very vain kind of fellow, colonel?" he asked. "Sort of foolish proud about appearances?"

The colonel's eye refused to wander to the soiled, sagging suit of flax and the faded slouch hat.

"It seems to me," he replied, mystified, but humoring him, "I remember a young buck about twenty, with the tightest coat, the sleekest hair, and the prancingest saddle-horse in the Blue Ridge."

"Right you are," said Goree eagerly. "And it's in me yet, though it don't show. Oh, I'm as vain as a turkey-gobbler, and as proud as Lucifer. I'm going to ask you to indulge this weakness of mine in a little matter."

"Speak out, Yancey. We'll create you Duke of Laurel and Baron of Blue Ridge, if you choose; and you shall have a feather out of Stella's peacock's tail to wear in your hat."

"I'm in earnest. In a few minutes we'll pass the house up there on the hill where I was born, and where my people have lived for nearly a century. Strangers live there now—and look at me! I am about to show myself to them ragged and poverty-stricken, a wastrel and a beggar. Colonel Coltrane, I'm ashamed to do it. I want you to let me wear your coat and hat until we are out of sight beyond. I know you think it a foolish pride, but I want to make as good a showing as I can when I pass the old place."

"Now, what does this mean?" said Coltrane to himself, as he compared his companion's sane looks and quiet demeanor with his strange request. But he was already unbuttoning the coat, assenting readily, as if the fancy were in no wise to be considered strange.

The coat and hat fitted Goree well. He buttoned the former about him with a look of satisfaction and dignity. He and Coltrane were nearly the same size—rather tall, portly, and erect. Twenty-five years were between them, but in appearance they might have been brothers. Goree looked older than his age; his face was puffy and lined; the colonel had the smooth, fresh complexion of a temperate liver. He put on Goree's disreputable old flax coat and faded slouch hat.

"Now," said Goree, taking up the reins, "I'm all right. I want you to ride about ten feet in the rear as we go by, colonel, so that they can get a good look at me. They'll see I'm no back number yet, by any means. I guess I'll show up pretty well to them once more, anyhow. Let's ride on."

He set out up the hill at a smart trot, the colonel following, as he had been requested.

Goree sat straight in the saddle, with head erect, but his eyes were turned to the right, sharply scanning every shrub and fence and hiding-place in the old homestead yard. Once he muttered to himself. "Will the crazy fool try it, or did I dream half of it?"

It was when he came opposite the little family burying-ground that he saw what he had been looking for—a puff of white smoke, coming from the thick cedars in one corner. He toppled so slowly to the left that Coltrane had time to urge his horse to that side, and catch him with one arm.

The squirrel-hunter had not overpraised his aim. He had sent the bullet where he intended, and where Goree had expected that it would pass—through the breast of Colonel Abner Coltrane's black frock coat.

Goree leaned heavily against Coltrane, but he did not fall. The horses kept pace, side by side, and the colonel's arm kept him steady. The little white houses of Laurel shone through the trees, half a mile away. Goree reached out one hand and groped until it rested upon Coltrane's fingers, which held his bridle.

"Good friend," he said, and that was all.

Thus did Yancey Goree, as he rode past his old home, make, considering all things, the best showing in his power.

COAL EIGHTY DOLLARS A TON.

How a Federal Cruiser, During the Civil War, Ran Out of Fuel in the South Atlantic, and Had to Pay a Fancy Price for a Supply.

THE value of coaling-stations in war-time is something that the American navy has not often had a chance to learn from actual experience. During the Civil War, however, there were times when the commanders of Federal cruisers discovered what it means to be dependent upon casual purchases for the fuel that is the very life of a modern steam-fleet.

Among the naval traditions which have not risen to the dignity of written history there is one that recounts an adventure of the U. S. S. Vanderbilt, one of the old side-wheel steamers impressed into the government service and sent out in pursuit of the Confederate commerce-destroyers. After a long cruise in the South Atlantic, she made the tiny island of St. Helena. Here she had to stop, for her bunkers were just about empty. Fortunately, a wharf was in sight from the deck as she dropped anchor, loaded with the desired coal.

It was a welcome sight to the worried commander. He breathed easier, and thought, no doubt, that he had come upon a windfall. Coal-heaps could not be found, in those days, at every landing-place in out-of-the-way seas. It seemed almost as if the supply had been held specially for the use of the Yankee tars. This supposition, moreover, turned out the exact truth, in a sense that gave the Vanderbilt's captain something of a surprise.

A boat was immediately lowered away and rode straight to the wharf where the coal was stored. An officer stepped ashore. He found a sandy-headed Scotsman sitting near the heap of fuel, and reading an old newspaper. The man said that his coal was for sale, and the officer asked the price. He was not in a mood to sit down and spend time dickering, but the owner's answer staggered him.

"Thirty dollars a ton, sir."

As the price of gold in Federal paper money was then about two dollars and eighty-five cents, the quotation meant that the coal would cost Uncle Sam, in his greenback currency, more than eighty dollars a ton. The officer spent some time trying to beat down the seller, but it was no use. The Scotsman was firm. The bargain was broken off, the dealer—perfectly friendly, though firm—insisting that while he hoped that the North would win, he had been holding that coal there a long time, waiting for an American vessel, and, as the owner of the only supply on hand, he intended to take what he considered a fair profit.

The commander of the Vanderbilt denounced the price as outrageous. "Up anchor!" was the order; and, firing up with part of the few tons of coal that remained, the ship put out from the harbor. The Scot was still on his wharf, reading his newspaper, as before. If weighing anchor was tried as a bluff, it had not stirred him. A few hours proved that he had no need to fear losing his prize.

Contrary weather blew up, and the Vanderbilt was soon flung back into the port that she had so recently left, now with the last bushel of fuel gone. She was at the mercy of the financier of the coal heap, but he did not raise his price, nor did he lower it. The Vanderbilt took a round thousand tons at thirty dollars, gold, per ton.

If a sandy-haired Scot returned to his native town soon after, a made man for the rest of his life, and a source of wonder to home-keepers who had never been out into the world we know that the lucky individual won his gains less unfairly than some larger capitalists. Moreover, he had incidentally given the United States government a practical and valuable lesson.

SONGS OF STORM AND CALM.

Poems, New and Old, That Picture Some of the Changing Moods of Mighty Ocean, as It Smiles Under the Blue Skies of Summer or Thunders in the Winter Tempest.

THE SONG OF THE LIGHT.*

By Edythe Pratt Dickins.

I LIFT my head where the blind winds spread
The flinging, stinging snow,
My beacons rise like watchful eyes
Where the torn white breakers flow;
I stand apart like the mother heart
To watch and warn my own,
While the wild storm whips my battling ships
Till their tortured timbers groan.

I fling my light through the fearful night
To bid death's darkness flee,
And hope awake in the hearts that ache
With the wonder of the sea;
Oh, I light them home o'er the blinding foam,
I send them forth to the fight;
My far lights shine like a sleepless shrine
At the edge of the lonely night!

And down, far down through the sea-weed brown,
On the shelving, white sea floor,
Where the spent ships ride on an aimless tide
As the storms above them roar,
My quivering beam lights up the dream
Of the lonely sailor's sleep;
Like a prayer it lies on his weary eyes
In the endless dark of the deep.

When the sky is spread with the evening's red,
And the tattered sails are furled,
And my ships beat in from the wrack and din
Of the trails of all the world;
Oh, calm and strong as their own home song,
I scan the opaled shore,
As looks the soul toward love's far goal
And frets at life no more.

* * * *

THE DERELICT.

By James Barnes.

BOUND for the haven of Nowhere,
Hailing for ports forgot;
Feared and hated—an outcast
Craving a resting-spot.
Gleams there no light or beacon?
Looms there no friendly land?
The soul that was mine died in me
For lack of a guiding hand.
Hopeless, I see the sunrise;
Groaning, I greet each day;
Aimless, I grope and falter
Into the beaten way!

Give me a blow in the darkness!
Sink me deep, deep in the sea!
Put me to sleep forever
Out of this misery!
Abject, I watch my brethren
Turn from me passing by,
Cursing me long for living!
Vainly I wish to die!
Lord of the storm and tempest,
Strike me the welcome blow.
Grant me a grave in the coral,
A rest in the sands below!

* * * *

THE THREE FISHERS.

By Charles Kingsley.

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west—
Away to the west as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;

* The author of these musical and spirited verses, which were first printed in the *Army and Navy Register*, is the wife of Rear-Admiral Francis W. Dickins, United States navy. Another of Mrs. Dickins's poems, "The Port o' Dreams," appeared in THE SCRAP BOOK for October, 1906.

For men must work and women must weep;
And there's little to earn and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimm'd the lamps as the sun went down;
They look'd at the squall, and they look'd at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up, ragged and brown;
But men must work and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work and women must weep—
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep—
And good-by to the bar and its moaning!

* * * *

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

By Epes Sargent.

A LIFE on the ocean wave,
A home on the rolling deep;
Where the scatter'd waters rave,
And the winds their revels keep!
Like an eagle caged I pine
On this dull, unchanging shore:
Oh, give me the flashing brine,
The spray, and the tempest's roar!

Once more on the deck I stand,
Of my own swift-gliding craft;
Set sail! Farewell to the land;
The gale follows fair abaft.
We shoot through the sparkling foam,
Like an ocean-bird set free—
Like the ocean-bird, our home
We'll find far out on the sea.

The land is no longer in view,
The clouds have begun to frown;
But with a stout vessel and crew,
We'll say, "Let the storm come down!"
And the song of our hearts shall be,
While the winds and the waters rave,
A home on the rolling sea!
A life on the ocean wave!

* * * *

THE SEA.

By Barry Cornwall (Bryan W. Procter).

THE sea! The sea! The open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? I shall ride and sleep.

I never was on the dull, tame shore
But I loved the great sea more and more,
And backward flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was, and is, to me;
For I was born on the open sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise roll'd,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the ocean child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend and a power to range,
But never have sought nor sigh'd for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wild, unbounded sea!

MYSELF.

WALT WHITMAN (1819—1892) was a native of Long Island, where he was born on the 31st of May. He was educated at a public school, and then became a carpenter, following his father's trade. Having a restless, roving disposition, he afterward followed many other occupations, being in turn a printer, a teacher, a newspaper writer, an omnibus-driver, and a hospital nurse. As a "tramp printer" he roamed over the country as far south as New Orleans and as far north as Canada, working his way and mingling with men and women of every kind, so that he gained an intimate knowledge of his countrymen.

Whitman was by instinct a democrat, and this kind of life intensified his democracy of spirit. In writing the poems which made up the first edition of "Leaves of Grass," his main desire was to glorify his own country, his fellow countrymen, and incidentally himself. His lawlessness, his utter defiance of all literary forms, and the occasional grotesqueness of his language, brought him at first nothing but ridicule. At his worst, indeed, he is eccentric and preposterous; yet at his best he shows an ardent imagination, a passionate love of nature, and a gift for poetical expression which makes one forget even his defiance of poetical form. His undoubted genius was first recognized by Emerson —an absolutely antithetical type of man—and afterward it won the praise of foreign critics.

Even to this day he is more admired in England than in his own country, and, curiously enough, by those with whom he himself would have had no sympathy whatsoever. Though he wrote for the democracy, his poems (if they can so be called) are admired mainly by the aristocracy of literature. As a rule, he is regarded either with derision or with reverence. Sidney Lanier called him "poetry's butcher," and, in fact, there is much to be found in what he wrote to justify such criticism. In his effort to avoid artificiality, he became himself at times almost consciously artificial. In avoiding smugness, he was now and then gross, crude, and flagrantly indecent. Yet, if one eliminates the dross from Whitman's writings, there remains much that is beautiful, much that is tender, and much that is sublime. In 1865, he published "Drum Taps"—poems suggested by his experience in the army hospitals during the Civil War, and described by him as "a little book containing life's darkness, and blood-dripping wounds, and psalms of the dead." His prose works have no great value.

The following passage is taken from his "Song of Myself," a pæan over things physical, written in an almost pantheistic spirit. In it occurs the famous line "I loaf and invite my soul," which may be taken as the keynote of Whitman's nature. John Burroughs has written of him, apropos of this poem: "The common, the universal, that which all may have on equal terms, was as the breath of his nostrils. He identifies himself fully with these elements, declaring that 'what is commonest, cheapest, nearest, easiest, is Me.'"

BY WALT WHITMAN.

I CELEBRATE myself, and sing myself,
And what I assume you shall assume,
For every atom belonging to me as good belongs to you.

I loaf and invite my soul,
I lean and loaf at my ease, observing a spear of summer grass.

My tongue, every atom of my blood, form'd from this soil, this air,
Born here of parents born here, from parents the same, and their parents the same,
I, now thirty-seven years old, in perfect health begin,
Hoping to cease not till death.

Creeds and schools in abeyance,
Retiring back a while sufficed at what they are, but never forgotten,
I harbor for good or bad, I permit to speak at every hazard,
Nature without check, with original energy.

Houses and rooms are full of perfumes, the shelves are crowded with perfumes,
I breathe the fragrance myself and know it and like it,
The distillation would intoxicate me also, but I shall not let it.

The atmosphere is not a perfume, it has no taste of the distillation, it is odorless,
It is for my mouth forever, I am in love with it.
I will go to the bank by the wood and become undisguised and naked,
I am mad for it to be in contact with me.

The smoke of my own breath,
Echoes, ripples, buzz'd whispers, love-root, silk-thread, crotch and vine,
My respiration and inspiration, the beating of my heart, the passing of blood and air through my lungs,
The sniff of green leaves, and dry leaves, and of the shore and dark-color'd sea-rocks, and of hay in the barn,
The sound of the belch'd words of my voice loos'd to the eddies of the wind,
A few light kisses, a few embraces, a reaching around of arms,
The play of shine and shade on the trees as the supple boughs wag,
The delight alone or in the rush of the streets, or along the fields and hillsides,
The feeling of health, the full-noon trill, the song of me rising from bed and meeting the sun.

MYSTERIOUS NOISES.

The Booming of Cannon, the Clatter of Hoof-Beats, and the Ringing of Bells in Places Where No Natural Cause Could Be Found for Such Sounds.

FOR centuries, in certain places, people have been mystified by hearing strange sounds—the booming of cannon, when there was no cannon to boom; the solemn pealing of a bell, when it was known that the nearest bell was miles away, or the clatter of horses' hoofs down a deserted road.

Many of these mysterious noises, which have been a source of no small terror to the superstitiously inclined, are due to meteorological or other natural causes. This is no doubt true in certain cases where even science has hitherto failed to discover a satisfactory explanation. For instance, there is the strange phenomenon of the so-called "guns of Burrisaul," in India.

Burrisaul is a station in the Sunderbunds, the marshy delta of the Ganges, a region covered with a vast and luxuriant jungle of tropic vegetation. Here, in the rainy season, there is occasionally heard a loud, booming noise like the discharge of distant artillery. It seems to come from the south, but if one follows the sound in that direction its apparent distance does not diminish. Travelers have suggested that it may be produced by the heavy surf of the monsoon season thundering on the shores of the Bay of Bengal, or on an island; but the place of its origin has never been identified, nor has it been explained why the roar of the waves should be heard so much farther inland here than on other coasts.

It is certain that sound sometimes travels to distances beyond its usual range. An interesting case is recorded on the authority of the late Sir Edmund Head, who remembered, when a boy, going to church on "Waterloo Sunday," June 18, 1815, at Hythe, in Kent. His father and he, on arriving at the church at eleven o'clock, found, to their surprise, the congregation outside, listening intently to a faint sound as of distant cannon coming from the east. It was undoubtedly the booming of Napoleon's guns at Waterloo, the massed batteries of the French having opened fire upon Wellington's "thin red line" at precisely that hour.

Early travelers in the vast forest region of Brazil—which is still one of the least-known portions of the habitable world—were awed and astonished to hear the distant resonant sound of a bell pealing from the depths of the woods, which certainly had no church, and for ages had known no human footstep. Many a legend was woven round the strange voice of the forests; but later it was discovered to be the note of the bell-bird, *chasmorhynchus niveus*.

There are, however, few mysterious sounds which have been so completely and satisfactorily explained. For instance, there is the legend of the noises heard at times on the plain of Marathon—the clash of weapons, the snorting of horses, the "shouting of the slayers and screeching of the slain." This, with similar traditions local to other battle-fields, would probably be branded by the scientist as a mere delusion—possibly as no better than a fraud, fostered by guides and hotel-keepers in order to interest inquisitive tourists.

Then, of course, there are the countless tales and traditions of haunted dwellings—of mysterious wailings that forebode misfortune, of ghostly horse-hoofs that sweep around the house before its master's death, of lights that burn in the empty tower, or of chains that clank in the long-closed dungeon. Every one has read and heard such stories. Often they are but idle and fanciful gossip, and yet sometimes they offer strange problems and genuine food for thought, recalling *Hamlet's* dictum that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy."

The Story of the Commercial Traveler.

From "The Golden Ass."

BY LUCIUS APULEIUS.

LUCIUS APULEIUS was a celebrated Latin author who lived in the second century after Christ, during the reigns of Hadrian, Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius—a brilliant and peaceful period in the history of the Roman Empire. Born at Madaura, in Africa, about 130 A.D., Apuleius was a combination of philosopher, popular lecturer, and novelist. He seems to have been a good deal of a charlatan, and to have dabbled in spiritualism and various forms of magic. Marrying a wealthy widow older than himself, her relatives accused him of fascinating her by magic arts; but he had little trouble in showing that in this case, at least, his magic consisted only in youth, good looks, and a plausible tongue.

The novel from which the following story is taken is known as "The Golden Ass," and is a collection of tales and anecdotes strung together on a slender thread of plot. It narrates the experiences of a young man who, out of an adventurous curiosity, seeks to procure a certain magic salve warranted to turn him into an owl. By mistake he gets a different ointment, and is metamorphosed into an ass; in which guise, under various masters, he observes the follies of men and hears some curious stories, of one of which a translation is given below.

"The Golden Ass" is one of the treasures of ancient literature, for the reason that it presents a series of lifelike pictures of the every-day existence of the author's contemporaries, regarding whom we have little other information. It shows us thieves, sharpers, country people, farmers, traders, and the mass of those who make up the bulk of every community. Its material was drawn upon by Boccaccio in "The Decameron," by Lesage in "Gil Blas," and by Cervantes in "Don Quixote"; and one of its episodes, the story of Cupid and Psyche, has been a favorite theme of later poets, painters, and sculptors. The anecdote printed here shows the skill of Apuleius as a story-teller, and his fondness for the weird and supernatural in fiction.

I AM a native of Ægina, and I travel in Thessaly, Ætolia, and Bœotia to purchase honey of Hypata, cheese, and other articles used in cookery. Having heard that at Hypata, the principal city of Thessaly, fresh and fine-flavored cheese was for sale cheap, I made the best of my way there to buy it up. But as usual, happening to start left foot foremost, which is unlucky, all my hopes of profit came to nothing; for a fellow named Lupus, a merchant who does things on a big scale, had bought the whole supply the day before.

Weary with my hurried journey to no purpose, I was going early in the evening to the public baths, when to my surprise I espied an old companion of mine named Socrates. He was sitting on the ground, half covered with a ragged cloak, and not looking at all like himself, he was so miserably wan and thin—in fact, he was just like a street-beggar; so that though he used to be my friend and close acquaintance, I had two minds about speaking to him.

"How now, friend Socrates?" said I. "What does this mean? Why are you tricked out like this? Of what crime have you been guilty? Why, you look as

if your family had given you up for dead and held your funeral long ago, the probate judge had appointed guardians for your children, and your wife, disfigured by her long mourning, having cried herself almost blind, was being worried by her parents to sit up and take notice of things, and look for a new marriage. Yet now, all of a sudden, here you come before us like a wretched ghost from the dead, to turn everything upside down!"

"Aristomenes," said he, "it's clear that you don't know the slippery turns, the freaks, and the never-ending tricks of Fortune."

As he said this, he hid his face, crimson with shame, in his one garment of patches and tatters. I could not bear such a miserable sight, and tried to raise him from the ground. But he kept saying with his head all covered up:

"Let me alone! Let me alone! Let Fortune have her way with me!"

However, I finally persuaded him to go with me; and at the same time pulling off one of my own garments, I speedily clothed him, or at any rate covered him. I next took him to a bath, scrubbed and oiled him myself, and laboriously rubbed the matted dirt off him. Having done all I could, though tired out myself, I supported his feeble steps, and with great difficulty brought him to my inn. There I made him lie down on a bed, gave him plenty of food, braced him up with wine, and entertained him with the news of the day.

Pretty soon our conversation took a merry turn; we cracked jokes, and grew noisy as we chattered. All of a sudden, heaving a bitter sigh from the bottom of his chest, and striking his forehead violently with his right hand, he said:

"Miserable wretch that I am, to have got into such a fix while having a good time at a gladiatorial show! As you know, I went to Macedonia on business; it took me ten months; I was on my way home with a very neat sum of money, and had nearly reached Larissa, which I included in my route in order to see the show I mentioned, when I was attacked by robbers in a lonely valley, and only escaped after losing everything I had. In my distress I betook myself to a certain woman named Meroë, who kept a tavern, and who, though rather old, was very good-looking. I told her about my long absence, my earnest desire to reach home, and my being robbed that very day. She treated me with the greatest kindness, gave me a good supper for nothing, and then cast a charm upon me. From the very moment that I was such a fool as to enter her house, my mind seemed to desert me. I even gave her the clothes which the robbers in common decency had left me, and the little earnings I made there by working as cloakmaker so long as I was in good physical condition; until at length this kind friend, and bad luck together, reduced me to the state in which you just now found me."

"By Pollux, then," said I, "you deserve to suffer the very worst misfortunes (if there be anything worse than the worst), for remaining with such a wrinkled old reprobate."

"Hush! Hush!" said he, putting his forefinger on his lips, and looking round with a terror-stricken face to see if we were alone. "Beware of reviling a woman skilled in the black art, for fear of doing yourself a mischief."

"Say you so?" said I. "What kind of a woman is this inn-keeper, so powerful and dreadful?"

"She is a sorceress," he replied, "and possessed of magic powers; she can draw down the heavens, make the earth heave, harden the running water, dissolve mountains, raise the shades of the dead, dethrone the gods, extinguish the stars, and set the very depths of Tartarus ablaze!"

"Come, come!" said I. "End this tragic talk, fold up your theatrical drop-scenes, and let us hear your story in every-day language."

"Should you like," said he, "to hear of one or two, yes, or a great many of her performances? Why, to make not only her fellow countrymen, but the Indians, the Ethiopians, or even the Antipodeans, fall under her spells—that is only a trifle to her magic power. Listen to what she has done before many witnesses. By a single word she changed a lover into a beaver, because he had gone to another flame. She changed an innkeeper, a neighbor, of whom she was envious, into a frog; and now the old fellow, swimming about in a cask of his

own wine, or buried in the dregs, croaks hoarsely to his old customers—quite in the way of business. She changed another person, a lawyer from the Forum, into a ram, because he had brought suit against her; to this very day that ram is always butting about.

"Finally, however, public indignation was aroused by so many people coming to harm through her arts; and the very next day had been fixed upon to wreak a fearful vengeance on her, by stoning her to death. She frustrated the design by her enchantments. You remember how Medea, having got Creon to allow her just one day before her departure, burned his whole palace, with himself and his daughter in it, by means of flames issuing from a garland? Well, this sorceress, having performed certain deadly incantations in a ditch (she told me so herself in a drunken fit), confined everybody in the town each in his own house for two whole days, by a secret spell of the demons. The bars could not be wrenched off, nor the doors taken off the hinges, nor even a breach made in the walls.

"At last, by common consent, the people all swore they would not lift a hand against her, but would come to her defense if any one else did. She then liberated the whole city. But in the middle of the night she transported the author of the conspiracy, with all his house, close barred as it was—the walls, the very ground, and even the foundations—to another city a hundred miles off, on the top of a craggy mountain, and so without water. And as the houses of the inhabitants were built so close together that there was not room for the newcomer, she threw down the house before the gate of the city and took her departure."

"You tell marvelous things," said I, "my good Socrates; and no less terrible than marvelous. In fact, you have excited no small anxiety (indeed, I may say fear) in me too; not a mere grain of apprehension, but a piercing dread, lest this old hag should come to know our conversation in the same way, by the help of some demon. Let us get to bed without delay; and when we have rested ourselves by a little sleep, let us fly as far as we possibly can before daylight."

While I was still advising him thus, the worthy Socrates, overcome by more wine than he was used to and by his fatigue, had fallen asleep and was snoring loudly. I shut the door, drew the bolts, and placing my bed close against the hinges, shook it up well and lay down on it. I lay awake some time through fear, but closed my eyes at last a little before midnight.

I had just fallen asleep, when suddenly the door was burst open with such violence that it was evidently not done by robbers; the hinges were absolutely broken and wrenched off, and it was thrown to the ground. The small bedstead, minus one foot and rotten, was also upset by the shock; and falling upon me—for I had been rolled out on the floor—it completely covered and hid me. Then I perceived that certain emotions can be excited by exactly opposite causes; for as tears often come from joy, so, in spite of my terror, I could not help laughing to see myself turned from Aristomenes into a tortoise. As I lay on the floor, completely covered by the bed, and peeping out to see what was the matter, I saw two old women, one carrying a lighted lamp and the other a sponge and a drawn sword, plant themselves on either side of Socrates, who was fast asleep.

The one with the sword said to the other:

"This, sister Panthea, is my dear Endymion, my Ganymede, who by day and by night has laughed me to scorn. This is he who, despising me, not only defames me with abusive language, but is preparing also for flight; and I forsooth, deserted through the craft of this Ulysses, like another Calypso, am to be left to lament in eternal loneliness!"

Then extending her right hand, and pointing me out to her friend Panthea:

"And there," said she, "is his worthy counselor, Aristomenes, who was the planner of this flight, and who now, half dead, is lying flat on the ground under the bedstead and looking at all that is going on, while he fancies that he is to tell scandalous stories of me with impunity. I'll take care, however, that some day, aye, and before long, too—this very instant, in fact—he shall repent of his recent chatter and his present curiosity."

On hearing this I felt myself streaming

with cold perspiration, and my heart began to throb so violently that even the bedstead danced on my back.

"Well, sister," said the worthy Panthea, "shall we hack him to pieces at once, like the Bacchanals, or tie his limbs and mutilate him?"

To this Meroë replied—and I saw from what was happening, as well as from what Socrates had told, how well the mystic name fitted her:

"Rather let him live, if only to cover the body of this wretched creature with a little earth!"

Then, moving Socrates's head to one side, she plunged the sword into his throat up to the hilt, catching the blood in a small leathern bottle so carefully that not a drop of it was to be seen. All this I saw with my own eyes. The worthy Meroë—in order, I suppose, not to omit any due observance in the sacrifice of the victim—then thrust her right hand through the wound, and drew forth the heart of my unhappy companion. His windpipe being severed, he emitted a sort of indistinct gurgling noise, and poured forth his breath with his bubbling blood. Panthea then stopped the gaping wound with a sponge, exclaiming:

"Beware, O sea-born sponge, how thou dost pass through a river!"

When she had said this, they lifted my bed from the ground, and dashed over me a mass of filth.

Hardly had they passed over the threshold when the door resumed its former state. The hinges settled back on the panels, the posts returned to the bars, and the bolts flew back to their sockets again. I lay prostrate on the ground in a squalid plight, terrified, naked, cold, and drenched. Indeed, I was half dead, though still alive; and pursued a train of reflections like one already in the grave, or to say the least, on the way to the gallows, to which I was surely destined.

"What," said I, "will become of me, when this man is found in the morning with his throat cut? If I tell the truth, who will believe a word of the story? 'You ought at least,' they will say, 'to have called for help, if as strong a man as you are could not withstand a woman! Is a man's throat to be cut before your eyes, and you keep silence? Why was it that you were not assassinated too? How did the villains come to spare you, a witness of the murder? They would naturally kill you, if only to put an end to all evidence of the crime. Since your escape from death was against reason, return to it.'"

I said these things to myself over and over again, while the night was fast verging toward day. It seemed best to me, therefore, to escape on the sly before daylight and pursue my journey, though I was all in a tremble. I took up my bundle, put the key in the door, and drew back the bolts. But this good and faithful door, which had opened of its own accord in the night, would not open now till I had tried the key again and again.

"Hello, porter!" said I, "where are you? Open the gate, I want to be off before daybreak."

The porter, who was lying on the ground behind the door, only grunted:

"Why do you want to begin a journey at this time of night? Don't you know the roads are infested by robbers? You may have a mind to meet your death—perhaps your conscience stings you for some crime you have committed; but I haven't a head like a pumpkin, that I should die for your sake!"

"It isn't very far from daybreak," said I; and besides, what can robbers take from a traveler in utter poverty? Don't *you* know, you fool, that a naked man can't be stripped by ten athletes?"

The drowsy porter turned over and answered:

"And how am I to know but what you have murdered that fellow traveler of yours that you came here with last night, and are running away to save yourself? And now I remember that I saw Tartarus through a hole in the earth just at that hour, and Cerberus looking ready to eat me up."

Then I came to the conclusion that the worthy Meroë had not spared my throat out of pity, but to reserve me for the gallows. So, on returning to my chamber, I thought over some speedy method of putting an end to myself; but fortune had provided me with no weapon for self-destruction, except the bedstead.

"Now, bedstead," said I, "most dear to my soul, partner with me in so many sorrows, eye-witness of this night's events, and whom alone when accused I can adduce as a witness of my innocence —do thou supply me (who would fain hasten to the shades below) a welcome instrument of death."

Thus saying, I began to undo the bed-cord. I threw one end of it over a small beam projecting above the window, fastened it there, and made a slip-knot at the other end. Then I mounted on the bed, and thus elevated for my own destruction, put my head into the noose and kicked away my support with one foot; so that the noose, tightened about my throat by the strain of my weight, might stop my breath. But the rope, which was old and rotten, broke in two; and falling from aloft, I tumbled heavily upon Socrates, who was lying close by, and rolled with him on the floor.

Lo and behold, at that very instant the porter burst into the room, bawling out:

"Where are you, you who were in such monstrous haste to be off at midnight, and now lie snoring, rolled up in the bed-clothes?"

At these words—whether awakened by my fall or by the rasping voice of the porter, I know not—Socrates was the first to start up out of bed; and he exclaimed:

"Evidently travelers have good reason for detesting these hostlers. This nuisance here, breaking in without being asked—most likely to steal something—has waked me out of a sound sleep by his outrageous bellowing."

On hearing him speak I jumped up briskly, in an ecstasy of unhoped-for joy.

"Faithfulest of porters," I exclaimed, "my friend, my own father, and my brother—behold him whom you, in your drunken fit, falsely accuse me of having murdered."

So saying, I embraced Socrates, and was for loading him with kisses; but my comrade repulsed me with considerable violence.

"Get out with you!" he cried.

Sorely confused, I apologized, and trumped up some absurd story on the spur of the moment, to give another turn to the conversation.

"Why not be off," said I, taking him by the right hand, "and enjoy the freshness of the morning on our journey?"

So I took my bundle, and having paid the innkeeper for our night's lodging, we started on our road.

We had gone some little distance, and now, everything being illumined by the beams of the rising sun, I keenly and attentively examined that part of my companion's neck into which I had seen the sword plunged.

"Foolish man," said I to myself, "buried in your cups, you certainly have had a most absurd dream. Why, look; here's Socrates, safe, sound, and hearty. Where is the wound? Where is the sponge? Where is the scar of a gash so deep and so recent?"

Addressing myself to him, I remarked:

"No wonder the doctors say that hideous and ominous dreams come only to people stuffed with food and liquor. My own case is a good instance. I went beyond moderation in my drinking last evening, and have passed a wretched night full of shocking and dreadful visions, so that I still fancy myself spattered and defiled with human gore."

"It is not gore," he replied with a smile, "that you are sprinkled with. And yet in my sleep I thought my own throat was being cut, and felt some pain in my neck, and fancied that my very heart was being plucked out. Even now I am quite faint; my knees tremble; I stagger as I go, and feel in want of some food to hearten me up."

"Look," cried I, "here is breakfast all ready for you." So saying, I lifted my wallet from my shoulders, handed him some bread and cheese, and said, "Let us sit down together near that plane-tree."

We did so, and I helped myself to some refreshment. While looking at him more closely, as he was eating with a voracious appetite, I saw that he was faint, and of a hue like boxwood. His natural color, in fact, had so forsaken him, that as I recalled those nocturnal horrors to my frightened imagination, the very first piece of bread I put in my mouth, though exceedingly small, stuck

in the middle of my throat and would pass neither downward nor upward. Besides, the number of people passing along increased my fears; for who would believe that one of two companions could meet his death except at the hands of the other?

Presently, after having gorged himself with food, he began to be impatient for some drink, for he had bolted the larger part of an excellent cheese. Not far from the roots of the plane-tree a gentle stream flowed slowly along, like a placid lake, rivaling silver or crystal.

"Look," said I: "drink your fill of the water of this stream, bright as the Milky Way."

He arose, and, wrapping himself in his cloak, with his knees doubled under him, knelt down upon the shelving bank and bent greedily toward the water. Scarcely had he touched its surface with his lips, when the wound in his throat burst open and the sponge rolled out, a few drops of blood with it; and his lifeless body would have fallen into the river had I not laid hold of one of his feet, and dragged him with great difficulty and labor to the top of the bank. There, having mourned my hapless comrade as much as there was time, I buried him in the sandy soil that bordered the stream.

Then, trembling and terror-stricken, I fled through various unfrequented places; and as if guilty of homicide, abandoned my country and my home, embraced a voluntary exile, and now dwell in Ætolia, where I have married another wife.

THE MYSTERIES OF BIRD MIGRATION.

How Do the Flocks Accomplish Their Spring and Autumn Flights Year After Year, with a More Than Military Precision?

BIRD migration remains a puzzle to the naturalists. The feathered travelers are known to leave their Southern habitats at the end of the rainy season, and to gather in vast flocks at regular meeting-places. Not all the migratory birds, by the way, migrate; in many or most of the species there are individuals who rest and mate in their winter homes, letting the flocks of their kind depart. But most of them mysteriously draw together at one place and time, and rise high in the air, where they can be seen moving like a swift, dark cloud, making for the north.

Some of our North American birds winter as far south as Central and even South America. They are observed to take certain routes in their annual journey. The long, narrow Pacific Slope is one of these aerial ways; another lies across the Texas plain, and northward to the Missouri Valley; a third passes over the Antilles and Florida and forks in central Alabama to the west and east of the first walls of the Appalachians. The westward way leads to the eastern Mississippi and the Great Lake basins; the eastward fliers skirt the coast midlands, and pass, after leaving some of their number along the way, into the Hudson Valley, their gateway to New England and the North. These routes all furnish rest and water, and avoid ocean stretches, great mountain heights, and head winds.

But how do the birds concert their meeting? How do they direct their flight? Do they await the south wind, to blow them north as fast again as they can fly? What tells them east and west, and the location of the far-off places to which they are bound? How long do they take to cover the zone from the tropics to the cold North? How many birds pass in those great clouds of migrants which farmers in certain regions can see during half the spring? Why do they travel such enormous distances, passing over, in certain instances, regions that seem quite as well suited for their habitat as are the places where they finally decide to settle?

All the mysteries of the air have not yet been solved by the naturalists, nor are all of them likely to be solved very soon.

The Moral of Balzac's Life.

BY WILFRED MASON.

The Pathetic Story of the Famous Frenchman Affords a Remarkable Illustration of His Own Theory that Intensity of Sense and Emotion Destroys the Vital Force.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU once said that "the thinking man is a deteriorated animal." This rather startling opinion has been very elaborately developed by Balzac, and it forms, in fact, the one consistent thought that runs through the whole wonderful series of his epoch-making novels. He tells us that all sentiments and ideas are, in proportion to their intensity, solvents of the vital forces; that thought, when actively excited by any dominant and overwhelming passion, becomes a destructive poison to the intellect and the body; and that exactly in accordance with the strength of one's desire and the concentration of one's thought does one's vitality decrease.

"The man who desires nothing," he says, "lives like a plant for a hundred years; the creative artist suffers early death. Where the sun glows, there are found thought and brief existence; where there is cold, there are found torpor and longevity."

There is scarcely one of the greater novels of this extraordinary man that is not, when analytically examined, a commentary upon his hypothesis. In one of them we find the lover destroyed by love; in another, the artist ruined by his art; in another, avarice is the death of the miser; in another, maternal affection slays the mother, and in one of the most remarkable of all, "Louis Lambert," the thinker himself is killed by thought. Everywhere Balzac is preaching to us from the same startling text that thought, feeling, and imagination are the most active agents in the disorganization of the human being.

The notion has been developed that the overstraining of the intellect and of the taste is, on the whole, inimical to happiness, because it diminishes the sources from which happiness can be derived. We enjoy less when we become ultracritical, because we can find less that seems capable of giving joy. The hypothesis of Balzac leads to the same conclusion by another line of thought, for it shows us that not merely does esthetic cultivation narrow the sphere in which our happiness is to be found, but it also impairs, even within that sphere, the reality of the pleasure that we receive.

The reason of this is obvious to all who have carefully observed the highly trained and ultrasensitive temperament in its relation to the facts of life. This temperament is fitted to experience the most exquisite pleasure—the pleasure that is blended of the sensuous, the imaginative, and the intellectual. When it enjoys, it extracts in its enjoyment the very last drop of sweetness, the subtlest aroma of delight; and it thrills responsively to every little variation and significant stirring which by the commonplace temperament is never recognized.

Pleasure such as this is almost more than mortal; and that, perhaps, is why it is so seldom given to any mortal to experience it. For the nature that is fitted for it in a thousand ways carries within itself a fatal gift of marring its own most perfect pleasure. As every emotion and every fiber of one's being are attuned so as to respond at once to the most delicate and infinitesimal impulses, so are they equally attuned to answer with fatal readiness to the slightest discord, the very faintest jar-

ring, the least suggestion of what is inharmonious. The imagination in advance prepares the way for supreme enjoyment; the nerves all quiver in anticipation; the senses glow—and then, perhaps, some slight, some absolutely unimportant trifle intervenes and in an instant transmutes the promised pleasure into pain and disappointment.

The surest enjoyment is the simplest, and it is given only to the simplest and most straightforward natures. As soon as any one begins to analyze a pleasure or an emotion it vanishes away; just as when a woman begins to judge and to be reasonable, she ceases to love.

It reminds one of the story of the painter who set out to execute a masterpiece, a painting that should be the crowning effort of a great career. He painted and painted and threw his whole soul into his work; he dreamed of it all night and he brooded over it all day. There was nothing else in his life; his heart was centered in it; a passion for perfection mastered his whole being. When it was finished he was still dissatisfied, and he kept it on his easel that he might retouch it and erase what failed to please him, and then repaint the part; and this he set before him as an almost endless task, scraping his canvas and renewing his colors, adding a tint here and a shade there, until at last one day his friends came to his studio and found upon the canvas nothing but an indistinguishable blur of color, over which the painter himself stood brooding with a fatuous delight, for he had become a raving maniac.

It is so with pleasure. As the desire for it grows more intense the capacity for it dwindles and decays, since the overstimulated senses and emotions destroy the physical equilibrium, and the result is disappointment, depression, and in the end despair.

Balzac himself, in his own life as in his works, was an illustration of the truth of his own theory. He developed all the hedonistic faculties to the uttermost, looking forward with a passionate eagerness to the moment when he should at last enter into the full enjoyment of the two things to which his whole existence had been dedicated, one of which was fame and the other love; and when both were well within his grasp he found that they had come too late, and that his astonishing vitality had been sacrificed to their attainment.

With him, the revelation was on the one hand tragic and on the other merciful; for almost in the moment of his disillusion death closed his eyes and gave to him the rest that love and ambition and the joy of life had so persistently withheld.

DEVICES FOR PROTECTING TREASURE.

Cracksmen Who Attempt to Enter Strong Rooms of English Banking Institutions Must Be Endowed With Supernatural Powers.

BANKS that store large amounts of bullion in their vaults never consider themselves sufficiently safe from the cracksman. They change to newer and better methods of protection whenever these are devised. In the United States, electric contrivances have become the favorite means of keeping out burglars. The Manchester *Guardian* tells something of English devices for keeping bank-vaults secure:

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution.

The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping-rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that watchful individual's head.

If a dishonest official, during day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of one thousand sovereigns, the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

Sir Roger de Coverley.

From "The Spectator."

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON (born May 1, 1672, died June 17, 1719) was the most conspicuous figure as a writer of English prose during the period in which he lived. Educated at the Charterhouse School and at Magdalen College, Oxford—where his favorite corner in the college grounds is still called Addison's Walk—he traveled on the continent for several years, and, on returning home, betook himself to literature. The famous victory of Blenheim had recently been won by Marlborough, and it inspired Addison to write a poem, in the classic style, entitled "The Campaign." This was extravagantly admired at the time, and won for Addison an appointment to a lucrative post under the government. Later he became an under-secretary of state and held other offices of importance, which netted him a comparatively large income. His marriage with the Dowager Countess of Warwick, though it was unsuccessful from a domestic point of view, increased his political and social prestige, and in 1717 he became a secretary of state.

Eight years before this, he had formed a literary relationship with Sir Richard Steele, who was then editing the *Tatler*. To Steele's paper Addison contributed a number of articles written with well-bred ease, and treating of the lighter phases of social life in London. In 1711 he founded the *Spectator* as a daily. The pages of this small sheet he enlivened by his graceful pen, and his short essays were read by the *beau monde* in the coffee-houses and the drawing-rooms. They dealt with every possible theme, from the puppet-shows to the opera, and from apologues to religious meditations. Not all of them were written by Addison; for Steele was also a contributor, and many of the subjects were suggested by Swift and other friends.

Most famous of all these papers are the ones which introduce *Sir Roger de Coverley*, a winning, whimsical type of the old-fashioned country gentleman, a sort of English *Don Quixote*, though saner and wiser than the Spanish knight, and never ludicrous. The delicate humor which Addison has infused into this creation is an example of his finished artistry. *Sir Roger's* foibles and his virtues alike make us love him, and here and there there is a genuine touch of pathos.

Addison himself was a pleasing figure, gentle in manners and very shy in public, so that his conversation, while brilliant when only two or three were present, became halting and almost trite in large companies. He delighted most to sit at the table in a coffee-house with a chosen group of friends, and there, over the wine of which he was a little too fond, to talk late into the night with a steady flow of vivacious and charming fancy.

I—Introducing Sir Roger de Coverley.

[From No. 2 of "The Spectator."]

THE first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great-grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him.

All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of

Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behavior, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humor creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to oblige all who know him.

When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my Lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterward. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humors, he tells us has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it.

He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behavior that he is rather to be loved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company; when he comes into a house, he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way up-stairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act.

II—The Spectator Visits Sir Roger de Coverley.

[From No. 106 of "The Spectator."]

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir Roger de Coverley to pass away a month with him in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir Roger, who is very well acquainted with my humor, lets me rise and go to bed when I please; dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shows me at a distance; as I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over an hedge, and have heard the knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir Roger's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his *valet-de-chambre* for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy councilor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenance of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father

and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves.

This humanity and good nature engages everybody to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humor, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

III—Sir Roger de Coverley at Church.

[From No. 112 of "The Spectator."]

MY friend, Sir Roger, being a good churchman, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a Common Prayer Book; and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them.

Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces "Amen" three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one John Matthews to mind what he was about and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that, the general good sense and worthiness of his character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side; and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

IV—The Death of Sir Roger de Coverley.

[A Letter from Sir Roger's Butler—From No. 517 of "The Spectator."]

HONORED SIR:

Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him, I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he

caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighboring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend.

Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time forward he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life, but this only proved a lightning before death.

He has bequeathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his mother; he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in the parish, a great frieze coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood.

It was a most moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As we most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge; and it is peremptorily said in the parish that he has left money to build a steeple to the church; for he was heard to say some time ago that if he lived two years longer, Coverley church should have a steeple to it.

The chaplain tells everybody that he made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverlies, on the left hand of his father Sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum; the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frieze and the women in riding-hoods.

Captain Sentry, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shows great kindnesses to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. 'Twas the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

Honored Sir, your most sorrowful servant,

EDWARD BISCUIT.

RICHES are for spending; and spending for honor and good actions. But ordinary expense ought to be limited by a man's estate, and governed with such regard as it be within his compass, and ordered to the best show, that the bills may be less than the estimation abroad. Certainly if a man will keep but of even hand, his ordinary expenses ought to be but to the half of his receipts, and, if he think to wax rich, but to the third part.—*Francis Bacon.*

The Old Sorrel

BY JULIET SAGER.

An original story written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

IT was an irritating sort of day, hot and dry, with a noisy, insistent wind and a blazing sun that maliciously showed up the dust and decay hiding under the gorgeous colors of October.

Early in the morning Miss Susan began to think that the weather was affecting her sister's temper, for Miss Martha fretted at the fire because it was slow in burning and at the coffee because it was slow in boiling, and then hurried through her breakfast as if she felt she was being unwarrantably detained from the serious business of life. She pushed her chair back from the table with a scrape and a bang, and set the flatirons on the stove with another bang.

Miss Susan watched her apprehensively.

"Why, Marthy," she ventured, "are we going to iron to-day? I thought you said we'd put up those peaches."

"Well, we can do both, can't we?" snapped Miss Martha. "I ain't going to have these clothes setting around forever!" The clothes had been washed the day before, as usual.

"But it's so hot to-day, and it's sure to rain and be cooler to-morrow," Miss Susan protested feebly.

"Hot!" Miss Martha snorted. "I can't put off my work on account of the weather. Maybe you can, but I can't. You'd put off a funeral if you were afraid you wouldn't be comfortable at it!"

Miss Susan sighed again, very quietly, and started in on her morning tasks. There were the dishes to be washed, the chickens to be fed, the beds to be made, and sweeping and dusting and odds and ends of "tidying up" to be done. Miss Susan was always conscientious about her work, but this morning she did it with painful care, and when it was finished she peered about anxiously to make sure she had forgotten nothing. Then she went back into the kitchen. Miss Martha was ironing furiously, the perspiration standing on her sternly wrinkled forehead.

"We won't use Billy to-day, will we?" Miss Susan asked timidly.

"I won't," said Miss Martha.

Her tone implied that *she* had to work and work hard, although her sister might possibly have time for driving and all sorts of amusements. Miss Susan wisely ignored the insinuation.

"Then I guess I'll take him up to the pasture. It's so hot in the barn," she said cheerfully.

"Yes, I suppose so," agreed Miss Martha sarcastically, and banged another piece of wood into the red-hot stove.

Miss Susan tied on her sunbonnet with nervous fingers and went out of the house, shutting the screen-door very carefully behind her. Two horses whinnied impatiently as she entered the barn.

"Yes, boys, I'm going to take you up to the pasture," she called to them. "Ned's the oldest, Billy, and he's got to go first, you know, but I'll come back for you in a few minutes."

Very gently Miss Susan went into Ned's stall, untied his halter, and backed him out, patiently waiting his slow, painful movements, for he was old and stiff and lame. Fat little black Billy watched them over his shoulder, stamping impatiently and whinnying pleadingly by turns.

"Do be quiet, Billy! I tell you I'll come back for you!" Miss Susan called again coaxingly as she led Ned out into the road.

They paced along soberly side by side —a thin, bent old woman, and a big-

framed, gaunt old sorrel horse. They had been friends for nearly thirty years, and deep in Miss Susan's heart there was a curious sense of comradeship between them. He was only a horse, of course; but together they had known other and better days, together they had seen them pass, and together they were drawing near the end of all earthly things. Miss Susan kept one hand caressingly on Ned's neck as they walked, but she did not talk to him so much as usual. The very mildest of her sister's "spells" upset her dreadfully, and the fact that Miss Martha refused to do her share of caring for the horses betokened a very serious one.

The sisters were learning the ups and downs of life, and the downs were no more pleasant because they came late. Twenty-five years before, in their father's time, the Strickland place had been one of the finest farms in the county. Now they had nothing left of it but the house, the barn, and a scant half acre of land. Even the horse's pasture was not theirs, but a kindly neighbor's, who had given them permission to use it when they liked.

It was fully a quarter of a mile from the house, and though she would never admit it, the walk always tired Miss Susan. She was panting wearily as she put up the bars after Ned, but she only waited to pat his nose and brush back his grizzled forelock, and then started bravely back to the barn.

She dreaded leading Billy, for Billy's will was stronger than hers, and Billy knew it. But there he was, stamping and whinnying in his stall, and in the kitchen was Miss Martha, ironing frantically and fretting because Miss Susan was so slow, so Miss Susan tied her bonnet on more firmly and went resolutely into the barn.

Billy was in a great hurry to go to the pasture; but once outdoors he discovered he was famishing. He simply must have some of that delicious clover by the gate. Miss Susan was walking as briskly as she could, holding tight on the halter, but Billy stopped for the clover. Miss Susan clucked at him. She pulled hard at his halter. She coaxed and scolded and entreated. Finally he raised his head and consented to proceed, still chewing a mouthful of fragrant green stuff. But there were many patches of clover by the road, and Billy halted and argued over every one; so by the time he was safely in the pasture, rubbing noses with the waiting Ned, Miss Susan was only fit to sit down by the fence and gasp for breath.

Billy was at last disposed of, but there was Miss Martha to consider, so Miss Susan rested only a minute or two and then trudged back down the road as fast as the trembling in her legs would let her.

Miss Susan was close to seventy years old, and the long walk and her struggles with Billy had told on her, but when she came into the stifling kitchen she smiled bravely and hung up her sunbonnet with a cheerful:

"Well, that's done!"

Miss Martha looked at her icily.

"I see you had to take Ned up, too," she said.

"Why, yes. It seemed——" faltered Miss Susan.

"I should think you had enough to do without trailing up there with that worthless old horse. He's nothing but a nuisance, anyhow. I wish to goodness he'd die!"

"Why, *Marthy!*" Miss Susan exclaimed sharply, her eyes wide with reproach and dismay. But Miss Martha's face was so grim over the ironing-board that she turned away without another word.

After a while Miss Susan got courage to speak again, and she tried hard to make her voice sound as if nothing had happened.

"Now, Marthy, you sit down and rest a while and let me finish the ironing."

"I'll finish it myself," Miss Martha returned curtly.

II.

THE day dragged on miserably. As usual, Miss Martha's "spell" was accompanied by a fierce desire for work, so after the ironing was finished they preserved the peaches, and then, when Miss Susan was looking forward to a quiet hour or two before supper, Miss Martha decided that the bedrooms must be swept and cleaned.

It was late in the afternoon, and not

the orthodox day for sweeping, but Miss Susan meekly refrained from comment. Every bone in her body was aching, and her nerves were strained to the point of hysteria, but not for worlds would she seem to shirk. She dragged herself about wearily in her sister's wake, feeling like a very small, helpless craft caught in a great storm.

It was almost dark when Miss Martha consented to stop for supper, and by the time they had finished eating and washed the dishes the last ray of daylight was gone.

"It's too late to go up after those horses. They will have to stay out all night for once, that's all," said Miss Martha.

But Miss Susan was lighting the lantern.

"I'll go up and get them," she said with timid decision. "It looks like rain, and it would make Ned's rheumatism worse if he got wet."

"Oh, *drat* those horses!" Miss Martha exclaimed violently. She jerked up her shawl and strode to the door.

"You don't need to come, Marthy. I can go alone just as well as not. I'd rather," Miss Susan quavered miserably.

"It's likely I'll let you, ain't it?" sneered Miss Martha; and Miss Susan was helplessly silent.

Without a word they plodded wearily through the darkness up to the pasture, two whinnying voices greeting them while they were still far off. The horses were waiting at the bars, and thrust their noses willingly into the halters, glad to be going home to their comfortable stalls. But Miss Martha did not speak once—not even to her favorite Billy—not until the horses had been fed and watered, the barn locked for the night, and she and Miss Susan in the house again.

Then she spoke.

"I've been thinking about Ned," she said raspingly, "and I've made up my mind what I'm going to do. He's lame and half blind, he can't do a stroke of work, and he ain't fit for anything but to make trouble and eat his head off. Winter's coming on, and I sha'n't buy feed for him the next five months. I'm going to have him shot."

"Marthy Strickland! Are you crazy? Have Ned shot? Don't you remember when he was a little colt how we used to feed him—you and I and poor brother Tom? And don't you remember how mother always said he was her horse, and drove him even after she was sick? What do you think she'd say if she knew you wanted to kill him now—our old Ned?"

Miss Martha's face grew grimmer and grimmer.

"That's all right," she said doggedly. "He was some use then; he ain't now."

"Why ain't he? Because he's worked himself out for us! He's worked all his life for us, and now when he is old you grudge him the only rest time he's ever had! You can't let him alone to die in peace!"

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, Susan Strickland, I ain't going without things I need myself to buy him feed this winter, to please you or anybody else!"

"You needn't!" Miss Susan said sharply. "I'll buy it myself."

"What with?" Miss Martha asked with a sneer.

"I've got almost seven dollars interest money," Miss Susan began spiritedly, but Miss Martha interrupted her.

"Yes, and you haven't got a decent rag to your back. Anyway, you said you were going to buy him a blanket with that. You can't do both."

"I'll manage some other way about a blanket for him. But he ain't going to be shot, and he ain't going to starve while I'm alive!"

"He's my horse," Miss Martha said deliberately.

"Well, I'll buy him of you!" Miss Susan exclaimed instantly. "I've got a hundred and twenty-five dollars yet, and——"

"You talk like an old fool!" Miss Martha broke in, her voice hoarse and shaking with rage. "You'd better save your money to keep you out of the poorhouse. He's my horse. I won't sell him, and I'll do what I want to with him. I shall speak to the Hilton boy about it tomorrow morning, when he goes by to the factory." Then, in her passion, she added the most cruel words she could think of. "Considering you're dependent on me for every bite you eat, I think you might let me run my business myself!"

It was true. Miss Susan was almost

absolutely dependent on her sister's charity, for all her little inheritance had been lost in the failure of a bank. But Miss Martha had always given gladly and lovingly; never before had she reminded Miss Susan of her obligations.

"It's too bad, Marthy," said Miss Susan very slowly, in a thin, high voice, "that you can't have me shot. I am old and worn out like Ned, and I will have to be fed all winter, too." Then her voice escaped control and rose piercingly. "Marthy Strickland, you're a wicked woman! You're a wicked, cruel woman, and you'll be punished for it yet, mark my words!" Then she turned and stumbled blindly out of the room and up the stairs to her little chamber, and shut and locked the door.

III.

ALL night long Miss Susan lay awake, staring into the darkness and thinking, thinking, thinking. Once in a while her sunken old mouth would writhe pitifully, and a tear or two would roll down her cheeks, but she kept her vigil quietly. Toward morning she fell asleep, and when she woke she heard her sister noisily at work in the kitchen. Distressed and apprehensive at having overslept, she dressed and went down-stairs quickly.

One glance at Miss Martha's stony face told her that the night had not put her in a better temper, and they went about the day's work in unbroken silence. When Miss Susan went out to feed the chickens she slipped into the barn for a look at the horses, but they were not there. Miss Martha had taken them up to the pasture before Miss Susan was awake.

Miss Susan was making the beds when she saw the Hilton boy drive by. Then she heard Miss Martha calling loudly; the wagon stopped, and Miss Martha ran out into the road. Miss Susan watched them from the bedroom window, and saw them pointing to the pasture. She knew what they were talking about. She had not quite believed that Miss Martha meant what she said about Ned, but she was convinced now. He was going to be shot, and she could not lift a finger to save him!

Miss Susan had looked like an old woman for a long time, but when she came down-stairs again she looked like a very, very old woman, and she tottered as she walked. Miss Martha would have noticed it in a moment but for the "spell."

They were just sitting down to their midday dinner when they saw the Hilton boy going up the road toward the pasture. He had a gun over his shoulder and was whistling. He saw Miss Martha through the window, and waved the gun for her to see, smiling broadly and nodding his head. Miss Susan got up quickly from the table and went up-stairs without a word, steadying herself with a hand against the wall.

Miss Martha found that she had no appetite for dinner, and that she felt cold and faint, so she made some strong coffee and drank two cups of it, and then cleared the table and washed the dishes. Once or twice she forced herself to go to the window and look up to the pasture.

It had been cloudy all day, and now it began to rain gently and dismally. She had told the Hilton boy to bury old Ned decently as soon as he was dead, and she was a little worried for fear he would not do it in the rain. After she thought of that she stood for a long time at the window, straining her eyes to see some movement in the pasture. The greater part of it was woodland—a tangle of trees and underbrush, and the branches waved confusingly in the wind. The rain, too, was like a thin veil, and she was near-sighted, but at last she thought she could make out a form that must be the Hilton boy, and she turned away, relieved.

It was getting dark in the house, and there was a desolate look about it which somehow reminded Miss Martha of a funeral. It made her think of the day her father was buried, and all of a sudden she knew that her "spell" was over, and that her heart was aching as if it would burst. She longed to sit down and put her apron over her head and rock to and fro and cry and sob—to cry aloud, as Miss Susan never did. She thought of Miss Susan up-stairs in her chilly, dismal little room, and longed to scream and beat her breast with remorse. But Miss Martha was proud as well as passionate, and could seldom bring herself to open confession and abasement, so she set

about making atonement in her own way. There should be the best supper she could get together, composed of all the dishes Miss Susan liked best.

Miss Martha hated hot biscuits, and never touched them herself, but she made a panful now after her best "company" recipe. She beat up a tea-cake, and she got down a jar of her most treasured quince preserves. When supper was all on the table she went to the stairs and called up to Miss Susan, her voice struggling between pride and entreaty:

"Supper's ready. Come down, sister!"

But the meal was not a success. Miss Susan had never before been known to reject any such covert offers of peace, but to-night she nibbled away at a corner of biscuit without seeming to know what she was eating, and she did not even taste the cake or preserves. Miss Martha ventured one or two commonplace remarks, but Miss Susan scarcely replied. She only answered "Yes" or "No" with gentle vagueness, and then shut herself up again in her thoughts. Miss Martha felt as if she had broken something precious, done something which no repentance, and perhaps not even time, could remedy.

She got up suddenly from the table.

"If you don't mind clearing up alone, sister, I'll go and get Billy now," she said, and took the lantern and went out into the dripping darkness.

It had almost stopped raining, but the trees at the edge of the road shook little floods of their own down on her, and the road itself was a river of watery mud. Miss Martha was brave, with none of the fears of other women, but to-night she walked warily, turning her head from side to side to peer into the darkness. What she was afraid of she did not know; she did not admit that she was afraid, but when she came near the pasture it took all her strength of will to force herself to go up to the bars.

Billy was waiting and whinnying, and she put on his halter with awkward, fumbling haste. She dared not give one glance into the blackness behind him, but hurried him out of the field and down the road as fast as she could.

Once or twice she thought she heard a slow, floundering step behind them. Her heart seemed to stand still in her bosom, and she hurried on the faster.

At last they reached the barn, and Miss Martha, panting and trembling, hung the lantern on its nail and led Billy into his stall. Then she tied him and came out to get his oats. And then——

Just outside the open door there loomed a huge, indistinct figure, half hidden in the darkness. But in the dim yellow light of the lantern Miss Martha saw its head plainly—the white star on the forehead, the deprecating ears, the sunken gentle eyes of—old Ned!

Luckily for Miss Martha there was another door to the barn, or she might have died of terror there by the oat-bin, for she never would have dared to pass that awful accusing figure. Blind and dumb with fear, she rushed out and toward the house. She tore frantically at the door and staggered into the kitchen. Miss Susan was sitting there quietly, with her face in her hands.

"Susan, Susan!" sobbed Miss Martha, "it's so, it's so—what you said! I am a wicked, cruel woman!"

Miss Susan looked up, and the tears were trickling down her cheeks.

"I knew you'd be sorry, sister," she said gently. "Poor old Ned!"

"I can't help it now! It's too late. And I tell you, Susan, I'd cut off my right hand this minute if it would bring him back! Susan, he looked at me just as if he was asking what made me treat him so! And him standing there in the rain, looking in at his own stall that he will never go into again!"

Miss Martha was rocking herself back and forth now as she would not do in the afternoon, and was crying out loud. Miss Susan looked bewildered.

"What are you talking about, Marthy? Him standing out in the rain and looking in?" she whispered fearfully.

Miss Martha stilled her sobs.

"I saw him out there in the barn," she whispered back. "I knew I would. He's come back to ask me why I did it. Oh, I'm a wicked, cruel woman!"

Miss Susan got up, trembling but determined.

"You ain't—going out there?" Miss Martha cried.

"Yes, I am," Miss Susan said quietly. "We loved each other alive, and I guess

he won't hurt me dead. Besides, I never heard of a horse's ghost."

Miss Martha cowered in her chair and held her breath to listen. It seemed hours before there was a sound. Then came Miss Susan's voice, loud and clear.

"Marthy, Marthy! Come out here this minute! It's Ned all right, but it ain't his ghost. It's him!"

The next morning the Hilton boy stopped at the Strickland place on his way to the milk factory. There was no one in the house, so he went to the barn. Miss Susan and Miss Martha together were currying an old sorrel horse, as he stood with his nose in a hot bran mash.

"I couldn't find that blame old horse yesterday, Miss Martha," the Hilton boy said grinning. "He must 'a' hid in the bushes, and it rained so I got tired o' lookin' for him. I'll tend to it this afternoon for you."

"No, you won't—not this afternoon nor any other afternoon," said Miss Martha firmly. "We're going to keep him as long as he wants to live, and that will be a long time if good feed and good care count for anything. Anyway, he's Susan's horse now, ain't he, sister?"

Miss Susan nodded happily.

"Marthy gave him to me last night," she explained over Ned's shining back.

The World's Great Operas.

No. 10—Giuseppe Verdi's "Aïda."

BY HELEN KEYES.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

Aïda. Verdi wrote his opera of "Aïda" in 1869, for the new Italian theater which had been erected in Cairo by the Khedive Ismail, at the time of the opening of the Suez Canal. The sketch for the libretto was made by the eminent French Egyptologist, Mariette Bey, to whom we owe the excavation of the Sphinx and of the tombs at Sakkara. The story thus outlined was purely imaginative, but its local atmosphere and dramatic possibilities delighted Verdi. He gave it for elaboration to M. du Locle, who wrote the text in French prose under the direction of the musician himself. To Verdi is due the climax of the last act, with the ingenious scenic contrivance of the double stage. The French libretto was translated into Italian by Antonio Ghislanzoni.

One of the conditions of Verdi's contract was that "Aïda" should be produced in Paris immediately after its production in Cairo. The two cities set to work simultaneously on the necessary preparations; but these were not completed when the war between France and Prussia broke out. On the date set for the production of the opera, Paris was besieged, and scenery and costumes were shut up in the bombarded city. This caused a year's delay, but on the 24th of December, 1871, an audience made up of many nationalities, European and Oriental, gathered in the two-year-old theater in Cairo, and without a dissentient voice proclaimed "Aïda" a superb

EDITOR'S NOTE—Previous articles in this series have dealt with Wagner's "Rienzi" (August, 1906); Verdi's "Rigoletto" (September, 1906); Wagner's "Flying Dutchman" (October, 1906); Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet" (November, 1906); Wagner's "Lohengrin" (December, 1906); Verdi's "Il Trovatore" (January, 1907); Wagner's "Tannhäuser" (February, 1907); Puccini's "La Bohème" (March, 1907); and Richard Strauss's "Salome" (April, 1907).

piece of operatic stagecraft. Showy, dramatic, melodious, containing fine choruses and effective arias, and tinged throughout with an alluring flavor of orientalism, it has ever since been a prime favorite in the Italian repertory.

Verdi.

The simplicity and humor of Verdi's nature are prettily illustrated by an episode which followed the production of "Aïda" at Parma. A man signing himself Bertani wrote to the composer, saying that out of curiosity to hear a work so greatly extolled he had traveled to Parma from his home in Reggio, and had purchased a seat in the opera-house there. The result was a disappointment. He started for home, but the praise of the opera which he heard in the railroad carriage determined him to turn back to Parma and hear the work again. The result of a second hearing was to persuade him that "without the pomp of the spectacle the public would not stand it to the end." He consequently enclosed an itemized bill for the sum which he considered that Signor Verdi owed him—eleven *lire* and eighty *centesimi* for railroad fare; sixteen *lire* for tickets to the opera; and four *lire* for two extremely bad dinners at the railway station—total, thirty-one *lire* and eighty *centesimi*, or about six dollars.

His letter closed with the explanation that he was dependent on his family for support, and that this expenditure troubled his rest like a frightful specter. "I therefore address myself to you," he adds, "that you may send me the amount."

Verdi deducted the price of the supper, and made Bertani a check for the rest. He enclosed with it a contract for the specter-haunted man to sign, by which he agreed never again to attend an opera by the same composer.

Argument.

The scene of the opera is laid in ancient Egypt. The land of the Pharaohs is on the eve of a war with its traditional enemies, the Ethiopians of the upper Nile. *Radames,* an Egyptian soldier, stands within the palace of the king whom he serves, pondering the opportunities for valor and victory which reach out before him. He longs to return from the battle-field bathed in glory, that he may cast himself at the feet of his beloved *Aïda.*

Aïda is a daughter of *Amonasro,* the Ethiopian king. She has been taken captive in a former war, and made a servant of the Egyptian princess, *Amneris.* While *Radames* sings of the "celestial *Aïda,*" *Amneris* hastily enters, accompanied by her royal slave. From the conversation which follows, it becomes clear that *Amneris* is consumed with passion for *Radames,* although she cannot blind her senses to the devotion with which the soldier's eyes follow *Aïda,* nor the ardent glances with which his gaze is answered.

The king and his retinue enter, and *Ramfis,* the high priest of Isis, appoints *Radames* commander of the Egyptian hosts. As *Aïda* realizes that her father leads the army against which her soldier-lover is going forth to fight, she is filled with horror and dismay. Yet her love forces her to cry out to *Radames,* "Return victorious!" Then, left alone, she broods over her impious words, and cries on Heaven for pity.

In the second act, *Amneris* is being adorned for the victorious return of the Egyptian army. She forces from *Aïda* a confession of love for *Radames,* and vows to defeat her, while the penitent *Aïda* says she will smother her passion in a sepulcher.

The scene shifts to the gates of the city of Thebes, where the Egyptian troop defile before the king, beside whom *Amneris* is seated. *Aïda* stands below the throne, and sees *Radames* borne past on a canopied chair. The king descends to embrace him; and while *Aïda's* heart swells with pride in his triumph, the Ethiopian prisoners are led past, and among them she descries her father, *Amonasro.* He supplicates

the king for mercy toward the conquered people. *Aïda,* too, pleads for clemency, and their voices are swelled by those of the populace; but the merciless priests of Isis clamor for the destruction of the captured enemy. Then *Radames*, who has listened to *Aïda's* prayer, says:

"Oh, king, thou hast sworn to grant any request I may make. I ask life and liberty for the Ethiopian prisoners!"

The king replies that the country owes its salvation to *Radames;* that the prisoners shall be freed, and that he shall himself ascend to the throne of Egypt, through marriage with *Amneris.* As the crowd breaks into jubilation, and the princess looks triumphantly at her slave, *Radames* turns away and mutters:

"Ah, no! The throne of Egypt is not worth the heart of *Aïda!*"

The third act shows a starry and moonlight night on the banks of the Nile. *Amneris* and the high priest pass on their way to the temple of Isis, where services are being held preparatory to the marriage of *Amneris* with *Radames.* Presently there enters *Aïda*, closely veiled. A moment later she is startled by the appearance of her father, who tells her that he has perceived her love for *Radames*, and that it is not yet too late to avert the tragedy of his marriage with *Amneris.* Why not persuade him, for the sake of her whom he loves, to transfer his allegiance to Ethiopia?

Radames now enters and *Amonasro* hastily conceals himself. The soldier tells *Aïda* of his imperishable love, and of his resolve to escape from the marriage which has been arranged for him. *Aïda* begs him to fly with her to the flowery groves of Ethiopia. While he listens, *Amneris*, priests, and guards come out from the temple and discover the three. *Amonasro* rushes on *Amneris* with drawn sword, but *Radames* thrusts himself between them. *Amonasro* and his daughter fly together, while the high priest takes *Radames* prisoner as a traitor.

In the final act, *Amneris* promises to secure a full pardon for *Radames* if he will swear never again to see *Aïda;* but the soldier says that death were sweeter. He is led away by the priests, who condemn him to burial alive. *Amneris,* who still loves him, is wild with grief.

The curtain falls for a moment; when it rises, the scene is divided into two floors. The upper part is the temple of Vulcan (Phtha), the lower part is a subterranean vault, where *Radames* awaits slow death. Priests are slowly sealing the last stone over his tomb. As death closes in upon him, the prisoner thinks only of *Aïda.* Slowly from the darkness *Aïda's* form draws near him. It is no ghost—it is she, indeed, who in the blossom-time of her youth has come to die with him. From above the songs and dances of the priestesses float down on the last moments of the lovers, who, as they lie in each other's arms, feel approach the dawn of an eternal day of love.

UNCLE RASTUS'S NARROW ESCAPE.

How an Old Georgia Negro Came Out Unscathed from a Searching Moral Inquiry.

THE reputed affinity between the Southern negro and unguarded poultry is the subject of a story told by Senator Bacon, of Georgia. An old colored man, notorious for his evil ways, after attending a revival meeting desired to lead a better life. At a later meeting he was called up to be questioned.

"Well, Rastus," said the revivalist, "I hope you are now trying to live a Christian life in accordance with the rules of the church. Have you been stealing any chickens lately?"

"No, sah! I ain't stole no chicken ob late."

"Any turkeys or pigs?"

Rastus, grieved, replied: "No, sah!"

"I am very glad to hear that you have been doing better lately," replied the evangelist. "Continue to lead a holy and Christian life, Rastus."

After the meeting was over, Rastus drew a long breath of relief, and turning to his wife, exclaimed:

"Mandy, if he'd said ducks I'd been a lost nigger, suah!"

Martin Chuzzlewit in New York.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

INTRODUCTION BY PROFESSOR HARRY THURSTON PECK.

AFTER Dickens had visited America for the first time, he published the result of his observations in "American Notes." The book, though abounding in passages of very vivid description, was not entirely successful. Dickens needed the medium of fiction in order to express himself quite freely and without reserve. Hence his most characteristic picture of the United States at that time is to be found in the American episodes contained in his novel "Martin Chuzzlewit" (1844). This book appeared in parts, and contains some of the most richly humorous and broadly comic of all its author's creations—*Mr. Pecksniff,* the arch-hypocrite; *Mrs. Gamp,* the greasy, snuffling, yet intensely droll *sage-femme; Mrs. Todgers,* the London lodging-house keeper; *Mark Tapley,* with his belief in "jollity," and *Bailey,* the sharp-witted, irreverent product of the city's slums. But it is in the American scenes that Dickens lavished all his powers of caricature, satire, and burlesque, mocking without restraint the people and the institutions of the country which he had just visited. Of course, everything was exaggerated out of all proportion, yet there was so much truth in the satire that Americans in those days were grievously offended, and the book was received with a roar of anger from one end of the country to the other.

Nevertheless, the censure heaped upon Dickens was unjust; for those Americans who denounced him for slashing at the abuses and defects of their nation forgot that he was not a historian but a satirist—that his *métier* was not to chronicle but to caricature. They forgot that they had read with great delight his no less vivacious assaults upon the England of his time—that he had "shown up" the debtors' jails, the London slums, the Yorkshire schools, and the workhouses of Britain as unsparingly as he did the swindling land-companies and the bragging politicians of contemporary America. As his biographer, John Forster, remarked: "America had at least produced no *Pecksniff.*" A recent critic, G. K. Chesterton, has well observed of "Martin Chuzzlewit":

"It has the air of a great satire; but if it is only a great slander, it is still great. 'Martin Chuzzlewit' has this quality of great satire that the critic forgets to ask whether the portrait is true to the original, because the portrait is so much more important than the original. 'Martin Chuzzlewit' may be a caricature of America. America may be a caricature of England. But in the gravest college, in the quietest country house of England, there is the seed of the same essential madness that fills Dickens's book, like an asylum, with brawling *Chollops* and raving *Jefferson Bricks.*"

It is interesting to remember that this book was received in England with less warmth than those which had preceded it. Dickens's publishers even began to entertain the notion that the young author had "written himself out"; and with very little tact they let him know it. The effect upon his sensitive nature was for the moment almost terrible. "I feel," he said to his friend Forster, "as though my eyes had been rubbed with bay-salt." Time, however, has done justice to this

novel, and it is now regarded as one of his masterpieces. It was the last story in which his animal spirits ran riot and his erratic humor shook off all restraint. It really closes, therefore, the first period of his literary career. After that time, broad caricature is more and more subordinated to the finer art that is conspicuous in "David Copperfield," "A Tale of Two Cities," and "Great Expectations."

The passages here reprinted begin at the moment when *Martin Chuzzlewit,* a young English architect, lands in New York with his body-servant, *Mark Tapley.*

I—Martin Chuzzlewit Has His First Sight of the New York Newspapers, and Meets Colonel Diver, Editor of the "Rowdy Journal."

SOME trifling excitement prevailed upon the very brink and margin of the land of liberty; for an alderman had been elected the day before; and party feeling naturally running rather high on such an exciting occasion, the friends of the disappointed candidate had found it necessary to assert the great principles of Purity of Election and Freedom of Opinion by breaking a few legs and arms, and furthermore pursuing one obnoxious gentleman through the streets with the design of slitting his nose.

These good-humored little outbursts of the popular fancy were not in themselves sufficiently remarkable to create any great stir, after the lapse of a whole night; but they found fresh life and notoriety in the breath of the newsboys, who not only proclaimed them with shrill yells in all the highways and byways of the town, upon the wharves and among the shipping, but on the deck and down in the cabins of the steamboat; which before she touched the shore, was boarded and overrun by a legion of those young citizens.

"Here's this morning's New York *Sewer!*" cried one. "Here's this morning's New York *Stabber!* Here's the New York *Family Spy!* Here's the New York *Private Listener!* Here's the New York *Peeper!* Here's the New York *Plunderer!* Here's the New York *Keyhole Reporter!* Here's the New York *Rowdy Journal!* Here's all the New York papers! Here's full particulars of the patriotic Locofoco movement yesterday, in which the Whigs was so chawed up; and the last Alabama gouging case; and the interesting Arkansas dooel with bowie-knives; and all the political, commercial, and fashionable news. Here they are! Here they are! Here's the papers, here's the papers!"

"Here's the *Sewer!*" cried another. "Here's the New York *Sewer!* Here's some of the twelfth thousand of to-day's *Sewer,* with the best accounts of the markets, and all the shipping news and four whole columns of country correspondence, and a full account of the ball at Mrs. White's last night, where all the beauty and fashion of New York was assembled; with the *Sewer's* own particulars of the private lives of all the ladies that was there! Here's the *Sewer!* Here's some of the twelfth thousand of the New York *Sewer!* Here's the *Sewer's* exposure of the Wall Street gang, and the *Sewer's* exclusive account of a flagrant act of dishonesty committed by the Secretary of State when he was eight years old; now communicated, at a great expense, by his own nurse. Here's the *Sewer!* Here's the New York *Sewer,* in its twelfth thousand, with a whole column of New Yorkers to be shown up, and all their names printed! Here's the *Sewer's* article upon the judge that tried him, day afore yesterday, for libel, and the *Sewer's* tribute to the independent jury that didn't convict him, and the *Sewer's* account of what they might have expected if they had! Here's the New York *Sewer!*"

"It is in such enlightened means," said a voice almost in Martin's ear, "that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent."

Martin turned involuntarily, and saw, standing close at his side, a sallow gentleman, with sunken cheeks, black hair, small, twinkling eyes, and a singular expression hovering about that region of his face, which was not a frown, nor a leer, and yet might have been mistaken

at the first glance for either. Indeed, it would have been difficult, on a much closer acquaintance, to describe it in any more satisfactory terms than as a mixed expression of vulgar cunning and conceit.

This gentleman wore a rather broad-brimmed hat for the greater wisdom of his appearance; and had his arms folded for the greater impressiveness of his attitude. He was somewhat shabbily dressed in a blue surtout reaching nearly to his ankles, short, loose trousers of the same color, and a faded buff waistcoat, through which a discolored shirt-frill struggled to force itself into notice, as asserting an equality of civil rights with the other portions of his dress, and maintaining a Declaration of Independence on its own account. His feet, which were of unusually large proportions, were leisurely crossed before him as he half leaned against, half sat upon, the steamboat's bulwark; and his thick cane, shod with a mighty ferrule at one end and armed with a great metal knob at the other, depended from a line and tassel on his wrist. Thus attired, and thus composed into an aspect of great profundity, the gentleman twitched up the right-hand corner of his mouth and his right eye, simultaneously, and said, once more:

"It is in such enlightened means that the bubbling passions of my country find a vent."

As he looked at Martin, and nobody else was by, Martin inclined his head, and said:

"You allude to——"

"To the palladium of rational liberty at home, sir, and the dread of foreign oppression abroad," returned the gentleman, as he pointed with his cane to an uncommonly dirty newsboy with one eye. "To the envy of the world, sir, and the leaders of human civilization. Let me ask you, sir," he added, bringing the ferrule of his stick heavily upon the deck with the air of a man who must not be equivocated with, "how do you like my country?"

"I am hardly prepared to answer that question yet," said Martin, "seeing that I have not been ashore."

"Well, I should expect you were not prepared, sir," said the gentleman, "to behold such signs of national prosperity as those?"

He pointed to the vessels lying at the wharves; and then gave a vague flourish with his stick, as if he would include the air and water, generally, in this remark.

"Really," said Martin, "I don't know. Yes, I think I was."

The gentleman glanced at him with a knowing look, and said he liked his policy. It was natural, he said, and it pleased him as a philosopher to observe the prejudices of human nature.

"You have brought, I see, sir," he said, turning round toward Martin, and resting his chin on the top of his stick, "the usual amount of misery and poverty, and ignorance and crime, to be located in the bosom of the Great Republic. Well, sir! Let 'em come on in shiploads from the old country. When vessels are about to founder, the rats are said to leave 'em. There is considerable truth, I find, in that remark."

"The old ship will keep afloat a year or two longer yet, perhaps," said Martin, with a smile.

II — Martin Accompanies Colonel Diver to the Office of the "Rowdy Journal," Where He Meets the Celebrated Jefferson Brick.

THEY made their way as they best could through the melancholy crowd of emigrants upon the wharf—who, grouped about their beds and boxes, with the bare ground below them and the bare sky above, might have fallen from another planet, for anything they knew of the country—and walked for some short distance along a busy street bounded on one side by the quays and shipping; and on the other by a long row of staring red-brick storehouses and offices, ornamented with more black boards and white letters, and more white boards and black letters, than Martin had ever seen before, in fifty times the space. Presently they turned up a narrow street, and presently into other narrow streets, until at last they stopped before a house whereon was painted in great characters, "*Rowdy Journal.*"

The colonel, who had walked the whole way with one hand in his breast, his head occasionally wagging from side to side, and his hat thrown back upon his ears—like a man who was oppressed to inconvenience by a sense of his own greatness—led the way up a dark and dirty flight of stairs into a room of similar character, all littered and bestrewn with odds and ends of newspapers and other crumpled fragments, both in proof and manuscript. Behind a mangy old writing-table in this apartment, sat a figure with a stump of a pen in its mouth and a great pair of scissors in its right hand, clipping and slicing at a file of *Rowdy Journals;* and it was such a laughable figure that Martin had some difficulty in preserving his gravity, though conscious of the close observation of Colonel Diver.

The individual who sat clipping and slicing as aforesaid at the *Rowdy Journals* was a small young gentleman of very juvenile appearance and unwholesomely pale in the face; partly, perhaps, from intense thought, but partly, there is no doubt, from the excessive use of tobacco, which he was at that moment chewing vigorously. He wore his shirt-collar turned down over a black ribbon; and his lank hair—a fragile crop—was not only smoothed and parted back from his brow, that none of the poetry of his aspect might be lost, but had, here and there, been grubbed up by the roots; which accounted for his loftiest developments being somewhat pimply. He had that order of nose on which the envy of mankind has bestowed the appellation "snub," and it was very much turned up at the end, as with a lofty scorn. Upon the upper lip of this young gentleman were tokens of a sandy down—so very, very smooth and scant that, though encouraged to the utmost, it looked more like a recent trace of gingerbread than the fair promise of a mustache; and this conjecture his apparently tender age went far to strengthen. He was intent upon his work. Every time he snapped the great pair of scissors he made a corresponding motion with his jaws, which gave him a very terrible appearance.

Martin was not long in determining within himself that this must be Colonel Diver's son, the hope of the family, and future mainspring of the *Rowdy Journal.* Indeed, he had begun to say that he presumed this was the colonel's little boy, and that it was very pleasant to see him playing at editor in all the guilelessness of childhood, when the colonel proudly interposed, and said:

"My war correspondent, sir—Mr. Jefferson Brick!"

Martin could not help starting at this unexpected announcement, and the consciousness of the irretrievable mistake he had nearly made.

Mr. Brick seemed pleased with the sensation he produced upon the stranger, and shook hands with him, with an air of patronage designed to reassure him, and to let him know that there was no occasion to be frightened, for he (Brick) wouldn't hurt him.

"You have heard of Jefferson Brick, I see, sir," quoth the colonel, with a smile. "England has heard of Jefferson Brick. Europe has heard of Jefferson Brick. Let me see. When did you leave England, sir?"

"Five weeks ago," said Martin.

"Five weeks ago," repeated the colonel thoughtfully, as he took his seat upon the table, and swung his legs. "Now let me ask you, sir, which of Mr. Brick's articles had become at that time the most obnoxious to the British Parliament and the Court of St. James?"

"Upon my word," said Martin, I——"

"I have reason to know, sir," interrupted the colonel, "that the aristocratic circles of your country quail before the name of Jefferson Brick. I should like to be informed, sir, from your lips, which of his sentiments has struck the deadliest blow——"

"At the hundred heads of the Hydra of Corruption now groveling in the dust beneath the lance of Reason, and spouting up to the universal arch above us its sanguinary gore," said Mr. Brick, putting on a little blue cloth cap with a glazed front, and quoting his last article.

"The libation of freedom, Brick"—hinted the colonel.

"—Must sometimes be quaffed in blood, colonel," cried Brick. And when he said "blood," he gave the great pair of scissors a sharp snap, as if they said blood, too, and were quite of his opinion.

This done, they both looked at Martin, pausing for a reply.

"Upon my life," said Martin, who had by this time quite recovered his usual coolness, "I can't give you any satisfactory information about it; for the truth is that I——"

"Stop!" cried the colonel, glancing sternly at his war correspondent and giving his head one shake after every sentence. "That you never heard of Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never read Jefferson Brick, sir. That you never saw the *Rowdy Journal,* sir. That you never knew, sir, of its mighty influence upon the cabinets of Europe—yes?"

"That's what I was about to observe, certainly," said Martin.

"Keep cool, Jefferson," said the colonel gravely. "Don't bust! Oh, you Europeans! Arter that, let's have a glass of wine!"

III—Martin Accompanies Colonel Diver and Mr. Jefferson Brick to the "Genteel Boarding-House" Kept by Mrs. Pawkins.

THEY walked a mile or more along a handsome street which the colonel said was called Broadway, and which Mr. Jefferson Brick said "whipped the universe." Turning, at length, into one of the numerous streets which branched from this main thoroughfare, they stopped before a rather mean-looking house with jalousie blinds to every window; a flight of steps before the green street-door; a shining white ornament on the rails on either side like a petrified pineapple, polished; a little oblong plate of the same material over the knocker, whereon the name of "Pawkins" was engraved; and four accidental pigs looking down the area.

The colonel knocked at this house with the air of a man who lived there; and an Irish girl popped her head out of one of the top windows to see who it was. Pending her journey down-stairs, the pigs were joined by two or three friends from the next street, in company with whom they lay down sociably in the gutter.*

"Is the major indoors?" inquired the colonel, as he entered.

"Is it the master, sir?" returned the girl, with a hesitation which seemed to imply that they were rather flush of majors in that establishment.

"The master!" said Colonel Diver, stopping short and looking round at his war correspondent.

"Oh, the depressing institutions of that British Empire, colonel!" said Jefferson Brick. "Master!"

"What's the matter with the word?" asked Martin.

"I should hope it was never heard in our country, sir, that's all," said Jefferson Brick; "except when it is used by some degraded Help, as new to the blessings of our form of government, as this Help is. There are no masters here."

"All 'owners,' are they?" said Martin.

Mr. Jefferson Brick followed in the *Rowdy Journal's* footsteps without returning any answer. Martin took the same course, thinking, as he went, that perhaps the free and independent citizens who, in their moral elevation, owned the colonel for their master, might render better homage to the goddess Liberty in nightly dreams upon the oven of a Russian serf.

The colonel led the way into a room at the back of the house upon the ground floor, light, and of fair dimensions, but exquisitely uncomfortable; having nothing in it but the four cold white walls and ceiling, a mean carpet, a dreary waste of dining-table reaching from end to end, and a bewildering collection of cane-bottomed chairs. In the farther region of this banqueting-hall was a stove, garnished on either side with a great brass spittoon, and shaped in itself like three little iron barrels set up on end in a fender and joined together on the principle of the Siamese Twins. Before it, swinging himself in a rocking-chair, lounged a large gentleman with his hat on, who amused himself by spitting alternately into the spittoon on the

*Readers of "Martin Chuzzlewit" have questioned the accuracy of Dickens's allusion to the vagrant pigs on Broadway. It is historically correct, however. It was not until 1851 or 1852, after the adoption of a new charter, that the citizens of New York were compelled to keep their pigs off the streets. A fuller description of the porcine frequenters of Broadway is to be found in "American Notes."

right of the stove, and the spittoon on the left, and then working his way back again in the same order.

A negro lad in a soiled white jacket was busily engaged in placing on the table two long rows of knives and forks, relieved at intervals by jugs of water; and as he traveled down one side of this festive board, he straightened with his dirty hands the dirtier cloth, which was all askew, and had not been removed since breakfast. The atmosphere of this room was rendered intensely hot and stifling by the stove; but being further flavored by a sickly gush of soup from the kitchen, and by such remote suggestions of tobacco as lingered within the brazen receptacles already mentioned, it became, to a stranger's senses, almost insupportable.

The gentleman in the rocking-chair, having his chair toward them and being much engaged in his intellectual pastime, was not aware of their approach until the colonel, walking up to the stove, contributed his mite toward the support of the left-hand spittoon, just as the major—for it was the major—bore down upon it. Major Pawkins then reserved his fire, and looking upward, said, with a peculiar air of quiet weariness, like a man who had been up all night—an air which Martin had already observed both in the colonel and Mr. Jefferson Brick:

"Well, colonel!"

"Here is a gentleman from England, major," the colonel replied, "who has concluded to locate himself here if the amount of compensation suits him."

"I am glad to see you, sir," observed the major, shaking hands with Martin, and not moving a muscle of his face. "You are pretty bright, I hope?"

"Never better," said Martin.

"You are never likely to be," returned the major. "You will see the sun shine *here*."

"I think I remember to have seen it shine at home, sometimes," said Martin smiling.

"I think not," replied the major. He said so with a stoical indifference, certainly, but still in a tone of firmness which admitted of no further dispute on that point. When he had thus settled the question, he put his hat a little on one side for the greater convenience of scratching his head, and saluted Mr. Jefferson Brick with a lazy nod.

Major Pawkins (a gentleman of Pennsylvania origin) was distinguished by a very large skull, and a great mass of yellow forehead; in deference to which commodities, it was currently held in barrooms and other such places of resort that the major was a man of huge sagacity. He was further to be known by a heavy eye and a dull, slow manner; and for being a man of that kind who—mentally speaking—requires a deal of room to turn himself in. But, in trading on his stock of wisdom, he invariably proceeded on the principle of putting all the goods he had (and more) into his window; and that went a great way, perhaps, with Mr. Jefferson Brick, who took occasion to whisper in Martin's ear:

"One of the most remarkable men in our country, sir!"

It must not be supposed, however, that the perpetual exhibition in the marketplace of all his stock-in-trade for sale or hire was the major's sole claim to a very large share of sympathy and support. He was a great politician; and the one article of his creed, in reference to all public obligations involving the good faith and integrity of his country, was, "run a moist pen through everything, and start fresh." This made him a patriot. In commercial affairs he was a bold speculator. In plainer words, he had a most distinguished genius for swindling, and could start a bank, or negotiate a loan, or form a land-jobbing company (entailing ruin, pestilence, and death, on hundreds of families), with any gifted creature in the Union. This made him an admirable man of business. He could hang about a barroom discussing the affairs of the nation for twelve hours together; and in that time could hold forth with more intolerable dulness, chew more tobacco, smoke more tobacco, drink more rum-toddy, mint-julep, gin-sling, and cocktail than any private gentleman of his acquaintance. This made him an orator and man of the people.

In a word, the major was a rising character, and a popular character, and was in a fair way to be sent by the popular party to the State House of

New York, if not in the end to Washington itself. But as a man's private prosperity does not always keep pace with his patriotic devotion to public affairs; and as fraudulent transactions have their downs as well as ups; the major was occasionally under a cloud. Hence, just now, Mrs. Pawkins kept a boarding-house and Major Pawkins rather "loafed" his time away than otherwise.

IV—After Taking a "Bitter," Martin and His American Friends Return to Mrs. Pawkins's Establishment in Time for Dinner.

THEY were walking back very leisurely; Martin arm in arm with Mr. Jefferson Brick, and the major and the colonel side by side before them; when, as they came within a house or two of the major's residence, they heard a bell ringing violently. The instant this sound struck their ears, the colonel and the major darted off, dashed up the steps and in at the street-door (which stood ajar) like lunatics; while Mr. Jefferson Brick, detaching his arm from Martin's, made a precipitate dive in the same direction, and vanished also.

"Good Heaven!" thought Martin. "The premises are on fire! It was an alarm-bell!"

But there was no smoke to be seen, nor any flame, nor was there any smell of fire. As Martin faltered on the pavement, three more gentlemen, with horror and agitation depicted in their faces, came plunging wildly round the street corner; jostled each other on the steps; struggled for an instant; and rushed into the house, in a confused heap of arms and legs.

Unable to bear it any longer, Martin followed. Even in his rapid progress, he was run down, thrust aside, and passed, by two more gentlemen, stark mad, as it appeared, with fierce excitement.

"Where is it?" cried Martin, breathlessly, to a negro whom he encountered in the passage.

"In a eatin'-room, sa. Kernel, sa, him kep' a seat 'side himself, sa."

"A seat!" cried Martin.

"For a dinner, sa."

Martin stared at him for a moment, and burst into a hearty laugh; to which the negro, out of his natural good-humor and desire to please, so heartily responded, that his teeth shone like a gleam of light.

"You're the pleasantest fellow I have seen yet," said Martin, clapping him on the back, "and give me a better appetite than bitters."

With this sentiment he walked into the dining-room and slipped into a chair next the colonel, which that gentleman (by this time nearly through his dinner) had turned down, in reserve for him, with its back against the table.

It was a numerous company—eighteen or twenty, perhaps. Of these some five or six were ladies, who sat wedged together in a little phalanx by themselves. All the knives and forks were working away at a rate that was quite alarming; very few words were spoken; and everybody seemed to eat his utmost in self-defense, as if a famine were expected to set in before breakfast-time tomorrow morning, and it had become high time to assert the first law of nature. The poultry, which may perhaps be considered to have formed the staple of the entertainment—for there was a turkey at the top, a pair of ducks at the bottom, and two fowls in the middle—disappeared as rapidly as if every bird had had the use of its wings, and had flown in desperation down a human throat. The oysters, stewed and pickled, leaped from their capacious reservoirs, and slid by scores into the mouths of the assembly. The sharpest pickles vanished, whole cucumbers at once, like sugar-plums, and no man winked his eye. Great heaps of indigestible matter melted away as ice before the sun.

It was a solemn and an awful thing to see. Dyspeptic individuals bolted their food in wedges; feeding, not themselves, but broods of nightmares, who were continually standing at livery within them. Spare men, with lank and rigid cheeks, came out unsatisfied from the destruction of heavy dishes, and glared with watchful eyes upon the pastry. What Mrs. Pawkins felt each day at dinner-time is

hidden from all human knowledge. But she had one comfort. It was very soon over.

When the colonel had finished his dinner, which event took place while Martin, who had sent his plate for some turkey, was waiting to begin, he asked him what he thought of the boarders, who were from all parts of the Union, and whether he would like to know any particulars concerning them.

"Pray," said Martin, "who is that sickly little girl opposite, with the tight round eyes? I don't see anybody here who looks like her mother, or who seems to have charge of her."

"Do you mean the matron in blue, sir?" asked the colonel, with emphasis. "That is Mrs. Jefferson Brick, sir."

"No, no," said Martin, "I mean the little girl, like a doll—directly opposite."

"Well, sir!" cried the colonel. "*That* is Mrs. Jefferson Brick."

Martin glanced at the colonel's face, but he was quite serious.

"Bless my soul! I suppose there will be a young Brick then, one of these days?" said Martin.

"There are two young Bricks already, sir," returned the colonel.

The matron looked so uncommonly like a child herself, that Martin could not help saying as much.

"Yes, sir," returned the colonel, "but some institutions develop human nature; others retard it. Jefferson Brick," he observed after a short silence, in commendation of his correspondent, "is one of the most remarkable men in our country, sir!"

Pursuing his inquiries, Martin found that there were no fewer than four majors present, two colonels, one general, and a captain, so that he could not help thinking how strongly officered the American militia must be; and wondering very much whether the officers commanded each other; or if they did not, where on earth the privates came from. There seemed to be no man there without a title; for those who had not attained to military honors were either doctors, professors, or reverends. Three very hard and disagreeable gentlemen were on missions from neighboring States; one on monetary affairs, one on political, one on sectarian.

Among the ladies, there were Mrs. Pawkins, who was very straight, bony, and silent; and a wiry-faced old damsel, who held strong sentiments touching the rights of women, and had diffused the same in lectures; but the rest were strangely devoid of individual traits of character, insomuch that any one of them might have changed minds with the other, and nobody would have found it out. These, by the way, were the only members of the party who did not appear to be among the most remarkable people in the country.

Several of the gentlemen got up, one by one, and walked off as they swallowed their last morsel; pausing generally by the stove for a minute or so to refresh themselves at the brass spittoons. A few sedentary characters, however, remained at table full a quarter of an hour, and did not rise until the ladies rose, when all stood up.

"Where are they going?" asked Martin, in the ear of Mr. Jefferson Brick.

"To their bedrooms, sir."

"Is there no dessert, or other interval of conversation?" asked Martin, who was disposed to enjoy himself after his long voyage.

"We are a busy people here, sir, and have no time for that," was the reply.

So the ladies passed out in single file; Mr. Jefferson Brick, and such other married gentlemen as were left, acknowledging the departure of their other halves by a nod; and there was an end of *them*. Martin thought this an uncomfortable custom, but he kept his opinion to himself for the present, being anxious to hear, and inform himself by, the conversation of the busy gentlemen, who now lounged about the stove, as if a great weight had been taken off their minds by the withdrawal of the other sex; and who made a plentiful use of the spittoons and their toothpicks.

It was rather barren of interest, to say the truth; and the greater part of it may be summed up in one word—dollars. All their cares, hopes, joys, affections, virtues, and associations, seemed to be melted down into dollars. Whatever the chance contributions that fell into the slow caldron of their talk, they made the gruel thick and slab with dollars.

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SOME CURIOUS EPITAPHS

Specimens of Philosophy and Humor, in Prose and Verse, from Old-Time Inscriptions in English Churchyards.

WHERE will you find more quaint and fanciful humor, or more cheerful and homely philosophy, than in some of the old graveyards of England? Especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the composition of epitaphs seems to have been a function of the wits and moralists of the community.

Here, for instance, is an inscription from a village churchyard in Cumberland:

Here lie the bodies
Of THOMAS BOND and MARY his wife.
She was temperate, chaste, and charitable;

BUT

She was proud, peevish, and passionate.
She was an affectionate wife and a tender mother;

BUT

Her husband and child, whom she loved,
Seldom saw her countenance without a disgusting frown.
Abroad, her conduct was influenced by good breeding;

BUT

At home, by ill temper.
She was an admirable economist,
And, without prodigality,
Dispensed plenty to every person in her family;

BUT

Would sacrifice their eyes to a farthing candle.
She sometimes made her husband happy with her good qualities;

BUT

Much more frequently miserable—with her many failings,
He had not in the whole, enjoyed two years of matrimonial comfort.

AT LENGTH

Finding that she had lost the affections of her husband,
As well as the regard of her neighbors,
Family disputes having been divulged by servants,
She died of vexation, July 26, 1768,
Aged forty-eight years.
Her worn-out husband survived her four months and two days,
And departed this life, November 28, 1768,
In the fifty-fourth year of his age.
WILLIAM BOND, brother to the deceased, erected this stone,
As a *weekly monitor* to the surviving wives of this parish,
That they may avoid the infamy
Of having their memories handed to posterity
With a PATCHWORK character.

A rollicking humor that reads strangely upon a tomb is to be found in the following, copied from a gravestone which stands in the shadow of the noble old cathedral at Winchester:

In memory of
THOMAS THETCHER.

A Grenadier in the North Regiment of Hants Militia, who died of a violent Fever contracted by drinking Small Beer when hot the 12th of May, 1764, Aged 26 Years.

In grateful remembrance of whose universal good-will towards his Comrades, this Stone is placed here at their expense, as a small testimony of their regard and concern:

Here sleeps in peace a Hampshire Grenadier,
Who caught his death by drinking cold Small Beer;
Soldiers, be wise from his untimely fall,
And when you're hot drink Strong, or none at all.

This memorial, being decayed, was restored by the Officers of the Garrison, A.D. 1781.

An honest Soldier never is forgot,
Whether he die by Musket or by Pot.

English humorists have always been fond of puns—much too fond of them, as a rule. Some elaborate specimens of this old-fashioned form of wit are to be found in epitaphs. Here is a specimen

from the tomb of a man named Cave, at Barrow-upon-Soar, in Leicestershire:

Here, in this Grave, there lies a Cave,
We call a Cave a Grave—
If Cave be Grave, and Grave be Cave,
Then, reader, judge, I crave,
Whether doth Cave here lie in Grave,
Or Grave here lie in Cave:
If Grave in Cave here buried lie,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory?
Go, reader, and report, here lies a Cave,
Who conquers Death, and buries his own Grave.

The epitaph of an old-time vicar of Chepstow, in Monmouthshire, reveals a family feud that was an echo of the English civil war. Harry Martin, the regicide, was held a prisoner in Chepstow Castle for twenty years after the restoration of the Stuarts, and on his death, in 1680, he was buried in the parish church. Mr. Chest, a Tory vicar, declared that Martin's bones polluted the sacred edifice, thereby arousing the ire of his son-in-law, whose sympathies were on the other side; and when the clergyman died, Mr. Downing, the son-in-law, had this quatrain engraved on his tomb:

Here lies at rest, I do protest,
One Chest within another;
The chest of wood was very good,
Who says so of the other?

HOW FORGERY IS DETECTED.

Pen Scope and Slant Cannot be Imitated With a Free Stroke, and the Expert Knows It.

IN many criminal trials the charge of forgery is proved or disproved by handwriting experts. A man may be convinced that a signature is his own, when along comes a handwriting expert who never saw him before to tell him that it was written by some one else.

How does the expert know? Apparently by a few general principles, by a marked power of deduction *à la* Sherlock Holmes, and by a measure of common sense. Harold N. Sandberg, a well-known expert, recently explained some of the methods of his profession in the Chicago *Tribune*:

The expert in chirography may put a juror to the proof that out of a dozen signatures of his own name no two will be alike in general form. Then he may turn to the authentic and forged signatures in almost any case, and show to the layman that the first question of forgery arose from the fact that these two signatures at a first glance are identically alike to almost the minutest detail. With all the skill which the forger puts into his crooked work, he keeps to the old principle of copying the authentic signature which he has in hand, and the more nearly he can reproduce the signature in every proportion the more readily the forgery can be proved.

One of the most important facts from which the expert may begin his investigations of possible forgery is that every man using a pen in writing has his "pen scope." This technical term describes the average stretch of paper which a man may cover without lifting the pen from the paper and shifting his hand to continue the line.

In the case of the signature of one's name, it should be one of the easiest and least studied group of words which he is called on to put upon paper. In writing a letter, for example, the pen scope through it may show an average stretch of one inch for the text of the letter, while in the signature the whole length of the signature, twice as long, may be covered. But if the writer covers this full stretch of his name in this way, the expert may prove by the shorter pen scope of the copyist that the studied copy is a forgery on its face. For however free of stroke the forger may be naturally, his effort to produce a facsimile of another man's signature will make his scope shorter than that of the original signer.

One of the commonest means of reproducing a signature is to put the genuine signature on a piece of glass, lay another piece of glass on top of it and fasten the piece of paper that is to receive the forgery on top of that. Then by holding the glass strips to a bright light, the original signature casts a shadow through, which may be traced in pencil. From this tracing the ink forgery is completed.

But when a forgery done in this way is put under a strong magnifying lens it will not bear scrutiny. If the original has a strong down stroke on the capital letters, the movement will be free, and will leave the pen lines with smooth edges. The man who is tracing such letters cannot trust himself to the same free movement of the pen, and the result under the glass shows hesitancy and uncertainty.

The Old Reed-Organ.

BY EUGENE WOOD,

Author of "Back Home."

A Music-Maker That Is Part of the Early Memories of Most of Us—An American Product Which Has Gone All Over the World, from the Equator to the Poles.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE American flag may be a rarity in some parts of the habitable globe, but this reproach does not apply to the American reed-organ. It is in Tierra del Fuego, in the farthest northern mission-station among the Alaskan Indians, and in all the lands that lie between. In Central Africa, India, China, Japan, Ceylon, Java, and every Polynesian island where two or three white men live in voluntary exile, either to win trade or human souls, the American reed-organ is to be found.

To read the letters that come from these far-away places acknowledging the receipt of the organ "from the States" makes the eyes grow hot and misty. No other musical instrument awakens such sweet and sacred memories. The violin? There is no pathos in the recollection of "The Fisher's Hornpipe" and "Old Dan Tucker." The piano that was in the old home? Its varnish, which glittered once so bravely, is now checked and cracked into a thousand shabby meshes; its "serpentine molding, real carved legs, and all round corners," which once proclaimed the *ne plus ultra* of splendor, are now too old-fashioned to make us anything but contemptuous, and not old-fashioned enough to make us covetous. Lift the dusty lid and touch the yellow keys. The tremulous discord that responds makes us shudder. From the bygone years come only recollections of gay waltzes, romping schottisches, and perhaps "Silvery Waves."

But the old organ! Its tones are just as sweet and true to-day as they were when father and mother were alive, before the family scattered. The old tunes come back—"Nellie Gray" and "Old Kentucky Home," "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," and "When You and I Were Young, Maggie." The mind returns to Sunday afternoons at home before the lamp was lighted and the fingers stray into "How Firm a Foundation," "Shall We Gather at the River?" and "My Days Are Gliding Swiftly By"—sweet old tunes they were! Something burns within us as we think of them.

A threefold cord is not quickly broken, and the three strands that bind our affections to the old parlor organ are —mother, home, and heaven. We are a little bashful about speaking these words here lately. They are too sacred to be bandied about as they have been. But though we are silent, the sentiments they express are dearer to us than anything else in all the world.

The Reed-Organ Stays in Tune.

I'll tell you why the reed-organ is so popular. It stays in tune forever. At the worst, only two or three reeds get out of kilter, and they are easily and cheaply replaced. The big church organ must be tuned every spring and autumn, and some valve or tracker is forever sticking, so that an expensive man has to crawl inside and set things right. Grasp a metal pipe in your warm hand, and

hold it for a few minutes; the difference in its temperature makes it all out of tune with its mates. The wooden and metal pipes of a church organ expand and contract so unequally that the mere presence of a large congregation will put the trumpet stop out of tune toward the end of the service, and make it scream a harsh discord.

A piano is in tune only about five minutes after the tuner has gone. If the plain truth is to be told, a piano is tuned out of tune, with the deep notes too sharp and the high notes too flat. It needs a lot of humoring. Its hammers have to be softened up from time to time, or the tone gets hard and tin-panny.

But the reed-organ is a hardy plant. It can stand almost anything. Is it for a mission-station away off in some hot, damp country, where iron rusts before your eyes, where the glue drips from the joints of furniture, and where insects gnaw every wooden thing to a hollow shell? The organ that goes there is put together with brass screws, the glue is practically insoluble, and the case is cedar that the ants won't eat. Clumsy heathen porters in unloading may drop the organ over the ship's side into the sea. Never mind! When it gets dry it will be as good as ever.

Another thing—the player on the organ can get more pleasure with less skill than the pianist. Strike a chord on the piano. The tones die out almost immediately. When they last a second or two longer than common, the maker brags about his instrument's "singing tone." The organ always has a "singing tone"—exactly that, for the human voice is a reed. When a note is struck on the piano it passes out of the player's control. It cannot be begun softly, swelled out strong, and allowed to die away again to a harmonic whisper; but that is just what the organist can do.

The Reeds of a Reed-Organ.

When a great truth comes home to us it always does so with a kind of shock. I remember well the mental jolt I got when I first saw what made the music in an organ. I had seen pictures of Pan blowing on his pipes, and I knew a reed was the hollow stalk of a plant, so I had imagined the inside of an organ as being full of tubes, each like the handle of a Japanese paper fan. A boy brought a reed to school with him, and showed it to me at recess. It was not a hollow stalk at all, but a flat piece of brass about as long as a match, about as wide as my little finger, and about as thick as a half-dollar. There was a narrow, straight hole through it, spooned out at the ends. In this slot was a thin strip of brass which just fitted the hole, and which was riveted fast at one end and free at the other. I remember that the free end of the tongue had been filed diagonally, and that it had a kind of twist to it. You held the thing between your lips, and drew your breath in hard to make it sound.

Now listen. The fact that the wind is drawn, not blown, through the reed, and the fact that there is little cant to the free end of it, are the two reasons why the American organ has gone to the very ends of the world, conquering its way by sheer merit.

Musical Reeds of Many Sorts.

There had been reeds a plenty before the eighteen-forties. I told you that the human voice was a natural reed, but I shouldn't be surprised if men had played on artificial reeds before they learned to talk. The dandelion stems we blew on when we were little were reeds; the shepherd's "oaten pipe" that you read about in the poetry-books was a reed; the flute, the clarinet, the oboe, the bassoon in the orchestra are reeds; the cornet and all the horns in the band are reed instruments. There are reeds in the big church organ, but they are not free reeds, as in the parlor organ. As they flicker against the mouth of the pipe they alternately admit and shut off the air, and their pitch depends upon the length of the pipe. But in the accordion the reeds are free, and the tones depend in pitch on the size of the tongues of brass.

You must have noticed how much better the tone of the accordion is when it is pulled out than when it is squeezed together. Thousands of other people have noticed it, too, but only one man had sense enough to get out a patent for the idea of sucking the wind through a reed and thus producing a fine, solid tone, instead of the thin, rasping, brassy sound of the

old melodeon. It was such an improvement that the whole world had to come to that man and pay him royalty.

When a reed is tuned, to make the tone a shade deeper you file a little off the end where it is riveted fast. That makes the free end proportionately heavier, and hence slower in vibration. To sharpen its pitch, you file the free end thinner. Now, don't you see how easy it would be, in filing this narrow brass ribbon, to twist it unintentionally? But the twist sweetened the tone, and by putting the kink here or there, or turning it this way or that, the organ-maker was enabled to imitate the flute, clarinet, oboe, or what not, at his pleasure. The knack of "voicing" was stumbled upon in 1848, and set the American organ away ahead of all competitors.

What the Stops Can Do.

If one is playing the piano, and wishes to put an edge, so to speak, on the melody, he stretches his hand so as to strike the octave of it. If it is a rapid melody, this is pretty hard; and if it has in it an ornament like a trill, it becomes well-nigh impossible to play it in octaves. But on the organ there is a mechanical stop that couples every key with its octave. It is easy to see how this simplifies matters for the player. But even if there were no automatic couplers, the organist could get the same effect with different speaking stops.

The standard pitch of a piano is what might be called an eight-foot tone. That is, the pipe in a church organ, to make the C two octaves below middle C, would be eight feet long. Now, if the organist is playing on an eight-foot stop, and adds a four-foot stop, he plays a note and its octave above, while he touches only one key. If he adds a two-foot stop, he gets a third note still an octave higher; and if he draws a sixteen-foot stop, too, he gets four octaves by pressing down one key.

Suppose the player gets tired of having the treble carry the air all the time, and wants to give the bass or tenor the tune, letting the other parts accompany. He will have to be a pretty good player to do that on the piano, for in most cases he must either finger the tune with his clumsy left hand or else cross hands, which is awkward. On the big church organ, with its two or three rows of keys, he can play the tune with his right hand on one manual with a sixteen-foot stop, so that it will sound an octave below the notes, while with the left hand, on another bank of keys, he can play the accompaniment on a two-foot stop, sounding two octaves above the notes. This ability to shift things about to get diversified effects is what makes the big organ entitled to its name of "the king of instruments." But the little reed-organ, with one manual, wants to do these things, too; so, instead of having one stop draw an eight-foot tone into action from one end of the keyboard to the other, every rank of reeds is divided in half, and one stop must be drawn for the treble and another for the bass. This makes it possible to play bass with the right hand and treble with the left, as on the grand organ, though the mechanism is not so perfect.

The Failure of the Dishonest Stop.

To the man used to the church organ this looks a little like sharp practise, a little as if the builder wanted to make out that he gave twice as many speaking stops for the money as he really does. Some builders, anxious to make a big show, descended to downright dishonesty, and divided the set of reeds till there weren't more than four or five notes to each stop, and, though the front of the organ bristled with knobs bearing high-sounding names, you had to pull all of them out to get any music. It is a pleasure to record that those gentlemen have gone into bankruptcy. Serves them right!

The nearest approach that high-class manufacturers make to fooling the public now is with a two-foot stop, which they will not let run all through the organ, getting higher and higher as you go up the keyboard. They go up as far as it is safe, and then begin over again; the reason being that after you get so high the reeds are such tiny, delicate things that the merest speck of dust on one will silence it.

Every note on the piano has the same color. It can be made loud or soft, but that is all. Piano-playing is a reproduction of music in black and white. But

on a good, well-made organ with, say, about five full sets of reeds, the player has almost as much tone-color at his command as if he were directing a full orchestra. Suppose you have the overture to "William Tell" before you, and you come to the place where the English horn has that shepherd's melody. The piano can only say, "Well, I'll show you what the tune goes like," and you hammer it out with the same sounds that you use for playing "Narcissus." The organ can give you exactly the tone of the English horn, and can bring out the picture of wild, wind-swept mountains with the lonely shepherd in the midst of vast and silent spaces.

But we're all buying pianos these days. When the windows are open of a summer's evening, as far up and down the street as you can hear, in every house there is some one going *boong—blam—br-r-r-rip* on a piano. We're right up to date; we're no country jakes! No organ in ours—a piano, if you please, stool and embroidered scarf thrown in. Don't you think it has a nice tone? Well, sir, that piano hasn't been tuned for three years, and we've moved twice in that time. It's a little out along about here, but not enough to hurt. Kenneth and Gladys practise on it an hour apiece every day. Children, why don't you play your duet for the company?

Commercial and Artistic Reed-Organs.

In the last few years cabinet-organs have come to be divided into two classes —the commercial and the artistic. The standard commercial organ, the one that bulks out the majority of the hundred and fifty thousand made in the United States every year, has two sets of reeds and ten stops. Because every full set of reeds is divided in half, it takes four stops to account for them. Two more stops simply choke off the supply of wind and hush the tone. Two more are octave couplers, the treble coupling upward, the bass downward. The ninth stop sets a big cardboard flutter-wheel to spinning, and gives a tremolo effect to the music.

The tenth, the so-called *vox humana,* or *voix celeste,* lets in the air to one set of treble reeds in such a way that it is just the least shade out of key with the other reeds. This imparts a pretty, waving undulation to the tone. When one hears a big orchestra play, what makes the violins thrill so, what gives the tone an edge, is the fact that not every string on every fiddle is absolutely in the same pitch, and not every fiddler stops his finger on the string in mathematically the same spot. What is a delightful riffle in the tone would be absolute torture if it were a trifle more of a discord. Instead of modifying the pitch by the admission of air, some stops in the more expensive organs have two sets of reeds for the *vox humana,* one tuned a little sharper than the other.

Unfortunately, with many people who buy the commercial organ, the music part of it is just an excuse to get in a piece of furniture that will make the parlor look nice. They want something to correspond with the crayon enlargements of father and mother, the steel engraving of "The Blind Girl," the chromo of "The First Quarrel," the stuffed sofa, and the rug they bought of that pedler that came around. So the case of the organ is the main thing, and it is gorgeous with enameled panels of red and blue posies; it has a second-story top with a circular bevel-edge mirror—first rate to shave by, only mother won't let father pull up the shades in the parlor, the light gets in and fades the carpet so. There are boxes and balconies in which to set vases to hold pampas-grass and paper roses, and there are more rosettes and carved bunions on it than you can count. Perhaps the best seller of the lot is the one with curtain-poles and rings to it.

A notch higher in the artistic scale is the organ that looks like a piano. It has the stops sneaked away in a corner, and you pump it with what purport to be the loud and soft pedals. The middle pedal is the swell.

Reed-Organs for the Rich.

But the really artistic organ is something different. There has always been a sale for the reed-organ with pedal keys, so that music students could practise at home, without having to hunt up the sexton and have him open up the church; and there have always been people with the courage of their convictions that there was more music in an organ than in a piano. But the vogue of these mechan-

ical music-makers has lately become so great that the spell of the rich variety of tone-color afforded by the cabinet-organ has had a chance to work, and they are buying reed-instruments as never before. They aren't looking for delirious cases with mad ornamentation. They want sweet tones. So the makers that all these years have been aching to put forth the beautiful effects that they have discovered in their experiments are now gratifying their souls' desires. I have heard a dulciana stop that you could not tell from a pipe tone to save your life; a clarinet of ravishing smoothness and sweetness; an oboe as delicate as frostwork; a Roman pipe that was like spun silk, and any number of beautiful and dignified string-like tones. A lot of new and rich effects have been obtained by boxing the reeds and modifying the timbre with sounding-boards and resonance chambers.

Rich people—carriage-people, millionaires—are buying fine reed-organs for their music-rooms instead of pipe-organs. There is so little variety of tone in a small pipe-organ, and when they are not painfully loud they sound so silly. That fine instrument that you heard on the staircase of the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York, is a reed-organ. If you had thought a moment you would have seen that a pipe-organ of that size could not possibly have all that variety of stops.

If you'll promise not to breathe this to a living soul, I'll tell you why the artistic organ will never sell at the rate of a hundred and twenty thousand a year, as the piano does. Very few people who play are really musical. They learn just as they learn to do Battenberg or crocheting. It helps to pass the time. Musically they are just one notch above the boy with the stick and the iron fence. They like to make a joyful noise, and so they can drum away without a particle of expression. If they had an artistic organ, they would pull out all the stops at once, and never think of changing them or making new combinations. A piano just suits them because they can rattle away on that without thinking.

But there is a saving remnant of those that have beautiful souls—you and I know a few such—and these yearn to express themselves in delicate harmonies, in tender, melting chords that swell and die away, and change their color like the shifting spray of waterfalls; in strong, noble, aspiring music that calls aloud to one to be all the man that he was meant to be. These will always want the artistic organ.

THE VIOLIN.

By ROSE HAWTHORNE LATHROP.

TOUCH gently, friend, and slow, the violin—
So sweet and low—
That my dreaming senses may be beckoned so
Into a rest as deep as the long-past "years ago";
So softly, then, begin.
And ever gently touch the violin,
Until an impulse grows of a sudden, like wind
On the brow of the earth,
And the voice of your violin shows its wide-swung girth
With a crash of the strings, and a medley of rage and mirth!
And my rested senses spring
Like juice from a broken rind,
And the joys that your melodies bring
I know worth a life-time to win—
As you wake to love and this hour your violin.

The Ballad of Bouillabaisse.

A CERTAIN part of Thackeray's verse has taken a permanent place in the treasure-house of English poetry—and none more justly than the poem printed herewith. It is less the whimsical character of the subject than the subtle blending of convivial gaiety with a deeper note of poignant sorrow that makes "The Ballad of Bouillabaisse" unique and inimitable. "Who else could have written it?" asks Trollope. "Who in the same moment could have been so merry and so melancholy—could have gone so deep into the regret of life, with words so appropriate to its jollities?"

The poem has the pathetic interest of commemorating happier days. It was written during the novelist's protracted stay in Paris, after the painful tragedy which closed the chapter of his domestic life; and the subject of the poem was closely associated with the tender and intimate memories of his early months of married happiness. Thackeray was married to Miss Shawe at the British Embassy in the summer of 1836, and immediately took apartments on the Rue Neuve St. Augustin. Each afternoon, his day's work for the *Constitutional* finished, the young couple would stroll off through the busy, crowded Passage Choiseul, at the farther end of which they would come out on the New Street of the Little Fields; and at No. 16 was the restaurant of Terré Jeune, immortalized in the ballad. An old Parisian guide-book of the period states that the house was noted for "Spanish dishes and for good wines, and more especially for the Marseilles dish, *bouillabaisse.*"

BY WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rime our language yields;
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup, or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace—
All these you eat at Terré's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed a rich and savory stew 'tis;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before;
The smiling red-cheeked *écaillère* is
Still opening oysters at the door.
Is Terré still alive and able?
I recollect his droll grimace.
He'd come and smile before your table,
And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing's changed or older.
"How's Monsieur Terré, waiter, pray?"
The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder:
"*Monsieur* is dead this many a day."
"It is the lot of saint and sinner;
So honest Terré's run his race!"
"What will *monsieur* require for dinner?"
"Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse?"

"*Oh, oui, monsieur,*" 's the waiter's answer;
"*Quel vin monsieur désire-t-il?*"
"Tell me a good one." "That I can, sir—
The Chambertin with yellow seal."
"So Terré's gone," I say, and sink in
My old accustomed corner-place;
"He's done with feasting and with drinking,
With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse!"

Where are you, old companions trusty
Of early days, here met to dine?
Come, waiter! Quick, a flagon crusty—
I'll pledge them in the good old wine.
The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There's Jack has made a wondrous marriage;
There's laughing Tom is laughing yet;
There's brave Augustus drives his carriage;
There's poor old Fred in the *Gazette;*
O'er James's head the grass is growing;
Good Lord! The world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah, me! How quick the days are flitting!
I mind me of a time that's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me—
There's no one now to share my cup!

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rimes;
Fill up the lonely glass and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse!

The Custom of Taboo.

From "Typee"

BY HERMAN MELVILLE.

SIXTY years ago the world knew very little of the innumerable islands which are scattered over the wide waters of the Southern Pacific, and which are now classed under the vague but convenient name of Polynesia. Their beauty, their sunny freedom, and the strange customs of their people were first made known by an American in a work of fiction called "Typee," which appeared in 1846. Its author, Herman Melville (1819—1891), was one of those adventurous souls who break through the trammels of every-day life and seek adventure wherever it may be found. Melville's father was a New York merchant in prosperous circumstances. The boy seemed to have been born into a well-fed, comfortable, unromantic condition of life; but the spirit of romance was strong within him. Leaving home suddenly, he joined the crew of a whaling-ship, between whose decks he suffered unspeakable cruelty from the brutes with whom he herded. When the ship touched at the Marquesas Islands he deserted it, and wandered about for months, undergoing many curious experiences. A tribe of kindly cannibals held him as a prisoner; but eventually he escaped from them to an Australian ship, and returned home to write two volumes entitled "Typee" and "Omoo."

Like Kipling's in later times, these books revealed a new world to a jaded public. Both in England and in America their success was instantaneous. Every one talked of the coral reefs, the spreading palms, the brilliant sunshine, and the beautiful women of the southern paradise which Melville had discovered. Many questioned whether the stories were not absolutely creations of fancy, and whether its author had not evolved his scenes, no less than his incidents, from his own imagination. But this belief was soon dispelled, and Melville became a literary lion.

A third volume, "Moby Dick," completed the trilogy of South Sea adventures. Having written these three stories, Melville published nothing more that is worth recording. He had written himself out. None the less he had won lasting fame, and he had done something more. He had created a new school of fiction. In later times, the South Seas exercised a strange fascination over other writers of distinction who had read the books of Melville and who used the same material. Robert Louis Stevenson and Louis Becke in English, and Pierre Loti in French, are three conspicuous examples.

The passage which is here reprinted is famous because it first gave to our vocabulary the word "taboo," and described a custom about which many learned volumes have since been written, for the reason that it throws light on many things in the ceremonial of primitive peoples all over the world, from the ancient Romans and the Hindus down to the Australians and the American Indians, especially the Pawnees.

THERE is a marked similarity, almost an identity, between the religious institutions of most of the Polynesian islands; and in all exists the mysterious "taboo," restricted in its uses to a greater or less extent. So strange and complex in its arrangements is this remarkable system that I have in several cases met with individuals who after residing for years among the

islands in the Pacific and acquiring a considerable knowledge of the language, have nevertheless been altogether unable to give any satisfactory account of its operations.

Situated as I was in the Typee valley, I perceived every hour the effects of this all-controlling power, without in the least comprehending it. Those effects were indeed wide-spread and universal, pervading the most important as well as the minutest transactions of life. The savage, in short, lives in the continual observance of its dictates, which guide and control every action of his being.

For several days after entering the valley I had been saluted at least fifty times in the twenty-four hours with the talismanic word "Taboo!" shrieked in my ears at some gross violation of its provisions, of which I had unconsciously been guilty. The day after our arrival I happened to hand some tobacco to Toby over the head of a native who sat between us. He started up as if stung by an adder; while the whole company, manifesting an equal degree of horror, simultaneously screamed out "Taboo!"

I never again perpetrated a similar piece of ill manners, which indeed was forbidden by the canons of good breeding as well as by the mandates of the taboo. But it was not always so easy to perceive wherein you had contravened the spirit of this institution. I was many times called to order, if I may use the phrase, when I could not for the life of me conjecture what particular offense I had committed.

One day I was strolling through a secluded portion of the valley, and hearing the musical sound of the cloth-mallet at a little distance, I turned down a path that conducted me in a few moments to a house where there were some half-dozen girls employed in making *tappa*. This was an operation I had frequently witnessed, and had handled the bark in all the various stages of its preparation. On the present occasion the females were intent upon their occupation, and after looking up and talking gaily to me for a few moments, they resumed their employment.

I regarded them for a while in silence, and then, carelessly picking up a handful of the material that lay around, proceeded unconsciously to pick it apart. While thus engaged I was suddenly startled by a scream like that of a whole boarding-school of young ladies just on the point of going into hysterics. Leaping up with the idea of seeing a score of Happar warriors about to perform anew the Sabine atrocity, I found myself confronted by the company of girls, who, having dropped their work, stood before me with startling eyes, swelling bosoms, and fingers pointed in horror toward me.

Thinking that some venomous reptile must be concealed in the bark I held in my hand, I began cautiously to separate and examine it. Whilst I did so the horrified girls redoubled their shrieks. Their wild cries and frightened motions actually alarmed me, and throwing down the *tappa,* I was about to rush from the house, when in the same instant their clamors ceased and one of them, seizing me by the arm, pointed to the broken fibers that had just fallen from my grasp and screamed in my ear the fatal word "Taboo!"

I subsequently found out that the fabric they were engaged in making was of a peculiar kind, destined to be worn on the heads of females, and through every stage of its manufacture was guarded by a rigorous taboo, which interdicted the whole masculine gender from even so much as touching it.

Frequently, in walking through the groves I observed bread-fruit and cocoanut trees with a wreath of leaves twined in a peculiar fashion about their trunks. This was the mark of the taboo. The trees themselves, their fruit, and even the shadows they cast upon the ground, were consecrated by its presence. In the same way a pipe which the king had bestowed upon me was rendered sacred in the eyes of the natives, none of whom could I ever prevail upon to smoke from it. The bowl was encircled by a woven band of grass, somewhat resembling those Turks' heads occasionally worked in the handles of our whipstalks.

A similar badge was once braided about my wrist by the royal hand of Mehevi himself, who, as soon as he had concluded the operation, pronounced me "taboo." Were it not that from the

first moment I had entered the valley the natives had treated me with uniform kindness, I should have supposed that their conduct afterward was to be ascribed to the fact that I had received this sacred investiture.

The capricious operation of the taboo is not its least remarkable feature; to enumerate them all would be impossible. Black hogs, infants to a certain age, women in an interesting situation, young men while the operation of tattooing their faces is going on, and certain parts of the valley during the continuance of a shower are alike fenced about by the operation of the taboo.

I witnessed a striking instance of its effects in the bay of Tior, my visit to which place has been alluded to in a former part of this narrative. On that occasion our worthy captain formed one of the party. He was a most insatiable sportsman. Outward bound, and off the pitch of Cape Horn, he used to sit on the taffrail and keep the steward loading three or four old fowling-pieces, with which he would bring down albatrosses, Cape pigeons, jays, petrels, and divers other marine fowl, who followed chattering in our wake. The sailors were struck aghast at his impiety, and one and all attributed our forty days' beating about that horrid headland to his sacrilegious slaughter of these inoffensive birds.

At Tior he evinced the same disregard for the religious prejudices of the islanders as he had previously shown for the superstitions of the sailors. Having heard that there was a considerable number of fowls in the valley—the progeny of some cocks and hens accidentally left there by an English vessel, and which, being strictly tabooed, flew about almost in a wild state—he determined to break through all restraints and be the death of them. Accordingly he provided himself with a most formidable-looking gun, and announced his landing on the beach by shooting down a noble cock that was crowing what proved to be his own funeral dirge on the limb of an adjoining tree.

"Taboo!" shrieked the affrighted savages.

"Oh, hang your taboo," says the nautical sportsman; "talk taboo to the marines"; and bang went the piece again and down came another victim.

At this the natives ran scampering through the groves, horror-struck at the enormity of the act. All that afternoon the rocky sides of the valley rang with successive reports, and the superb plumage of many a beautiful fowl was ruffled by the fatal bullet. Had it not been that the French admiral, with a large party, was then in the glen, I have no doubt that the natives, although their tribe was small and dispirited, would have inflicted summary vengeance upon the man who thus ruthlessly outraged one of their most sacred institutions. As it was, they contrived to annoy him not a little.

Thirsting with his exertions, the skipper directed his steps to a stream, but the savages, who had followed at a little distance, perceiving his object, rushed toward him and forced him away from its bank; his lips would have polluted it. Wearied at last, he sought to enter a house, that he might rest for a while on the mats; its inmates gathered tumultuously about the door and denied him admittance. He coaxed and blustered by turns, but in vain; the natives were neither to be intimidated nor appeased; and as a final resort he was obliged to call together his boat's crew and pull away from what he termed the most infernal place he ever stepped upon.

Lucky was it for him and for us that we were not honored on our departure by a salute of stones from the hands of the exasperated Tiors. In this way, on the neighboring island of Ropo, were killed but a few weeks previously, and for a nearly similar offense, the master and three of the crew of the K——.

I cannot determine with anything approaching to certainty what power it is that imposes the taboo. When I consider the slight disparity of condition among the islanders, the very limited and inconsiderable prerogatives of the king and chiefs, and the loose and indefinite functions of the priesthood—most of whom were hardly to be distinguished from the rest of their countrymen—I am wholly at a loss where to look for the authority which regulates this potent institution.

It is imposed upon something to-day,

and withdrawn to-morrow; while its operations in other cases are perpetual. Sometimes its restrictions only affect a single individual, sometimes a particular family, sometimes a whole tribe; and in a few instances they extend not merely over the various clans on a single island, but over all the inhabitants of an entire group. In illustration of this latter peculiarity I may cite the law which forbids a female to enter a canoe—a prohibition which prevails upon all the northern Marquesas Islands.

The word itself ("taboo") is used in more than one signification. It is sometimes used by a parent to his child when in the exercise of parental authority he forbids it to perform a particular action. Anything opposed to the ordinary custom of the islanders, although not expressly prohibited, is said to be "taboo."

THE RANK OF AMERICAN AUTHORS ABROAD.

Poe Is Thought a Greater Prophet Than in His Own Country—Some of Our Standard Writers Are Internationally Popular, but Not All.

MANY, if not all, of the standard American authors are popular in other countries. Some bear reputations that would quite surprise their compatriots. Edgar Allan Poe, for example, is known, by the Gallicized name Edgar Poé, to every well-read Frenchman, and is ranked, in both France and Germany, far higher than the other American authors. Strangely enough, his poetry is known in the translation nearly as well as are his prose tales. He is popular in England, though less peculiarly so. In these countries not only is Poe enjoyed, and has been so for fifty years past, but he has always been regarded as a writer of permanent weight and of real standing in the world's literature.

Longfellow's position abroad may not surpass his reputation at home, as is the case with Poe, but he probably possesses the distinction of being the most widely read latter-day poet in the English language. Not only are his verses known to every American reader, to millions who do not know the works of his American brethren, but they are household words in England and the English colonies. Says the literary critic of the New York *Sun:* "There are indications that his hold on sympathy and his mastery of the gentler emotions will outlast Tennyson's."

Outside of his own language, however, Longfellow is much less known than Poe. The American poet who knew so much of other literatures, and who was so fond of translating them, has himself been translated but little.

Some American poets have owed the rise of their reputations to the interest they attracted on the other side of the Atlantic. Joaquin Miller was admired in London before New York or Boston discovered him. Walt Whitman, too, won most of his early recognition in England, and still, perhaps, has a greater following there than among his fellow countrymen.

Lowell, Whittier, and Bryant, on the other hand, are but little read in the "old country," though Lowell was a popular celebrity there during his tenure of the American legation in London, and though he is commemorated by a window in the chapter-house at Westminster.

Emerson, though famous, is thought of abroad almost wholly as essayist, not as poet. His verse seems of a character too intimately meant for his own countrymen. Fenimore Cooper's novels were well known in their day, both in England and on the Continent; but to-day their vogue seems to have completely passed by.

There has always been a British audience for the American humorists—notably for Mark Twain, of the living men, and for Artemus Ward, of the earlier ones. And mention should not be omitted of Charles Heber Clark, a writer who enjoys but little fame in his own land, but whose "Out of the Hurly Burly" and "Elbow Room"—published with the pen name of Max Adeler—had a sale in England that few American books have equaled.

Sidelights from Stageland.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

Collected and written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

STAGE-DOOR WORSHIP FOR MAUDE ADAMS.

The Seamstress Who Saw "Peter Pan" Forty-Seven Times and Then Denied Herself a Free Pass for Another's Sake.

STAGE-DOOR "Johnnies" are not in it with the craze of the women and children for Maude Adams, especially since she has been appearing in "Peter Pan." I heard the other day of a New York seamstress who has seen the play forty-seven times, and who would leave any up-town engagement in the evening at half past ten and go down to the Empire Theater, merely to see Miss Adams walk across the pavement to her carriage. On one happy occasion the actress threw some flowers to the eager admirers of her triumphal progress, and the seamstress was fortunate enough to catch them. Palpitating with joy, she pressed forward to the window of the carriage. In the brief moment before the horses started, she found time to express her thanks, to tell Miss Adams how many times she had seen "Peter Pan," and to give her address.

A day or two later the seamstress received an autographed picture from her idol. After that all her spare moments were spent in haunting Miss Adams's residence, when not making part of the stage-door crowd. Among the latter she became acquainted with the little daughter of a cook. The child had seen "Peter Pan" on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion, and was saving every penny to go again.

The seamstress next made a gorgeous pin-cushion, and, watching her chance, one afternoon sprang forward and presented it to Miss Adams just before she entered her home. The actress remembered her, invited her in, and in the ensuing conversation learned about the cook's child. Before her caller left, Miss Adams gave her a pass for two, in order that she might take the little girl to the theater. But on the way home, the seamstress said to herself:

"There's that cook, the child's mother. She has never seen 'Peter Pan,' and I have seen it nearly fifty times. I'll give that other ticket to her!"

Which she did. Whether cook appreciated Barrie at his best and most fanciful, deponent saith not.

WHEN SCHOOL-TRAINED ACTORS WERE CRIED FOR.

It Turns Out, After All, that Academies of the Dramatic Arts Came to Fill a Long-Felt Want.

IN the course of an article published in the London *Stage* and headed "When George IV was King," we read that in the third decade of the nineteenth century, though "the good old stock season flourished like a green bay-tree at all the theaters in the kingdom, yet even then we find from an anonymous writer, perhaps as a sort of cry from out of the wilderness, the following: 'While we have gymnasiums for jumpers, and seminaries for swimmers, it is singular that there is no school for young actors, and that no instructor has started to point out the incipient steps to the children of the drama.'"

One certainly cannot complain of any

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

shortage in academies of acting nowadays. Each big city has its schools, and the advertising columns are full of their announcements. Some of the institutions even go so far as to undertake to teach acting by mail. And yet professional sentiment is against them, if one is to judge by the remarks of a man prominently identified with the alumni of a leading school which has supplied the stage with a goodly list of players.

"Why there is this present-day prejudice against the trained actor," he said, "I cannot for the life of me understand. No one would think of employing a doctor, a lawyer, a minister, or a civil engineer, who had no diploma to show. Why should it be thought that an actor is better off without schooling in his art than with it?"

I could have reminded him—although I didn't—that there are no special schools for either editors, politicians, or dramatic critics.

ACTORS' JUDGMENT NOT ALWAYS WRONG.

Why the Old Saw that When the Actors Predict Failure a Play Will Win Out Is No Longer to be Trusted.

"YOU can no longer pin your faith to the success of a play when the actors in it predict failure at the rehearsals."

So said a player of my acquaintance in talking of the withdrawal of a show which had failed to electrify Broadway. I had inquired whether the people in it had not seen the countless absurdities in the piece.

"Of course we did," he replied, "and all predicted a frost; but the old superstition still clings to the managers, and they went ahead with high hopes—and with the inevitable result, as you have seen. Formerly there was a good deal of truth in the familiar saying. When an old-time actor failed to find any long speeches in his part, something he could sink his teeth into and revel in, he would growl out, 'This is indeed a rotten play. It's sure to collapse!' But long speeches are the very things audiences don't care for nowadays, so it is usually the pieces without them that catch on. That is why the managers came to regard the mummers' dire predictions as really prophecies of success."

THE DISAPPOINTMENTS OF THE PLAYWRIGHT.

A New Dramatist's Harrowing Experiences After Winning Past the First Barrier that Keeps the Novice Off the Boards.

"WHY should any one be so foolish as to dip into play-writing? It's a sheer waste of time and energy."

This was the remark of a clever woman who is making a good living with her pen in writing for the newspapers and the magazines. She had just received two hundred dollars for a story on which she had been at work for two weeks—during which time she had done other things, including the reviewing of book, and had plenty of leisure for amusements, including five visits to the theater.

Contrast her experience with that of another woman I know, equally clever, and quite as capable of acquiring the same good livelihood from her typewriter and the printing-press. About a year ago she got the dramatic bee in her bonnet. She began by turning one of her magazine stories into a one-act sketch, which she submitted to a leading actor in a notable attraction on the New York boards. He thought so well of it that he interested his manager in the thing, with the result that the author was encouraged to turn what had been intended for vaudeville into a three-act play, with a chance of producing it upon one of the most prominent stages in the metrop-

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

olis. The manuscript completed in its new form, the time came to sign a contract for its production; but the author was not satisfied with the terms offered, which limited her income to a fixed sum, no matter how great the success of the play. She refused to sign, and took her manuscript away.

She next went to a dramatic agent, who took—or, at any rate, professed—an extreme personal interest in both the play and its author. The two worked over the manuscript early and late, and finally placed it with a star who had made a name for himself in New York the previous winter, although coming there as a perfect stranger. Then came more changes, until the manuscript had been written over at least eight times and the author's bill for typing had run up into the hundreds. After all this came the rehearsals, where more alterations were called for, the star demanding from the unhappy author *bon mots* and repartee on the spur of the moment.

During all this time she had neglected her other literary work, and had lost sleep and flesh, to say nothing of some of her good looks. Finally, she could stand the strain no longer, left the show on the road, and proceeded to her home in another State, where she remained while the piece had its New York *première,* only to be withdrawn after some ten performances. It is not strange if she attributes its lack of success to the fact that too many cooks had spoiled the broth.

And yet, the lure of writing for the stage will still be as potent as ever, even though the people who have really made a success in that line may be counted on the fingers of your two hands. As a game of chance, Wall Street is scarcely to be mentioned in the same breath with the business of the dramatist. But everybody who ventures hopes to be one of the lucky ten who achieve. Not only are the winners' rewards large, but in proportion their work is less.

Only the other day Channing Pollock was telling me that while naturally he had his ambitions to see his name on the cover of a novel, the temptation was not strong enough to allow him to take the time to realize it.

"A novel contains from sixty to eighty thousand words," he explained, "and would take at least six months to write. A play has but twenty thousand; I can do it in less than half the time, and get a retaining fee of five hundred dollars before I start to work on it."

SOME WEAK ACTS IN STRONG PLAYS.

A Notable Feature in Several of the Most Successful Theatrical Productions of Recent Years.

"DID you ever realize," remarked a theatergoer the other day, "how many of the successful plays of to-day win out in spite of the handicap of a weak act? There was 'The Climbers,' for instance. I am told that that play, which really set Clyde Fitch on his dramatic legs, was turned down by Charles Frohman on account of the opening act. He was of the opinion that the public would not stand for that post-funereal scene. Then there's 'Merely Mary Ann.' Anybody will tell you—all the critics told it to the author—that its last act is fairly puerile in its weakness. In 'The Lion and the Mouse' it is the first act that everybody grumbles over, and as for 'The Squaw Man,' its opening portion is almost the limit for dulness."

"And there is 'The Hypocrites,'" I reminded him. "The final act of that is a good deal of an anti-climax as well as an awful strain on one's credulity. One can imagine Henry Arthur Jones anathematizing the public's craving for happy endings as he wrote it. And in Belasco's 'Girl of the Golden West' nearly the whole of that schoolroom scene in the third act is padding of the most unblushing description."

"By Jove," exclaimed my friend, "I'd

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

forgotten those two. There's more to my theory than I imagined, then. Look here"—and he drew a letter from his pocket—"I can take this for real encouragement, after all. This is from a star to whom I submitted that play of mine. See what she says: 'Do you mind if I say I do not care for the first act?'"

RICHARD WAGNER AND HIS DRESSING-GOWNS.

The Great Maestro's Care in Matters of Dress, as Revealed in His Correspondence with a Viennese Modiste.

WEAKNESSES are conceded to all great men, and no true Wagnerian will desert his idol because fresh light has been thrown on the Bayreuth master's penchant for dress by the publication of certain letters of his, recently acquired by Vienna's satirical poet, Daniel Spitzer.

"Who was the dressmaker to whom Wagner wrote from 1864 to 1868?" says a Paris weekly. "We do not know. The letters are addressed simply 'Dear Mlle. Berta,' and she lived in Vienna."

Here is an epistle sent to this lady under date February 2, 1867:

DEAR MLLE. BERTA:

I beg that you will inform me just how much money you will require to make me a dressing-gown according to the following directions:

It must be rose-color, like one or the other of the two samples attached to this sheet. I have marked them with the figures "1" and "2," so that you can calculate separately the price of each, which I suppose will be different. Among the "blues" I have selected that of which I am enclosing a sample, and which I hope will not prove too dear. If the sum fixed upon for the new purchases should not prove sufficient, you will find herewith twenty-five thalers, which you will have the goodness to credit to my account. Along with the blue cloth be sure to send me, for the ten florins, some more of that light-colored lace for my shirts. You know the kind I mean. About the width of one's thumb.

Notes on the dressing-gown: Rose-colored cloth, with little checks like the red-and-gray wrapper you lately made for me. Of the same thickness. Light—not heavy, and not tight-fitting. With facings. The lining to be of white cloth. The fulness according to the measures I have already sent you, hence ample. The trimmings should be especially rich and elegant, spreading at the bottom to the extent of a yard on each side, and running up toward the figure in diminishing extent. The sleeves should be like those which you made for me lately at Geneva, and very elegant. Then I want a scarf five yards long. The two ends of the scarf to be the entire width of the stuff; in the center only somewhat narrower.

RICHARD WAGNER.

P. S.—I have already requested you to figure just how much you need to make me a richly trimmed rose-colored dressing-gown. You have failed to send me one word in reply.

To the foregoing the Paris weekly from which I quote adds the following comment: "It appears that *mademoiselle* still failed to reply, for on the 19th of February Richard Wagner lost his patience and countermanded the dressing-gown. Nevertheless, Mlle. Berta worked away on it, for the garment arrived on the 18th of April, and pleased the *maestro* so well that he at once ordered four others."

THE BASSO'S WIFE MAKES A LIGHTNING RETORT.

How Frau Adolf Mühlmann Resented an Invitation that Bore the Earmarks of Social Graft.

ONE of the operatic stand-bys at the Metropolitan, in New York, is Adolf Mühlmann, the basso. He has appeared in a long list of secondary parts, from *Gunther* in "Gotter-

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

dämmerung" and the *Herald* in "Lohengrin to the *King* in "Aïda" and the *Bonze* in "Madame Butterfly." He is not only a versatile singer, but also a good fellow and an entertaining talker, having mastered English in the course of his successive visits to America. But as a story-teller he has a formidable rival in his wife, who relates with great gusto, and with a charming tinge of foreign accent, the following experience that befell them soon after they settled in their German home in Breslau.

"Herr Mühlmann was known all over the town to be an opera singer," she began, "and one day there came a messenger from some of the—what you call them?—beeg bugs, I think you say—would Herr Mühlmann do them the honor to come and have coffee that afternoon and bring Schumann and Schubert with him?"

"'Do they not wish him to bring the piano also?' I said, quick as the wink!"

FLIES THAT LURK IN THE ACTORS' OINTMENT.

The Good Pay the Players Receive Has a String to It Which the General Public Fails to Take into Account.

"BUT why did she go on the stage, when she was so well off?"

I had been telling the plot of a play, and this question was put by one of two actresses among my listeners. I looked at her in astonishment. She was positively the first member of the profession I had ever encountered who appeared to regard a stage career as mere drudgery, to be endured simply for the purpose of securing one's daily bread.

Speaking of the earning power of players, have you ever noticed, if you have had much acquaintance among them, that most actors are either spendthrifts or savers? In other words, there seems to be no middle ground with them.

For instance, here is a new and exceedingly popular star. She must be drawing at least three hundred dollars a week, with a probability of future increase. This, for a business man, would be an income of fifteen thousand dollars a year, assuredly enough to warrant living in very comfortable though not ostentatious style. And yet the star in question lives in two rooms—at a good hotel to be sure, but not a fashionable one—and her apartment makes no pretense at elegance of equipment. She walks to and from the theater and eats only the plainest of food, and her clothes would never draw attention in a crowd.

What does she do with her money, you ask? Well, she belongs to the sensible class, of whom there are more among the mummers than is generally supposed. She realizes that this income of three hundred a week does not run all the year round, for one thing, for there are perhaps ten or twelve weeks in the summer when she will receive nothing. Again, should she fall ill, or grow lame, or lose a limb in a railway accident, her earnings would be cut off at once. And then there is the player's dependence on the uncertain playwright. Four years, as a rule, is the limit of usefulness for one vehicle; and if its successor fails, no memory of the *éclat* gained by the star in her former success will avail to offset a play that fails to please.

A GERMAN DEVICE WITH A YANKEE TINGE.

Luring an Audience to a New Play by Making Them Suppose They Were to See an Old Favorite.

IT has remained for a Berlin manager to turn the neatest trick in the way of assembling a good-sized audience to pass upon a new play. It may be questioned whether the trick did not leave a sore spot for which the victims

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

might seek revenge by abusing the play; but this in nowise detracts from the German manager's ingenuity in assembling his crowd. And note his cleverness in holding back his surprise until one act of the announced offering had been run off, by which time the evening would be so far advanced that the disaffected would be too late to seek elsewhere for their night's playgoing. I quote from the London *Stage,* which discovered the item in the *Menestrel:*

The posters announced the performance of "Sherlock Holmes," which invariably draws good audiences. The house on the evening in question was consequently full, and the first act was duly gone through. Then, on curtain fall, the manager came in front and thus addressed the assembled spectators:

"It is kind of you to have mustered in such numbers to see 'Sherlock Holmes,' and this satisfaction shall be granted to you, but not this evening. For it is my intention now to have a new drama, 'The Hound of the Baskervilles,' submitted to your notice. I ask you all, therefore, on leaving the theater, to apply for tickets for another night entitling you to see 'Sherlock Holmes.' I have acted in this way because I desire to have my new play put before the public."

A DESPERATE FIGHT TO WIN PRODUCTION.

In Spite of Sporadic Successes, the New Playwright Must Battle Against Heavy Odds to Reach the Footlights.

WHILE two or three new American authors have won success on the stage this season, hundreds of other people with plays in their pockets must still trudge patiently up and down Broadway, seeking an opening, with every hand against them—until by hook or crook they land a hit. Then, of course, they will become as busy fending off work they have no time to do as they were before in trying to get a hearing for what they had already turned out.

Every once in a while we hear of some wonderful plan to smooth the way of the aspiring playwright, but nothing comes of it, even when put in operation. An institution of the sort was inaugurated in London a few years since. One play out of a number submitted was chosen by vote as being worthy of public representation, and duly brought out; but it died almost before the footlights were extinguished on its *première.* Last season one of the dramas produced at a New York school of acting was bought by a professional manager and tried on Broadway, where it fell flat. A year ago all the papers printed announcements of a theater to be established in Cleveland "for new plays only." But it proved to be only another of those paper playhouses of which so many are constantly being erected in this country. Klaw & Erlanger's scheme to convert one of Philadelphia's Chestnut Street houses into something of the same sort also fell through, and not one of William A. Brady's promised try-out matinées for new playwrights at the Manhattan ever came off.

Far be it from me to discourage budding talent, but my readers may form their own conclusions of the chances a manager runs in staging new work by chewing the cud of reflection over the subjoined.

In a New York evening paper of March 19, 1906, appeared this item:

Until recently the unknown American dramatist was said to be sadly neglected. The tide has turned, and he is now so important a factor that to proclaim oneself an unknown dramatist is to find an open sesame to at least one manager.

Mr. Walter N. Lawrence has discovered in Rachel Crothers a new playwright of great promise, and he has so much confidence in her work that he has purchased two of her plays. They are entitled "The Three of Us" and "The Coming of Mrs. Patrick."

Miss Crothers is an untried dramatist, but Mr. Lawrence believes he has found in her an author who will become famous.

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

Other plays by unknown authors which Mr. Lawrence has purchased are "Lady Jim," by Harold Heaton, and "The Two Mr. Weatherbys," by St. John Hankin.

Of these plays "The Three of Us," as New York theatergoers know, has made a hit, and Miss Crothers has been showered with contracts from other managers. "Lady Jim" and "The Two Mr. Weatherbys" were also duly produced, and both registered failure. In this connection I might remind my readers that a witness in a lawsuit between a big lithographing concern and Bandmaster Duss testified that nearly ninety-five per cent of all theatrical productions result in loss to their backers.

WHAT NEW YORK OWES TO PHILADELPHIA.

A Glance Backward at the Early Playhouses of Stageland's Two Big Capitals, New York and London.

FEW of the comedians who heap contumely upon Philadelphia with jokes built upon her alleged slowness realize the fact that the Quaker City furnished New York with its first theatrical company. This was on Monday, the 5th of March, 1750, at a theater on Nassau Street. The play was "Richard III" with Thomas Kean for *Richard*. The actors were billed as "The Philadelphia Company in New York," and played a highly varied repertoire. They came over from England two or three years before, and opened in Philadelphia, then the chief city in the British colonies, where they had the honor of presenting the first tragedy ("Richard III"), the first comedy (Dryden's "Spanish Friar"), and the first musical piece ("The Beggars' Opera") ever given in America—or in English-speaking America, at any rate—by a regular troupe. They were forced to leave Philadelphia for New York owing to an ordinance which called the attention of the authorities to "certain persons taking upon themselves to act plays." The site of their Philadelphia theater was Little Dock Street, lying between Chestnut and Walnut and between First and Second Streets, where Dr. Jayne's building now rears its skyscraper proportions.

London's first playhouse was called simply the Theater, and was erected outside the city walls, on Finsbury Fields, in the year 1576. Its builder was James Burbage, an actor, father of the more famous player, Richard Burbage, the original *Hamlet*. It was taken down some eighteen years later, and the materials were used in the erection of the Globe, Shakespeare's house, opened around 1598. The Curtain, London's second theater, in what is now Gloucester Street, near Hollywell Street, was so called, strange to say, not from the drop, but from the name of the manor-house on the site of which it was put up a few months after the Theater was inaugurated.

The oldest theater now standing in New York is the Thalia, on the Bowery. It was first opened on October 23, 1823, under the name of the Bowery Theater, and as such became one of the most famous playhouses in America. The building was three times destroyed by fire—once on May 26, 1828; again on September 22, 1836, and a third time on February 18, 1838. On all three occasions the house was rebuilt and reopened in a remarkably short time.

This theater has been the home of every form of amusement from circus to Shakespearian performances, and upon its stage some of the greatest players America has seen made their début. During the last few years A. H. Woods has been its manager, and it has been devoted to the production of melodramas. The last season was its eighty-fourth. Previous to Mr. Woods's advent the house was devoted for some time to performances in Yiddish, which are now given there regularly twice a day on Sunday. In 1881 Heinrich Conried was associate manager of the Thalia, German being the tongue used there.

MAY.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THE May sun sheds an amber light
On new-leaved woods and lawns between;
But she who, with a smile more bright,
Welcomed and watched the springing green,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

The fair white blossoms of the wood
In groups beside the pathway stand;
But one, the gentle and the good,
Who cropped them with a fairer hand,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

Upon the woodland's morning airs
The small birds' mingled notes are flung;
But she, whose voice, more sweet than theirs,
Once bade me listen while they sung,
Is in her grave,
Low in her grave.

That music of the early year
Brings tears of anguish to my eyes;
My heart aches when the flowers appear;
For then I think of her who lies
Within her grave,
Low in her grave.

THE SCRAP BOOK

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JUNE.

From "The Vision of Sir Launfal."

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AND what is so rare as a day in June?
Then, if ever, come perfect days;
Then heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;
Every clod feels a stir of might;
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

A Forgotten Peace Congress.

BY HENRY VALENTINE DAY.

A Meeting of the Nations, Organized by an American Champion of Peace and Held in Paris, in the Year of Revolutions, 1849—It Failed to Prevent a Series of Bloody Wars in the Following Decades.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

JUST fifty years before the peace conference of 1899 at The Hague, the same principles were discussed, and some of the same propositions laid down—on paper, at any rate—by a similar congress, then widely acclaimed, but since almost completely forgotten. This was the Paris peace congress of 1849.

The dove of 1849 did not bring peace, however. Her ministrations did not prevent the guns of Napoleon from overthrowing, that very summer, the short-lived Roman Republic, which had driven out the Pope. It did not prevent the *coup d'état* of 1851 from reddening with blood the Parisian streets through which the peace delegates had passed two years before. The Crimean War followed in 1855; 1859 was the year of Magenta and Solferino; from 1861 to 1865 civil war raged in the United States; in 1864 Prussia attacked Denmark; in 1866, Austria had to fight both Prussia and Italy; and in 1870 France was crushed by the invading hosts of Germany. It seems as if the well-meant flight of the bird of peace, far from being auspicious, was positively a portent, drawing down on the world two decades of almost continuous bloodshed. For that, of course, the eloquent optimists of 1849 were not to blame.

Now that the peace movement has taken on the character of an agency permanently to be reckoned with in international affairs, it is pleasant to remember that the Paris conference, which was fifty years in advance of political possibilities, but which was an undeniable influence toward the later result, owed its existence to the efforts of an American—Elihu Burritt, the blacksmith scholar, of Connecticut. Born in 1810, the son of a cobbler, in the town of New Britain, and early bound apprentice to a blacksmith, Elihu Burritt educated himself at the forge, with primers of Greek and Hebrew conned by snatches, by the light of coals and glowing irons. He was loved in his generation for his picturesque rise, literally by the forging of his own fortunes. He was venerated for his sturdy and smith-like honesty. But, though learned in nearly fifty languages, he was chiefly a man of acquirements, and not of any considerable achievement save it be the institution of the peace congress. Preeminent champion of peace, even among such men as Victor Hugo and Richard Cobden, he remains, by that one title, a considerable figure in American biography.

A Missionary of Peace.

Burritt left the United States in 1846 to plead the cause of peace in England. His work was effective. The advocate from the anvil stirred quick sympathy among the middle and lower classes. The peace movement was felt through the length and breadth of manufacturing England, and Burritt was the man who had done most to arouse it. He was indefatigable in lecturing and tract-writing, and his methods were made effective by the appeal of his personality.

With a well-organized body of sym-

pathizers behind him, Burritt went in the summer of 1848 to Paris, to attempt to spread the seed of the peace idea in that rather hot and smoking soil. If he did not find much peace there, he at least met with plenty of enthusiasm. An attempt was made to insert into the constitution of the Second Republic clauses committing it to the cause of arbitration and disarmament; but it did not prove possible to convoke an international peace congress, as Burritt had desired.

Obliged to postpone his plans, he went on to Belgium. He was well received by the Belgian government, and in September, 1848, a congress was convened at Brussels. It was attended by delegates from Belgian, English, and American peace societies, and by individual representatives from France and some of the German states. Without framing any measures or accomplishing anything tangible, it was a pleasant and, no doubt, an inspiring occasion. The members indulged in much rhetorical excess, but of a mild sort, and not unpleasant to read over now, though many a contradictory fact has since ravaged the ideas of the brotherhood of man, and of simultaneous disarmament by the powers, then so confidently proclaimed. The members were warmed by a sort of fraternal intoxication that gave the congress the air of a symposium of idealists.

Cobden, the practical statesman, went home to England and offered the British ministry a suggestion for a scheme of international arbitration. The memorandum was received with laudatory expressions by Queen Victoria's ministers, and decorously pigeonholed.

The following year (1849) saw a rift in the French thunder-clouds broad enough to make it practicable for the peacemakers to assemble in Paris. The barricades of June were safely over; the usurpation of Napoleon III did not yet threaten. Germany and Austria were still in the stir of rebellion and reaction, Hungary was defending its short-lived independence, and Venice was still holding out against Radetzky's besieging army; but Paris was quiet. Such was the moment when the British delegates, no less than seven hundred in number, crossed the Channel in two vessels, while smaller quotas journeyed to the city on the Seine from the United States, Holland, Spain, Germany, and a few other countries.

Two Ship-Loads of Philanthropists.

As the ships bearing the British contingent left their port Cobden, standing on the deck of one of them, thus characterized the position of his fellow envoys:

"If these two packets should go down with all on board, British philanthropic work of every kind would be paralyzed for fully a year."

It was an outing *en masse* of the philanthropists. Moreover, every man was the delegate of a branch of the national peace society, numbering in some cases as many as fifteen hundred members. In England, at least, the movement was wide-spread and heartfelt.

The comparatively small American delegation had an importance beyond its numbers. It included Amasa Walker, the Boston merchant and economist; Charles Durkee, then Congressman and later United States Senator from Wisconsin; and at least two college presidents—Mahan, of Oberlin, and Allen, of Bowdoin.

Among the French members were Emile de Girardin and Victor Hugo. Alexis de Tocqueville, then minister of foreign affairs, did not participate in the meetings, but his furtherance was felt. Indeed, the French government did everything to mark its approval of the congress. It furnished a place of meeting, and instituted a series of official banquets and entertainments for the delegates. One of the honors it paid them was a striking though not a very practical one. The famous fountains of Versailles, which since the days of Louis XIV had played only for royal view, were turned on for the gratification of the visitors when they were taken to view the château of the Grand Monarque and its gardens.

The Idealistic Eloquence of Hugo.

Victor Hugo was then at the apex of his political career. A conspicuous figure in the French Assembly, a man of almost limitless popularity and influence

among his countrymen, and known to men of all tongues by the translations of his works, he was the dominating personality of the convention. He was nominated as presiding officer, and straightway elected. He was full of those exalted ideas whose bright, perishable mintage was then current. It was a day of movements and enthusiasms; and the peace agitators were not the least advanced of the enthusiasts. Hugo's oratory was the medium most accordant to their temper, and his idealism was admirably calculated to lead the congress safely and surely to its vain conclusion.

It was a session of seers, perhaps; of dreamers, certainly. Lovely visions floated before them, while a few streets away the hospitals were clearing their beds of the results of the June barricades to make room for the results of the *coup d'état,* which Napoleon must have been even then projecting. Hungary and northern Italy were battlefields. Cheerful idealists, thus surrounded! Their vision was upon the distant future.

Burritt, who was one of the secretaries of the congress, left a memorandum of his impressions that has much to say of Victor Hugo. The American admired the eloquent Frenchman without reserve, and bore him no malice for overshadowing Burritt's own prominence. Hugo's oratory surpassed all other there, he agrees. It is probable, indeed, that the presiding officer's two addresses, on opening and on closing the congress, were his best efforts in the field of eloquence. It was in the latter speech that he uttered the famous phrase, recorded by Burritt:

Victor Hugo's Prophecy of Peace.

"The day will come when cannon will be exhibited in public museums, as instruments of torture are to-day, and men will be amazed that such a thing could have existed."

The deliberations of the congress continued for several days. Addresses were delivered on various features of the peace movement, some luminous, some irrelevant—on the burden of armed peace, its cost, its constant provocation to conflict; on the still greater evils of war; on means of disarmament, then already a widely favored measure. Later, a committee on resolutions sat separately in Brussels, and drew up a memorial for the eye of Napoleon, soon to make himself emperor, on simultaneous disarmament. Another congress was set for the year following, to be held in Frankfort-on-the-Main. Amid entertainments and receptions, the convention then broke up.

A pleasant feature of the leave-taking was the rapprochement of the British with the American delegates. Post-bellum feeling between the two countries then still existed. The Englishmen, hoping to overcome this remnant of the old rancor, gave the Americans a banquet in the historic tennis-court of Versailles, where, in 1789, the delegates of the Third Estate, expelled from the council-chamber by Louis XVI, took their oath to give France a constitution.

The Decline of the Movement.

Two years later, Hugo was in exile, France had yielded to a military usurper, the future loomed portentous with rumors of wars. There was much talk of universal good-will at the opening of the international exposition held in London in 1851. The Prince Consort, the originator of this first modern world's fair, was a devoted peace advocate, and devised the exposition largely as a means of bringing the nations together. English peace men predicted pacification by the growth of world-wide commerce. Again there was a fine effervescence of hope and compliment, which foamed itself flat. It did not take England long to see that if international exhibitions were a good thing, they had their limits, and would not end the old reign of warfare at a mere stroke of the master-of-ceremonies' wand. There were peace congresses at Frankfort in 1850, at Manchester in 1852, and at Edinburgh in 1853; but the movement was checked, and the conferences dwindled to little more than local affairs.

If the Paris congress accomplished nothing definite and tangible, yet it had its value in setting before the world an ideal which has never been wholly lost sight of. As its original promoter, Elihu Burritt has a just title to the gratitude of posterity.

THE CALL OF THE WAR-GOD.

Poems Extolling War as the Tester of Manhood and the Savior of Degenerate Peoples.

THE TEST OF FIRE.

By Sam Walter Foss.

[Written during the war between the United States and Spain, 1898.]

I AM War. The upturned eyeballs of
piled dead men greet my eye,
And the sons of mothers perish—and
I laugh to see them die—
Mine the demon-lust for torture, mine
the devil-lust for pain,
And there is to me no beauty like the
pale brows of the slain!
But my voice calls forth the godlike
from the sluggish souls at ease,
And the hands that toyed with ledgers
scatter thunders round the seas;
And the lolling idler, wakening, measures
up to God's own plan,
And the puling trifler greatens to the
stature of a man.

When I speak the centuried towers of old
cities melt in smoke,
And the fortressed ports sink reeling at
my far-aimed thunder-stroke;
And an immemorial empire flings its last
flag to the breeze,
Sinking with its splintered navies down
in the unpitying seas.
But the blind of sight awaken to an
unimagined day,
And the mean of soul grow conscious
there is greatness in their clay;
Where my bugle-voice goes pealing, slaves
grow heroes at its breath
And the trembling coward rushes to the
welcome arms of death.

Pagan, heathen and inhuman, devilish as
the heart of hell,
Wild as chaos, strong for ruin, clothed
in hate unspeakable—
So they call me—and I care not—still I
work my waste afar,
Heeding not your weeping mothers and
your widows—I am War!
But your soft-boned men grow heroes
when my flaming eyes they see,
And I teach your little peoples how su-
premely great they be;
Yea, I tell them of the wideness of the
soul's unfolded plan
And the godlike stuff that's molded in
the making of a man.

Ah, the godlike stuff that's molded in
the making of a man!
It has stood my iron testing since this
strong old world began.
Tell me not that men are weaklings, halt-
ing tremblers, pale and slow—
There is stuff to shame the seraphs in
the race of men—*I know.*
I have tested them by fire, and I know
that man is great,
And the soul of man is stronger than is
either death or fate;
And where'er my bugle calls them, under
any sun or star,
They will leap with smiling faces to the
fire test of war.

New York Sun.

* * * *

HAIL TO THE FLAG OF WAR!

By Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

[Written at the outbreak of the Crimean War, 1855.]

IT was but a dream, yet it lighten'd my
despair
When I thought that a war would
arise in defense of the right,
That an iron tyranny now should bend
or cease,
The glory of manhood stand on his an-
cient height,
Nor Britain's one sole god be the mil-
lionaire;
No more shall commerce be all in all,
and Peace
Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid
note,
And watch her harvest ripen, her herd
increase,
Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful
shore,

And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat
Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more.

Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims
Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold,
And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames,
Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told;
And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd!
Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep
For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims,
Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar;
And many a darkness into the light shall leap,
And shine in the sudden making of splendid names,
And noble thought be freer under the sun,
And the heart of a people beat with one desire. *From "Maud."*

* * * *

THE DECAY OF A PEOPLE.

By William Gilmore Simms.

THIS the true sign of ruin to a race—
It undertakes no march, and day by day
Drowses in camp, or, with the laggard's pace,
Walks sentry o'er possessions that decay;
Destined, with sensible waste, to fleet away;—
For the first secret of continued power
Is the continued conquest; all our sway
Hath surety in the uses of the hour;
If that we waste, in vain walled town and lofty tower!

THE VOICE OF PEACE.

Poems Arraigning War as a Savage, Wasteful, and Murderous Survival of Barbarism.

TO THE PEACE CONGRESS.

By Annette Kohn.

"I AM a widow, and I ask
Who set my husband murder's task?
Who put the sword within his hand,
With blood to deluge all the land?
Who, sovereign crowned of life and death,
This war-god who has stilled his breath?"

"I am an orphan, and I plead
That I have of my father need:
I want from him my daily bread;
I want his blessing on my head;
I want his love, this is my prayer—
The wife, the child, need father's care."

"I am a mother, and I weep
A son too early doomed to sleep;
What pain and anguish have I known,
For this my son, to manhood grown—
And now the lonely, weary day,
Without his smile upon my way."

"I am the mine, the shop, the mill,
The science that's unconquered still,
The books unwritten, those unread;
The dream of art in some young head;
The fields that wait the plow in vain—
We cannot spare a hand or brain."

"I am the state—and of each son
I have strong need, of every one—
'Tis not the wealth that I enfold,
My splendid land that you behold,
That make me proud, and strong, and great—
It is my sons that make the state."

Then hark, a voice fair, sweet, and strong,
With tones as of triumphant song,
That drowns the fife, the drum's war-beat,
As swiftly upon wingèd feet
A radiant vision, palm in hands,
Comes smiling, and before them stands.

" I am Fair Peace and heard your plea—
Death—death to War is my decree!
Let every man of woman born
Strike one strong blow for my fair morn,
For War, ye nations, dig a grave,
And let my standard o'er it wave!"
New York Times.

* * * *

WAR'S VICTIMS.

By Alfred J. Waterhouse.

STRIKE from the lives of mortals the
things that they hold most dear,
The pressure and cling of kisses, the
heart of the daylight's cheer;

Over the fleshly portals where souls in
solitude wait,
Write, as ye oft have written, the screed
of a deadly hate;

Scorch with the breath of anger the blossoms of love and peace,
Till blessing is turned to cursing that
never may know surcease;

Die as the soulless perish, nor know what
ye perish for,
For ye are the victims offered to the red,
red god of war.

O'er fields where the daisies nodded let
a gory river flow;
Lift to the arching heavens your voice
of a deathless wo;

Press to your aching bosom, kiss with a
sobbing breath,
The one whom your love has cherished,
for lo, he shall sleep with Death;

Give—for the price is written—the one
whom ye held most dear;
Give, though ye know not wherefore;
give, with a scalding tear,

For the god of war drives earthward,
and red is his regal car;
And ye and yours are his chosen, and his
victims, too, ye are.

Masters who rule the nations, kings on
your lifted thrones,
Know ye the ones who perish? Hear ye
the cries and moans?

Straight past the guarded portals, doth
never a long-drawn sigh
Strike to your hearts with pleading for
those who for you must die?

Dying to build your greatness, victims of
greed and vice,
Where was the structure builded that
ever was worth such price?

Masters who rule the nations, kings of
exalted ways,
Build as ye will, but surely such structure
a God shall raze!—*Sunset.*

* * * *

PEACE AND WAR.

By G. Weatherly.

"They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—*Isaiah* ii. 4.

IN a red-tiled, moss-grown courtyard of
a quaint old German town,
Eager for the scattered bread-crumbs
come the pigeons circling down.
Fearless they of any evil, heeding not a
passer's tread;
" Surely this the home of quiet and of
lasting peace," I said.
Yet, but few years since, that courtyard
echoed with the sounds of strife,
And the stones with blood were reddened
—blood of many a brave young life.
So, too, is it ever with us; Peace to War
is forced to yield,
And the quiet home of rest becomes the
noisy battle-field.
Yet, why should it ever be so? Oh, if
but the time were near
When the plowshare and the pruning-
hook shall banish sword and spear!
When the nations shall determine that
the art of war shall cease!
When all men shall live as brothers, with
the world for ay at peace!
The Quiver.

* * * *

HOSEA BIGLOW'S OPINION.

By James Russell Lowell.

EZ fur war, I call it murder—
There you have it plain and flat;
I don't want to go no furder
Than my Testyment for that.
Ef you take a sword and dror it,
An' go stick a feller thru,
Guv'ment ain't to answer for it—
God'll send the bill to you!
From " The Biglow Papers."

Talks With Our Readers.

In this Department the Editor of THE SCRAP BOOK Answers Letters, Replies to Criticisms, and Chats Informally With Those Who Read the Magazine.

A BROOKLYN reader sends us the following question upon a post-card:

Will you kindly inform me whether any United States Senator is elected for life? I am led to ask this question because of an article in a newspaper that I read the other day to this effect.

Every United States Senator is elected for a term of six years only; and there is no such thing as the election of a Senator for a life term. We refer our correspondent to the first paragraph of the third section of the Constitution of the United States. The newspaper article which he mentions was probably discussing the fact that some Senators, who have won the confidence of their respective States, are reelected term after term, and have practically a life tenure. Thus, Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, might, no doubt, have remained in the Senate indefinitely had he not chosen to resign. Senator Cullom, of Illinois, is another example of a Senator who is always sure of a reelection; and others are the present Senators from Maine and from Alabama. In earlier times, Daniel Webster always had at his disposal a seat in the Senate from Massachusetts, though he voluntarily resigned at one time and another in order to take the office of Secretary of State. But there are not, and never have been, "life Senators" in the strict sense of that term; though many persons have favored a constitutional amendment which would provide that a President of the United States, on retiring from office, should become a permanent member of the upper House of Congress.

There Are No Life Senators.

* * *

Two readers refer to the discussion of how the expression "twenty-three" came to have its current meaning. The first letter is from St. Louis:

More About "Twenty-Three."

In your April number there is a discussion of the origin of the expression, "twenty-three." I am surprised that no gambler has given the true story. Possibly because he has not thought it worth while.

When a man was playing roulette and was down to his last "chip" or check, he would almost invariably place it upon either 17 or 23. Why, nobody seems to know. Probably on 17 because it was nearest the exact center of the board. Then he would edge toward the door, hoping against hope that he would be called back by the news that he had won.

I can remember, about eight or ten years ago, when the fashion, or fancy, or superstition began to change from 17 to 23; and by degrees the latter came to be regarded as the lucky one for the "broke" and departing gamester. Hence, to say "23" was equivalent to an invitation to leave. I was in a party of young men in Mobile in February, 1904, and we commonly used the expression "23" when some of us wanted to move along to another place, and not give it away to the natives.

The second letter is from Ann Arbor, Michigan:

I am a constant reader of your magazine, and in last month's issue I was greatly interested in your "23—skiddoo" reasons. Will you kindly give me your theories as to what caused the slang expression, "I'm from Missouri, you've got to show me"? The one I've heard is: A seedy-looking farmer with a very rusty and dirty-looking horse was entered in the Detroit races with big odds—fifteen to one—and gave his address as somewhere in Missouri. He was guyed by everybody; but when the race ended, he was leading several lengths and turning in his saddle he shouted at his opponents: "I'm from Missouri; you've got to show me!" It turned out afterward that it was a fake. A good horse entered with a false name for the sake of big odds.

We regret that up to the present time we have not formulated any theory of our own; but we have an open mind and shall be glad to express an opinion after the evidence is all in.

* * *

Derzhávin and "God."

FROM Forestville, Connecticut, come several questions:

Will you please print in THE SCRAP BOOK, as soon as convenient, Bowring's poem entitled "God," translated from the Russian Anthology? How long ago did Dershaven write it? Can you give me some sketch of Dershaven? What is meant by the Russian Anthology? Would also like a sketch of Bowring.

We regret that the famous ode, "God," is too long to be printed in THE SCRAP BOOK. Our correspondent can, however, find it in "Best Selections," Part IV, issued by the Penn Publishing Company of Philadelphia. The Russian original was written in the year 1785. Gavríl Romanovitch Derzhávin (1743—1816) was a member of the lesser nobility who served as a private soldier in the Russian army from 1762 until 1777. Later, through his friends, he received several high offices —among them those of provincial governor, judge, imperial treasurer, and minister of justice. He was a prolific writer, attempting many kinds of composition, but is best remembered by his lyric poetry. Next to Pushkin, he is the greatest of the early Russian poets; and, like Pushkin, he was national and ceased to imitate the French and German models.

"The Russian Anthology" is a collection of the most famous passages in Russian literature. We refer our correspondent to the "Anthology of Russian Literature," by Professor Wiener, of Harvard, published by the Messrs. Putnam, of New York, in 1903; also to the brief but very readable "Survey of Russian Literature," by Miss Isabel F. Hapgood, published by the Chautauqua Press, New York, 1902.

Sir John Bowring, who translated Derzhávin's ode, was an English scholar, linguist, and political agent who traveled extensively in the service of his government, and who utilized his opportunities to become acquainted with many foreign languages and literatures, from which he made a number of interesting translations. He was born in 1792, and died in 1872.

* * *

As to Snakes.

A SPECIALIST on snakes sends us the following communication from Girard, Ohio, which we print for its general interest:

Please allow me to make a few corrections as to the March issue of THE SCRAP BOOK, pages 94 and 95, "The Truth About Snakes." On page 94, Mr. Corbin says that snakes do not charm birds. That may be, but snakes charm young rabbits. Last summer one of my neighbors one day came upon a coiled black-snake in the road; he stopped and noticed a little rabbit passing by the snake about two feet off, back and forth, looking into the snake's eyes. He would not look away, but

kept working up closer until he was within eight inches of the snake; and he did not run a space of more than ten inches toward the last; and finally he just swayed his body around and commenced drawing up closer to the snake, and the snake just went to make a grab for the rabbit when the man hit the snake. Then the rabbit was released, and ran away. The snake must have had some power, or the rabbit would not have drawn near to the snake. It would have run away when the man approached.

Then another mistake on page 95. Mr. Corbin says that snakes never swallow their young for protection. This is a mistake. Some years ago, while strolling along the creek here on our farm, I lifted up a large, flat stone and there lay a large black-snake and three little fellows about five inches long. The big snake moved around and looked for trouble; then he opened his mouth and the three little ones leaped into it and crawled down his throat. Whereupon the big snake ran into the water. This last surprised me.

I would also like to know why some snakes bite themselves when you try to kill them. I would like it if you would publish these corrections in the next issue, so that Mr. Corbin and the public may hear some other ideas.

Possibly Mr. Corbin may have something to say upon this general subject. As to the fact that a snake sometimes strikes its fangs into its own body, we have always understood that this is due to blind rage on the part of the reptile, when it has been attacked or goaded into a state of madness. It then strikes at whatever it can reach—sticks, twigs, and sometimes even itself. We doubt, however, whether self-destruction by a snake is usual under any circumstances.

* * *

THE following interesting question comes to us from White Hall, Illinois:

Enforced Subscriptions.

I am a new subscriber to your magazine, yet I wish to ask a question to be answered in "Talks With Our Readers." Has any publication the right to continue sending their magazine or paper and collect for the same after the time paid for has expired, without the subscriber stating he wishes it to be continued?

The United States courts have held that if you continue to accept a magazine or paper after your subscription has expired, you are bound to pay the subscription price; since your acceptance is a tacit acknowledgment of obligation. If you do not wish to assume this liability, you should refuse to receive the publication and should notify the publishers, or your local post-office, to discontinue its delivery.

* * *

A READER in Jersey City sends us this inquiry:

Fraternities and Clubs.

Would you please tell me something about the organization, origin, history, and initiation of clubs? Is there any significance in the names of high-school and college clubs; that is, are the clubs of the same name in the one related in any way to the other?

Would you please suggest a name for a club, preferably a Greek one?

There is a distinction to be made between "fraternities" and "clubs." Fraternities are intercollegiate bodies which have "chapters" at the different colleges and universities, and their organization is quite elaborate. The different chapters from time to time send delegates to a "council," which legislates for the whole fraternity. These fraternities are usually secret bodies, like the Masons. The Greek letters which form their badges are the initial letters of a Greek motto or sentence, known only to the members and constituting a sort of password, which is never to be spoken above a whisper. Members recognize each other by exchanging "grips"—complicated handshakes which are taught to those who are initiated into the fraternities.

Clubs, on the other hand, are purely local, and are formed to bring congenial spirits together in a particular college, either for convivial, literary, or other purposes. These clubs are not usually designated by Greek letters, but by special names, such as "The Hasty Pudding Club," "The Porcellian Club," "The Bullies," and so on. We should be glad to provide a motto as requested, if our correspondent would inform us as to the nature and object of the club which he expects to organize, so that the motto may be appropriate for his purpose.

A PROFESSOR of oratory in one of the Southern universities favors us with a bit of literary criticism.

Kipling and Markham.

In the introduction to Kipling's "Recessional," in your August (1906) number, you pronounce the poem immortal. If it be the choice diction, and the pithy and epigrammatic expression that it relies on for immortality, then I grant that they are rare. But do rareness of expression, rhythm, and exceptional laconicness constitute immortality, as applied to poetry? If this be the conception of the editor, it differs far from that ordinarily accepted as that which goes to make immortality.

Mr. Kipling says nothing new. He reiterates that which has been the proclamation of the ages—that we are to respect God in all things, and hold fast to the principle of recognizing a Supreme Power amid the evolutions and revolutions of time. True, he clothes it in rare diction, and a diction sublimated in a rarely poetic mind. But does not the discovery of a new thought, the grasp of a forgotten or overlooked sentiment which is flung to the front and which is destined to be evolved with the slow-moving years, without disregarding the high canons of poetry—is it not this, rather, that carried within itself the norm of an immortal poem?

It would seem to some that such a production as "The Man With the Hoe," where the poet grasps a great underlying truth that relates to the inmost of humanity—a truth that seems to leap full-fledged from a brain and heart, and pierces the ages with an irresistible sentiment, is far more liable to bear the stamp of immortality than the "Recessional," superb as that poem is.

Nearly three thousand years ago, the wisest of the Jewish sages remarked that there is nothing new under the sun; yet a good many immortal masterpieces have been written since that time. We do not think that Mr. Markham's underlying thought in "The Man With the Hoe" was really any newer than that which is expressed in "The Recessional." A great poet is pretty sure of immortality if he can give magnificent and supreme expression to some feeling or emotion or sentiment which has long floated through the minds of others, but which has never before received perfect literary form. Incidentally, we may remark that "laconicness" is good.

WE have been surprised and pleased to find that so many persons are deeply versed in the literature of piracy—surely, a very fascinating and profitable subject.

All About Pirates.

The gentleman who wrote us from Columbus, Ohio, appealing for information, and whose letter was published in the April number, has elicited a number of letters which we are glad to lay before him in these pages. The first is from Oakmont, Pennsylvania:

Knowing something of the hunger for books which we have read years ago, I sympathize with the Columbus gentleman. While I have never trod the deck of a pirate ship, I have spent hours in the company of Blackbeard, Kidd, Morgan, Lolonnois, Lafitte, and other gentlemen, the Chinese and Malay pirates included. Some time since, I found in a second-hand bookstore, "Wild Heroes of the Seas" (octavo, 716 pages), containing an account of all and many more than those mentioned by your correspondent. The

book was published by The Planet Publishing Company, St. Louis, Missouri, some time in the nineties; and very possibly "The Pirates' Own Book" furnished the author his information.

About "Lives of Highwaymen," I am sorry I can give no information. I have vivid recollections of Claude Duval, Dick Turpin, Sixteen-String Jack, and Jack Sheppard; but, alas, I have not heard of them for more than forty years, and they have been supplanted by the hold-ups and train-robbers of the present day.

A second reader, from Chattanooga, Tennessee, contributes another offer of assistance:

Your April issue containing request for information concerning bandits, under name of "Highwaymen of New World," has been received. Is not the inquirer in error concerning title? I have an old book entitled "Robbers and Bandits," which contains stories of robbers of Abruzzi, brigands of Calabria, Francapatra, Benincasa, and others, Scarolla, Varderelli, Polinario, and some ten or eleven other stories which would satisfy the most exacting who would be hunting this morbid class of literature. If your patron wants the book, I will take pleasure in lending it to him, provided I am guaranteed its safe return.

A third letter is from Detroit, Michigan:

I have a copy of "The Pirates' Own Book." It was originally copyrighted in 1837 by Samuel N. Dickinson, and the edition I own was published in Portland, Maine, in 1859, by Francis Blake. The full title reads:

"Pirates' Own Book; or, Authentic Narratives of the Lives and Executions of the Most Celebrated Sea Robbers, with Historical Sketches of the Joassame, Spanish, Ladrone, West Indies, Malay, and Algerine pirates."

There is also on the title-page a wood-cut of a pirate carrying to a waiting rowboat a Dutch girl. In fact, the illustrations contained in the 432 pages of the book are "fierce"; and my youngest boy, now a man, says that when he was a "kid" he used to scare himself by looking at the pictures.

The text of the book is rather prosaic, so as not to offend "refined tastes," and would probably be excluded from the columns of the "yellow" journals, as not sufficiently thrilling. I imagine, however, that a space-killer, with this book before him, would have material to write sea-stories sufficiently strong to make one's hair curl, if not turn gray.

Still another enthusiast heaves in sight from the unpiratical town of Willimantic, Connecticut. He says:

"Columbus, Ohio," can, I think, get a copy of "The Pirates' Own Book" from either Charles Lauriat, Washington Street; Goodspeed, Park Street; J. Ryan, Brattle Street—all of Boston, Massachusetts; or of A. S. Clark, Peekskill, New York. Some one of them catalogued it within a year. The other one I haven't heard of lately.

We have received still other letters; but we fancy that those already printed will be satisfactory to the gentleman in Columbus, Ohio. We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a second letter from him, which we would gladly print did not its length make it impossible for us to do so. It is a fine piece of writing, combining the enthusiasm of the amateur with the minutely accurate knowledge of the specialist. He appears, however, to think that we viewed his favorite subject in a spirit of flippancy; and he informs us that the author of "Lives of the Highwaymen" was "one of the most brilliant sketch-writers of his day," and that he went abroad and was the honored guest of Thomas Carlyle. The letter concludes with the following sentence:

So, in your scraping over the literature of the Ages, you may miss gems of thought and food for reflection and enrichment of mind and soul even among our progenitors; for we certainly are the *children of our fathers.*

In the face of this dignified rebuke we subside with meekness, and shall long ponder over the enrichment of mind and soul which is to be derived from an intimate knowledge of pirates and highwaymen.

FROM Blackbeard and Sixteen-String Jack to Mrs. Browning is rather a long jump; but the versatile tastes of our readers compel us to make it. The question which we propounded many months ago continues to bring us letters. One is from Coshocton, Ohio, and is adorned with the pictured head of a stag of seven tines. Personally we think that the letter is just a little bit more enigmatical than Mrs. Browning's poem itself; but perhaps this is one of our dull days.

"The Best Thing in the World."

Pardon this humble interpretation of Mrs. Browning's enigmatical poem. Mrs. Browning was certainly too noble and unselfish to think herself, or to insinuate that others would think themselves, the best thing in the world. There is no evidence that she was a tea-fiend, and truly she was too broad to pronounce tea the best thing in the world. But THE SCRAP BOOK shows the bed-rock when it says: "Then she met Robert Browning, and the two were instantly drawn together by a love which has become famous." The keystone and soul of the poem is: "Love, when so you're loved again." Her pure, tender love, and the noble, faithful love she received in return is the inspiration of the poem, and the key to her answer to the question, "What's the best thing in the world? Something out of it, I think." Robert Browning, her husband, a man—dust thou art, *et cetera*. And every woman who realizes "love, when so you're loved again" will answer just as Mrs. Browning did.

A reader in Baltimore deals with the enigma in a spirit of robust common sense, fairly smashing his way to a solution:

I have mighty little sympathy with any one who worries over the indefinite methods employed by poets and things, believing that it isn't worth while; but if any one is really bothered over the Browning lines in dispute, I venture a guess that she meant that *the best thing in the world is to get something out of the world.*

What's the best thing in the world?
Something out of it, I think.
For the patriot, flags unfurled—
For the toper class, a drink—
For the blushing maid, a man
Less related than her brother,
And when he is dead, one more,
And when he is dead, another.

You can have that without charge, and I hope it will have a soporific effect on those who trouble themselves with Browning or any other unnecessary obscurities.

* * *

FROM Glens Falls, New York, comes a request that we reprint a poem by Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, entitled "The Polish Boy." We regret that the length of this poem makes it impossible for us to publish it. It can be found, however, in "Best Selections," Part IV, issued by the Penn Publishing Company, of Philadelphia.

"The Polish Boy."

* * *

A READER asked us to supply him with the complete version of a poem entitled "To-morrow," of which one stanza is given by him as follows:

To-morrow and to-morrow, so you say
To-morrow, and your lips are mine to kiss.
But what if, when the red sun goes its way,
It may not light another day than this?

Information Wanted.

We know of several poems entitled "To-morrow," but this one is not among them. Perhaps some of our other readers can help us out.

WARREN AT BUNKER HILL.

(June 17, 1775.)

THESE spirited lines, which are supposed to be addressed by General Warren to the American troops at Bunker Hill while the British forces are moving on to the attack, were written by John Pierpont (1785—1866), a native of Connecticut. It is interesting to note that Mr. Pierpont was the grandfather of the well-known New York financier, J. Pierpont Morgan, his daughter having married Junius Spencer Morgan. Pierpont, after graduating at Yale in 1804, and spending several years in teaching and in studying law, went into business as a merchant; but later he abandoned commerce in favor of theology, and was ordained as a clergyman. He also interested himself in writing, and was the author of a number of poems which are still remembered. From his pen, for instance, came the oft-quoted quatrain describing the ballot as

> A weapon that comes down as still
> As snowflakes fall upon the sod;
> But executes a freeman's will,
> As lightning does the will of God.

He became widely known for his earnest advocacy of total abstinence, and for his earnestness in the cause of abolition. During the Civil War, although he was then more than seventy-six years of age, he acted as chaplain of a Massachusetts regiment, and accompanied it to the battle-fields of Virginia.

This poem may be compared to the fancied address of Bruce at Bannockburn, written by Robert Burns and published in THE SCRAP BOOK for March. The meter of the two poems is the same, and the American's production does not suffer by comparison—except from the fact that Burns's was written first.

BY JOHN PIERPONT.

STAND! The ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?

What's the mercy despots feel?
Hear it in that battle-peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will!

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your homes retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see

Who have done it! From the vale
On they come! And will ye quail?
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may, and die we must;
But oh, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,

As where Heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,
Of his deeds to tell?

Boum-Boum.

BY JULES CLARETIE.

Translated from the French for THE SCRAP BOOK by Dr. E. H. du Bois.

JULES CLARETIE, whose real name is Arsène Arnaud, is a contemporary French dramatist, critic, fiction-writer, and theatrical manager, born December 3, 1840. He first attracted the attention of the public as a newspaper correspondent during the war between France and Germany, though he had already written a number of novels and had acted as a dramatic critic. Claretie has produced several plays, and in 1885 he was made director of the Théâtre Français, in which office he did much to maintain the high standards of the famous semi-official playhouse. In 1888 he was elected to the French Academy.

Claretie has, on the whole, been much more successful as a manager and critic than as a novelist. His works of fiction do not take remarkably high rank. Nevertheless, he is a practised writer who may always be read with pleasure. The most successful of his productions are his short stories, some of which show a very effective combination of humor and pathos. Perhaps the best of them all is the little tale selected for reproduction here. Its simplicity and tenderness give it a charm which is often lacking in his more pretentious work.

THE child lay stretched out, so pale, on his little white bed, his wide-open eyes gazing straight before him, with that strange fixed expression of the sick who already perceive that which the living cannot see.

The mother, at the foot of the bed, biting her nails so as not to cry out, marked, in an agony of grief, the progress of the malady on the poor pinched face of the little one, and the father, a sturdy laborer, forced back into his red eyes the tears that burned their lids.

The day was breaking clear and sweet, a beautiful morning in June, coming into the narrow chamber of the Rue des Abbesses, where little François was dying, the child of Jacques Legrand and of Madeleine Legrand, his wife.

He was seven years old. All white and pink, and so strong; lively as a cricket he had been, the little one, not three weeks before. But he had caught a fever, and one evening they brought him home from school with his head heavy and his hands very hot. And since then he had been there on that bed, and he kept saying, in his delirium, looking at the little shoes, so carefully blacked, which his mother had placed in a corner:

"You can throw them away now, little François's shoes! Little François will not wear them! Little François will not go to school any more—never, never!"

Then the father cried, moaned: "Hush, hush, little one!" and the mother, all pale, hid her golden head in his pillow, so that little François might not hear her crying.

That night, the child had not been delirious; but for two days the doctor had been anxious about a strange depression that resembled a giving way to death, as if, at seven years, the little one had no longer any desire to live. He was worn and silent and sad, moving his thin face from side to side on the pillow, the smile gone from his pinched lips, and his haggard eyes searching, seeing no one knew what, off there, very far off.

"In Heaven, perhaps!" thought Madeleine, trembling.

When they tried to get him to take some tea, some sirup, a little bouillon, he refused. He refused everything.

"Do you want anything, François?"

"No, I don't want anything."

"He must be got out of it," the doctor had said—"this terrible stupor! You are the father and mother; you know your own child. Try to find something that will put new life into the little body, that will call back to earth the spirit that is already hovering among the clouds!"

And he went away.

"Try!"

Yes, without doubt, they knew him well, their François! They knew how he loved to take a walk in the country on Sunday afternoon, and to come back to Paris on his father's shoulders laden with hawthorn flowers, or to see Punch and Judy on the Champs Elysées with the little rich children. Jacques Legrand had bought toys for François—a kaleidoscope, gilded soldiers; he took them out and set them up on the child's bed, he made them dance before the wandering eyes, and, near to tears himself, tried to make the little one laugh.

"See, here is a big fight going on—bang! Boom! And this is the general. We saw a general one time, in the Bois de Boulogne, do you remember? If you are a good boy and drink your tea I will buy you a real general with a cloth coat and gold epaulets. Would you like that—tell me—a general?"

"No," replied the child, in the hard voice caused by the fever.

"Would you like a pistol, some new marbles—a bow and arrows?"

"No," repeated the little voice, short and almost cruel.

And to everything they said, to all the dolls and balloons they promised, the little voice—while the parents looked at each other in despair—answered: "No, no, no!"

"But isn't there something you want, baby-child?" asked his mother. "Why, you used to want a lot of things. Tell me—tell your own mama," and she put her cheek down in his pillow and whispered it in his ear, softly, like a secret. Then the child, with a strange look, sat upright in his bed, and stretching an eager little hand toward some invisible object, answered, all of a sudden, his voice at the same time pleading and commanding:

"I want *Boum-Boum!*"

Boum-Boum!

Poor Madeleine cast a terrified look at her husband. What was the little one saying? Could it be the delirium again—the dreadful delirium—that had come back?

Boum-Boum!

She did not understand it, and she was afraid of the strange words that the child kept repeating, as if, not having dared to formulate his dream before, he now clung to it with an invincible obstinacy.

"Yes, Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! Boum-Boum! I want Boum-Boum!"

The mother seized her husband's hand frantically, saying, in a low voice, like a madwoman:

"What can it mean, Jacques? He is gone! He is gone!"

But there was a smile on the toil-hardened features of the father—a smile almost happy, and yet dazed, like that of the condemned man who hears of the possibility of freedom.

Boum-Boum! He remembered well the morning of Easter Monday, when he had taken François to the circus. He could still hear the child's shrieks of delight when the clown, the beautiful clown, covered with gold spangles and with a great resplendent butterfly on the breast of his black domino, came dancing on to the stage, went about on all-fours with a little rider on his back, stood, straight and stiff, on his head waving his feet in the air, or caught big felt caps on his head, one after the other, till they formed a pyramid, and, at each round, at each new trick, like a gay refrain, with a droll smile lighting up his face, he gave the same cry, repeated the same word, accompanied each time by a bang from the orchestra: *Boum-Boum!*

Boum-Boum! And each time he said it the whole circus rang with applause and the little one gave his delighted laugh. Boum-Boum! It was this Boum-Boum, it was the clown of the circus, it was the amuser of all that part of the town, that little François wanted to see, that he wanted to have, and that he could

not have and could not see because he was lying there so ill on his little white bed.

That evening Jacques Legrand brought the boy a jointed clown, all covered with spangles, which he had bought in a shop, very dear—the price of four of his days of toil! But he would have given twenty, thirty—he would have given the price of a whole year—to bring a smile to the pale lips of his darling.

The child looked at the toy a moment as it lay glittering on the white sheets; then, sadly:

"That isn't Boum-Boum! I want to see Boum-Boum!"

Ah, if Jacques could have wrapped him up in the bedclothes and carried him to the circus, and showed him the clown dancing beneath the bright lights, and said to him, "Look!" But he did better, Jacques, he went to the circus and asked the address of the clown, and timidly, his knees shaking with emotion, he mounted one by one the stairs that led to the artist's apartment at Montmartre. It was a bold thing for him to do, Jacques. But, after all, comedians were very willing to sing, to give recitations, at the houses of the great. Perhaps the clown—oh, for anything he liked—would consent to come and bid François good morning. Never mind; how was he received there, Jacques Legrand, at Boum-Boum's house?

It was no longer Boum-Boum! It was M. Morens, and the beautiful room, with its books and pictures and objects of art, gave just the right setting to a charming man, who took Jacques into a little study, like a physician's.

Jacques looked at him, not recognizing the clown, and turned and twisted his felt cap in his hands. The other waited. Then the father excused his coming. It was unusual, what he had come to ask he would never have done it—pardon, excuse—but, after all, it was for the little one. Such a darling, *monsieur!* And so intelligent! Always the first in his class, except in arithmetic, which he couldn't understand. A dreamer, the little one—yes, a dreamer; and the proof—listen—the proof."

Jacques hesitated and stammered; then, recovering his courage, he finished in a breath:

"The proof is that he wants to see you, that he thinks of nothing but you, and that you are there, before him, like a star that he wants to have, and that he looks at!"

When the father had finished he was very pale, with great drops of perspiration on his forehead. He did not dare look at the clown, who was standing with his eyes fixed on the laborer. And what would the great Boum-Boum say? Would he dismiss him, would he take him for a madman, would he show him the door?

"Where do you live?" asked Boum-Boum.

"Oh, very near! Rue des Abbesses!"

"Come!" said the other. "He wants to see Boum-Boum, your little boy. Very well, he shall see Boum-Boum!"

When the door opened for the clown Jacques Legrand cried joyously to his son: "François, you're in luck, rascal! Here he is—here's Boum-Boum!"

A smile of joy came over the child's face. He raised himself on his mother's arm and turned his head toward the two men who were entering. For a moment he tried to think who the gentleman was at his father's side in the long coat, who was smiling at him but whom he did not know, and when they told him, "It's Boum-Boum!" he let himself fall back slowly, sadly, with his forehead against the pillow. There he lay, his eyes fixed, his beautiful big blue eyes that looked beyond the walls of the little chamber and sought for the spangles and the butterfly of Boum-Boum as a lover seeks for his idol.

"No," said the child, in a voice that was no longer harsh, but so sad—"no, it's not Boum-Boum."

The clown, standing near the little bed, looked down at the sick baby gravely, tenderly; then, saying, with a glance at the anxious father, at the heart-broken mother, "He is right; it isn't Boum-Boum!" he went out.

"I shall never see Boum-Boum any more! I shall never see Boum-Boum any more!" repeated the child, and already the little voice talked to the angels. Perhaps Boum-Boum was off there—off there where little François was soon going.

And suddenly—it was not so much as

a half-hour since the clown disappeared —the door was thrown open just as before, and there, in his black spangled tights, a little yellow tuft on his head, a golden butterfly on his breast and another on his back, and a great smile spreading from ear to ear on his beautiful powdered face, was Boum-Boum, the real Boum-Boum, the Boum-Boum of the circus, the people's Boum-Boum, little François's Boum-Boum, Boum-Boum!

And on his little white bed, the joy of life in his eyes, laughing, crying, happy, saved, the child clapped his little thin hands, cried bravo, and said, with the gaiety of a seven-year-old, which flashes out all of a sudden like a lighted match:

"It's Boum-Boum! It's Boum-Boum this time! Here's Boum-Boum! Hurrah for Boum-Boum! How d' y' do, Boum-Boum?"

When the doctor came back that day he found, seated by little François's pillow, a clown, with whitened face, who made the child laugh again, and who said, stirring a lump of sugar in his cup of tea:

"You know, if you don't drink your tea, little François, like a good boy, Boum-Boum won't come back any more."

And the child obeyed.

"Isn't that good?"

"Very good! Thank you, Boum-Boum!"

"Doctor," said the clown to the physician, "you mustn't be jealous, but I certainly think that my tricks have done him as much good as your medicines!"

The father and mother wept, but this time it was with joy.

And until little François was out of bed a carriage from Montmartre stopped every day at the laborer's door on the Rue des Abbesses and a man got out, enveloped in a great coat, with the collar turned up, and, underneath, dressed for the circus, with the spangles and the great gold butterfly.

"How much do I owe you, *monsieur?*" said Jacques Legrand, at the end, to *monsieur* the clown when the child sat up for the first time; "because I must owe you something!"

The clown held out to the parents the two large hands of a gentle Hercules:

"A hearty hand-shake," he said.

Then, pressing two big kisses on the baby's cheeks where the roses were coming back, he added, laughing:

"And permission to have on my visiting-cards, 'Boum-Boum, medical athlete and physician ordinary to little François!'"

DANIEL BOONE, LETTER-WRITER.

A Quaint Effort from the Hand of the Famous Old-Time Frontiersman, Who Was Not Often Called Upon to Put Pen to Paper.

DANIEL BOONE, as all Americans know, feared nothing. He was always ready to face hostile Indians or savage wild beasts. He never shrank from toil or hardship. Once, in escaping from his red-skinned foes, he traveled a hundred and sixty miles with only a single meal.

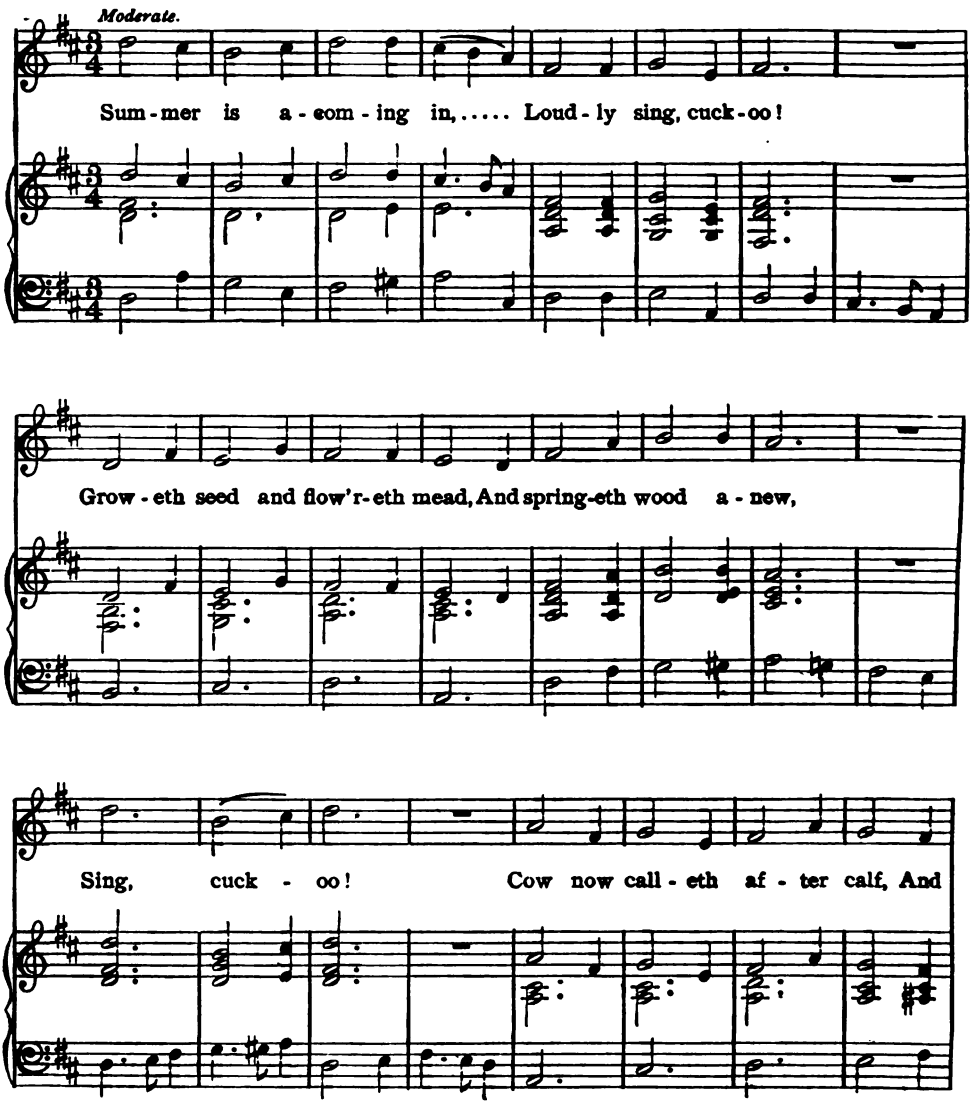
But like most frontiersmen of his day, Boone was no book scholar. The pen, to him, was a far more formidable implement than the rifle. At a recent sale of autographs in New York one of the documents that came under the hammer was a letter from the tough-fisted Kentuckian to Isaac Shelby, Governor of the State, regarding certain military operations on the frontier, and written at some date between 1792 and 1795; for in the latter year Boone left Kentucky for the new lands beyond the Mississippi. One hundred and twenty dollars was paid for this interesting relic, the composition of which evidently cost Boone one of the toughest struggles of his life:

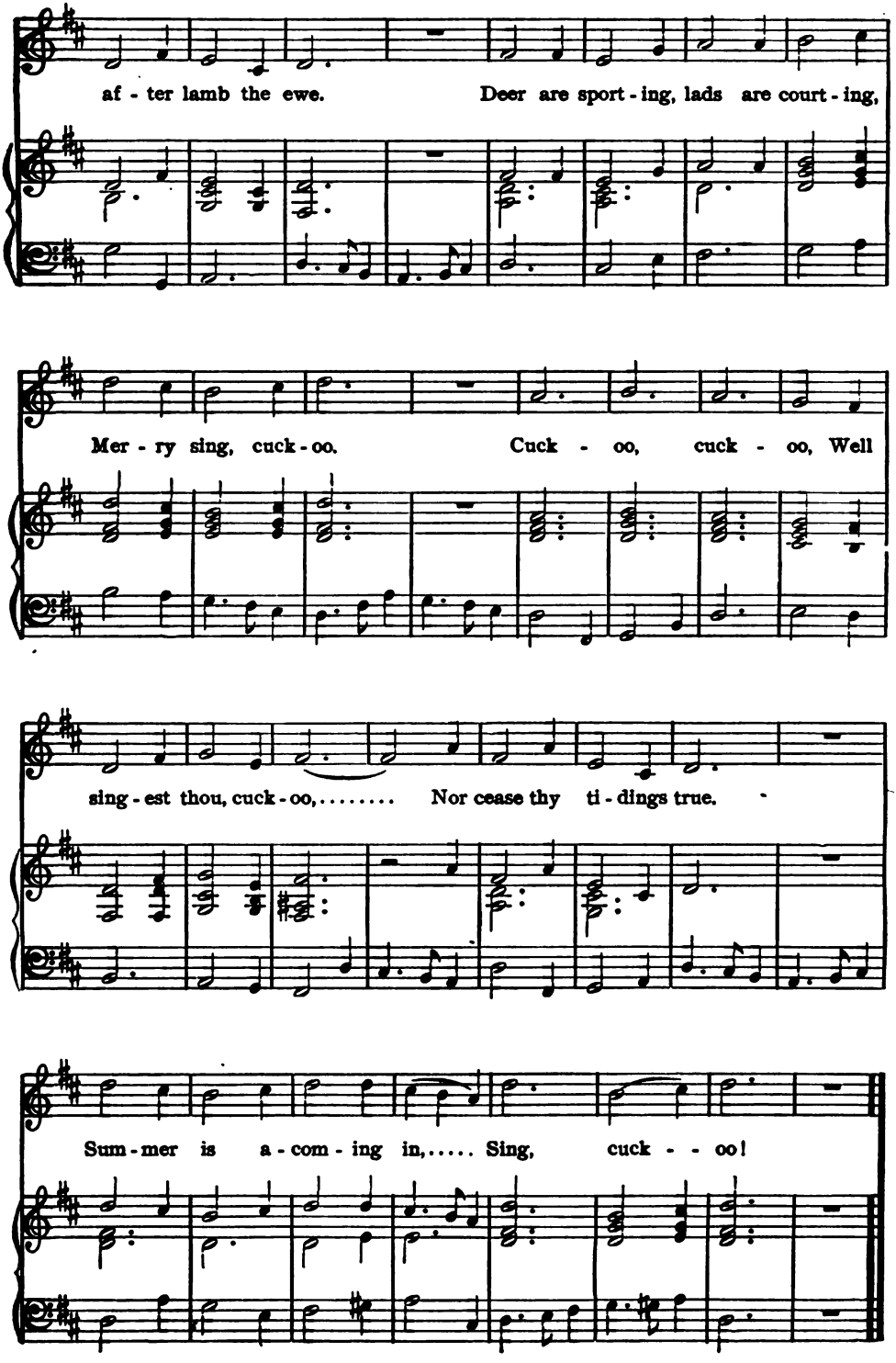
As Sum puson Must Carry out the armantstion to Red Stone if your Excelency Should have thought me a proper Person I Would undertake it, on conditions I have the apintmont to vitel the Company at Kanhowway So that I Could take Down the flower as I paste that place I am your Excelency Most obedient omble Sarvent,

DAL BOONE.

Summer Is A-Coming In.

THE old English "round" bearing this title is probably, the most ancient piece of part-music in existence. A manuscript copy of it, now in the British Museum, was transcribed by John of Fornsete, a monk of Reading, in or about the year 1226. In this arrangement, specially prepared for THE SCRAP BOOK, the melody is given as a song suitable for a medium voice, male or female, with piano accompaniment.




af - ter lamb the ewe. Deer are sport - ing, lads are court - ing,
Mer - ry sing, cuck - oo. Cuck - oo, cuck - oo, Well
sing - est thou, cuck - oo,..... Nor cease thy ti - dings true.
Sum - mer is a - com - ing in,..... Sing, cuck - - oo!

DICKENS IN CAMP.

CHARLES DICKENS died in his home at Gadshill, in Kent, on June 9, 1870. The weeks preceding his death had been weeks of fatigue and illness; but with the coming of the warm summer days he seemed once more to exhibit his old vitality. Many incidents that gave him pleasure had occurred. A resident of Liverpool had written him a letter describing himself as a self-made man who believed that he owed his success to what Dickens had written about the wisdom of kindness and sympathy for others. The writer enclosed a check for five hundred pounds which he begged the author to accept as a slight acknowledgment of the benefits received. This letter greatly touched Dickens, who returned the check, but said that it would give him pleasure to receive any slight remembrance given in another form. His correspondent then sent him an elaborate silver basket and a silver centerpiece containing figures representing the four seasons. The donor, however, had shrunk from sending a symbol of winter to one who had then passed the autumn of his life, and so he had removed this figure from the design.

"I never look at it," said Dickens, "without thinking most of winter!"

On the day before his death, the novelist had been steadily at work upon his last book, "The Mystery of Edwin Drood"; and had finished a beautiful description of a summer morning. When this was completed, he was taken with a sudden pain, and presently became unconscious. He died the next evening in the fifty-eighth year of his age. The news of his death was telegraphed all over the civilized world, and was received everywhere with grief and sympathy. Men and women of every rank and type joined in the expression of sorrow; for Dickens, through his intense humanity, had appealed alike to the noble and the lowly. One of the most touching tributes to the universality of his fame was written by the pen of Bret Harte in the poem which is here reprinted, and which shows that in a rough mining-camp of the Far West the creator of *Little Nell* was known and loved no less sincerely than in the stately dwellings of his own country.

BY BRET HARTE.

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humor, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted
In the fierce race for wealth;

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of *Little Nell*.

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy—for the reader
Was youngest of them all—
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall;

The pine-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with *Nell* on English meadows,
Wandered and lost their way.

And so in mountain solitudes—o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them like the needles shaken
From out the sturdy pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire:
And he who wrought the spell?—
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! But let its fragrant story
Blend with the heart that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel-wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly—
This spray of Western pine!

Some Famous Frauds.

BY CHARLES MICHELSON.

The Franklin Syndicate, the Woman's Bank, the Arizona Diamond Conspiracy, the Humbert Swindle, and Other Historical Cases—While Human Nature Is What It Is, the Old Frauds Will Reappear.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

WITHIN the last few years public attention has been called to several dishonest financial schemes of great magnitude, and the impression has grown that the business world of America has fallen to a lower ethical plane. The truth is that financial dishonesty is endemic, though it becomes epidemic when conditions are favorable. After the exposure of a series of Chadwick cases and Miller syndicates people begin to think that all fraud has been rooted up. Doubtless the collapse of the Carthage Ivory, Slave, and Exploration Company astonished the Phœnicians and convinced them that the world would never again be deceived in such a manner, and probably the Greeks felt the same way about the Atlantis Gold and Land Exploitation Syndicate. There has never been an age without its Chadwicks and Millers.

Moreover, one scheme begets another. The fifty-million-dollar South Sea Bubble of nearly two hundred years ago not only swallowed up the savings of rural and urban England, but suggested the Mississippi Scheme, which cost the French people no less than a hundred million dollars.

THE FRANKLIN SYNDICATE IN BROOKLYN (1899).

The Marvelous Story of William F. Miller's "Ten Per Cent a Week" Enterprise.

MILLER'S five-hundred-and-twenty-per-cent syndicate was at least three hundred years old in idea. In the time of Elizabeth it was operated successfully in England, though the immoderate dividends were supposed to be paid from the plunder of mythical privateers, instead of fictitious investments in stocks. So large were the dividends and so glowing the promises that the shares rose to tremendous values. They were, of course, paid out of the subscriptions of new investors until the flight of the Miller of his day revealed that the only pirate doing business was the promoter himself.

The Spanish Main was the Wall Street of that time. The piling up of huge fortunes was just as intoxicating to outsiders in the sixteenth as in the first year of the twentieth century, when the whole world looked open-eyed at the millions created by the great steel merger and the fluctuations of stocks. Newspaper stories of these great fortunes watered the field that Miller and his companions were to till.

The direct inspiration of the Franklin Syndicate was a scheme known in Pittsburgh as "Fund W." This was a successful confidence game; and it is worthy of memory that Colonel Robert A. Ammon, a leading syndic of the Franklin group, was in Pittsburgh at the time when "Fund W." was in operation.

The Franklin Syndicate was started modestly. William F. Miller, a small, pale young man, living in a tenement at 144 Floyd Street, in the Williamsburg district of Brooklyn, and an earnest member of a near-by church, confided to the corner groceryman and a few

friends in his church that he had inside sources of information as to what certain important operators were doing in Wall Street. Thus, he said, he was in a position to make great gains by speculation. He offered to guarantee a return of ten per cent every week on all the money he invested, and half a dozen persons to whom he broached his plan under pledge of secrecy gave him ten dollars each. Sure enough, when the week ended each investor received a dollar as his first dividend. Each of the original investors was now permitted to increase his own investment and to bring a friend into the syndicate.

Innocent and sophisticated alike—for a large proportion of Miller's customers were perfectly aware of the character of the enterprise—they sent in their money. The first week Miller took in less than one hundred dollars; the second week it was five hundred, the third week three thousand, and so the snowball grew.

It was a veritable blizzard of ten-dollar bills. The money arrived so fast that frequently the only record of the day was the total receipts. The money was tucked away anywhere; there were waste-paper baskets full of it; bureau drawers were so stuffed that they could not be closed. Anybody opening the door on a blustering day saw a whirlwind of greenbacks disturbed by the breeze, and while the clerks shouted at the intruder to shut the door the office-boy regathered the bills that were scattered about like autumn leaves. More than a million and a quarter of dollars, mostly in small bills, was received in that house before the end.

Little Miller, so obscure a few months before, was now the most conspicuous figure in Williamsburg. He frequently dashed into the drug-store on the corner to telephone. While the admiring and envious neighbors looked on and listened, Miller, with a regal disregard for business privacy, would "call down" J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. for failing to deliver "that hundred thousand shares of Steel Preferred" on time, and would notify John W. Gates that William F. Miller insisted on "a settlement for the million dollars in Pennsylvania bonds" loaned the day before. Similarly, Sully, the cotton king, would be congratulated on the joint profit he and the Franklin Syndicate had made from the rise, and would be advised that the Syndicate presented him with another two millions of credit for further purchases.

The victims came like swarming bees. But the very prosperity of the swindle was fatal. As long as it was confined to a quiet corner of Brooklyn it could escape observation, but with thirty thousand dollars a day coming thitherward the eyes of the newspapers were drawn to the inflow—and then it was all over. Miller fled by way of Colonel Ammon's office, carrying with him a satchel containing more than one hundred thousand dollars. The satchel stayed with Lawyer Ammon, but Miller escaped through a rear entrance and got as far as Montreal. He returned from Canada, relying on Ammon's promise to keep him out of jail, but Ammon failed him and he went to prison, where he remained, until by revealing the lawyer's part in the swindle he bought a pardon, and Ammon took his place as a convict.

THE WOMAN'S BANK IN BOSTON (1879—1882).

The Remarkable Career of a Female Napoleon of Fraudulent Finance.

LONG before Miller's time Americans had been painfully introduced to the sort of finance that later became synonymous with his name. One of his predecessors in the game was Mrs. Sarah E. Howe, the Brookline philanthropist, who in 1879 started a Woman's Bank in Boston. She was elderly, deaf, and unamiable, but had no trouble in making women believe that she was the agent of rich and benevolent Quakers who, desiring to help widows and spinsters of limited means, proposed to pay them eight per cent quarterly, in advance, on deposits of not less than three hundred dollars nor more than one thousand. Depositors came in such numbers that she had no difficulty in paying interest out of the incoming stream until she had garnered three hun-

dred and fifty thousand dollars. She operated for three years before the police closed her bank and sent her to prison. Promptly on the expiration of her sentence—three years—she opened another bank in Boston and carried on her old business until she had fifty thousand dollars; then she disappeared.

Not long afterward she appeared in Chicago, where, as "Mrs. Elmer," she conducted a bank in the business section and advertised that the "Ladies' Provident Aid" would pay seven dollars interest a month on deposits of one hundred dollars. She escaped from Chicago with her plunder, added to it in New Brunswick, and returned to Massachusetts in 1888, but the police broke up her establishment almost as soon as it opened its doors.

Her transactions were so near to real banking that, though frequently arrested, she was never convicted after the first experience. In all she must have realized nearly a million dollars by her frauds, but she spent it as fast as she made it, and when she died, about fifteen years ago, she was destitute.

TWO ENGLISH CHAPTERS OF "FRENZIED FINANCE."

The Colossal Schemes of Jabez Spencer Balfour and Whitaker Wright.

IT is a noteworthy fact that in spite of the greater strictness of the English law on such matters, schemes like those of Miller and Mrs. Howe have never gone so far in the United States as on the other side of the ocean. Miller operated for a few months; Jabez Spencer Balfour flourished in England for nearly thirty years and did more than thirty times the damage.

Balfour was really a Miller with imagination. He pyramided company on company and so mingled fraud and legitimate enterprise that when he finally fled England, thirteen years ago, the crash of his schemes cost investors thirty-five million dollars. Balfour's original capital was his enthusiasm in the cause of the Nonconformist churches, a reputation as a temperance worker, and an appalling stock of assurance. A "get-rich-quick" company had recently collapsed, and the distress it caused gave him his opportunity.

This was in 1866. He organized a company to protect the savings of the Nonconformist ministers, school-teachers, and tradesmen, the thriftiest classes in England. His Liberator Building Society undertook to build homes for the poor and worthy on terms of such surprising liberality that deposits came with a rush from the beginning. The austere Balfour and his associates paid their lavish dividends out of the new deposits, and the business was kept running until the deposits were far up in the millions.

Then the inevitable breakers were sighted. Instead of snatching what he could and running away, Balfour simply organized a new company, which took over the pressing liabilities of the old concern. Thus was started a new flow of deposits which ran its course, and then still another company carried the game farther. The scheme grew until the Balfour group had banks and trust companies and was building blocks on the Thames Embankment and financing ventures all over England.

Balfour was elected mayor of Croydon. Then he was sent to Parliament, where he stanchly supported the Liberal program. He took part in all the great philanthropic movements, gave large sums to churches, and preached the cause of teetotalism. He was Andrew Carnegie and J. Pierpont Morgan combined, in the estimation of half England, at the very time when he was gathering his securities and picking out a hiding-place. When the crash came he escaped to the Argentine Republic. Detectives found him in the person of Samuel Butler, promoter, organizing schemes for English emigration to the Argentine, projecting flour-mills and sawmills and breweries. They took him home and sent him to prison for fourteen years.

Ten years later came Whitaker Wright, whose suicide after being sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in 1903 ended a career even more spectacular than Balfour's. On the strength of

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one good mine in Australia he organized company after company—the West Australia Exploration Company, the British America Corporation, and the London and Globe Finance Company being the most important. In all, his corporations were capitalized at one hundred and ten million dollars. He gathered his boards of directors from the peerage. He built a luxurious country place, with great grounds, wonderful statuary, artificial lakes, and a private theater.

Wright's money was made by the promotion of companies and the booming of their stock. He ran the price of West Australia Exploration from a few shillings up to thirty pounds a share. His name was enough to sell stock in any corporation, and for a time he ranked as one of the greatest promoters in the world. He was different from the others whose frauds are described in this article, for he began his operations with a fortune of a million—legitimately earned in the mines of the Western States—and it is claimed that he did nothing for which he could have been prosecuted in the United States. It was on this ground that he vainly sought to prevent extradition after his arrest in New York. But it was English law that he had to fight—not American.

THE ARIZONA DIAMOND SWINDLE (1871—1872).

How Two Miners Deceived the Experts by Planting Diamond Dust in the Arizona Desert.

THE Arizona diamond swindle is a classic of fraud. In 1871 two men named Arnold and Slack, miners and prospectors, came to a mine broker in San Francisco with a handful of crystals which they said they had found on an ant-hill in the wildest and most remote part of Arizona. They frankly admitted that they did not know whether the stones were of any value, and asked him to send them to New York to be tested. In due time report came that there were in the collection valueless quartz crystals, garnets of little worth, and seven diamonds, one particularly fine.

The prospectors pretended to be destitute, and the man to whom they first applied fitted them out and directed them to bring in a larger quantity of gems to prove the genuineness of their find. Three months later Arnold and Slack were back again—famine-stricken, ragged, and exhausted. They said that they had been ambushed by Apaches, caught in mountain freshets, and lost in the desert; but they had scraped up about a pint of stones from around the ant-hill, and these they produced. A test proved that many of the stones were diamonds and rubies.

Several capitalists were taken into the secret. A famous firm of jewelers in New York was approached, and, after an examination of the diamonds already gathered, agreed to pay a quarter of a million dollars for a fourth interest in the mine, if an expert of its own selection reported favorably after surveying the field. Up to this time the prospectors had told nobody the exact location of their find. As soon as the jewelers' proposition was made Slack and Arnold fell into a violent quarrel as to the advisability of accepting it. The rich men who had become interested tried to reconcile the two, but Slack pointed out that there was no American law by which the diamond mines could be located and held, and that to reveal the location before such a law was secured would enable the New York men to grab the field and then refuse to pay. Slack even professed doubt as to the existence of any considerable diamond-bearing tract, and finally declared he was tired of the whole business and wanted to get out of it. The outcome of the quarrel was the payment of one hundred thousand dollars to Slack for his share in the mines.

Once rid of Slack, the promoters got down to business—even to considering the advisability of limiting their output for fear of overstocking the diamond market. The point made by Slack impressed them, and they went to Congress and secured the passage of a bill by which their diamond claims could be located. They were diplomatic about it; in fact, the whole proceedings were kept

beautifully secret. The very Congressmen who voted for an apparently innocent amendment to the mining laws did not know that they were providing for a diamond monopoly.

This all made delay. Before the bill was passed Slack had ample time to go to London, invest the hundred thousand dollars in rough diamonds and diamond dust, and plant a section of Arizona with his purchases.

The jewelers' expert reached the field. He was a careful man; the mere presence of diamonds did not satisfy him. He gathered up a quantity of the soil and placed it under the microscope for the final scientific test. There he saw the glittering points. With microscopic diamonds under his eye, he no longer doubted.

The remaining steps were easy. The Diamond Company was promptly incorporated. It had behind it some of the richest men in California and New York. The shrewd capitalists bought out Arnold, the second of the original locators, for five hundred thousand dollars. On receipt of the money Arnold faded from sight, and neither he nor his partner has since been seen by any of the men they defrauded.

I have heard this diamond scheme criticized by expert practitioners in the art of criminal deceit because it only paid its inventors half a million or so. The Humbert case and the Chadwick operations, not nearly so easy from the confidence man's view-point as the "authenticated" diamond fields, are instanced as examples of more thorough workmanship.

THE HUMBERT CASE IN PARIS.

How Mme. Thérèse Humbert Made the Most of an Imaginary Legacy and an Empty Safe.

UNLIKE the Arizona diamond swindle, the Humbert fraud commands the unstinted admiration of the crooked fraternity. There was no failure there—except the failure to get away at the last; and that detracts as little from the glamour of the game as Waterloo does from the fame of Napoleon.

The Humbert case had all the elements of success. First, there was the grave and reputable father-in-law, M. Humbert, former minister of justice, a solemn and solid figure in France; then, his son, heir to his father's estates, the dilettante in politics, who had represented Seine-et-Marne in the Chamber of Deputies, writer on artistic themes, artist enough to have his pictures hung in the Salon. There was the hint of a scandal to indicate why Robert Henry Crawford, the American multimillionaire, should have left his fortune of one hundred million francs to Mlle. Thérèse d'Aurignac, who had become Mme. Frederick Humbert.

The Humbert family entered Paris. Imagine the arrival of the heiress to twenty million dollars, with a successful painter for her husband and a former cabinet minister for father-in-law! Mme. Humbert was soon dividing newspaper notoriety with Boni de Castellane, who was at that time scattering many millions.

Under the impact of the Humbert fortune, the doors of society swung open until they jarred the walls. The Humbert house on the Avenue de la Grande Armée became famous for splendid appointments and magnificent entertainments; thither flocked literary Paris, artistic Paris, political Paris, financial Paris. The doors of the banks swung as wide as the doors of society.

When the money-lenders pressed Mme. Humbert so hard that it became necessary to provide an excuse for not paying some of their loans, a letter arrived from Henry and Robert Crawford, nephews of the man who had left his fortune to Mme. Humbert. They had found another will, which gave Mme. Humbert only an annuity of thirty-six thousand francs, and divided the estate among the two nephews and Marie d'Aurignac, *madame's* little sister.

The two Crawfords, being each as rich at least as their uncle had been, did not wish to be unpleasant, though for principle's sake they had to leave the settlement to the courts. At once a lawsuit! By agreement the twenty million dollars was sealed up in a great safe in

the Humbert palace to await a final determination of the case. Once a year the Crawfords and Mme. Humbert were to inspect the securities.

The bankers were a little doubtful about the lawsuit when the time came for fresh loans. How could they be sure that the case would not be decided in favor of the Crawfords, and then—what? The Crawfords came nobly to the rescue; the suit must go on as a matter of legality, but the younger of them would marry Mlle. Marie when she came of age, so that, however the suit was decided, the money would remain in the family. Doubt disappeared, and the golden stream, temporarily dammed, flowed afresh and in greater volume than ever.

Poor dear Mme. Humbert! So unsophisticated, so innocent of business knowledge! It was almost more than the bankers could do to take advantage of her innocence, but they did it—lent her francs by the million at fifty per cent. She always let them settle the rate of interest—they were men of finance; she was just a simple woman. All went so well that they were still paying for all the splendor of the house on the Avenue of the Grand Army when Mlle. d'Aurignac reached the age of eighteen.

Then—astonishing girl!—she announced that she would not marry the Crawford. The creditors were shocked; the Crawford was furious—so it was told in the Humbert circle. Now that they had been insulted, the Crawfords would contest the suit in earnest. The greatest lawyers in France faced one another in the trials, appeals, rehearings; and still Mme. Humbert borrowed money at still more usurious rates, and the creditors did not worry because there were the twenty millions safe in the strong box, to say nothing of accumulating interest. At last her heaviest creditor, Girard & Co., could wait no longer, and sued her for six million two hundred thousand francs. She contested the suit and told of the usury, and M. Girard blew out his brains in despair. The receiver of the banking firm prosecuted the suit, and finally got judgment for two million five hundred thousand francs, the actual amount loaned. After some difficulty it was borrowed, and the establishment of Humbert went on for a space. But during the Girard suit certain statements had created suspicion. More suits were brought against the Humberts, and finally the courts opened the safe and found—a rusty buckle and some dusty envelopes. Fortune, Crawfords, romance—all were fiction!

THE STRANGE CAREER OF MRS. CASSIE CHADWICK.

A Cleveland Woman's Ingenious Fabric of Forgery and Fiction.

DURING the progress of the Humbert case there was living in Cleveland, Ohio, a middle-aged woman, who had been in jail for forgery, and had led a precarious existence as a fortune-teller. She had contrived to bury her past, and at the time of the Humbert disclosures was living sedately as the wife of a physician in fairly good circumstances. She made friends—among them a banker or two—to whom she whispered that there was a cloud over her birth and that she was burdened with a large fortune, the possession of which shamed and mortified her.

Cassie L. Chadwick was merely an imitator. For the Humbert fortune of twenty million dollars locked in a safe she substituted fifteen million dollars in ostensible Carnegie notes and stock certificates. Instead of the piquant romance that accounted for the Humbert bequest she offered the fiction that she was the unrecognized daughter of a famous industrialist, who, though he could not acknowledge her, had created for her a trust fund of millions. Her friends were very sympathetic; chided her for feeling so keenly what she could not help, and advised her to make use of her fortune. At length she was convinced, and decided to live the larger life they counseled.

Mrs. Chadwick now applied to C. T. Beckwith, president of the Citizens' National Bank of Oberlin, Ohio. He was one of those to whom she had confided the secret of her birth, and he made no

objection to letting her have one hundred and two thousand dollars of his own and Cashier Spear's and enough of the bank's money to increase the amount to more than three hundred and fifty thousand dollars, on the security of two notes aggregating seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars and signed "Andrew Carnegie." In gratitude she told President Beckwith that he would be made trustee of the five-million-dollar fund which Ira Reynolds, secretary and treasurer of the Wade Park Bank, held for her.

Mr. Beckwith was too good a business man to let such a chance slip; he was too much of a gentleman to betray a woman's secret; so he said nothing to the directors of the bank about the loan, though it was four times as much as the bank's capital.

Ira Reynolds, another of those whom she took into her confidence, received from her a sealed bundle of securities, giving her in return an attest stating that he held five million dollars in stocks and bonds, which were enumerated, for Mrs. C. L. Chadwick. He made another attest of the same list for her husband. Mr. Reynolds, who was the eminently respectable, conservative business man of his town, says that when Mrs. Chadwick finally decided to place her securities in his hands he hesitated about giving her the attest she requested.

"Perhaps," said she, with sad dignity, "you wish to examine them to verify my words, Mr. Reynolds."

And Reynolds, knowing how keenly she suffered from the disgrace of her secret, felt his doubts evaporate before that pathetic rebuke, declaring he had no idea of doubting, and gave the attests —and thereby the power of getting all the money she wanted; for what usurer would hesitate to lend with the security of a well-known banker's assurance that he held millions and millions of the best stocks and bonds in the country?

Then began Mrs. Chadwick's splendid days. She filled her house on Euclid Avenue with an extraordinary collection of junk. Without taste, she bought alike the newest products of the local furniture factory and the more or less genuine Louis Quinze articles she encountered abroad. She traveled to Europe in the grandest style, taking with her a dozen young girls from Cleveland, just to give them an outing; indeed, she played Lady Bountiful to all Cleveland. She shone in charities; she sent grand pianos broadcast to her friends, and when "Parsifal" was produced in New York she brought on a car-load of guests to attend it. All she had to do was to show that attest of Reynolds and whisper her sad story, and money came to her.

Mrs. Chadwick might have been borrowing yet if she had confined her operations to the Middle West. But, after loading up a score of Ohio banks with her paper, and working as far East as Pittsburgh, she tackled a Yankee. She got one hundred and ninety-two thousand eight hundred dollars from Banker Newton, of Brookline, Massachusetts, on the strength of an introduction by her Cleveland pastor, backed up with Mr. Reynolds's receipts for five million dollars and a note for half a million signed "Andrew Carnegie." When she did not meet her notes, Mr. Newton declined to take the Carnegie relationship story in lieu of his money. He brought suit and the bubble broke.

Questioned for the first time about these matters, Mr. Carnegie revealed that he not only had not signed any notes, but had never even heard of Mrs. Chadwick until the newspapers revealed her to the world. She was arrested, taken back to Cleveland, and thrown into jail to await her trial for conspiring with Beckwith and Spear to violate the United States banking laws, while indictments for forgery rained about her.

Has the publicity of the Chadwick case put bankers and money-lenders and investors on their guard sufficiently to withstand the next confidence game that may be offered them? Not a bit of it. There are Miller syndicates by scores running to-day in Wall Street; there are Keely motors and mines of moonshine being sold, and no doubt there are Humbert fortunes in strong boxes and Chadwick romances in bank vaults all over the country. And the promoters of these frauds will flourish as long as there remains a money-lender who, for the greedy reasons of usury, will take pains not to inquire too closely into the affairs of his clients.

The Betting Scotchman.

(ANONYMOUS.)

THIS clever story appeared some seventeen years ago in an English newspaper with no signature attached to it, and its authorship, so far as we are aware, still remains unknown. In rescuing it from oblivion, we can only express our regret that so admirable a story-teller should never have come forward to claim the credit that is due to his gift of narrative, his ingenuity, and his invention. Possibly its appearance here may result in the discovery of its origin, as has happened with more than one of the bits of poetry or prose that THE SCRAP BOOK has found in forgotten files of the press.

It is worth while to note that this tale was written before the stalwart sons of Caledonia made the world in general aware of their dislike for the word "Scotchman." THE SCRAP BOOK makes it a rule not to apply to a Scotsman a term to which he objects; but in this instance we did not feel justified in changing the title of a story.

THE colonel of the Red Hussars was an Irishman, who was as proud of his nationality as it is possible for an Irishman to be, and that is not saying a little by any means. He carried his patriotism so far as to aver that not only were the Irish the finest, the most courageous, the most gifted, of the four nationalities, but that nearly all the great Englishmen were really Irishmen. He justified this Hibernianism by a mode of reasoning that was highly original, but not wholly convincing. It would have provoked shouts of laughter in the mess if it had proceeded from the lips of a subaltern, but the colonel was an altogether different person to deal with. It would be dangerous to quarrel with him, and he was as peppery as a London fog, or an old maid who has been jilted by the curate. It was considered far more advisable "to give him his head," and let him exhaust himself by the violence of his own efforts.

When he launched out on his favorite topic, therefore, he was listened to in disrespectful silence by his subordinates; but in revenge it was the greatest delight of the wags of the regiment to mimic his voice and manner, and to represent him as uttering the most astounding Hibernian falsehoods, garnished with numerous expressions of a wholly unprintable character. This was called "doing Old Pat," and was a very popular amusement in every mess-room where the colonel's personality was known. His real name, of course, as the army list will tell you, was Colonel Dominick Sydney Power, but this is a trifling detail. He had been nicknamed Old Pat at a very early stage of his military career, and Old Pat of the Red Hussars was almost as well known throughout the service as Cox's Bank or the cold-meat train to Woking. *

Therefore, when the Red Hussars heard that Sir James Macleod had been gazetted from the Blues to their own regiment, conjecture ran very rife among the officers whether Sir John would contrive to hit it off amicably with Old Pat. It was generally felt that the stranger would probably prove a Scotchman of the deepest dye, with a very large allotment of Scotch pride and patriotism, while, no doubt, after his experiences in the Blues, he would be inclined to regard a mere colonel in a hussar regiment with more

*Army slang for the funeral train to the great cemetery at Woking, near London.

compassion than reverence. Under these circumstances, there seemed to be every prospect of some lively scenes when the colonel should deem it fitting to take the Scotch baronet into his confidence on the important subject of national distinctions.

"It will be great fun if he goes for Old Pat, and gives it him hot when he begins the usual rot," said young Fanshawe, with a broad grin, and it was generally agreed among the junior officers of the regiment that it would be great fun indeed.

While his subordinates were coming to this insubordinate decision, Colonel Dominick Power was engaged in reading a long letter from an old schoolfellow of his, and a former brother-officer of Sir James Macleod's, to whom he had written in order to make some inquiries with regard to the new importation into the mess-room of the Red Hussars, and the baronet's motives for effecting the exchange.

"A woman is at the bottom of it, as usual," wrote Captain Fletcher, of the Blues. "Macleod was very hard hit, and she threw him over for no reason that any one can divine. Pure deviltry, that is all. He knew that you were ordered abroad, and he wants to get out of the country without appearing to run away. That's the bait. He is a capital fellow; no nonsense about him in any way; is a good sportsman; A-one shot; and very popular in the regiment. There is only one point on which I had better caution you. *Don't bet with him.* He is a very devil at bets, and always wins."

"Is he, indeed?" mused Colonel Power; "and he may be the very divil himself for all he'll get out of me. It's meself that would like to see the colonel of the regiment betting with a mere whipper-snapper of a subaltern!"

II.

SIR JAMES MACLEOD proved to be a tall, fair young man, whose long features and high cheek-bones testified very clearly that the place of his birth lay beyond the Tweed. He was not remarkably good-looking, but he carried himself with such an air of distinction that it seemed wonderful, as young Fanshawe said, that any woman could throw over "such a dasher, and a real, live baronet to boot." His manner, however, was that of a man of the world; and it is not remarkable, under the circumstances, that he got on at once with the young men who were to be his companions for the future.

"We thought you would be no end of a heavy swell," said young Fanshawe, in a day or two, during which friendship had ripened into familiarity; "but you ain't a bit."

Whereat Sir James Macleod laughed good-humoredly.

"What shall you do when Old Pat begins his usual rot," continued Fanshawe, in a confidential tone, "about Ireland being the finest country in the universe, and everybody else being miserable scarecrows and outsiders? Shall you stick up for Auld Reekie?* I wish you would. It would make Pat so sick!"

Young Fanshawe explained his meaning at some length.

"And you think that he would be furious if any one contradicted him?" inquired Macleod, fixing a very wary gray eye on the other.

"Furious! He would have a fit."

Macleod deliberated for a moment with the same wary expression of eye, and then he said quietly:

"I should like to make a bet with you. I will lay you two ponies to a five-pound note that, if you will draw the colonel out on his favorite topic, I will contradict him on every point, we will have a most angry discussion, and at the end the colonel will be as good-humored and pleased as if—well, as if I had put a hundred pounds in his pocket."

"You don't know Old Pat," replied Fanshawe, shaking his head. "He'll make the regiment too hot to hold you in less than no time."

"Well, shall I book the bet?" suggested Macleod blandly.

"No; I won't bet on a certainty."

"*Are* you sure," inquired Macleod, with an air of doubt, "that it isn't that you don't feel—quite—up—to drawing Old Pat—"

"You may book the bet," cried Fanshawe haughtily, and his cheek flushed with anger. "And if you lose, you will have no one to thank but yourself."

*Edinburgh.

"Quite so," said Macleod calmly, and he made the entry in his pocketbook in the most businesslike way. "And if I lose—well, at any rate I shall afford you some amusement."

And so it came about that that same evening, after dinner, when the wine was circulating pretty freely, and a mellow glow was beginning to make its appearance on the colonel's ripe visage, young Fanshawe, to the consternation of the mess, introduced the subject of a deceased Irish politician.

"What a scoundrel that fellow was!" said young Fanshawe, apropos of nothing, and dragging the dead leader into the conversation precisely as *Mr. Dick* used to hoist King Charles's head into the "memorial."

The other subs looked at young Fanshawe with an expression of amazement. Had he gone out of his senses, or had the wine got into his head? Closer inspection, however, showed that he looked unnaturally sober and unusually intelligent. Then there must be some game on—some game at the colonel's expense. This would probably be good sport, and it would be well to be in at the death. Every eye was fixed on the colonel. Old Pat was not to be drawn by young Fanshawe. He snorted indignantly, but reserved his steel for worthier foes.

The circle of watchful eyes now turned to Fanshawe. What would be his next move?

"My *pater* has just bought a hogshead of the finest Scotch whisky," said the youth, coming up to time with commendable alacrity and a cheerful smile. He launched out into some details on the subject, concluding with the following significant remark:

"I hate Irish whisky. It is such sickening, soapy stuff. I think Scotch is much the best."

A joyful gleam shone in the attentive optics. This was getting interesting. Young Fanshawe was actually, of malice prepense, "going for" Old Pat. "Hooray! Yoicks! Tallyho! Go it, young Fanshawe!" were the sentiments reflected in the breasts of that hopeful youth's brother-subalterns; while even the major, who certainly ought to have known better, grinned with intense enjoyment.

"Don't you think so, Macleod?" said young Fanshawe to the Scotchman, who was cracking walnuts with the utmost insouciance.

"Don't I think what?" he replied.

"That Scotch whisky is better than Irish."

"Why, of course. Can there be any doubt? Does any one dispute it?"

This sally was too much for Old Pat. He plunged at once into the fray, and a heated discussion ensued. At least, it was heated on his side, for Macleod retained an appearance of judicial calm that would have put Job himself in a bad temper. Young Fanshawe, it may be added, at once seized the opportunity to retire from the forefront of the battle, and took up the safe position of an interested spectator.

In a comparatively short time a great deal of unpalatable information was shot upon the colonel. He was told that not only was Scotch whisky far more pleasing to the taste than Irish, but it was less injurious to the health, and there was less of illicit distillation in Scotland than in Ireland. Warming apparently to his subject, and totally regardless of Old Pat's passionate and profane defense, Macleod went on to enunciate the view that all that was really good and great in the Irish nation was English or Scotch in origin, that the Irish colonies in English towns formed the most criminal and degraded portion of the population, and that there was actually something in the climate or the soil of Ireland which deteriorated the physical and moral nature of the inhabitants. He said this with the calm utterance of a lecturer who demonstrates facts. There was even a softer undertone perceptible now and then, as if he pitied the advocate of so miserable a cause.

The colonel became almost incoherent with rage. His face assumed a deep purple hue. He manifested an inclination to foam at the mouth.

"For proof of this," continued Macleod, "it is quite enough to refer to a well-known and incontrovertible fact. Whether it is due to the potatoes that they eat or the bog-water that they drink, I don't know; but it is quite enough for my purpose that every Irishman of anything like ancient descent has a black

roof to his mouth. You will bear me out in that, colonel, I am sure."

The mess in vain endeavored to preserve a dignified demeanor. They were nearly choking with suppressed laughter. Young Fanshawe contrived to upset a decanter in order to hide his emotion. Another young scapegrace was obliged to go to the sideboard, where he gurgled subterraneously for several minutes with his back to the company.

"It's a lie!" roared the colonel, whose eyes were nearly starting out of his head. "An infernal lie!"

"How? A lie, colonel? Do you mean to deny what I have stated?"

"I mean," shrieked Old Pat, "that the Powers of Ballycoran are one of the oldest families in Irreland; that they were on intimate terms with Brian Boru; and that whin the blissid St. Patrick came that way, 'twas me own ancestorr that gave him the *cead mille failthe* to Ballycoran; and if ye can find a single black roof in the mouths of the intirre family, may the divil fly off with the soul of the dirty varmin!"

And with these words the colonel struck the table a blow that made the glasses ring.

"This is very interesting, indeed," replied Macleod, gazing at the colonel as if that dignitary were the missing link, or a new form of butterfly. "I had no idea that any one—even an Irishman—would dispute it. Now, I dare say that you have never thought of examining your own mouth?"

The colonel's reply was of a nature that would have been an expensive one had he made it in the presence of a magistrate who enforced the penalties against swearing.

"Strange, very strange," said Macleod, who was still quite calm. "Now, I think I will lay you two to one in ten-pound notes that I am right."

A wolfish light shone in the colonel's eyes, but he held back with the most praiseworthy self-control. It would be undignified to bet with a mere sub—and on such a subject.

"I will make it five to one in twenty-pound notes," continued Macleod, with an air of great confidence, "that you have a black roof to your mouth."

"I will take that bet," spluttered the colonel, who was now in a white heat of rage. "By me soul, I will take that same, just to teach you not to bet on subjects of which you know nothing. It will be a useful lesson. And now, how do you propose to decide the bet?"

Sir James Macleod suggested that ocular inspection would be the quickest and most satisfactory method—ocular inspection by the senior officers of the mess. Their words would probably be sufficient for both parties.

The colonel demurred a little to this proposition. It seemed to him totally subversive of discipline. He was quite sure that the commander-in-chief would not approve of it. No other possible way of settling the question occurred to him, however, and, now that he had got so far, he was determined to win that hundred pounds at all hazards, and give the young Scotch jackanapes his much-needed lesson.

Candles were accordingly sent for at once, and a dead silence ensued. Every man looked at the other as if inquiring what would be the next act in this singular drama. Even young Fanshawe forgot to laugh. The colonel breathed heavily, and his eyes glared at his adversary, who still retained his unmoved demeanor.

At last the lights came. Armed each with a candlestick, the major, the captains, and the senior subaltern in turn examined the gaping orifice which the colonel revealed to their gaze, during which inspection young Fanshawe threw himself headlong on to a sofa and kicked like a person in mortal agony; while two subalterns expressed their feelings in a bear-fight behind the colonel's unconscious head.

The verdict of the judges was unanimous. They declared that the roof of the colonel's mouth was red, not black.

"Decidedly red," said the senior captain, with a curious chuckle that seemed fraught with a world of meaning. "Not a trace of black."

"Not black?" cried Sir James Macleod in tones of amazement. "Are you sure?"

"Quite sure," replied the major judicially.

"'Pon honor!" remarked the others in chorus.

"Well, gentlemen, you *have* surprised me," said Macleod, glancing from one to the other, as if he could scarcely believe his ears. "Of course I believe you, but—if the colonel will permit—I should like to look just to convince my own eyes."

"Look away, me boy," chuckled the colonel hoarsely. He was convulsed with delight at his complete triumph. "Ye'll have to pay for your peep!"

"Well, then, please open your mouth a little wider, colonel; and will one of you hold the light? Really, colonel, you must excuse me, but I can't see. You must really let me open your mouth a little wider."

With these words he actually laid one sacrilegious hand on the colonel's nose and the other on the colonel's chin, and pressed them gently in opposite directions. There was not a man among all the reckless crew that stood around but held his breath in anticipation of a terrible explosion.

The colonel did not rise and annihilate the audacious Scotchman. He bore this insult like a lamb. The indignity was, however, of the very shortest duration, for Macleod was satisfied with the briefest glance.

"I have lost," he said quite cheerfully. "And I owe you an apology, colonel. Luckily, I have the notes about me."

He produced his pocketbook, extracted two fifty-pound notes from it, and handed them to the colonel. The latter took them with the most portentous gravity. He was clearly puzzled and uncertain as to the right course of action. He puckered up his face in the most curious wrinkles. Then he rubbed his nose reflectively. The humorous side of the question, however, presented itself very forcibly to him, and he broke into a broad grin.

"Well," he said, with a loud roar of laughter, "you are an impudent rascal! But I didn't think that a Scotchman and his money were so easily parted."

And amid sympathetic roars from the entire mess, who thought the whole thing a capital joke all round, the colonel's indignation melted into intense enjoyment of his own success. The only person who was unsettled in his mind was young Fanshawe, who could not understand why Macleod should have risked a hundred pounds in so foolish a way.

"I don't think much of that Scotch chap you sent us," wrote the colonel, a few days later, to his old schoolfellow, Captain Fletcher, of the Blues. "Too much brag; too little bottom. He'll never set the Thames on fire. Only a few nights ago he actually bet me a hundred pounds to twenty that I had a black roof to my mouth—cheeky young devil! Well, I took the bet, just to give him a lesson. You ought to have seen his face when he lost. Really, I couldn't help roaring with laughter to see how confident he had been and how sold he was. You must be a dull lot in the Blues if he always wins from you. Anyhow, I have broken the record."

Captain Fletcher wrote by return of post to his old schoolfellow, Colonel Dominick Power:

Confound you! Didn't I caution you most pointedly not to bet with him? Couldn't you have known that there must be some deviltry on, or a man would not throw away his money in such preposterous fashion? Before he left us, Macleod laid me one hundred pounds to a thousand that he would pull your nose in the presence of the mess before he had been a week in the regiment, and without being courtmartialed or even placed under arrest for it, and I have just received a round-robin, signed by your mess, declaring that he has won the bet.

WHEN GENERAL WASHINGTON TOOK COMMAND.

I CAN now inform you that Congress has made choice of the modest and virtuous, the generous, amiable and brave George Washington, Esquire, to be general of the American Army; and that he is to repair as soon as possible to the camp before Boston. This appointment will have a great effect in cementing and securing the union of these Colonies.—*From a letter written by John Adams in Philadelphia, June 17, 1776.*

THE BANNER OF THE STARS.

THE 14th of June is the anniversary of the adoption of the American flag by a resolution of Congress passed on that date in 1777. Until then, the American troops who were engaged in resisting the forces of Great Britain had fought under various standards—the beaver flag of New York, the rattlesnake flag of the Southern colonies, the crescent flag displayed by Colonel Moultrie in Charleston, the flag showing a hand grasping a bundle of thirteen arrows, and finally, the flag which Washington unfurled at Cambridge and which had been designed by Franklin, with thirteen stripes alternately red and white, but still showing the Union Jack of Britain in the canton, or upper inside corner. The resolution of Congress retained the thirteen stripes, but substituted for the Jack a new device of thirteen stars on a blue field. It is not known with absolute certainty who originated the national standard; but it is probable that the suggestion came either from Washington himself or from the fact that the Washington coat of arms displayed both the stars and the stripes.

Most historians agree that the American flag was first raised on land at Fort Stanwix, on the Mohawk River, August 6, 1777, and at sea by Captain Paul Jones, the date being uncertain. In battle it was first carried at the Brandywine, September 11, 1777, where Washington was defeated by General Howe and Lord Cornwallis, and where Lafayette was severely wounded. At the present time, the number of stars is forty-five; but after July 4 of the present year, the admission of the State of Oklahoma will increase this number to forty-six.

BY R. W. RAYMOND.

HURRAH, boys, hurrah! Fling our banner to the breeze!
Let the enemies of freedom see its folds again unfurled;
And down with the pirates that scorn upon the seas
Our victorious Yankee banner, sign of Freedom to the world!

We'll never have a new flag, for ours is the true flag,
The true flag, the true flag, the Red, White, and Blue flag;
Hurrah, boys, hurrah! We will carry to the wars
The old flag, the free flag, the Banner of the Stars.

And what tho' its white shall be crimsoned with our blood?
And what tho' its stripes shall be shredded in the storms?
To the torn flag, the worn flag, we'll keep our promise good,
And we'll bear the starry blue field, with gallant hearts and arms.

We'll never have a new flag, for ours is the true flag,
The true flag, the true flag, the Red, White, and Blue flag;
Hurrah, boys, hurrah! We will carry to the wars
The old flag, the free flag, the Banner of the Stars.

Then cursed be he who would strike our Starry Flag!
May the God of Hosts be with us, as we smite the traitor down!
And cursed be he who would hesitate or lag,
Till the dear flag, the fair flag, with victory we crown!

We'll never have a new flag, for ours is the true flag,
The true flag, the true flag, the Red, White, and Blue flag;
Hurrah, boys, hurrah! We will carry to the wars
The old flag, the free flag, the Banner of the Stars.

The Beggar Child.

BY MARCEL PRÉVOST.

Translated from the French for THE SCRAP BOOK by Dr. E. H. Du Bois.

IT is a characteristic of genius to display itself no less in trifles than in masterpieces. The story here given affords a good illustration of this fact.

Nothing could be more tenuous than the theme of this little tale; yet the skill of the writer has imbued it with an interest and a certain intimate quality which appeal to every one who reads it. The slight tinge of superstition which runs like a thread through the story, and the beautiful impulse of charity and love which illumine it, are treated with exquisite felicity of touch.

Marcel Prévost, one of the most popular of contemporary French writers of fiction, was born in Paris, May 1, 1862. He was educated in the Ecole Polytechnique and went into business, becoming connected with a tobacco-factory at Lille, in the north of France. His novels, of which the first was published in 1887, attracted much attention; and in 1891 he decided to devote himself wholly to literature. He has written much that is brilliant and at the same time cynical, his best-known book, "Demi-Vierges," being a somewhat lurid picture of a certain phase of social life in Paris. In "The Beggar Child" he puts aside his cynicism and shows himself to be familiar with the psychology of pure minds and with the motives that animate those who are good and noble.

IT is a little story, very slight and delicate, so slight, indeed, so delicate, that I am afraid the very act of putting it into words on paper may destroy its fragile grace, its faint perfume. Why, then, when it was told us one evening in the midst of the complex luxury of a modern dinner, by the charming woman who is its heroine—why did it make upon us all so lasting an impression that it has become, in this corner of the Parisian world, one of those classic stories which are the inheritance of each group of society and to which an allusion is always understood and welcomed? Perhaps because it was like a ray of light shed for a moment on our frivolity and cheapness; perhaps because, just as a movement, a gesture, is sometimes enough to reveal the whole of a beautiful form, so, too, sometimes it only needs a few sincere words to lay bare the whole of a pure heart.

We had been speaking of the mysterious impulses, already classified and named by science, from which so few people are exempt. These mysterious forces compel one man to count the flowers on the wall-paper, the volumes in a bookcase, everything he sees that can be counted. They impel another to set himself the task, as he walks along the street, of reaching a particular lamp-post before the cab coming up behind overtakes him, or, if a clock is striking, before the last stroke has sounded. They make still another go through a set round each night before retiring, arranging certain objects, and examining certain pictures and boxes. They are the slight melodies of our modern brains, germs of monomania and madness transmitted from one generation to another, until they finally become a part of human nature itself.

We were all confessing our weaknesses,

our absurd superstitions, reassured by the confession of the others, charmed to find them like ourselves, or even worse than ourselves. But one young woman had said nothing. She listened to us, a little surprise on her beautiful face, framed in its set bands of dark hair.

Some one asked her:

"And you, *madame,* are you exempt from our modern aberrations? Haven't you the least little peculiarity to avow?"

She seemed to be searching diligently in her memory.

"No." She shook her head. "No!"

And we felt that she spoke the truth, for everything that we saw and knew of her, her gentle poise, her spotless name, set her apart from the worldly dolls who had just confessed their shortcomings. But evidently her modesty took fright at claiming an indemnity so complete, when all those about her were confessing their troubles. She changed her mind:

"Really, I'm afraid I can't say that I am in the habit of counting the cabs, or that I look through my boxes every night before going to bed. But still, the other day I had an experience that seems quite like what you have described—if I understood you—a sort of impulse from within, a force that peremptorily commanded me to do a certain trifling thing, as if it had been a matter of life and death."

We asked for the story, and she told it with a charming air of excusing herself for occupying the general attention with so unimportant an experience.

"This is what happened, in a few words. It was five or six days ago, and I had gone out with my little daughter Suzon. She is eight years old, you know. I was taking her to her lecture, for, if you please, the little lady already attends lectures. The day was so fine that we decided to walk along the Champs Elysées and the boulevards to our destination, a house in the Rue Laffitte. We were going merrily along, chatting together, when a cripple, a mere boy, dragged himself in front of us and held out his hand without saying a word. I had my sunshade in one hand and was holding my gown in the other, and I confess I didn't want the bother of stopping and looking for my purse. So I went on without giving to the beggar.

"We continued our walk down the Champs Elysées, Suzon and I. The little one had suddenly stopped talking, and I, too, without knowing very clearly why, no longer had anything to say. We reached the Place de la Concorde without having exchanged a word since our meeting with the beggar. Little by little I felt growing up in my heart a sort of uneasiness, the feeling of having done an irreparable mischief, and of being menaced, on account of it, by some vague danger in the future. I always try to look squarely at what I have done; so as I walked I searched my conscience.

"'I, certainly, have not committed a very grave fault against charity,' I said to myself, 'in not giving to this beggar. I have never pretended to give to every one that I meet. I shall be more generous to the next, and that ends it.'

"But all my arguments failed to convince me, and my distress increased, became a sort of agony. Time and again I was on the point of turning round and going back to the place where we had met the child; but if you will believe it, a sort of false pride kept me from doing so in the presence of my daughter. We have sunk pretty low when we hesitate to do right because of what others may think of us!

"We were almost at the end of our walk, and had just turned the corner of the Rue Laffitte, when Suzon touched me gently on the hand to attract my attention.

"'Mama!' said she.

"'What is it, baby girl?'

"She raised her big blue eyes to my face and said gravely:

"'Mama, why didn't you give to that poor beggar in the Champs Elysées?'

"Like myself, she had thought of nothing else since our meeting; her heart was oppressed as mine was; only, being better than her mother and more sincere, she confessed her trouble quite simply.

"I did not hesitate a moment.

"'You are right, dear,' I said to her.

"We had walked more rapidly than usual under the obsession of our fixed idea, so we had still twenty minutes before the time set for the lecture. I called a *fiacre,* got in with Suzon, and

the driver started toward the Champs Elysées, roused to his best speed by the promise of a generous tip. Suzon and I held each other by the hand, and I can assure you that we still felt very uneasy. What if the crippled boy had gone? What if we could not find him again?

"Arriving at the corner where we had passed him, we jumped out of the *fiacre* and looked up and down the avenue. Not a sign of the poor little fellow! We questioned a woman who rents chairs near by. She remembered seeing the boy. He was not, she said, one of the usual beggars at that corner. She did not know in which direction he had gone.

"Our time was short, and we were just about giving up in despair, when all of a sudden Suzon spied the little cripple, squatting under a tree, fast asleep, with his hat between his knees. Suzon went to him on tiptoe, and slipped a small gold piece in the empty hat; then we returned to the Rue Laffitte. I know well enough it was absurd, but we hugged each other as if we had escaped a grave peril."

The young woman ceased speaking, covered with blushes to have talked so long of herself with everybody listening. And we who had heard her reverently, felt as if we had breathed a purer air, had drunk from a stream of fresh water at its very source.

SAMPLES OF NEWSPAPER WIT.

How a Paragraph About a Somnolent Kentuckian Went the Rounds of the Press with Comments Supposed to Be Humorous.

SOME curious things happen when the paragraph men get busy. They are the gentlemen with the shears who swell the columns of the local newspaper with spoils from the "exchanges."

A Louisville newspaper, not long ago, printed something about a Kentuckian who had been asleep for twelve years. The story may have been true—there is no telling. The daily press does sometimes print the truth, though it has a keener scent for the picturesque than for accuracy. At any rate, this particular item caught the eye of one paragraph man after another. The first to comment on it was a Chicago humorist, who said:

A man in Kentucky has been asleep for twelve years. When he wakes up he should be assured of a permanent job as juryman.

A paragrapher in St. Joseph, Missouri, gave it a different twist:

Down in Kentucky a man's been asleep twelve years. Won't he be mighty glad to find out all his debts are outlawed!

A spirit of envy may have inspired the next text on the subject. It comes from a New Orleans paper:

A Kentucky man has been buried in a sound sleep for the last twelve years. Most likely he started in to read one of Marse Henry Watterson's editorials.

Hot on the heels of this unkind cut comes a deliberate insult from Detroit:

See that a Kentucky man has been asleep for twelve years. Don't blame him. That's about all there is to do nowadays if you have to live in Kentucky.

Still hurrying on its way, the scrap of intelligence slips into a Columbus, Ohio, editorial room, where the man takes it and hurls it back in this shape:

There's a man in Kentucky who's been asleep for twelve years. As long as he keeps his eyes shut and lies still it's all right. He's a blamed sight honester than a lot of other Kentuckians who have been walking around sound asleep for twice twelve years.

One might be inclined to wonder suspiciously about the habits of the Harrisburg man who fixed it up this way:

We learn with interest that a Kentucky man has been asleep for twelve years. He probably came in at 3 A.M., too muddled to make excuses to his wife, and now he's simply sidestepping the morning-after explanations.

A Cleveland newspaper shows a tendency to dig at the local police. It says:

A man in Kentucky has been asleep for twelve years. This naturally brings up the pertinent query, "Why isn't he on our police force?"

COLONEL WAGNER'S CARRIAGE.

A Gleam of Humor amid the Records of the United States Army—An Officer Who Objected to Traveling in a "Combination of a Hearse and a Chicken-Coop."

EXCEPT in time of war, the official correspondence of the United States army is usually about as dry reading as could readily be found. The regulations distinctly state that all reports and communications must confine themselves to facts and must be couched in temperate language. The following effusion from the pen of the late Colonel Arthur Wagner, the well-known writer on military subjects, is perhaps unique:

HEADQUARTERS DETACHMENT OF NORTHERN LUZON,
MANILA, P. I., July 6, 1901.

To the Depot Quartermaster, Manila, P. I.:

SIR: I have the honor to invite your attention to the fact that though application was made some weeks ago for a suitable conveyance for the use of the Inspector-General of this Department and myself, the only result thus far has been the hope deferred which maketh the heart sick, and which at the same time makes the rest of one's individuality extremely tired.

The fact that the conveyance now in use by Major Beach and myself is an unattractive combination of a hearse and a chicken-coop is one that I can endure in a becoming spirit of humility, though it might seem proper that there should be some visible evidence that in the matter of transportation the senior staff officer of an important department is given more consideration than is habitually extended to a company slop-barrel; but it may be well doubted whether it accords with the best interests of the service to provide such a rickety and jolting conveyance for a staff officer that upon his arrival at his office he finds his inner man churned into an unlovely omelet, composed of his viscera, his conscience, and his professional attainments.

This request is neither inspired by pride nor prompted by the spirit of a sybarite. I do not aspire to an iron chariot such as baffled Judah in his campaign against the Canaanites of the valley (Judges i, 19), nor even to a buckboard* of a pattern famous in more recent military history. Nay, more, I do not even aspire to a participation in the wheeled glory of my juniors in rank on duty at Division Headquarters, nor to the vehicular grandeur of a newly created quartermaster, but I would like to have a conveyance which I could leave standing with a reasonable degree of confidence that it would not be removed in my absence by a police party as an offense against the landscape or a menace to sanitation.

The vehicle with which I am now provided offers an appearance of impending disintegration not unlike that of a man with his suspenders broken and ten Mexican dollars in his trousers-pockets; and its imitation of the "one-hoss shay" is doubtless delayed only by a Castilian spirit of procrastination acquired by its makers.

To be sure, there remains the alternative of walking through the burning rays of a tropical sun, which would be perfectly feasible if one could escape a *cabeza caliente* [sunstroke] or consider his liver with the same indifference that the late Mr. Vanderbilt entertained for the public; but the alternative of my melting away in perspiration or fading away in an atmosphere of humiliation is not attractive to me, though it may not be devoid of hopeful features for the junior officers of my corps.

Trusting that this delay in the matter of providing me with a suitable conveyance is due merely to a climatic spirit of *mañana* [procrastination], and is not an evidence of original sin on the part of the Quartermaster's Department, I am,

Yours respectfully,
ARTHUR WAGNER,
Lieutenant-Colonel and Assistant Adjutant-General, U. S. A.

First indorsement on the above:

Respectfully referred to Lieutenant Kossman, Thirty-Fifth Infantry, Assistant to Depot Quartermaster, in charge of Land Transportation, with the hope that we can repair, rejuvenate, or even substitute a good *quilez* [carriage] for this "cross between a hearse and a chicken-coop" now used by Colonel Wagner.

*An allusion, presumably, to the buckboard used by Major-General Shafter during the Santiago campaign, June and July, 1898.

This paper to be returned with report of action. JOHN T. KNIGHT,
Major and Quartermaster, U. S. Volunteers, Depot Quartermaster.

Second indorsement:

OFFICE OF THE LAND TRANSPORTATION,
MANILA. P. I., July 11, 1901.

Respectfully returned to the Depot Quartermaster, Manila, P. I., with the information that the "one-hoss shay" has been replaced by a new *quiles*, thus providing a more suitable vehicle for such proportion of the staff officers of the Department of southern Luzon as may still remain intact and susceptible of conveyance.

Regretting the inability of this branch of the service in the way of restoration of wrecked viscera and individual consciences, it is respectfully suggested that this part of the communication be referred to the Medical Department of the army and to some reputable chaplain, respectively, for such repairs and restoration as they may be able to make. B. KOSSMAN,
Second Lieutenant, Thirty-Fifth Infantry, U. S. Volunteers, Acting Quartermaster, in Charge of Land Transportation.

Billy, He's in Trouble.

(ANONYMOUS.)

I'VE got a letter, parson, from my son away out West,
An' my ol' heart's as heavy as an anvil in my breast,
To think the boy who's futur' I had once so proudly planned
Should wander from the path o' right an' come to such an end!
I told him when he left us, only three short years ago,
He'd find himself a plowin' in a mighty crooked row—
He'd miss his father's counsels, and his mother's prayers, too;
But he said the farm was hateful, an' he guessed he'd have to go.

I know thar's big temptation for a youngster in the West,
But I believed our Billy had the courage to resist;
An' when he left I warned him o' the ever-waitin' snares
That lie like hidden sarpints in life's pathway everywheres.
Our Bill, he promised faithful to be keerful, an' allowed
He'd build a reputation that'd make us mighty proud;
But it seems as how my counsel sort o' faded from his mind,
An' now the boy's in trouble of the very wustest kind!

His letters come so seldom that I somehow sort o' knowed
That Billy was a trampin' on a mighty rocky road;
But I never once imagined he would bow my head in shame,
An' in the dust would waller his ol' daddy's honored name.
He writes from out in Denver, an' the story's mighty short;
I just can't tell his mother; it'd crush her poor ol' heart!
An' so I reckoned, parson, you might break the news to her—
Bill's in the Legislatur', but he doesn't say what fur.

A Fight With Malay Pirates.

BY CHARLES READE.

THREE famous novels by Charles Reade were written with the express purpose of attacking what he regarded as great wrongs. "It Is Never Too Late to Mend" exposes the evils of the English prison system as it then existed. "Put Yourself in His Place" assails what Reade called the tyranny of the labor-unions in Lancashire. "Hard Cash" was written to depict the evils and dangers of the private insane asylums and of the English lunacy laws. Each of these novels produced a tremendous impression on the public mind; for while they had all the fascination of pure romance, they were the result of the most painstaking study and research. In this respect Reade was the forerunner of those writers in our own time who employ fiction as a keen weapon against the dangers which actually or supposedly beset society.

"Hard Cash" was written almost wholly in Reade's study in Magdalen College, Oxford, of which he was a fellow. On reading its pages, so glowing, so full of action, and so filled with the spirit of outdoor life, it is difficult to realize that it was composed during months in which the author rarely saw or spoke to any friend, but spent his entire time at his desk or in his library.

The passage here reprinted forms only an episode in the story, and is complete in itself. *Captain David Dodd,* the commander of an English merchant ship, the Agra, has retired from the service, and is now making his last voyage from China to England. His chief officer's name is *Sharpe.* The captain is carrying the savings of a lifetime, amounting to fourteen thousand pounds, in bank-notes, sewed up in a little bag and fastened about his neck beneath his clothing. A few passengers are making the voyage with him. Among them are a British officer, *Colonel Kenealy,* an eccentric American, *Joshua Fullalove,* and his negro attendant, and an English lady, *Mrs. Beresford.* Just before sailing, *Captain Dodd* has heard rumors that two pirate vessels have been committing depredations in the Malay Straits; but he takes little notice of the report, and for a while the voyage is uneventful. Then occurs the exciting incident which is recorded here.

CARMINE streaks tinged the eastern sky at the water's edge, and that water blushed; now the streaks turned orange, and the waves below them sparkled. Thence splashes of living gold flew and settled on the ship's white sails, the deck, and the faces; and with no more prologue, being so near the line, up came majestically a huge, fiery, golden sun, and set the sea flaming liquid topaz.

Instant, the lookout at the foretopgallantmasthead hailed the deck below.

"Strange sail! Right ahead!"

The strange sail was reported to Captain Dodd, then dressing in his cabin. He came soon after on deck and hailed the lookout:

"Which way is she standing?"

"Can't say, sir. Can't see her move."

Dodd ordered the boatswain to pipe to breakfast; and taking his deck-glass went lightly up to the foretopgallantmast cross-trees. Thence, through the light haze of a glorious morning, he espied a long, low schooner, lateen-rigged, lying close under Point Leat, a small island about nine miles distant on the weather bow; and nearly in the Agra's course, then approaching the Straits of Gaspar.

"She is hove to," said Dodd, very gravely.

At eight o'clock the stranger lay about two miles to windward, and still hove to. By this time all eyes were turned upon her and half a dozen glasses. Everybody, except the captain, delivered an opinion. She was a Greek lying to for water; she was a Malay coming north with canes, and short of hands; she was a pirate watching the straits.

The captain leaned silent and somber, with his arms on the bulwarks, and watched the suspected craft. Mr. Fullalove joined the group and leveled a powerful glass of his own construction. His inspection was long and minute, and, while the glass was at his eye, Sharpe asked him, half in a whisper, could he make out anything.

"Wal," said he, "the varmint looks considerable snaky." Then, without moving his glass, he let drop a word at a time, as if the facts were trickling into his telescope at the lens and out at the sight. "One—two—four—seven false ports."

There was a momentary murmur among the officers all round; but British sailors are undemonstrative.

The next observation that trickled out of Fullalove's tube was this:

"I judge there are too few hands on deck, and too many—white—eyeballs—glittering at the port-holes."

"Confound it!" muttered Bayliss uneasily. "How can you see that?"

Fullalove replied only by handing his glass to Dodd. The captain, thus appealed to, glued his eye to the tube.

"Well, sir; see the false ports and the white eyeballs?" asked Sharpe ironically.

"I see this is the best glass I ever looked through," said Dodd doggedly, without interrupting his inspection.

"I think he is a Malay pirate," said Mr. Grey.

Sharpe took him up very quickly, and indeed angrily:

"Nonsense! And if he is, he won't venture on a craft of this size."

"Says the whale to the swordfish," suggested Fullalove, with a little guttural laugh.

The captain, with the American glass at his eye, turned half round to the man at the wheel:

"Starboard!"

"Starboard it is."

"Steer south-southeast."

"Aye, aye, sir." And the ship's course was thus altered two points.

This order lowered Dodd fifty per cent in Mr. Sharpe's estimation. He held his tongue as long as he could; but at last his surprise and dissatisfaction burst out of him:

"Won't that bring him out on us?"

"Very likely, sir," replied Dodd.

"Begging your pardon, captain, would it not be wiser to keep our course and show the blackguard we don't fear him?"

"When we do? Sharpe, he has made up his mind an hour ago whether to lie still or bite; my changing my course two points won't change his mind; but it may make him declare it; and I must know what he does intend before I run the ship into the narrows' head."

"Oh, I see," said Sharpe, half convinced.

The alteration in the Agra's course produced no movement on the part of the mysterious schooner. She lay to under the land still, and with only a few hands on deck, while the Agra edged away from her and entered the straits between Long Island and Point Leat, leaving the schooner about two miles and a half distant to the northwest.

Ah! The stranger's deck swarms black with men.

His sham ports fell as if by magic; his guns grinned through the gaps like black teeth; his huge foresail rose and filled, and out he came in chase. So bounds the tiger on his unwary prey.

There were stout hearts among the officers of the peaceable Agra; but danger in a new form shakes the brave; and this was their first pirate. Their dismay broke out in ejaculations not loud but deep.

"Hush!" said Dodd doggedly. "The lady!"

Mrs. Beresford had just come on deck to enjoy the balmy morning.

"Sharpe," said Dodd in a tone that conveyed no suspicion to the newcomer, "set the royals and flying jib. Port!"

"Port it is," cried the man at the helm.

"Steer due south!" And, with these words in his mouth, Dodd dived to the gun-deck.

While Sharpe and his hands were setting every rag the ship could carry on that tack, the other officers, having unluckily no orders to execute, stood gloomy and helpless, with their eyes glued, by a sort of somber fascination, on that coming fate; and they literally jumped and jarred when Mrs. Beresford, her heart opened by the lovely day, broke in on their nerves with her light treble:

"What a sweet morning, gentlemen! After all, a voyage is a delightful thing. Oh, what a splendid sea! And the very breeze is warm. Ah, and there's a little ship sailing along. Here, Freddy, Freddy darling, leave off beating the sailor's legs and come here and see this pretty ship. What a pity it is so far off! Ah! Ah! What is that dreadful noise?"

For her horrible small talk, that grated on those anxious souls like the mockery of some infantine fiend, was cut short by ponderous blows and tremendous smashing below. It was the captain staving in water-casks; the water poured out at the scuppers.

"Clearing the lee guns," said a middy, off his guard.

Colonel Kenealy pricked up his ears, drew his cigar from his mouth, and smelt powder.

"What, for action?" said he briskly. "Where's the enemy?"

Fullalove made him a signal, and they went below.

Mrs. Beresford had not heard, or not appreciated, the remark. She prattled on till she made the mates and midshipmen shudder.

Realize the situation and the strange incongruity between the senses and the mind in these poor fellows! The day had ripened its beauty; beneath a purple heaven shone, sparkled, and laughed a blue sea, in whose waves the tropical sun seemed to have fused his beams; beneath that fair, sinless, peaceful sky, wafted by a balmy breeze over those smiling, transparent, golden waves, a bloodthirsty pirate bore down on them with a crew of human tigers; and a lady babble-babble-babble-babble-babble-babble-babbled in their quivering ears.

But now the captain came bustling on deck, eyed the loftier sails, saw they were drawing well, appointed four midshipmen a staff to convey his orders; gave Bayliss charge of the carronades, Grey of the cutlasses, and directed Mr. Tickell to break the bad news gently to Mrs. Beresford, and to take her below to the orlop deck; ordered the purser to serve out beef, biscuit, and grog to all hands, saying: "Men can't work on an empty stomach; and fighting is hard work;" then beckoned the officers to come round him.

"Gentlemen," said he confidentially, "in crowding sail on this ship I had no hope of escaping that fellow on this tack, but I was, and am, most anxious to gain the open sea, where I can square my yards and run for it if I see a chance. At present I shall carry on till he comes up within range; and then, to keep the company's canvas from being shot to rags, I shall shorten sail; and, to save ship and cargo and all our lives, I shall fight while a plank of her swims. Better be killed in hot blood than walk the plank in cold."

The officers cheered faintly; the captain's dogged resolution stirred up theirs.

The pirate had gained another quarter of a mile and more. The ship's crew were hard at their beef and grog, and agreed among themselves it was a comfortable ship; they guessed what was coming, and wo to the ship in that hour if the captain had not won their respect!

Strange to say, there were two gentlemen in the Agra to whom the pirate's approach was not altogether unwelcome. Colonel Kenealy and Mr. Fullalove were rival sportsmen and rival theorists. Kenealy stood out for a smooth-bore and a four-ounce ball; Fullalove for a rifle of his own construction. Many a doughty argument they had and many a bragging match; neither could convert the other. At last Fullalove hinted that by going ashore at the Cape and getting each behind a tree at one hundred yards and popping at one another, one or other would be convinced.

"Well, but," said Kenealy, "if he is dead, he will be no wiser; besides, to a fellow like me, who has had the luxury of popping at his enemies, popping at a friend is poor, insipid work."

"That is true," said the other regretfully. "But I reckon we shall never settle it by argument."

Theorists are amazing; and it was

plain, by the alacrity with which these good creatures loaded the rival instruments, that to them the pirate came not so much a pirate as a solution. Indeed, Kenealy, in the act of charging his piece, was heard to mutter, "Now, this is lucky." However, these theorists were no sooner loaded than something occurred to make them more serious. They were sent for in haste to Dodd's cabin; they found him giving Sharpe a new order.

"Shorten sail to the taupsels and jib, get the colors ready on the halyards, and then send the men aft."

Sharpe ran out of zeal and tumbled over Ramgolam, who was stooping remarkably near the keyhole. Dodd hastily bolted the cabin-door and looked with trembling lip and piteous earnestness in Kenealy's face and Fullalove's. They were mute with surprise at a gaze so eloquent yet mysterious.

He manned himself and opened his mind to them with deep emotion, yet not without a certain simple dignity.

"Colonel," said he, "you are an old friend; you, sir, are a new one; but I esteem you highly, and what my young gentlemen chaff you about, you calling all men brothers, and making that poor negro love you instead of fear you, that shows me you have a great heart. My dear friends, I have been unlucky enough to bring my children's fortune on board this ship. Here it is, under my shirt—fourteen thousand pounds! This weighs me down. Oh, if they should lose it, after all! Do, pray, give me a hand apiece, and pledge your sacred words to take it home safe to my wife at Barkington, if you, or either of you, should see the sun set to-day and I should not."

"Why, Dodd, old fellow," said Kenealy cheerfully, "this is not the way to go into action."

"Colonel," replied Dodd, "to save this ship and cargo I must be wherever the bullets are, and I will, too."

Fullalove, more sagacious than the worthy colonel, said earnestly:

"Captain Dodd, may I never see Broadway again, and never see Heaven at the end of my time, if I fail you. There's my hand."

"And mine," said Kenealy warmly.

They all three joined hands, and Dodd seemed to cling to them.

"God bless you both! God bless you! Oh, what a weight your true hands have pulled off my heart! Good-by for a few minutes. The time is short. I'll just offer a prayer to the Almighty for wisdom, and then I'll come up and say a word to the men, and fight the ship, according to my lights."

Sail was no sooner shortened, and the crew ranged, than the captain came briskly on deck, saluted, jumped on a carronade, and stood erect. He was not the man to show the crew his forebodings.

(Pipe) "Silence fore and aft!"

"My men, the schooner coming up on our weather quarter is a pirate. His character is known; he scuttles all the ships he boards, dishonors the women, and murders the crew. We cracked on to get out of the narrows, and now we have shortened sail to fight this blackguard and teach him to molest a British ship. I promise, in the company's name, twenty pounds' prize-money to every man before the mast if we beat him off or outmaneuver him; thirty if we sink him, and forty if we tow him astern into a friendly port. Eight guns are clear below, three on the weather side, five on the lee; for, if he knows his business, he will come up on the lee quarter; if he doesn't, that is no fault of yours nor mine. The muskets are all loaded, the cutlasses ground like razors—"

"Hurrah!"

"We have women to defend—"

"Hurrah!"

"A good ship under our feet, the God of justice overhead, British hearts in our bosoms, and British colors flying—run 'em up!—over our heads." The ship's colors flew up to the fore, and the Union Jack to the mizzen peak. "Now, lads, I mean to fight this ship while a plank of her"—stamping on the deck—"swims beneath my foot, and—what do you say?"

The reply was a fierce "Hurrah!" from a hundred throats, so loud, so deep, so full of volume, it made the ship vibrate, and rang in the creeping-on pirate's ears. Fierce, but cunning, he saw mischief in those shortened sails, and that Union Jack, the terror of his tribe, rising to a British cheer; he lowered his mainsail, and crawled up on the weather quarter. Arrived within a cable's length, he

double-reefed his foresail to reduce his rate of sailing nearly to that of the ship; and the next moment a tongue of flame, and then a gush of smoke, issued from his lee bow, and the ball flew screaming like a sea-gull over the Agra's mizzentop. He then put his helm up and fired his other bow-chaser, and sent the shot hissing and skipping on the water past the ship.

This prologue made the novices wince. Bayliss wanted to reply with a carronade, but Dodd forebade him sternly, saying: "If we keep him aloof we are done for."

The pirate drew nearer and fired both guns in succession, hulled the Agra amidships, and sent an eight-pound ball through her foresail. Most of the faces were pale on the quarter-deck; it was very trying to be shot at, and hit, and make no return. The next double discharge sent one shot smash through the stern cabin window, and splintered the bulwark with another, wounding a seaman slightly.

"Lie down forward!" shouted Dodd. "Bayliss, give him a shot."

The carronade was fired with a tremendous report, but no visible effect. The pirate crept nearer, steering in and out like a snake to avoid the carronades, and firing those two heavy guns alternately into the devoted ship. He hulled the Agra now nearly every shot.

The two available carronades replied noisily and jumped as usual; they sent one thirty-two-pound shot clean through the schooner's deck and side; but that was all they did worth speaking of.

"Curse them!" cried Dodd. "Load them with grape! They are not to be trusted with ball. And all my eighteen-pounders dumb! The coward won't come alongside and give them a chance."

At the next discharge the pirate chipped the mizzenmast and knocked a sailor into dead pieces on the forecastle. Dodd put his helm down ere the smoke cleared and got three carronades to bear, heavily laden with grape. Several pirates fell, dead or wounded, on the crowded deck, and some holes appeared in the foresail. This one interchange was quite in favor of the ship.

But the lesson made the enemy more cautious; he crept nearer, but steered so adroitly, now right astern, now on the quarter, that the ship could seldom bring more than one carronade to bear, while he raked her fore and aft with grape and ball.

In this alarming situation Dodd kept as many of the men below as possible; but, for all he could do, four were killed and seven wounded.

Fullalove's word came too true; it was the swordfish and the whale. It was a fight of hammer and anvil; one hit, the other made a noise. Cautious and cruel, the pirate hung on the poor hulking creature's quarters and raked her at point-blank distance.

And her captain! To see the splintering hull, the parting shrouds, the shivered gear, and hear the shrieks and groans of his wounded, and be unable to reply in kind! The sweat of agony poured down his face. Oh, if he could but reach the open sea and square his yard and make a long chase of it, perhaps fall in with aid! Wincing under each heavy blow, he crept doggedly, patiently on toward that one visible hope.

At last, when the ship was cloved with shot and peppered with grape, the channel opened; in five minutes more he could put her dead before the wind.

No. The pirate, on whose side luck had been from the first, got half a broadside to bear at long musket-shot, killed a midshipman by Dodd's side, cut away two of the Agra's mizzen-shrouds, wounded the gaff, and cut the jib-stay. Down fell that powerful sail into the water and dragged across the ship's forefoot, stopping her way to the open sea she panted for. The mates groaned; the crew cheered stoutly, as British tars do in any great disaster; the pirates yelled with ferocious triumph, like the devils they looked.

But most human events, even calamities, have two sides. The Agra being brought almost to a standstill, the pirate forged ahead against his will, and the combat took a new and terrible form. The elephant-gun popped, and the rifle cracked, in the Agra's mizzentop, and the man at the pirate's helm jumped into the air and fell dead. Both theorists claimed him. Then the three carronades peppered him hotly, and he hurled an iron shower back with fatal effect. Then at last the long eighteen-pounders on the

gun-deck got a word in. The old Niler was not the man to miss a vessel alongside in a quiet sea; he sent two round shot clean through him; the third splintered his bulwark and swept across his deck.

"His masts! Fire at his masts!" roared Dodd to Monk, through his trumpet. He then got the jib clear and made what sail he could without taking all the hands from the guns.

This kept the vessels nearly alongside a few minutes, and the fight was hot as fire. The pirate now for the first time hoisted his flag. It was black as ink. His crew yelled as it rose; the Britons, instead of quailing, cheered with fierce derision. The pirate's wild crew of yellow Malays, black, chinless Papuans, and bronzed Portuguese, served their side guns, twelve-pounders, well and with ferocious cries; the white Britons, drunk with battle now, naked to the waist, grimed with powder and spotted like leopards with blood, their own and their mates', replied with loud, undaunted cheers and deadly hail of grape from the quarter-deck; while the master gunner and his mates, loading with a rapidity the mixed races opposed could not rival, hulled the schooner well between wind and water, and then fired chain-shot at her masts.

Meantime, Fullalove and Kenealy, aided by Vespasian, who loaded, were quietly butchering the pirate crew two a minute, and hoped to settle the question they were fighting for—smooth-bore *versus* rifle; but unluckily neither fired once without killing; so "there was nothing proven."

The pirate, bold as he was, got sick of fair fighting first; he hoisted his mainsail and drew rapidly ahead, with a slight bearing to windward, and dismounted a carronade and stove in the ship's quarter-boat, by way of a parting kick.

The men hurled a contemptuous cheer after him; they thought they had beaten him off. But Dodd knew better. He was but retiring a little way to make a more deadly attack than ever; he would soon wear and cross the Agra's defenseless bows, to rake her fore and aft at pistol-shot distance; or grapple, and board the enfeebled ship two hundred strong.

Dodd flew to the helm, and with his own hands put it hard a weather, to give the deck-guns one more chance, the last, of sinking or disabling the destroyer. As the ship obeyed, and a deck-gun bellowed below him, he saw a vessel running out from Long Island and coming swiftly up on his lee quarter.

It was a schooner. Was she coming to his aid?

Horror! A black flag floated from her foremast-head.

While Dodd's eyes were staring almost out of his head at this death-blow to hope, Monk fired again; and just then a pale face came close to Dodd's, and a solemn voice whispered in his ear:

"Our ammunition is nearly done!"

Dodd seized Sharpe's hand convulsively and pointed to the pirate's consort coming up to finish them, and said, with the calm of a brave man's despair:

"Cutlasses, and die hard!"

At that moment the master gunner fired his last gun. It sent a chain-shot on board the retiring pirate, took off a Portuguese head and spun it clean into the sea ever so far to windward, and cut the schooner's foremast so nearly through that it trembled and nodded, and presently snapped with a loud crack and came down like a broken tree, with the yard and sail, the latter overlapping the deck and burying itself, black flag and all, in the sea; and there, in one moment, lay the destroyer buffeting and wriggling—like a heron on the water with his long wing broken—an utter cripple.

The victorious crew raised a stunning cheer.

"Silence!" roared Dodd with his trumpet. "All hands make sail!"

He set his courses, bent a new jib, and stood out to windward close-hauled, in hopes to make a good offing, and then put his ship dead before the wind, which was now rising to a stiff breeze. In doing this he crossed the crippled pirate's bows, within eighty yards; and sore was the temptation to rake him; but his ammunition being short, and his danger being imminent from the other pirate, he had the self-command to resist the great temptation. He hailed the mizzentop:

"Can you two hinder them from firing that gun?"

"I rather think we can," said Fulla-

love, "eh, colonel?" and tapped his long rifle.

The ship no sooner crossed the schooner's bows — being disabled, the schooner's head had come round to windward, though she was drifting to leeward —than a Malay ran forward with a linstock. Pop went the colonel's ready carbine; the Malay fell over dead, and the linstock flew out of his hand. A tall Portuguese, with a movement of rage, snatched it up and darted to the gun; the Yankee rifle cracked, but a moment too late. Bang went the pirate's bow-chaser, and crashed into the Agra's side, and passed nearly through her.

"Ye missed him! Ye missed him!" cried the rival theorist joyfully.

He was mistaken; the smoke cleared, and there was the pirate captain leaning wounded against the mainmast with a Yankee bullet in his shoulder, and his crew uttering yells of dismay and vengeance. They jumped and raged and brandished their knives and made horrid gesticulations of revenge; the white eyeballs of the Malays and Papuans glittered fiendishly; and the wounded captain raised his sound arm and had a signal hoisted to his consort, and she bore up in chase, and, jamming her fore lateen flat as a board, lay far nearer the wind than the Agra could, and sailed three feet to her two besides.

On this superiority being made clear, the situation of the merchant vessel, though not so utterly desperate as before Monk fired his lucky shot, became pitiable enough. If she ran before the wind, the fresh pirate would cut her off; if she lay to windward, she might postpone the inevitable and fatal collision with a foe as strong as that she had only escaped by a rare piece of luck; but this would give the crippled pirate time to refit and unite to destroy her. Add to this the failing ammunition and the thinned crew!

Dodd cast his eyes all round the horizon for help.

The sea was blank. The bright sun was hidden now; drops of rain fell, and the wind was beginning to sing, and the sea to rise a little.

"Gentlemen," said he, "let us kneel down and pray for wisdom in this sore strait."

He and his officers kneeled on the quarter-deck. When they rose, Dodd stood rapt about a minute; his great, thoughtful eye saw no more the enemy, the sea, nor anything external; it was turned inward. His officers looked at him in silence.

"Sharpe," said he at last, "there must be a way out of them both with such a breeze as this is now; if we could but see it."

"Aye, if," groaned Sharpe.

Dodd mused again.

"About ship!" said he softly, like an absent man.

"Aye, aye, sir!"

"Steer due north!" said he, still like one whose mind was elsewhere.

While the ship was coming about, he gave minute orders to the mates and the gunner, to insure cooperation in the delicate and dangerous maneuvers that were sure to be at hand.

The wind was west-northwest; he was standing north; one pirate lay on his lee beam, stopping a leak between wind and water, and hacking the deck clear of his broken mast and yards. The other, fresh and thirsting for the easy prey, came up to weather on him and hang on his quarter, pirate fashion.

When they were distant about a cable's length, the fresh pirate, to meet the ship's change of tactics, changed his own, luffed up, and gave the ship a broadside, well-aimed, but not destructive, the guns being loaded with ball.

Dodd, instead of replying immediately, put his helm hard up and ran under the pirate's stern, while he was jammed up in the wind, and with his five eighteen-pounders, raked him fore and aft, then, paying off, gave him three carronades crammed with grape and canister.

The rapid discharge of eight guns made the ship tremble, and enveloped her in thick smoke. Loud shrieks and groans were heard from the schooner. The smoke cleared; the pirate's mainsail hung on deck, his jib-boom was cut off like a carrot and the sail struggling; his foresail looked lace; lanes of dead and wounded lay still or writhing on his deck, and his lee scuppers ran blood into the sea. Dodd squared his yards and bore away.

The ship rushed down the wind, leav-

ing the schooner staggered and all abroad. But not for long; the pirate wore and fired his bow-chasers at the now flying Agra, split one of the carronades in two, killed a Lascar, and made a hole in the foresail. This done, he hoisted his mainsail again in a trice, sent his wounded below, flung his dead overboard, to the horror of their foes, and came after the flying ship, yawing and firing his bow-chasers.

The ship was silent. She had no shot to throw away. Not only did she take three blows like a coward, but all signs of life disappeared on her, except two men at the wheel, and the captain on the main gangway.

Dodd had ordered the crew out of the rigging, armed them with cutlasses, and laid them flat on the forecastle. He also compelled Kenealy and Fullalove to come down out of harm's way, no wiser on the smooth-bore question than they went up.

The great patient ship ran environed by her foes; one destroyer right in her course, another in her wake, following her with yells of vengeance and pounding away at her—but no reply.

Suddenly the yells of the pirates on both sides ceased, and there was a moment of dead silence on the sea. Yet nothing fresh had happened.

Yes, this had happened—the pirates to windward and the pirates to leeward of the Agra had found out, at one and the same moment, that the merchant captain they had lashed and bullied and tortured was a patient but tremendous man. It was not only to rake the fresh schooner he had put his ship before the wind, but also by a double, daring master-stroke to hurl his monster ship bodily on the other. Without a foresail she could never get out of the way. The pirate crew had stopped the leak, and cut away and unshipped the broken foremast, and were stepping a new one, when they saw the huge ship bearing down in full sail. Nothing easier than to slip out of her way could they get the foresail to draw; but the time was short, the deadly intention manifest, the coming destruction swift.

After that solemn silence came a storm of cries and curses, as their seamen went to work to fit the yard and raise the sail; while their fighting men seized their matchlocks and trained the guns. They were well commanded by an heroic, able villain. Astern the consort thundered; but the Agra's response was a dead silence more awful than broadsides.

For then was seen with what majesty the enduring Anglo-Saxon fights. One of that indomitable race on the gangway, one at the foremast, two at the wheel, conned and steered the great ship down on a hundred matchlocks and a grinning broadside, just as they would have conned and steered her into a British harbor.

"Starboard!" said Dodd, in a deep, calm voice, with a motion of his hand.

"Starboard it is."

The pirate wriggled ahead a little. The man forward made a silent signal to Dodd.

"Port!" said Dodd quietly.

"Port it is."

At this critical moment the pirate astern sent a mischievous shot and knocked one of the men to atoms at the helm. Dodd waved his hand without a word, and another man rose from the deck, took his place in silence, and laid his unshaking hand on the wheel stained with that man's warm blood whose place he took.

The high ship was now scarce sixty yards distant; she seemed to know: she reared her lofty figurehead with great awful shoots into the air.

But now the panting pirates got their new foresail hoisted with a joyful shout: it drew, the schooner gathered way, and their furious consort close on the Agra's heels just then scourged her deck with grape.

"Port!" said Dodd calmly.

"Port it is."

The giant prow darted at the escaping pirate. That acre of coming canvas took the wind out of the swift schooner's foresail; it flapped; oh, then she was doomed! That awful moment parted the races on board her; the Papuans and Sooloos, their black faces livid and blue with horror, leaped yelling into the sea, or crouched and whimpered; the yellow Malays and brown Portuguese, though blanched to one color now, turned on death like dying panthers, fired two cannon into the ship's bows, and snapped their muskets and match-locks at their solitary executioner on the ship's gang-

way, and out flew their knives like crushed wasps' stings.

Crash! The Indiaman's cutwater in thick smoke beat in the schooner's broadside; down went her masts to leeward like fishing-rods whipping the water; there was a horrible shrieking yell; wild forms leaped off on the Agra, and were hacked to pieces almost ere they reached the deck—a surge, a chasm in the sea, filled with an instant rush of engulfing waves, a long, awful, grating, grinding noise, never to be forgotten in this world, all along under the ship's keel—and the fearful majestic monster passed on over the blank she had made, with a pale crew standing silent and awestruck on her deck; a cluster of wild heads and staring eyeballs bobbing like corks in her foaming wake, sole relic of the blotted-out destroyer; and a wounded man staggering on the gangway, with hands uplifted and staring eyes.

Shot in two places, the head and the breast!

With a loud cry of pity and dismay, Sharpe, Fullalove, Kenealy, and others rushed to catch him; but, ere they got near, the captain of the triumphant ship fell down on his hands and knees, his head sunk over the gangway, and his blood ran fast and pattered in the midst of them, on the deck he had defended so bravely.

They got to the wounded captain, and raised him. He revived a little; and, the moment he caught sight of Mr. Sharpe, he clutched him, and cried, "Stunsels!"

"Oh, captain," said Sharpe, "let the ship go; it is you we are anxious for now."

At this Dodd lifted up his hands and beat the air impatiently, and cried again in the thin, querulous voice of a wounded man, but eagerly, "Stunsels! Stunsels!"

On this, Sharpe gave the command.

"Make sail! All hands set stunsels 'low and aloft!"

While the unwounded hands swarmed into the rigging, the surgeon came aft in all haste; but Dodd declined him till all his men should have been looked to. Meantime he had himself carried to the stern, and laid on a mattress, his bleeding head bound tight with a wet cambric handkerchief, and his pale face turned toward the hostile schooner.

She had hove to, and was picking up the survivors of her blotted-out consort. The group on the Agra's quarter-deck watched her to see what she would do next. Flushed with immediate success, the younger officers crowed their fears she would not be game to attack them again. Dodd's fears ran the other way: he said, in the weak voice to which he was now reduced:

"They are taking a wet blanket aboard. That crew of blackguards we swamped won't want any more of us. It all depends on the pirate captain; if he is not drowned, then blow wind, rise sea, or there's trouble ahead for us!"

As soon as the schooner had picked up the last swimmer, she hoisted foresail, mainsail, and jib with admirable rapidity, and bore down in chase.

The Agra had, meantime, got a start of more than a mile, and was now running before a stiff breeze with studding-sails alow and aloft.

In an hour the vessels ran nearly twelve miles, and the pirate had gained half a mile.

At the end of the next hour they were out of sight of land; wind and sea rising; and the pirate only a quarter of a mile astern. The schooner was now rising and falling on the waves; the ship only nodding, and firm as a rock.

"Blow wind, rise sea!" faltered Dodd.

Another half hour passed without perceptibly altering the position of the vessels. Then, suddenly, the wounded captain laid aside his glass, after a long examination, and rose unaided to his feet in great excitement, and found his manly voice for a moment. He shook his fist at the pitching schooner, and roared:

"Good-by, ye lubber! Outfought—outmaneuvered—and outsailed!"

It was a burst of exaltation rare for him. He paid for it by sinking faint and helpless into his friend's arms; and the surgeon, returning soon after, insisted on his being taken to his cabin.

As they were carrying him below, the pirate captain made the same discovery, that the ship was gaining on him. He hauled to the wind directly, and abandoned the chase.

SCHOOLROOM CLASSICS.

ONE of the most universally popular poems for recitation in the old schoolroom days was Mrs. Norton's ballad, reprinted here with the exception of one stanza, which is scarcely up to the level of the rest. Unlike the majority of these classics, it was declaimed by girls as well as boys; for the military part of it pleased the former, while the pathetic and sentimental part of it caught the fancy of the latter. Hence, several generations of children grew up, nearly every one of whom had at some time or other fervently declared that he or she was born at Bingen—they almost invariably pronounced it "Binjen"—on the Rhine.

The author of this poem was Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (1808—1877), daughter of Thomas Sheridan and granddaughter of the famous dramatist, orator, and wit, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, who supported the cause of the American Colonies during the Revolution, and whose great oration against Warren Hastings has been immortalized by the brilliant pen of Macaulay. Mrs. Norton in her poetry unconsciously imitated Byron, and was very popular in her day. Her own unhappy marriage to the Hon. George Norton led her to publish a number of pamphlets exposing the injustice of the English laws governing the status of women, and these writings of hers undoubtedly did much to promote certain measures of reform. But she is now remembered almost wholly through the soldier of the French Foreign Legion who was born at Bingen on the Rhine.

After the death of her first husband, Mrs. Norton married Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, but her own death followed a few months later.

"Bingen on the Rhine" is the third of THE SCRAP BOOK's series of "Schoolroom Classics," the first being "My Name Is Norval," published in April, and the second "Casabianca," published in May.

III—Bingen on the Rhine.

BY CAROLINE E. S. NORTON

(LADY STIRLING-MAXWELL).

A SOLDIER of the Legion lay dying in Algiers,
There was lack of woman's nursing, there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while his lifeblood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glances, to hear what he might say.
The dying soldier faltered, and he took that comrade's hand,
And he said, "I nevermore shall see my own, my native land;
Take a message, and a token, to some distant friends of mine,
For I was born at Bingen—at Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my brothers and companions, when they meet and crowd around
To hear my mournful story in the pleasant vineyard ground,
That we fought the battle bravely, and when the day was done,
Full many a corse lay ghastly pale beneath the setting sun;
And, 'mid the dead and dying, were some grown old in wars—
The death-wound on their gallant breasts, the last of many scars;
And some were young, and suddenly beheld life's morn decline;
And one had come from Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my mother that her other son shall comfort her old age;
For I was still a truant bird, that thought his home a cage.
For my father was a soldier, and even as a child
My heart leaped forth to hear him tell of struggles fierce and wild;
And when he died and left us to divide his scanty hoard,
I let them take whate'er they would, but kept my father's sword;
And with boyish love I hung it where the bright light used to shine
On the cottage wall at Bingen—calm Bingen on the Rhine.

"Tell my sisters not to weep for me and sob with drooping head,
When the troops come marching home again with glad and gallant tread,
But to look upon them proudly, with a calm and steadfast eye,
For her brother was a soldier, too, and not afraid to die;
And if a comrade seek her love, I ask her in my name
To listen to him kindly, without regret or shame,
And to hang the old sword in its place (my father's sword and mine)
For the honor of old Bingen—dear Bingen on the Rhine.

"There's another—not a sister; in the happy days gone by
You'd have known her by the merriment that sparkled in her eye;
Too innocent for coquetry, too fond for idle scorning—
Oh, friend, I fear the lightest heart makes sometimes heaviest mourning!
Tell her the last night of my life—for, ere the moon be risen,
My body will be out of pain, my soul be out of prison—
I dreamed I stood with her, and saw the yellow sunlight shine
On the vine-clad hills of Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine."

His trembling voice grew faint and hoarse, his grasp was childish weak;
His eyes put on a dying look, he sighed and ceased to speak;
His comrade bent to lift him, but the spark of life had fled—
The soldier of the Legion in a foreign land is dead!
And the soft moon rose up slowly, and calmly she looked down
On the red sand of the battle-field, with bloody corses strown;
Yes, calmly on that dreadful scene her pale light seemed to shine,
As it shone on distant Bingen—fair Bingen on the Rhine.

The Philosophy of Nietzsche.

INTRODUCTION, BY PROFESSOR HARRY THURSTON PECK.

THE career of Friedrich Wilhelm Nietzsche affords a striking instance of human intellect striving against its own limitations, and finally, baffled and exhausted, lapsing into stark insanity. Nietzsche was born in Saxony in 1844, and received an exceptionally rigorous and careful training at the universities of Bonn and Leipsic. He was saturated with the literature of Greece; and he had, besides, studied the oriental philosophies, whose strange and subtle mysticism deeply tinged his own imagination.

In modern philosophy he was fascinated by the gloomy doctrines of Arthur Schopenhauer, whose disciple he at first became. His earliest essays declare that man's willingness to live is quite irrational, and that any desire for individual happiness is an evil. There are, he says, just three types of the truly virtuous man—the saint, the philosopher, and the artist. These three are virtuous because each has put aside his individual self. The saint has conquered his will and trampled out the animal within him through asceticism. The philosopher has reached the same end by losing his own personality in the region of pure thought. The artist has done the same through his intense striving after artistic perfection.

This was the beginning of Nietzsche's remarkable series of philosophic works. But such a man as he could not long remain the follower of another. He possessed great natural talents, a bold and vigorous intellect, a power of acute reasoning, and finally, the creative imagination of a great artist. He had, moreover, extraordinary literary gifts, and he developed a style that is unique in the literature of philosophy. Nervous, vivid, full of fire, and of a splendid vitality, it coruscated like a glowing flame and molded his native language into movements that are lyrical in their boldness and that have a swing and sweep which recall the odes of Pindar.

It is not strange that Nietzsche soon eschewed the asceticism of Schopenhauer. His strong vitality of temperament led him into a sort of paganism which deified desire, enthroned the joys of sense, and preached the doctrine of what he called a "Dionysiac pessimism," striving to make men superior to their surroundings, to civilization, and even to morality. Here he brought forward his notion of *Das Uebermensch,* the Over-Man. Man at the present time, says Nietzsche, represents an intermediate stage of evolution. In the early days of the world he was "a magnificent blond beast, roaming wantonly about in search of victory and prey." To-day he is weak and sentimental, cowardly and degenerate; but in the future he will attain a noble development such as will make of him a hero, almost a god, confronting all things with strength and pride and scorn, and attaining a moral mastery of them all.

As Nietzsche went on in still bolder flights, he ranged over the whole field of ethical speculation, flashing his mind into every dark corner of morbid thought, and dragging to light stray fragments of almost every doctrine. By turns he was pessimist, optimist, skeptic, and individualist, straining his intellect to comprehend and to explain the mysteries of human life, yet becoming more and more involved in boundless contradictions. In fact, he paid the penalty which any one must pay who seeks to go beyond the limits that have been set to the power of the human mind. His insistent reason beat furiously against the bars that hemmed it in, and it finally recoiled from them with an impotent sense of failure. Strange and frightful imaginings gloomed upon his fancy. Against them he fought through sleepless nights, while his frame shook with spasms of nervous fear.

In the end, it was clearly seen that his brilliant intellect had been shaken to its

foundations. After 1879, tortured by insomnia, he became unfitted for the duties of life, and resigned the chair which he had held in the University of Bâle. He still wrote on; but what he wrote was little more than disconnected raving. Finally, he was consigned to an asylum for the insane, where he died in 1900.

Nietzsche has had a profound influence upon the thought of the present day; and his literary genius has affected many who care nothing for his philosophy. His imagery is very striking. His nervous, pregnant sentences are full of curiously original and audacious thought. Richard Strauss has founded upon one of Nietzsche's works his famous tone-poem, "Thus Spake Zarathustra." A recent commentator writes of Nietzsche:

"He is the perfect type of the old Greek rhapsodist, the impassioned rhetor who with sonorous, beautiful phrases charmed and soothed his listeners as he pursued his peripatetic way. Sometimes the sound of what he says remains long after the memory of its sense has vanished."

He remains the direct antithesis of Tolstoy. The Russian teaches non-resistance, altruism, and a depressing socialism. The German defies everything, preaches the doctrine of continual struggle, and writes page upon page that fairly flame with an almost superhuman passion.

THE most important result of human effort in the past is this: that we need no more live in endless dread of wild beasts, barbarians, gods, and our own dreams.

Dante was a hyena poetizing among tombs.

Carlyle represents the pessimism of an undigested dinner.

What shall it profit a man if he gain his own soul and lose the whole world?

Your desires surpass your reason, and your vanity surpasses even your desires.

There is a constant change going on in morals—the result of successful crimes.

We keep on drawing conclusions from opinions which we consider wrong and from doctrines in which we have lost faith.

Aristotle declares that among the children of master-minds, insanity is rife; and that among those of the virtuous, stupidity prevails. In saying this, did he mean to urge exceptional persons to marry?

To cast ourselves into the midst of our enemies may be the greatest sign of cowardice.

Men tell lies continually, but they do not take the trouble to think about it, and as a rule would not believe it.

We should absolutely abstain from being clever if we are really wise.

If we cannot satisfy the hopes of a friend, we should prefer to have him for an enemy.

The origin of hospitality is to appease hostility in a stranger. As soon as we cease to look upon a stranger as an enemy, our hospitality diminishes.

Suppose a woman loved me, what a nuisance she would become to me in the end! On the other hand, if she did not love me, how much greater a nuisance she would become to me in the end! It is a question of two different kinds of nuisances. Therefore, let us marry.

Chastity and sensuality are not necessarily opposed to one another. Every true marriage sufficiently proves this fact.

Oh, heaven above me, pure and deep, thou abyss of light! Gazing at thee I shudder with divine desires. . . . We speak not one to another, because we know too much; in silence we smile our knowledge one to another. Together we learned everything; together we learned to rise above ourselves to ourselves and cloudlessly to smile. . . . I have become one who blesses and one who says yea: I struggled long till I attained this end, and was a wrestler that I might one day get my hands free to bless. And my blessing is this: to stand over everything as its own heaven, its round roof, its azure bell, and eternal security. Blessed is he who thus blesses.

Thus spake Zarathustra, laughing: "Oh, thou soft-hearted fool, who art overfull of confidence! Yet thus hast thou ever been. Ever in a familiar way hast thou drawn near unto all that was terrible. Thou wert ready to caress every sort of monster. A little warm breath, a little soft shaggy hair at the paw—and at once thou wert willing to love it and allure it. Love is the danger of the one who is loneliest, love for everything, if only it be alive. In truth, right laughable are thy folly and thy modesty in love."

How would it be if, some day or night, a demon stole after thee into thy most lonely solitude, and said to thee: "This life, as thou livest it now, and hast lived it, thou shalt have to live over again, and not once but innumerable times; and there will be nothing new in it, but every pain and every pleasure, and every thought and every sigh, and everything in all thy life, the great and the unspeakably petty alike, must come again to thee, and all in the same series and succession. This spider, too, and this moonlight betwixt the trees, and this moment likewise, and I myself: The eternal hour-glass of time is always turned again, and thou with it, thou tiny atom of dust."

Praise be to God who made the whole universe to be as stupid as He could!

The Way to Wealth.

From "Poor Richard's Almanac" for 1758.

BY BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

IN 1733, Benjamin Franklin was the editor and publisher of the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, which was by far the best newspaper then published in the North American colonies. At that time, however, many persons who took no newspapers supplied their place with almanacs which contained, besides the calendar, a good deal of reading matter. As Mr. S. G. Fisher says: "Everybody read them, and they supplied the place of books to those who would not or could not buy these means of knowledge. Every farmhouse and hunter's cabin had one hanging by the fireplace; and the rich were also eager to read afresh every year the weather forecasts, receipts, scraps of history, and advice mingled with jokes and verses." Consequently, in the year just mentioned, Franklin began the publication of an almanac which professed to have been compiled by one Richard Saunders—a creation of the author's imagination, whom he called for short "Poor Richard." Under this disguise the famous Philadelphian prepared each year a mass of selected material, bits of verse, condensed essays, jokes, and good old saws.

The success of "Poor Richard's Almanac" was great and speedy. Its sale averaged at least ten thousand copies every year. Franklin continued it until 1758, when he turned the enterprise over to his partner. In the last number which he prepared himself, he wrote a sort of narrative with the express purpose of collecting in one place the maxims and proverbs which had been printed in the preceding issues. This narrative is given here, and it remains a sort of classic for its homely wisdom conveyed in a simple flowing style. It has been called Franklin's greatest success. It was reprinted in England, where it ran through seventy editions, and has subsequently been translated into French, German, Italian, Spanish, Swedish, Welsh, Polish, Russian, Dutch, Gaelic, modern Greek, and even into Chinese.

The proverbs themselves were not original with Franklin, for he gathered them from every possible source, ransacking the authors of ancient and modern times alike. But many of them he rewrote in his own way, and often to their great improvement in point and terseness of phrasing. Taken as a whole, this is perhaps the most famous piece of proverbial philosophy in existence.

COURTEOUS reader, I have heard that nothing gives an author so great pleasure as to find his works respectfully quoted by others. Judge, then, how much I must have been gratified by an incident I am going to relate to you. I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of the sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean, old man, with white locks:

"Pray, Father Abraham, what think you of the times? Will not these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to do?"

Father Abraham stood up and replied:

"If you have my advice, I will give it to you in short; for *A word to the wise is enough*, as Poor Richard says."

They joined in desiring him to speak

his mind, and, gathering round him, he proceeded as follows:

"Friends," said he, "the taxes are indeed very heavy, and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them, but we have many others and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly, and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice and something may be done for us; *God helps them that help themselves,* as Poor Richard says.

I.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service, but idleness taxes many of us much more; sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. *Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears, while the used key is always bright,* as Poor Richard says. *But dost thou love life, then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of,* as Poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep, forgetting that *The sleeping fox catches no poultry,* and that *There will be sleeping enough in the grave,* as Poor Richard says.

"*If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be,* as Poor Richard says, *the greatest prodigality,* since, as he elsewhere tells us, *Lost time is never found again, and what we call time enough always proves little enough.* Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. *Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all things easy;* and *He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night;* while *Laziness travels so slowly that Poverty soon overtakes him. Drive thy business, let not that drive thee;* and *Early to bed and early to rise, makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise,* as Poor Richard says.

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We may make these times better if we bestir ourselves. *Industry need not wish, and he that lives upon hopes will die fasting. There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands;* or if I have they are smartly taxed. *He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor,* as Poor Richard says; but then the trade must be worked at and the calling followed, or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious we shall never starve, for *At the workingman's house hunger looks in but dares not enter.* Nor will the bailiff nor the constable enter, for *Industry pays debts, while despair increaseth them.* What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy, *Diligence is the mother of good luck, and God gives all things to industry. Then plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you shall have corn to sell and to keep.* Work while it is called to-day, for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow. *One to-day is worth two to-morrows,* as Poor Richard says; and further, *Never leave that till to-morrow which you can do to-day.*

"If you were a servant would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you then your own master? Be ashamed to catch yourself idle when there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, your country, and your king. Handle your tools without mittens; remember that *The cat in gloves catches no mice,* as Poor Richard says. It is true there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed, but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for *Constant dropping wears away stones;* and *By diligence and patience the mouse ate in two the cable;* and *Little strokes fell great oaks.*

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?' I will tell thee, my friend, what Poor Richard says: *Employ thy time well, if thou meanest to gain leisure; and, since thou art not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.* Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; for *A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things. Many, without labor*

would live by their wits only, but they break for want of stock; whereas industry gives comfort and plenty and respect. *Fly pleasures, and they will follow you. The diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good morrow.*

II.

"BUT with our industry we must likewise be steady, settled, and careful, and oversee our own affairs with our own eyes, and not trust too much to others; for, as Poor Richard says:

I never saw an oft-removed tree
Nor yet an oft-removed family,
That throve so well as those that settled be.

"And again, *Three removes are as bad as a fire;* and again, *Keep thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee;* and again: *If you would your business done, go; if not, send.* And again:

He that by the plow would thrive,
Himself must either hold or drive.

And again, *The eye of a master will do more work than both his hands;* and again, *Want of care does us more damage than want of knowledge;* and again, *Not to oversee workmen is to leave them your purse open.* Trusting too much to others' care is the ruin of many; for *In the affairs of this world men are saved, not by faith, but by the want of it;* but a man's own care is profitable; for *If you would have a faithful servant, and one that you like, serve yourself. A little neglect may breed great mischief; for want of a nail the shoe was lost; for want of a shoe the horse was lost; and for want of a horse the rider was lost, being overtaken and slain by the enemy; all for want of a little care about a horseshoe-nail.*

III.

"So much for industry, my friends, and attention to one's own business; but to these we must add frugality, if we would make our industry more certainly successful. A man may, if he knows not how to save as he gets, keep his nose all his life to the grindstone, and die not worth a groat at last. *A fat kitchen makes a lean will;* and

Many estates are spent in the getting,
Since women for tea forsook spinning and knitting,
And men for punch forsook hewing and splitting.

If you would be wealthy, think of saving as well as of getting. The Indies have not made Spain rich, because her outgoes are greater than her incomes.

"Away then with your expensive follies, and you will not then have so much cause to complain of hard times, heavy taxes, and chargeable families; for

Women and wine, game and deceit,
Make the wealth small and the want great.

And further, *What maintains one vice would bring up two children.* You may think perhaps that a little tea, or a little punch now and then, diet a little more costly, clothes a little finer, and a little entertainment now and then, can be no great matter; but remember, *Many a little makes a mickle.* Beware of little expenses: *A small leak will sink a great ship,* as Poor Richard says; and again, *Who dainties love, shall beggars prove;* and moreover, *Fools make feasts and wise men eat them.*

"Here you are all got together at this sale of fineries and knickknacks. You call them *goods;* but if you do not take care they will prove *evils* to some of you. You expect they will be sold cheap, and perhaps they may for less than they cost; but if you have no occasion for them they must be dear to you. Remember what Poor Richard says: *Buy what thou hast no need of, and ere long thou shalt sell thy necessaries.* And again, *At a great pennyworth pause a while.* He means that perhaps the cheapness is apparent only, and not real; or the bargain, by straitening thee in thy business, may do thee more harm than good. For in another place he says, *Many have been ruined by buying good pennyworths.* Again, *It is foolish to lay out money in a purchase of repentance;* and yet this folly is practised every day at auctions for want of minding the Almanac. Many a one, for the sake of finery on the back,

have gone with a hungry belly and half starved their families. *Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets, put out the kitchen fire,* as Poor Richard says.

"These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! By these and other extravagances the genteel are reduced to poverty and forced to borrow of those whom they formerly despised, but who, through industry and frugality, have maintained their standing; in which case it appears plainly that *A plowman on his legs is higher than a gentleman on his knees,* as Poor Richard says. Perhaps they have had a small estate left them, which they knew not the getting of: they think, *It is day, and will never be night;* that a little to be spent out of so much is not worth minding; but *Always taking out of the meal-tub, and never putting in, soon comes to the bottom,* as Poor Richard says; and then, *When the well is dry, they know the worth of water.* But this they might have known before, if they had taken his advice. *If you would know the value of money, go and try to borrow some; for he that goes a borrowing goes a sorrowing,* as Poor Richard says; and indeed so does he that lends to such people, when he goes to get it again. Poor Dick further advises and says:

Fond pride of dress is sure a very curse;
Ere fancy you consult, consult your purse.

And again, *Pride is as loud a beggar as Want, and a great deal more saucy.* When you have bought one fine thing you must buy ten more, that your appearance may be all of a piece; but Poor Dick says, *It is easier to suppress the first desire than to satisfy all that follow it.* And it is as truly folly for the poor to ape the rich, as for the frog to swell in order to equal the ox.

Vessels large may venture more,
But little boats should keep near shore.

It is, however, a folly soon punished; for, as Poor Richard says, *Pride that dines on vanity sups on contempt. Pride breakfasted with Plenty, dined with Poverty, and supped with Infamy.* And after all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health, nor ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"But what madness must it be to run in debt for these superfluities? We are offered by the terms of this sale six months' credit; and that, perhaps, has induced some of us to attend it, because we cannot spare the ready money, and hope now to be fine without it. But ah, think what you do when you run in debt; you give to another power over your liberty. If you cannot pay at the time, you will be ashamed to see your creditor; you will be in fear when you speak to him; you will make poor, pitiful, sneaking excuses, and by degrees come to lose your veracity, and sink into base, downright lying; for *The second vice is lying, the first is running into debt,* as Poor Richard says; and again, to the same purpose, *Lying rides upon Debt's back;* whereas a free-born Englishman ought not to be ashamed or afraid to see or speak to any man living. But poverty often deprives a man of all spirit and virtue. *It is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.*

"What would you think of that prince or of that government who should issue an edict forbidding you to dress like a gentleman or gentlewoman, on pain of imprisonment or servitude? Would you not say that you are free, have a right to dress as you please, and that such an edict would be a breach of your privileges, and such a government tyrannical? And yet you are about to put yourself under such tyranny when you run in debt for such dress! Your creditor has authority, at his pleasure, to deprive you of your liberty by confining you in jail till you shall be able to pay him.

"When you have got your bargain, you may perhaps think little of payment; but, as Poor Richard says, *Creditors have better memories than debtors; creditors are a superstitious sect, great observers of set days and times.* The day comes round before you are aware, and the demand is made before you are prepared to satisfy it; or, if you bear your debt in mind, the term, which at first seemed so long,

will, as it lessens, appear extremely short. Time will seem to have added wings to his heels as well as his shoulders. *Those have a short Lent who owe money to be paid at Easter.* At present, perhaps, you may think yourselves in thriving circumstances, and that you can bear a little extravagance without injury, but—

For age and want save while you may;
No morning sun lasts a whole day.

"Gain may be temporary and uncertain, but ever, while you live, expense is constant and certain; and *It is easier to build two chimneys than to keep one in fuel,* as Poor Richard says; so *Rather go to bed supperless than rise in debt.*

Get what you can, and what you get hold;
'Tis the stone that will turn all your lead into gold.

And, when you have got the philosopher's stone, sure you will no longer complain of bad times or the difficulty of paying taxes.

IV.

"THIS doctrine, my friends, is reason and wisdom; but, after all, do not depend too much upon your own industry and frugality and prudence, though excellent things, for they may all be blasted, without the blessing of Heaven; and therefore ask that blessing humbly, and be not uncharitable to those that at present seem to want it, but comfort and help them. Remember, Job suffered and was afterward prosperous.

And now, to conclude, *Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other,* as Poor Richard says, and scarce in that, for it is true *We may give advice, but we cannot give conduct.* However, remember this, *They that won't be counseled, cannot be helped;* and further, that *If you will not hear reason, she will surely rap your knuckles,* as Poor Richard says."

Thus the old gentleman ended his harangue. The people heard it and approvedt he doctrine; and immediately practised the contrary, just as if it had been a common sermon; for the auction opened, and they began to buy extravagantly. I found the good man had thoroughly studied my Almanacs, and digested all I had dropped on these topics during the course of twenty-five years.

The frequent mention he made of me must have tired any one else, but my vanity was wonderfully delighted with it, though I was conscious that not a tenth part of the wisdom was my own which he ascribed to me, but rather the gleanings that I had made of the sense of all ages and nations. However, I resolved to be the better for the echo of it, and though I had determined to buy stuff for a new coat, I went away resolved to wear my old one a little longer.

Reader, if thou wilt do the same, thy profit will be as great as mine. I am, as ever, thine to serve thee,

RICHARD SAUNDERS.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN'S RELIGION.

By JOHN BIGELOW.

A considerable familiarity with all the authentic literary remains of Franklin has led me to the following conclusions about his religious opinions:

1.—His highest standard of duty was to do unto others as he would have them do to him.

2.—He was rather more of a Unitarian than a Trinitarian.

3.—He accepted the Bible as the safest guide to conduct ever written, but, like many others in our own time, forbore to proclaim his unlimited faith in its entire inspiration.

4.—He believed in all the virtues which were sanctified by the life and death of Christ. If he did not practise them at all times, he simply failed in what no child of Adam has succeeded in doing.

SHE CAME AND WENT.

THE interest of this poem, apart from its distinct literary merit, lies in the fact that it represents a somewhat different vein of thought and expression from that which we find in Lowell's other compositions. He seldom produced anything so brief, and when he did, what he wrote was usually of a humorous character. These lines, however, with their deep feeling, their grace, and the beauty of their imagery, stand apart in a peculiar place which is all their own.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

AS a twig trembles, which a bird
Lights on to sing, then leaves unbent,
So is my memory thrilled and stirred;
I only know she came and went.

As clasps some lake, by gusts unriven,
The blue dome's measureless content,
So my soul held that moment's heaven;
I only know she came and went.

As, at one bound, our swift spring heaps
The orchards full of bloom and scent,
So clove her May my wintry sleeps;
I only know she came and went.

An angel stood and met my gaze,
Through the low doorway of my tent;
The tent is struck, the vision stays;
I only know she came and went.

Oh, when the room grows slowly dim,
And life's last oil is nearly spent,
One gush of light these eyes will brim,
Only to think she came and went!

ESPERANTO.

Easy Lessons in the New International Language.

BY D. O. S. LOWELL.

IN our first lesson we glanced briefly at Volapük, a predecessor of Esperanto, and found it rather an ugly specimen. But Volapük has a descendant, called the Idiom Neutral, whose adherents consider it superior to Esperanto—as of course they should do, or else cease to be adherents. To them, Esperanto seems to smack overmuch of the Slavic tongues, and to contain too many consonants; yet, curiously, another indictment—brought by a Slav—is that Esperanto is too Romanic.

An interesting book upon the general subject—"History of the Universal Language"—has been written by MM. Leau and Couturat. In this work we learn that during the past century a new artificial language has been put forth, on an average, about once every two years. During the past twenty years, however—since Dr. Zamenhof published his first book, in 1887—no less than thirty-three other "universal languages" have put in a bid for favor, and eight have appeared within the twentieth century. They have a variety of names, of differing lengths and euphony, from Hoessrich's "Tal" to Dietrich's "Völkerverkehrsprache." Some of them, like the Langue Bleue, the Idiom Neutral, the Lingua Komun, and the Panroman, are very ingenious; but Esperanto seems to be the only one that has really "arrived."

Besides a daily increasing Esperanto literature, comprising both translations from world-classics (like the "Iliad," the "Æneid," "Hamlet," "Paul and Virginia," and "Don Quixote") and original works, from thirty to forty periodicals are printed regularly, in various tongues, in the interests of Esperanto. There lie upon my desk, as I write, monthlies and semi-monthlies printed partly in Esperanto and partly in the following languages: English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Polish, Flemish, Bohemian, Hungarian, Russian, and Japanese.

It is possible, by the aid of these journals, for one who reads Esperanto to come into immediate touch with the most distant countries. Indeed, the time does not seem far distant when the contemporary journals of the world will print several columns of news and comment in every issue for the dwellers in Esperanto land.

The Esperanto translation of the exercise in the last lesson is as follows:

1—La reĝo amis belajn vestojn.

2—La reĝo kiu vivis antaŭ multaj jaroj amis esti bele ornamita.

3—Reĝo, kiu vivis antaŭ multaj jaroj, amis belajn vestojn.

4—Unu reĝo elspezadis sian tutan monon.

5—La reĝo tiel amis sian monon, ke li ne elspezadis ĝin.

Let us now very briefly review the First Lesson:

La Novaj Vestoj de la Reĝo

(THE KING'S NEW CLOTHES).

Antaŭ multaj jaroj vivis unu reĝo, kiu tiel amis belajn novajn vestojn, ke li elspezadis sian tutan monon, por nur esti ĉiam bele ornamita.

According to the principles stated in

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the second of a series of articles on Esperanto, the first of which appeared in the May number of THE SCRAP BOOK.

the previous lesson, the Esperanto sentence given above should be pronounced as follows:

Ahn'-tow mool -tie yah'-roy vee'-veece oo'-noo ray'-jo, kee'-oo tee'-ail ah'-meece bay'-line no'-vine vase'-toyn, kay lee ail-spay-zah'-deece see'-ahn too'-tahn mo'-none, pore noor ace'-tee chee'-ahm bay'-lay ore-nah-mee'-tah.

The sentence is thus translated into English: "Many years ago (there) lived a certain king who so loved fine new garments that he spent all his money, merely that he might always be well dressed."

Let us now continue the story:

Li ne zorgadis pri siaj soldatoj, nek pri teatro kaj ĉaso, esceptinte nur se ili donadis al li okazon montri siajn novajn vestojn. Por ĉiu horo de la tago li havis apartan surtuton, kaj kiel pri ĉiu alia reĝo oni ordinare diras: "Li estas en la konsilanejo," oni tie ĉi ĉiam diradis: "La reĝo estas en la vestejo."

Now we will carefully examine each word of the last passage separately:

Li, "he" (see Lesson I). Subject of *zorgadis*. This is one of one hundred and fifty-seven primary words, of which eight others have already occurred: *antaŭ, unu, kiu, tiel, ke, por, nur, ĉiam;* we shall note more as we proceed. There is no rule for the termination of primary words. Some are taken bodily from the French, German, Greek, Latin, Italian, English, Russian, and other languages.

Ne, "not." A primary adverb, consequently with no distinctive termination. "Derived" adverbs (*i.e.*, those derived from the root of another word) are formed by adding *e*. Example, *bele*, "beautifully," from the root *bel*. In the present case *ne* merely happens to end in *e:* so do certain other primary adverbs, but only by accident. Pronunciation: *nay*.

Zorgadis, "used to care (for)"; the "for," however, is expressed in *pri*. A verb from the root *zorg*. The tense-ending, *is*, marks the past tense. (Lesson I, Rule 5.) The suffix *ad* denotes continued or customary action. See *elspezadis* in Lesson I. Pronunciation: *zore-gah'-deece*.

Pri, "for" = "concerning," or "about." A preposition governing *soldatoj*. Another primary word. Pronunciation: *pree*.

Siaj, "his." A possessive adjective pronoun, formed from the primary reflexive third personal pronoun *si* (himself, herself, itself, themselves). The pronoun *si* and its derivatives refer only to the subject of the clause in which they stand. Here *siaj* refers to *li*, but agrees with *soldatoj* in the nominative plural. Pronunciation: *see'-eye*. (Compare *sia* in Lesson I.)

Soldatoj, "soldiers." A noun in the nominative plural, object of *pri*. Nouns in Esperanto end in *o* (singular) and *oj* (plural). (See Lesson I, Rules 1, 8.) Prepositions govern the nominative case (Lesson I, Rule 7). Pronunciation: *sole-dah'-toy*.

Nek, "nor." Another primitive word, here a conjunction. Adopted from the Latin. Pronunciation: *nake*.

Pri, see above.

Teatro, "theatre." Note the ending (Lesson I, Rules 1 and 7). Pronunciation: *tay-ah'-tro*.

Kaj, "and." A conjunction; a primitive word from the Greek. Pronunciation: *ky*.

Ĉaso, "chase." Same construction as *teatro*. Pronunciation: *chah'-soh*.

Esceptinte, "excepting." An active past participle in the adverbial form. An ellipsis is implied: "excepting only (that he cared for them) if," etc. The root is *escept;* the ending of the past active participle (used adjectively) is *inta;* and the change of *a* to *e* makes the form adverbial. (Lesson I, Rules 2, 3.) The letter *c* is always pronounced like *ts*, never like *s* or *k* as in English. Often, as here, it is easier to pronounce if one thinks of the *t* as

going with the first part of the word, and the *s* with the second part. Pronunciation: *aste-sape-teen'-tay.*

Nur, "only." Adopted from the German.

Se, "if." A conjunction. A primary word adopted from the Italian. Pronunciation: *say.*

Ili, "they." A personal pronoun, third person, plural, subject of *donadis.* Another primary word adapted from the French (*ils, elles*). Pronunciation: *ee'-lee.*

Donadis, "gave" (literally, "used to give," but that idea has already been brought out in *zorgadis*). See above for the force of *ad* and *is.* An active transitive verb; its subject is *ili,* its object *okazon.* Pronunciation: *doh-nah'-deece.*

Al, "to." A preposition governing *li.* Another primitive word. Pronunciation: *ahl.*

Li, see above.

Okazon, "an opportunity," or "occasion." Direct object of *donadis.* For the final *n* see Lesson I, Rule 9. Pronunciation: *oh-kah'-zone.*

Montri, "to show." An infinitive; with its implied subject (*lin*) limiting *okazon.* Infinitives end in *i.* (Lesson I, Rule 4.) Pronunciation: *mone'-tree.*

Siajn, "his." See *siaj* above. The final *n* marks the objective case. (Lesson I, Rule 9.) *Siajn* agrees with *vestojn,* but refers to the (implied) subject of the infinitive clause (see *montri*). Pronunciation: *see'-ine.*

Novajn, "new."

Vestojn, "garments." This word and the preceding were used in Lesson I.

Por, "for." A preposition governing *horo.* A primitive word, adopted from the Spanish and adapted from the French. See also Lesson I.

Ĉiu, "every." A primitive word; also one of the forty-five correlatives (see under *tiel* in Lesson I); it is used adjectively and agrees with *horo.* Pronunciation: *chee'-oo.*

Horo, "hour." Noun, of course; nominative case, object of *por.* Pronunciation: *ho'-ro.*

De, "of." A primitive preposition, common to several languages; it governs *tago.* Pronunciation: *day.*

La, "the." The only form of the definite article for all genders and numbers. There is no indefinite article in Esperanto; in translating, when one is needed, supply it according to the sense, as is done in translating from the Latin or Greek. *La* is a primitive word, common to several languages. Pronunciation: *lah.*

Tago, "day." Noun, nominative, object of *de.* Pronunciation: *tah'-go.*

Li, see above.

Havis, "had." For the tense, see *zorgadis.* Pronunciation: *hah'-veece.*

Apartan, "separate" (apart). Adjective agreeing with *surtuton.* Pronunciation: *ah-par'-tahn.*

Surtuton, "cloak," "surtout," or "overcoat" (literally, "upon the whole" or "overall"). Objective case after *havis.* Pronunciation: *soor-too'-tone.*

Kaj, see above.

Kiel, "as." One of the forty-five correlatives, as well as one of the one hundred and fifty-seven primitives (see *tiel*—its specific correlative—in Lesson I). Pronunciation: *kee'-ail.*

Pri, "of"="concerning," or "about" (see above). A preposition governing *reĝo.*

Ĉiu, see above.

Alia, "other." An adjective agreeing with *reĝo.* For ending, see Lesson I, Rule 2. Pronunciation: *ah-lee'-ah.*

Reĝo, "king," as in Lesson I; object of *pri.*

Oni, "they" (the indefinite "they"= "one," or "people"). Indefinite personal pronoun of the third person. A primitive word, adapted from the French (*on*). Pronunciation: *oh'-nee.*

Ordinare, "usually," "ordinarily." A derived adverb, therefore ending in *e;* it modifies *diras.* Pronunciation: *ore-dee'-nah-ray.*

Diras, "say." A verb in the present tense. We have seen that the past tense ends in *is;* note that the present ends in *as.* Pronunciation: *dee'-rahs.*

Li, see above.

Estas, "is." Another verb in the present tense; the infinitive is *esti,* "to be" (see Lesson I). Pronunciation: *ace'-tahs.*

En, "in." A preposition governing *konsilanejo.* Another primitive word, from the Greek. Pronunciation: *ane.*

La, see above.

Konsilanejo, "council-chamber." A noun, object of *en.* The *o* marks a noun; the *ej* is a suffix denoting "a place for" (a *konsilano*); the *an* is another suffix denoting "a member of a body" (that gives *konsilo*); and *konsilo* = "counsel." A place for a member of a body (that gives) counsel is, naturally, a "council-chamber." Pronunciation: *kone-see-lah-nay'-yoh.*

Oni, see above.

Tie ĉi, "here." An adverb, modifying *diradis.* It is a sort of complex primary word, formed by associating two simple primaries: *ĉi* and *tie.* The word *tie* by itself denotes "there"; but as *ĉi* conveys the idea of proximity, *tie ĉi* means "here." Pronounced as two separate words: *tee'-a chee'.*

Ĉiam, "always." See Lesson I.

Diradis, "used to say." The past tense of *diri,* "to say" (see *diras* above), with the suffix *ad,* denoting customary action (see *zorgadis*). Pronunciation: *dee-rah'-deece.*

La, reĝo, estas, en, la—all these words have been explained.

Vestejo, "robing-room." Beginning, as usual, at the end of the word, we discover (1) that it is a noun; (2) that it is a "place for" *vest-o* or *vest-oj* (see explanation of suffix *ej* in *konsilanejo*). Now we know that *vestoj* means "garments"; therefore the significance of the whole word is clear: "a place for garments," "a vestiary," "a robing-room." Pronunciation: *vase-tay'-yoh.*

Let us now summarize the additional facts learned in this Lesson:

Most of the consonants in Esperanto are pronounced as in English; but

c is like *ts* in "hats": *esceptinte.*

ĉ is like *ch* in "church": *ĉiam, ĉaso, ĉiu.*

s is *never* like *z: zorgadis.*

In our syntax we may formulate the following new rules:

1—The negative adverb *ne* precedes its verb. Example, *ne zorgadis.*

2—Adjectives agree with their nouns in number and case. Example, *siaj soldatoj.*

3—Transitive verbs govern the objective case. Example, *li havis surtuton.*

4—The past active participle ends in *inta.* Example, *esceptinta.* (Adverbial form, *esceptinte.*)

We also know the meaning of three important suffixes:

ad, which denotes continuance, or repetition, of the action implied in the root. Example, *zorgadis.*

an, which denotes "a member" of a body, party, sect, or country denoted in the root. Example, *konsilanejo.*

ej, which denotes "a place for" something indicated by the root. Example, *vestejo.*

PRIMARY WORDS.

If we have carefully studied the foregoing, we have also learned twenty-six out of the one hundred and fifty-seven primary words, or nearly one-sixth of

the whole. Let us see it we can recall the meaning without consulting the notes :

al	ili	ne	si (sia)
antaŭ	kaj	nek	tie
ĉi	ke	nur	tie ĉi
ĉiam	kiel	oni	tiel
ĉiu	kiu	por	unu
de	la	pri	
en	li	se	

CUMULATIVE VOCABULARY.

(This includes all the words studied thus far.)

A: the ending of an adjective.
Ad: a suffix denoting continued action.
Al: to.
Alia: other.
Ami: to love.
An: a suffix denoting membership, citizenship, etc.
Antaŭ: before.
Aparta: separate.
As: ending of the present tense.
Bela: fine, beautiful.
Bele: finely, beautifully.
Ĉaso: the chase (hunting).
Ĉi: here. Commonly used with other words; as tie ĉi (here) or ĉi kun (herewith).
Ĉiam: always.
Ĉiu: every.
De: of.
Diri: to speak, say.
Doni: to give.
E: the ending of a derived adverb.
Ej: suffix denoting place allotted to.
El: out, out of (a prefix).
En: in, into.
Escepti: to except.
Esceptinte: excepting.
Esti: to be.
Havi: to have.
Horo: hour.
I: the ending of an infinitive.
Ili: they.
Inta-e: ending of the past active participle, in both adj. and adv. form.
Is: the ending of the past tense.
Ita: ending of past passive participle, adjectival form.
J: the ending of a plural noun or adjective.
Jaro: year.
Kaj: and.
Ke: that.
Kiel: as, how.
Kiu: who, which.
Konsilanejo: council-chamber.
Konsilano: member of a council.
Konsilo: counsel.
La: the.
Li: he.
Mono: money.
Montri: to show.
Multa: much.
Multaj: many.
N: the ending of the objective case.
Ne: not.
Nek: nor.
Nova: new.
Nur: only.
O: the ending of a noun.
Okazo: opportunity, occasion.
Oni: they, people, one.
Ordinara: ordinary.
Ordinare: ordinarily.
Ornami: to adorn.
Por: for.
Pri: for, concerning, about, of.
Reĝo: king.
Se: if.
Sia: his, her, its.
Soldato: soldier.
Spezi: to handle money.
Surtuto: cloak, surtout.
Tago: day.
Teatro: theater.
Tie: there.
Tie ĉi: here.
Tiel: so, in such a manner.
Tuta: entire, all, whole.
Unu: one, a certain.
Vesto: garment.
Vestejo: robing-room.
Vivi: to live.
Zorgi: to care (for).

A PRESIDENTIAL POET.

Of the Twenty-Five Chief Magistrates of the United States, the Most Versatile Was John Quincy Adams, Lawyer, Diplomat, Statesman, Orator, Essayist, and Poet.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, the sixth president of the United States, and one of the most accomplished men of his time, was perhaps the most distinctly literary and scholarly chief executive our country has ever had. Yet as a rule his biographers dismiss this characteristic with little more than—if with as much as—a mere reference. Mr. Roosevelt, of course, is well-known as a historian of the West, of the Rough Riders, and of the War of 1812; and a few other Presidents have written articles and books which, however, can scarcely be said to have won any permanent place in literature.

But the second Adams—although he began his career with discussions of national and judicial topics, contributed to the Boston press, over such classical signatures as "Publicola" and "Marcellus"—was distinctly a scholar and something of a devotee in *belles lettres*. If he had not been so busily engaged in public life, and so deeply involved in political strife, it is possible, and even probable, that he would have added his name to the golden list of New England's distinguished authors.

He was educated in three countries—in France, in Holland, and at home (Harvard College)—and had the advantages, besides, of a large and diversified amount of European travel. For a time he was enrolled as a member of the Harvard faculty, where he did good service as professor of rhetoric. While minister at Berlin, during his father's Presidency, he translated into English the epic poem "Oberon," by Christoph Wieland, one of the most popular works of that day in Germany.

An accomplished lawyer, a successful diplomat, a forceful orator, and a statesman whose long and honorable career is part of the history of his country, Adams's remarkable versatility may be evidenced by citing a specimen of his poetry. Various lyrics from his pen appeared from time to time in the old-fashioned "annuals" and "albums." That given below—a sonnet of slightly irregular form—was printed in a volume called "Affection's Gift," published shortly after Adams's death:

TO THE SUN-DIAL

Under the Window of the Hall of the House of Representatives of the United States.

Thou silent herald of Time's ceaseless flight!
Say, couldst thou speak, what warning voice were thine?
Shade, who canst only show how others shine!
Dark, sullen witness of resplendent light!
In day's broad glare, and when the noontide bright
Of laughing fortune sheds the ray divine,
Thy ready favors cheer us—but decline
The clouds of morning and the glooms of night.
Yet are thy counsels faithful, just, and wise;
They bid us seize the moments as they pass,
Snatch the retrieveless sunbeam as it flies,
Nor lose one sand of Life's revolving glass;
Aspiring still with energy sublime,
By virtuous deeds to give Eternity to Time.

Born a little after the middle of the eighteenth century (1767), John Quincy Adams lived until February, 1848, when he died from apoplexy while making a speech in the very hall under whose window the sun-dial of this poem hung. His career had a sort of reversed pyramidal ending, rising to the Senate and the Presidency, and then terminating with many years of less distinguished but highly useful and patriotic service in the House of Representatives. He certainly solved in a masterly and practical, if not in a perfectly ideal way, the crucial question so often asked: "What shall we do with our Ex-Presidents?"

Uncle Zim.

By WILLIAM L. STONE.

THE State of Connecticut still remains, so far as concerns fiction, almost an undiscovered country. Oliver Wendell Holmes, Miss Wilkins, Mrs. Greene, and many others have made us familiar with the quaint, rustic life of the little towns of Massachusetts. Maine has engaged the pens of Mrs. Stowe and Mrs. Thaxter. New Hampshire has lately been delineated for us by Mr. Winston Churchill in "Coniston"; but Connecticut offers a field which is still to be assiduously cultivated, and which contains ample stores of material for the novelist.

Every one of the New England colonies had, in fact, its own individuality and its own peculiarities. All New Englanders possess a certain family resemblance to one another, yet there is as marked a difference between them as exists between the inhabitants of the different English shires. It is, therefore, interesting to find at least one writer who long ago recognized the possibilities of the Nutmeg State. This was William Leete Stone (1792—1844), who as far back as 1830 published, in one of the old-time "annuals," the story which we here reprint with some few excisions. It gives a pleasant and amusing picture of village life in the Connecticut of former years, and ought to be rescued from an oblivion which it does not deserve.

Mr. Stone came of an old Connecticut family, being a descendant of William Leete, appointed governor of the colony in 1676. He was born at New Paltz, in New York State. In 1821 he became editor of the New York *Commercial Advertiser*, in which capacity he became involved in a famous lawsuit with the novelist Fenimore Cooper, whose books he had criticized severely. Mr. Stone was the first superintendent of the New York public schools, and President Harrison appointed him United States minister to Holland. He was active in social and penal reform, and was the author of several works of fiction, as well as of three biographies of well-known Indian chiefs. The story here reprinted has been furnished to THE SCRAP BOOK through the courtesy of the author's son, Mr. William L. Stone, himself a well-known antiquarian and author.

IN one of those pleasant rural villages which checker the coast of Long Island Sound with their white houses and green window-blinds, not more than twenty miles east of New Haven, lived my highly esteemed uncle, Zimri Bradley, Esq. He was a man of some consequence in his day, having successively filled the office of tithingman, grand-juryman, sometime justice of the quorum, and occasionally a member of the General Court, as a legislative body in New England is most generally termed.

His first and principal essay as a legislator was a happy one, and gave him a warm reception in the feelings of the good people of his neighborhood. The most profitable business at that time carried on by his townsmen was the alewife fishery in the Menuckatuck River. Indeed, as the new-written chronicles tell, alewives were both fish and flesh.

It appears that some of the envious people of Totoquet, or Branford, as the place is now called in the maps of Yankeeland, situated on the opposite side of the river, had petitioned the General Court to prohibit the taking of alewives more than three days in the week, under the pretext that their neighbors were so industrious as positively to en-

danger the extermination of the whole of even that most multitudinous and prolific species of the finny race. Uncle Zim watched the bill with the keen eye of the fish-hawk. But he was caught napping one day, when he ought not to have been, and was near being shorn by the Philistines before he knew it.

The bill had received its final reading, and was about to pass without dissent. The Speaker had actually risen to put the question, "Shall this bill pass?" when a kind friend jogged the worthy though accidentally dozing legislator under the fifth rib, and informed him of the state of the case. Uncle Zim was upon his feet in an instant, and, before he had entirely brushed the poppies from his eyes, exclaimed:

"Mr. Speaker, when my constituents can't catch alewives six days in the week, let the last trumpet sing out!"

The effect was electrical, and, like the laconic address of the brave Stark to his troops at the battle of Bennington, it was effectual. The bill was "done up," and Uncle Zim's constituents were left in the triumphant enjoyment of their favorite fishery.

The village above mentioned, which we call Applebury, was a quiet sort of place, where the people to this day walk in the ways of their fathers, cue their hair with eel-skins, and go to and from meeting "decently and in order," in conformity with the injunction of the Saybrook Platform,* and as all honest people should do. The names, titles, and biographies of their ancestors, from the days of Governor Leete† to the present, curiously carved in immortal freestone, may be found in the old graveyard, each inscription being surmounted either by a death's-head and cross-bones, grinning in relief, in a style that would make the grisly messenger himself rattle his joints for very laughter; or the head of a cherub, with wings stuck on where the ears should be, shaped more like bellows-handles than the pinions of one of Tom Moore's angels.

The folks of Applebury are an exceedingly clever people, in the Yankee sense of the term—most of them attend to their own business, and all of them know the business of everybody else. Here, then—for we find we shall have to begin our story again—here, then, lived our worthy uncle, Zimri Bradley.

Uncle Zim, as we used to call him, was as full of fun and mischief as an egg is of meat. Near to his domicile sojourned Malachi Jocelyn, who married the accomplished Miss Abigail Pettibone, of Durham, the next town, whose brother, Eliakim Pettibone, in process of time became a deacon of the church in that parish. The distance was only about twenty miles, and Deacon Pettibone used to keep "thanksgiving" with his brother Jocelyn; Uncle Zim not unfrequently making one of the family party. But, though Uncle Zim was himself a Christian professor, according to the Platform, and in the main walked according to the vows he had made, yet he was not altogether free from carnal ways. He was never at a loss for a fact, and was fond of telling ludicrous stories, which, from his lips, seldom lost by repetition. He could not, for the soul of him, suppress a joke when it came upon his tongue, cut where it would. On one of these occasions, he had the good or the ill fortune to keep the pious Deacon Pettibone roaring with laughter, until his very ribs cracked again. Much, however, it grieved the good man afterward that he had yielded to the temptation of mirth, which he was half persuaded had been excited as a snare by the Evil One, and it preyed upon his spirits the whole of the following day.

Soon after this convivial occurrence, which had, for the moment, disturbed the quiet of the conscientious Deacon Pettibone's inner man, Uncle Zim made a journey to Durham to purchase a yoke of oxen of Mr. Ishmael Crane—nephew of Ichabod Crane, the celebrated schoolmaster, whose life and adventures have been written in part by Mr. Washington Irving—for which he was to pay in "West India goods," after the return of rum and molasses in barter for the last cargo of mules and whitefish, shipped by him to Jamaica.

Mr. Crane took three-quarters of an hour to consider before he would complete the bargain; and, as it was just twelve o'clock by the conch-shell, Uncle

*A series of articles of faith and discipline framed for the colony of Connecticut by a synod held at Saybrook in 1703.

†William Leete, Governor of Connecticut, 1676-1683.

Zim thought he would go and take pot-luck with Deacon Pettibone, who lived near the schoolhouse, not far distant. By the way, Uncle Zim once drove a barter with the deacon with some mules, for which the latter always thought he could have got more, if he had known what they were bringing at the time; though, as Uncle Zim only took him at his word in the price of the cattle, he had nothing to complain of.

While at dinner, Mr. Ishmael Crane came and called the deacon out, to inquire something about the character of my Uncle Zim; whereupon the following dialogue took place:

"What sort of a man," asked Mr. Crane, "is this Squire Bradley?"

Deacon Pettibone had not forgotten the sale of his mules, or Uncle Zim's fat stories; nor his own supposed delinquency in his late unseemly merriment.

"What sort of a man?" said the deacon, repeating his words; "why, he is a member of good Dr. Wakeman's church in Applebury, I reckon."

"Well, do you know him?"

"Know him! I guess I do! He lives next door to Brother Jocelyn's; and I tell you he is a member of Dr. Wakeman's church. But I guess—"

"Guess! Guess what? Don't you think he is good enough for my brindled four-year-olds?"

"Why—yes—I s'pose so—but I guess, to be candid—"

"Zounds, deacon! What do you mean by your guesses and your buts?"

"Why, if I must say, I guess that Godward he means to do the thing that's right, but manward I reckon he is a little twistical or so."

Mr. Ishmael Crane went away, and Deacon Pettibone returned and finished his dinner with Uncle Zim. When Deacon Pettibone stepped out, however, he had unconsciously left the door ajar, and the consequence was that Uncle Zim had very innocently heard most of the conversation. But he knew that the deacon had no more malice in his heart than honest John Grimes; and he knew also the cause of his scruples in qualifying his recommendation. He therefore took no notice at that time of what had been said; but determined, in his own mind, to seek some characteristic mode of revenge. Meantime he completed his bargain in the afternoon, and drove the bullocks home.

Two or three years rolled away; and, as his sister Abigail presented his brother-in-law with so many young Jocelyns that she had little time for going abroad herself, Deacon Pettibone's visits to Applebury were continued as usual; on which occasions he always passed an evening or so in Uncle Zim's company, either at his own or at his brother's house.

One morning, bright and early, as Deacon Jocelyn came out, picking his teeth, from breakfast, while the dew-drops were yet spangling the meadows, he saw Uncle Zim just preparing to mount the old dapple mare, with his butternut-colored coat strapped on behind the saddle.

"Good morning, squire," said the deacon; "you seem to be stirring arly this morning."

"Yes," said Uncle Zim; "in the hot season the morning is the best part of the day."

"Gad, my son, mind that you keep the cattle out of the clover-patch to-day—a very beautiful day, as I was saying, squire—and send Jehiel to mill this afternoon."

"Yes, deacon, a fine, beautiful day. The air is as sweet as a new haystack this morning."

"You are going to take a ride to-day, I guess, squire. Pray, which way are you journeying, if I may be so bold?"

"Oh, I'm only going to Haddam, to speak for gravestones for good old Aunt Wealthy Cruikshanks."

"You'll go through Durham, I guess? So, I wish you'd give Brother Pettibone a call, and see how they are all dewing there. Tell them that Nabby's got another nice boy, with eyes as bright as a weasel's."

"Yes, I think it's like enough that I shall stop and give Dapple a bait on my return."

Uncle Zim came back in the evening, and overtook Deacon Jocelyn, returning from the meadow, just as he had descended to the foot of Clapboard Hill.

"Ah, is that you, squire?" said Deacon Jocelyn. "You are home arly to-night, I calculate."

"Yes," replied Uncle Zim; "old Dapple will carry me along at the rate of seven miles an hour, day in and day out, without putting on the long oats neither."

"A faithful beast, I vow. You saw Brother Pettibone, I hope?"

"Yes, I saw him," replied Uncle Zim, with a grave, mysterious air, such as Deacon Jocelyn had never seen before upon his neighbor's lively countenance.

"Saw him! He was well, I hope?"

"Why—yes—he was—pretty well, I believe."

"Nothing unusual was the matter, I trust, squire?"

"No—I—I can't say that there was anything unusual," replied Uncle Zim, with a peculiar emphasis on the last word.

"And how were his family?"

"All very well, save the youngest child, Habakkuk, which has the measles."

"And Brother Pettibone himself—is he ailing in any way?"

"I can't say that he was much ailing. Perhaps, moreover, I was mista—no, I can't be mistaken, either."

"Why, squire, you frighten me! For goodness' sake, what was the matter? You're sure you saw him?"

"Yes—I—I met him," replied Uncle Zim, with the same assumed air of mystery.

"And how was he? Do speak out, and let me hear the worst on't, squire."

"Why, then, if I must say," replied Uncle Zim, "I should think he was about—yes—just about half shaved!"

"Impossible! You must be joking, squire!"

"It's true, joke or no joke," said Uncle Zim.

By this time the parties had reached the green. The two last sentences of Uncle Zim had fallen upon the worthy Deacon Jocelyn like a pail of ice-water; and he went to his house with a heavy heart. He did not sleep a wink all that night; and the humiliating fact pressed so heavily upon his mind, though it was at first his intention to have kept it a profound secret, until he could have inquired into the particulars of his brother's being overcome with liquor, that he was even constrained to communicate the dismal tidings to his faithful Abigail. It was indeed planting a pang in her breast, without extracting the barb which rankled in his own bleeding bosom. But truly hath the poet said of woman:

> When pain and anguish wring the brow,
> A ministering angel thou!

And Abigail, after the first gush of sorrow had subsided, half forgot her own grief in her affectionate endeavors to soothe that of her husband. A thousand little comforting hopes, excuses, and palliating circumstances came into her mind. Her brother might not have been so badly off as the squire supposed. He might have been unwell; or perhaps he had been overcome by drinking ever so little on an empty stomach. The deacon folded his faithful spouse closer to his heart, and both determined that nothing should be said about the circumstances, even to the family, for the present. And it was agreed that between haying-time and harvest Deacon Jocelyn should go up to Durham, and commune with his Brother Pettibone privately upon the subject.

But Mrs. Abigail Jocelyn, notwithstanding her many fine qualities, was not entirely free from the frailties of the other daughters of Eve; and, while alone on the ensuing day, her husband being engaged with his workmen in the fields, the secret became so burdensome that she wanted somebody to help her to keep it. Perhaps also, in her affliction, she thought she needed the sympathies of one, at least, of her most confidential female friends, who might, in turn, soothe her sorrows and pour a few drops of balsam into her wounded heart. In an evil hour, therefore, she revealed the tale of wo to Mrs. Aimwell, who kindly spent the whole afternoon in comforting the afflicted woman, by telling over how many others were suffering under greater calamities. Temperance societies had not then been invented.

Mrs. Aimwell left the deacon's after tea, promising not to whisper a breath about it.

"You know, my dear Mrs. Jocelyn," said she, "that I wouldn't do sich a thing for the world."

But she, too, wanted some one to help

her to keep the secret, and so she hinted it to Mrs. Sly. This was enough. It was on Thursday; and it was no longer than the afternoon of the next day, at a meeting of the Fragment Society, that the members were startled by the exclamation of Mrs. Doolittle, preceded by a deep-drawn sigh, to the following effect:

"Dear me! Who'd have thought it? Well, I don't know who will fall next, for my part!"

Now, justice to Mrs. Doolittle requires me to say in this place that she was no mischief-maker; and that, next to a witch, she held a slanderer in utter abomination. She was a very tidy body, and the worthy helpmate of my venerated great uncle, Captain Jasper Doolittle, of Cohabit. There was no more notable housewife in all the parish. She used to begin her washing on Sabbath-day night, as soon as three stars could be seen, in order to have her ample stores of linen, white as the driven snow, streaming upon the clothes-lines, like the lily flag of the fallen Bourbons, at an earlier hour than her neighbors on Mondays. And her quince-and-apple sauce and boiled cider were exactly the best to be found between Branford and Pettypang. But—rest her soul!—her benevolent heart occasionally felt too deeply for others' woes to enable her always to hide the faults she saw or heard of.

"Why, what do you mean?" exclaimed a dozen voices at once.

"I hope," continued Miss Tabitha Tatler, a lady of no particular age, "that that shocking story about Miss Prim is not true. But I've heard as much ever since Ned Bramble came home from the South. She's kept company with him ever since last Thanksgiving."

"No!" said Mrs. Doolittle, with a melancholy shake of the head. "That's like enough, too. But haven't you heard of the fall of good Deacon Pettibone?"

"Of Durham? He hain't hurt himself much, I hope?"

"I don't mean a fall from a barn or a haystack, child," said Mrs. Doolittle. "But haven't you heard on't?"

"No!" replied sixteen voices in a breath. "Do let us hear all about it!"

"Why," said Mrs. Doolittle, "you must know it's a great secret yet; and one doesn't want to expose a body's failings, you know. But I'll tell you, though it must not go from me; for I wouldn't injure the hair of any mortal being's head. You know I cannot endure scandal! And all I can now say is, that Mrs. Crampton told me, that she heard Joe Wilcox's wife say, that Mrs. Munger's aunt mentioned to her, that Mrs. Graves was present, when the Widow Blatchley said, that Ick Scran's wife thought Captain Evett's sister believed, that old Mrs. Willard reckoned, that Ephraim Stanard's better half had told Mrs. Hand, that she heard Mrs. Sly say, that Deacon Jocelyn's wife had told Mrs. Aimwell, as a great secret, that the deacon had told her, that Squire Bradley had seen Deacon Pettibone dead drunk after an ordination dinner."

"Do tell!" was the brief and emphatic exclamation of the benevolent coterie.

This, as we have before remarked, was on Friday, and the subtle electrical fluid could scarcely have traveled faster than did the story of the deacon's failing. Before Saturday night, the fatal account had reached Durham, enlarged and improved, until the tale of the three black crows was nothing to it. Nor did it hesitate to travel on Saturday night, although the Blue Laws were then yet in force. The consequence was that, before the cows were all milked on Sunday morning, everybody in the old parish of Durham, beyond the circle of the deacon's unsuspecting family, was acquainted with the melancholy catastrophe supposed to have overtaken that truly excellent man.

Of course the painful news was the general theme of conversation among the groups which collected around the portals of the sanctuary, while the bell was tolling for the minister, the late excellent and reverend Mr. Holdfast. The deacon presently approached; but never before was he so coldly greeted by his friends. Every countenance seemed looking darkly upon, or averted from, him. People even appeared to shrink from the proffered grasp of his friendly hand. But the good deacon, in the unsuspecting simplicity of his innocence, did not observe the change, and, as the

minister came along, all gathered into the venerable meeting-house.

The services proceeded as usual; but, at the close, the minister gave notice of a special meeting of the elders and deacons of the church, to be held on Wednesday, upon business of great importance. And, after exhorting his little flock so to conduct themselves as to show that though in the world they were not of the world, and suitably admonishing the officers, as assistant shepherds, to make themselves patterns in good works, not forgetting to remind them of the passage, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall!"—upon which stolen glances were again cast at Deacon Pettibone—he pronounced the benediction. The deacon, however, did not observe, and never once thought, that he was the sole object of this special exhortation, or of the dark and suspicious gaze of the congregation. His heart was right, and his eyes had been closed in the attitude of deep and heartfelt adoration.

The story, as we have already seen, had grown in its travels, like that of the boy who saw the thousand cats in the cellar; and for the three subsequent days the deacon's house was shunned, as though it had been the habitation of the plague. Meantime, as Uncle Zim's name was somehow connected with the tale, one of the elders was despatched to Applebury, to inquire into the real facts of the statement which had brought such heavy and unexpected scandal upon the little Zion of Durham. On his arrival, he immediately had an interview with Uncle Zim, and commenced an inquiry into the facts of the case which had brought him to Applebury.

"Squire Bradley," said Mr. Elnathan Cook, for such was the cognomen of this important messenger, "it is rumored up our way that you have said that you met Deacon Pettibone, last week, drunk!"

"Then I guess rumor lies," replied Uncle Zim, "for I hain't said no such thing."

"But pray, squire, what did you say, if I may be so bold?"

"Why," replied Uncle Zim, "I only said that I met him half shaved."

The result was that, although Elnathan Cook was one of the cutest chaps in those parts at a cross-examination, having formerly been an unlicensed practitioner in a justice's court, he obtained just so much information from Uncle Zim and no more. Uncle Zim was requested to go up to Durham and attend the council as a witness; but this he peremptorily declined, as he was busily engaged in making up a cargo of mules for the West Indies. He assured the zealous Elnathan, however, that Deacon Pettibone's negro man, Camillus, or Cam, as he was called for the sake of brevity, knew as much as he did, and could tell them all about it. As Cam was known to be a very honest fellow, this assurance gave the messenger much satisfaction; so he clambered into his one-horse shay, and gat him back to Durham.

The wheels of time rapidly brought Wednesday along, when the church council assembled, and the yet unsuspecting Deacon Pettibone, thinking to hear the names of some reclaimed sinners propounded for membership, came among them. The Rev. Mr. Holdfast was appointed moderator. An unusual air of solemnity pervaded the council, and, imploring the direction and blessing of Heaven upon their proceedings, the moderator was peculiarly earnest and much affected. Indeed, the half-suppressed sighs from various bosoms plainly indicated that they had business on hand which went home to their hearts.

At length the momentous subject of their meeting was opened, and the charge of intemperance formally preferred against no less a master in Israel than Deacon Eliakim Pettibone, then and there present. Had a bolt from heaven fallen at his feet, he could not have been more astonished or confounded. For a while, his hand pressed upon his temples—he remained dumb with amazement; then, raising his eyes to heaven, he solemnly protested his innocence, but in vain; and in vain did he tax his memory to recall any circumstances in his life that could have given rise to such an unlooked-for scandal. In vain, likewise, did he demand the name of the informer upon whose testimony the accusation was preferred; for Uncle Zim had stipulated that his name should not be mentioned, save in the last

resort. Finally, the witness, Camillus, was sent for.

Camillus soon arrived, and came grinning into the council-room, exhibiting the whole treasury of his ivory.

"Cam," said the moderator, with solemn gravity, "we have sent for you, because we want you to tell the truth."

"Yes, massa minister, me always tell de troot to shame 'e debble."

"Well, Cam, we believe you will. Did you ever see your master intoxicated?"

"Me ebber see massa tosticated! Golly, only tink ob dat!"

"But, Cam, you must tell us the truth; now didn't you ever see your master when he was intoxicated—when he had drunk too much?"

"Golly, no, massa minister."

Here a consultation took place among a few of the members of the council, in an undertone, in which Mr. Elnathan Cook participated.

"Don't you remember that Squire Bradley, who lives in the second house beyond the stocks and whipping-post, north of the meeting-house in Applebury, came to see your master last Wednesday?"

"Yes, massa, me know dat, berry well."

"Well, that's very good now, Cam; and when Squire Bradley met your master, was he not about half shaved?"

"Oh, yes, massa; when Squire Bradley ride by de winder, Massa Pettibone was juss shavin' heself, I guess; but den he so glad to see de squire, he run out door to shake 'ee hand, wid de soap-ladder all on one side he face!"

Here the mighty mystery was solved. All knew the droll and rather mischievous character of Uncle Zim, and the truth flashed upon their minds in an instant. The council was broken up; a thousand sincere apologies were made to Deacon Pettibone; and the parties set their faces toward their own homes—the worthy deacon being more strongly convinced than ever that "manward Uncle Zim was rather twistical or so."

NO RIGHT TO HIS OPINION?

Carducci, the Italian Poet, Fell Out with a Stranger Who Unwittingly Praised Him to His Face, and Argued the Matter with Much Asperity.

A FLOCK of anecdotes has appeared concerning Giosué Carducci, the great Italian poet, who died recently. He was an odd character, full of self-contradictions, and it is to odd characters that strange incidents happen.

Carducci certainly did not lack the sensitive poetic spirit; yet he was rather a gruff, bellicose being, in prose. His combative manner once came near to forcing him into a peculiar duel. A French newspaper, the *Cri de Paris,* relates that one day, when traveling in Lombardy, he was in a railway compartment with an army officer who did not recognize him. Conversation turned upon the latest literary productions. They spoke of a poem by the author of "Odi Barbare," which had just appeared.

"This Carducci," exclaimed the officer with enthusiasm, "is a superb genius, the greatest since Dante, the equal of Dante himself."

"Humph," said the other, "a genius? That's too much to say; I find him mediocre."

"Mediocre, sir? You don't know anything about it."

"Oh, you are incapable of judging."

"I!"

"You!"

"Sir!"

"Sir!"

The officer handed his card to his disputant. The other smiled. "There's mine!" And on it was the name, "Giosué Carducci, professor at the University of Bologna."

The officer, removing his hat, politely bowed.

"How stupid of me," he said, "not to guess the only man who would have spoken as you did!"

HOME, SWEET HOME.

IT has often been said that the author of the most famous song in praise of home was himself a man who never had a home. The saying is measurably true; for the career of John Howard Payne, who was born on June 9, 1791, was strangely varied and his wanderings were many. A native of New York, he became an actor at the age of eighteen, and was successful, so that he passed from city to city in this country, appearing in all the principal theaters, and then sailed for England (1813), where he was billed at the Drury Lane Theater as "the American Roscius." By turns he was actor, dramatist, manager, and poet, failing, however, to make a comfortable living. He roamed from place to place on the continent, and then, returning to England (1823), he prepared the libretto of an opera—or, more properly, a musical play—entitled "Clari, the Maid of Milan," in which occurred the famous song "Home, Sweet Home."

The music of "Clari" was written by Sir Henry Bishop, and to him has often been credited the air of this particular song, which has become immortal. On the other hand, it is asserted that Payne, during his wanderings in Italy, had heard the air sung by Italian peasants, and that Bishop, after hearing Payne hum it over, had merely arranged it and furnished the orchestration. In the first printed edition of the opera, the song is described as "A Sicilian Air," and Bishop himself never claimed to have composed it. However this may be, both the opera and the song were immensely popular. The song itself was printed separately, and its publishers are said to have made from it within a year no less than two thousand guineas—a profit in which Payne himself had but a meager share.

In his later years, and after returning to America, Payne was made American consul at Tunis, in Africa, where he died in 1852, and where he was buried in the English cemetery. After a long while, the admirers of his beautiful song raised by subscription a sum sufficient to transport his remains to the United States; and in 1883, they were reinterred in Oak Hill Cemetery, at Washington.

BY JOHN HOWARD PAYNE.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily that came at my call—
Give me them, and the peace of mind, dearer than all!
Home, Home, sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile!
Let others delight mid new pleasures to roam,
But give me, oh, give me, the pleasures of home!
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

To thee I'll return, overburdened with care;
The heart's dearest solace will smile on me there;
No more from that cottage again will I roam;
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.
Home! Home! Sweet, sweet Home!
There's no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

The Yellow Fever in Philadelphia.

BY CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN.

CHARLES BROCKDEN BROWN (1771—1810) may probably be called the first American novelist, and the first American writer who earned a living with his pen. A native of Philadelphia, he spent the greater part of his life in that town. He was educated for the law, but forsook that profession for the pursuit of literature. He began by contributing to the magazines of the time, and in 1797 he published a sort of novel called "Alcuin, a Dialogue," which under the form of fiction dealt with the problems of marriage and divorce. From that time on, he published a number of romances in rapid succession, and obtained many readers, not only in this country but in England.

Brown wrote in a formal and what now seems a very stilted style; yet he had the courage to make a new departure in literature, laying his scenes in his native land, and using themes and a background with which his readers were familiar. As he himself said in the preface to his second novel, it was his intention "to exhibit a series of adventures growing out of our own country." Therefore, in spite of his lack of literary art, and especially of humor, his pages contain much information that is of great historical value. As Thomas Wentworth Higginson has said: "He has preserved for us many minor points of life and manners, which make the Philadelphia of a century ago now more familiar to us than is any other American city of that period." In his novel called "Arthur Mervyn" (1799), he incidentally gives an account of Philadelphia during the plague of yellow fever which afflicted the city in the year 1793. The passage which we have selected for reproduction need not fear comparison with Defoe's famous account of the great plague in London.

In January of the present year a bronze portrait plaque was set up in Philadelphia, by the Franklin Inn Club, in commemoration of Brown, whose grave is still unmarked by any stone, because it is situated in a cemetery owned by Quakers who object to funereal monuments.

IN proportion as I drew near the city, the tokens of its calamitous condition became more apparent. Every farmhouse was filled with supernumerary tenants, fugitives from home, and haunting the skirts of the road, eager to detain every passenger with inquiries after news. The passengers were numerous; for the tide of emigration was by no means exhausted. Some were on foot, bearing in their countenances the tokens of their recent terror, and filled with mournful reflections on the forlornness of their state. Few had secured to themselves an asylum; some were without the means of paying for victuals or lodgings for the coming night; others, who were not thus destitute, yet knew not whither to apply for entertainment, every house being already overstocked with inhabitants, or barring its inhospitable doors at the approach of those seeking shelter.

Families of weeping mothers and dismayed children, attended with a few pieces of indispensable furniture, were carried in vehicles of every form. The parent or husband had perished; and the price of some movable, or the pittance handed forth by public charity, had been expended to purchase the means of retiring from this theater of disasters,

though uncertain and hopeless of accommodation in the neighboring districts.

Between these and the fugitives whom curiosity had led to the road, dialogues frequently took place, to which I was suffered to listen. From every mouth the tale of sorrow was repeated with new aggravations. Pictures of their own distress, or of that of their neighbors, were exhibited in all the hues which imagination can annex to pestilence and poverty.

My preconceptions of the evil now appeared to have fallen short of the truth. The dangers into which I was rushing seemed more numerous and imminent than I had previously imagined. I wavered not in my purpose. A panic crept to my heart, which more vehement exertions were necessary to subdue or control; but I harbored not a momentary doubt that the course which I had taken was prescribed by duty. There was no difficulty or reluctance in proceeding. All for which my efforts were demanded was to walk in this path without tumult or alarm.

Various circumstances had hindered me from setting out upon this journey as early as was proper. My frequent pauses to listen to the narratives of travelers contributed likewise to procrastination. The sun had nearly set before I reached the precincts of the city. I pursued the track which I had formerly taken, and entered High Street * after nightfall.

Instead of equipages and a throng of passengers, the voice of levity and glee, which I had formerly observed, and which the mildness of the season would at other times have produced, I found nothing but a dreary solitude.

The market-place, and each side of this magnificent avenue, were illuminated, as before, by lamps; but between the verge of Schuylkill and the heart of the city I met not more than a dozen figures; and these were ghostlike, wrapped in cloaks, from behind which they cast upon me glances of wonder and suspicion, and as I approached, changed their course, to avoid touching me. Their clothes were sprinkled with vinegar, and their nostrils defended from contagion by some powerful perfume.

* The present Market Street.

I cast a look upon the houses, which I recollected to have formerly been, at this hour, brilliant with lights, resounding with lively voices, and thronged with busy faces. Now they were closed, above and below; dark, and without tokens of being inhabited. From the upper windows of some, a gleam sometimes fell upon the pavement I was traversing, and showed that their tenants had not fled, but were secluded or disabled.

These tokens were new, and awakened all my panics. Death seemed to hover over this scene, and I dreaded that the floating pestilence had already lighted on my frame. I had scarcely overcome these tremors, when I approached a house the door of which was opened, and before which stood a vehicle, which I presently recognized to be a *hearse*.

The driver was seated on it. I stood still to mark his visage, and to observe the course which he proposed to take. Presently a coffin, borne by two men, issued from the house. The driver was a negro; but his companions were white. Their features were marked by ferocious indifference to danger or pity. One of them, as he assisted in thrusting the coffin into the cavity provided for it, said:

"I'll be damned if I think the poor dog was quite dead. It wasn't the *fever* that ailed him, but the sight of the girl and her mother on the floor. I wonder how they all got into that room. What carried them there?"

The other surlily muttered:

"Their legs, to be sure."

"But what should they hug together in one room for?"

"To save us trouble, to be sure."

"And I thank them with all my heart; but, damn it, it wasn't right to put him in his coffin before the breath was fairly gone. I thought the last look he gave me told me to stay a few minutes."

"Pshaw! He could not live. The sooner dead the better for him; as well as for us. Did you mark how he eyed us when we carried away his wife and daughter? I never cried in my life, since I was knee-high, but curse me if I ever felt in better tune for the business than just then. Hey!" continued he, looking up, and observing me standing a

few paces distant, and listening to their discourse. "What's wanted? Anybody dead?"

I stayed not to answer or parley, but hurried forward. My joints trembled, and cold drops stood on my forehead. I was ashamed of my own infirmity; and, by vigorous efforts of my reason, regained some degree of composure. The evening had now advanced, and it behooved me to procure accommodation at some of the inns.

These were easily distinguished by their *signs,* but many were without inhabitants. At length I lighted upon one, the hall of which was open and the windows lifted. After knocking for some time, a young girl appeared, with many marks of distress. In answer to my question, she answered that both her parents were sick, and that they could receive no one. I inquired, in vain, for any other tavern at which strangers might be accommodated. She knew of none such, and left me, on some one's calling to her from above, in the midst of my embarrassment.

After a moment's pause, I returned, discomfited and perplexed, to the street. I proceeded, in a considerable degree, at random. At length I reached a spacious building in Fourth Street, which the sign-post showed me to be an inn. I knocked loudly and often at the door. At length a female opened the window of the second story, and, in a tone of peevishness, demanded what I wanted. I told her that I wanted lodging.

"Go hunt for it somewhere else," said she; "you'll find none here."

I began to expostulate; but she shut the window with quickness, and left me to my own reflections.

I began now to feel some regret at the journey I had taken. Never, in the depth of caverns or forests, was I equally conscious of loneliness. I was surrounded by the habitations of men; but I was destitute of associate or friend. I had money, but a horse-shelter, or a morsel of food, could not be purchased. I came for the purpose of relieving others, but found that I stood in the utmost need myself. Even in health my condition was helpless and forlorn; but what would become of me should this fatal malady be contracted? To hope that an asylum would be afforded to a sick man, which was denied to one in health, was unreasonable.

The first impulse which flowed from these reflections was to hasten back to Malverton; which, with sufficient diligence, I might hope to regain before morning light. I could not, methought, return upon my steps with too much speed. I was prompted to run, as if the pest was rushing upon me, and could be eluded only by the most precipitate flight.

This impulse was quickly counteracted by new ideas. I thought with indignation and shame of the imbecility of my proceeding. I reviewed the motives which had led me to the undertaking of this journey. Time had by no means diminished their force. I had, indeed, nearly arrived at the accomplishment of what I had intended. This might be the critical moment, when succor was most needed and would be most efficacious.

TO THE CITIZENS OF ROCHESTER, NEW YORK.

"MEN of Rochester, I am glad to see you; and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which, I am told, are one hundred and fifty feet high; that is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus; but Rome in her proudest days had never a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates; but Greece, in her palmiest days, never had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high. Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberty who had a waterfall a hundred and fifty feet high!"—*Speech attributed to Congressman David J. Mitchell, of New York.*

Unclaimed Estates.

BY EMMETT CAMPBELL HALL.

American "Heirs" to Vast Fortunes in Chancery, Dutch Estates, French Castles, and Buried Spanish Treasures—Why the Claimants Never Succeed in Realizing Their Hopes.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

IN one American family out of every three, perhaps, there is a legend, if not a firm belief, that somewhere —usually in Great Britain, France, Germany, or Holland—lie vast ancestral domains, to which they are rightful heirs. There are on file in the Department of State at Washington thousands of letters from people all over the United States who want to know the proper method or course of action to secure possession of unclaimed estates in the Old World. And it is not to be inferred that it is only from ignorant or uneducated people that such inquiries are received.

In some few cases the delusion—for almost invariably it is no more than a delusion—arises from a household tradition that *if* such and such connections in Europe should die without children, their particular branch of the family would inherit. In the course of time the "if" has been dropped, leaving the firmly implanted idea of actual and rightful title; but in most instances the idea has been fostered by swindlers, who have strewn the country with letters and advertisements requesting people of certain names—often of very common names—to come forward and claim their own.

It is no uncommon thing to see an advertisement requesting "the heirs of John Smith, who emigrated to America some time between 1730 and 1800," to communicate with some "claim agency" in New York or London. When a victim answers, he is requested to furnish some proof that he is a descendant of the particular Smith—and the small amount of "proof" desired, as well as the extreme vagueness of the date of his ancestor's migration, apparently does not strike the fortune-hunter—he is informed that he is undoubtedly the heir of Sir Jacob Smith, Bart., but that some legal formalities must be gone through with. Will he kindly remit forty-five dollars and twenty-five cents, or six pounds six shillings and eight pence — always some irregular and definite sum — to cover preliminary court and notarial charges?

These swindlers often give a remarkable air of probability to their communications, not hesitating to forge a seal when the correspondent proves more than usually cautious. When the eager claimant gets nothing for his money, and resorts to genuine legal aid, in almost every instance the birds have flown.

The Uselessness of Such Quests.

As a matter of fact, if an American of the present generation should be rightful heir to an estate in Great Britain, by reason of an interest inherited from some remote ancestor, he would have lost all legal title through the operation of the British statute of limitations. This provides that the title of any real property, or land, which has not escheated to the crown shall vest in the person who has remained in undisturbed possession for a period of twelve years, whether such person be the actual and original owner or not. The only exception is in a case where the true owner has been suffering from some legal incapacity, when an extra period of six years after the disappearance of the disability is allowed him in which to make his claim, up to a total lapse of thirty years, when he is absolutely barred. In the case of

personal property the limitation extends only to twenty years. Thus, no matter how valid the claim might be in equity, after the lapse of thirty years no action of recovery can by any possible means be successful.

One of the most expensive of the many attempts to recover an "estate" ever undertaken by Americans was in connection with the so-called Jennens Estate. William Jennens, a bachelor, of London, died in 1798, leaving a fortune of about two million pounds. He had made a will, but it was unsigned, and his landed property passed to his heir at law, George Augustus William Curzon, and is now owned by Lord Howe, the head of that family. His personal belongings passed to various cousins. A good many years later a number of supposed American heirs to Jennens's fortune formed an association in order to assert their alleged rights. How much each member of the organization contributed will probably never be known, but the aggregate must have been very large. Their efforts covered a period of forty years or more, and were of course absolutely fruitless.

Other Fantom Estates in England.

The Hedges Estate was another which produced unnumbered claimants. As a matter of fact, Sir Charles Hedges's will was duly proved by his own son, and if there remained in the Bank of England any of the vast sum supposed to be unclaimed, it was not for want of some one's legal title thereto.

Other "estates" which have been the cause of high hopes and considerable expenditures on the part of Americans are the Bradford, Townley, Hyde, and Horne estates, all of which are myths.

Claims are sometimes presented at the Bank of England for large sums, the claimants giving dates of alleged deposit anterior to the date of the bank's charter.

In reply to an inquiry as to the amount of unclaimed stock or funds in the Bank of England, it has been authoritatively stated that "there are very few amounts of one thousand pounds, and probably none that exceeds this sum by more than one or two hundred pounds." This deals a crushing blow to the hopes of those who have had in their mind's eye vast heaps of gold to be had almost for the asking. Few of the claims made are for less than "several millions," and usually they run to the enormous figures of twenty or even fifty million pounds.

From letters received at the American embassy at London, there would seem to be in the United States a prevalent impression that Chancery is some sort of depository where countless wealth—unclaimed, of course—is hoarded up, awaiting its rightful proprietors. As a matter of fact, the value of all dormant funds in Chancery—that is, funds the owners of which are not positively known—amounts to only about one million pounds, and there is little likelihood of this money ever being disbursed.

Imaginary Inheritances in Holland.

The Netherlands is second only to Great Britain as a promised land for the estate-hunters, though as a rule the claimants of supposed estates in Holland are more modest in their demands, seldom rising above the ten-million-dollar mark. On the other hand, they often go farther back to establish their connection, the brief period of two hundred years being regarded as of slight consequence.

Most of those who make inquiries of the Department of State at Washington or of the American representatives in Holland are totally ignorant of the Dutch laws and practises. They seem to think that all the information they want may be obtained by simply stepping in at some sort of probate office. But in the Netherlands there are no such offices, wills being deposited by the testator in the custody of the notary whom he selects to officiate as his draftsman, and he is at liberty to choose any notary in the country. Wills are made in duplicate, the notary filing one copy and the testator retaining the other. To locate the notarial office in which there is a record of any particular will is no simple matter after the lapse of a century or two; and when it has been discovered, the claimant is pretty sure to find that the will has been so carefully drawn that it is impossible to break it.

In the fourteenth century there were established in Holland what are known as orphans' courts, to which were delegated the care of unclaimed or disputed property. Until 1809 these courts had

almost supreme power in such matters, but in that year they were abolished by the introduction of the French civil law. In 1852 the Dutch Parliament constituted a commission to be charged with the settlement of claims, and all unclaimed properties or moneys passed into the keeping of this body. It was provided that the government should be liable to the rightful owner of property taken over if he could establish his identity and title. This, after the lapse of many years, and in view of the various changes of law and procedure, is practically impossible. Moreover, the act of 1852 declared that after advertisements of unclaimed property had been published in certain newspapers, and five years and six months had elapsed without a claimant appearing, the title to it should vest absolutely in the state.

Vain Hopes of American Claimants.

There are American descendants of Dutch emigrants, however, who have spent large sums in legal actions and traveling expenses under the impression that in the treasury of the Netherlands are great sums which that nation ardently desires to hand over to any one claiming them.

One amusing instance was that of an old lady who appeared at The Hague, fully determined to force the government to pay over to her and other alleged heirs the fortune of a certain Dutch general, who had suddenly expired while riding at the head of a grand military parade more than two hundred years before. The amount claimed was so large that no European treasury would have been able to pay it if ordinary interest was demanded; but the old lady graciously announced that she would accept the principal, and would allow time for the payment of the interest. Finally, one day, she succeeded in catching the late king as he was leaving the palace, and in making a personal appeal. King William turned the matter over to the minister of finance, who informed the American lady that the case had been through every court in the country, and had been definitely decided against the claimants.

Some years ago wide publicity was given to a statement by the Dutch government that it was holding no unclaimed estates in trust, all those for which no private owners were found having irrevocably reverted to the state by the law of 1852; but, nevertheless, the "old Dutch estate" fever continues to simmer and occasionally break out in the United States. There is not, and never was, any Cronkheit, Van Cot, Van Dussen, Webber, Kern, Brandt, or Metzger estate awaiting claimants, and the "Bank of Holland," the supposed depository of millions of unclaimed gold, does not exist.

Visionary Claims in France and Germany.

France and Germany have also afforded golden dreams, never to be realized, but in smaller numbers than Holland or Britain. In these countries, as in the others, claims to estates by titles of ancient origin are invalidated by statutes of limitation, and the effort to obtain possession of them is from the inception hopeless. Demands have been made in Germany for sums amounting to as much as four hundred million marks, on the strength of the mere possession of a name as common in that country as Smith, Brown, or Jones in America, though the claimant was unable to give either baptismal names or even approximate dates or locations, and though the claims dated back two hundred years or more.

In France there is a good deal of informality, according to American standards, in the settlement of estates, the liquidation devolving upon a notary. In order to oust a proprietor, therefore, the first step is one which, unless very definite knowledge is possessed by the claimant, is a practically impossible task—namely, to locate the notary.

When a Frenchman dies, if he leaves no real estate, the rule is that all other property is divided by the next of kin, usually without judicial intervention. If there is real estate, and no claimant appears, it is given into the care of a curator appointed by the court, who for thirty years keeps the property in trust for those who may prove to be legally entitled to it. After that time no claim would be admitted unless the claimant could establish that there had been some irregularity in the proceedings. Thus it

is obvious that any claim based upon the ownership of some long-dead ancestor in France is doomed to failure.

The Time-Honored "Spanish Swindle."

Another golden bait at which many Americans have bitten—how many it is impossible to conjecture, as, on account of shame at having been duped, not one in five would ever mention the matter to the authorities—is what is known as "the Spanish swindle." So many have jumped at this lure dangled before their eyes by a clever gang of rogues, that the American legation at Madrid has a printed form which it sends in answer to letters of inquiry.

The swindlers' usual method of operation has been that of addressing a letter to some person of fair means in America—and if the recipient ever had any Spanish connections, all the better—which is signed by an alleged priest. This unreverend gentleman states that some one, an old friend or distant relative of his, has been imprisoned and is under sentence of death for political reasons; that he, the prisoner, is the possessor of vast wealth, usually buried in Cuba. The exact whereabouts of the treasure has been revealed to the priest, under an oath that he will never reveal its hiding-place except to the person who will agree to take and rear a small daughter of the condemned man—the child being described as very beautiful and talented, and at present in some convent school. Often a photograph is sent, as well as what looks like a newspaper clipping, giving an account of the trial and conviction of the child's father.

The gang has operated successfully for many years, and has made use of every form of forgery—notarial seals, seals of churches, official stamped paper, and bogus newspaper clippings. In many instances the victims have forwarded money to defray various kinds of charges, to purchase clothing for the little daughter, and to pay her passage to America. In several instances they have made trips to Spain in order to find and bring back the child.

The whole truth is, therefore, that there are no unclaimed estates or sums of money in Great Britain, the Netherlands, France, Germany, or Spain, of ancient origin, and advertisements and letters in regard to such may safely be considered as frauds. Should any one in America believe himself heir to a recently deceased person in any of those countries, there are numbers of reputable lawyers having European correspondents, who may be consulted; or the American representative in the particular country will furnish the name and address of a reliable native attorney.

GOLD.

By THOMAS HOOD.

GOLD! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered, and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought, and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled;
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mold;
Price of many a crime untold—
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!

—*From "Miss Kilmansegg."*

The Vigilante Senator.

A Stirring Chapter in the History of the West—How Wilbur F. Sanders, Afterward a United States Senator, and His Fellow Vigilantes Ended a Reign of Terror in Montana.

FOREIGN critics of the United States were long accustomed to point to life in the far Western Territories as affording strong proof of the essential lawlessness of Americans. They read the stories of Bret Harte and the poems of Joaquin Miller; they seized upon every newspaper report and imaginative tale that was published during the three decades that followed the "gold rush" of 1849; and from these they drew a lurid picture of conditions which they thought were typical of American civilization. Settlements terrorized by bandits, officers of the law who were cutthroats or in league with cutthroats, "bad men" shooting up saloons, the absence of all protection for life and property, wholesale slaughter in the gulches, and, in fact, an unrestrained carnival of rapine, blood, and lust—at all these things inhabitants of older and more established countries pointed with mingled scorn and horror.

Yet, when the true story of Western frontier life is told, it affords striking testimony to the inherent love of the Anglo-Saxon for order and justice, and to his invincible capacity for government. Only for a while did anarchy prevail, even in the mining-camps. The records of life in California during the fifties, and in the contiguous Territories thereafter, show that every community contained within itself forces which when summoned, as they finally were, to the establishment of law, proved irresistible. As is the case in all English-speaking countries, the men of peace proved that in a dire crisis they could stamp out in the sternest fashion the rule of the desperado.

No more picturesque and striking instance of this truth can be found than in the plain, unvarnished narrative that tells how one of these order-loving Western pioneers, by his force and fearlessness, undertook what seemed a hopeless task, and, with others like himself, throttled the blustering and bloodthirsty rule which had long terrorized the people of Montana. This story, which we here reprint, was told in the editorial columns of the New York *Sun* of January 6, 1890, soon after the election of Colonel Wilbur F. Sanders to the Senate of the United States from Montana, which had lately been admitted to the Union. This narrative is not merely an interesting chapter in the history of the West; but it is, as already noted, an instructive commentary upon the innate governing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon wherever he is found. Colonel Sanders, the subject of the narrative, died in 1905.

WILBUR FISKE SANDERS was born in Cattaraugus County, New York, in 1834. He studied law in Ohio, fought in the Union army, and went West in 1863 to Montana, then part of Idaho. Concerning the reasons for his adventurous emigration more than one story has been told. He settled first at Bannack City, and undertook to practise his profession in a mining-camp thronged with desperadoes from every part of the world and fearing no law except the swift code of Judge Lynch.

The scene of the campaign in which Colonel Sanders bore a conspicuous part

was in what is now the southwestern corner of Montana, a hundred miles or more south of the sites of the present cities of Helena and Butte, and northwest of the Yellowstone Park, among the mountains directly on the great main divide. To understand the situation, it should be remembered that Montana was invaded and settled from the west side of the Rockies. The approach was from California and Oregon, or from Salt Lake City at the south. Bannack, on Grasshopper Creek, was the first considerable mining-camp on the eastern slope of the Rocky Mountains, and it was only about a year old when Colonel Sanders arrived. The rich discoveries in this new gold country were the signal for the stampede of 1862—1863, first to Grasshopper Creek, then to the newer diggings at Virginia City and Nevada City close by, then down the Deer Lodge Valley, and gradually across to Last Chance Gulch, where the town of Helena now stands.

The centers of turbulence and of population were at Bannack City and Virginia City, and no livelier settlements existed at that time on the face of the earth. California gamblers and cutthroats, Mexican desperadoes, deserters from both the Northern and the Southern armies, fugitives from the justice of a dozen different countries, bullies and roughs graduated in the class of '49, thieves and murderers picked by natural selection from the forlorn hope of advancing civilization, poured into the new gold country along with the honest miner and the peaceable immigrant. There was absolutely no government, no law, no protection for life or property other than that which the shotgun affords. The community was doubly isolated from the East—by distance, and by the tremendous fact of the Civil War. The Pacific Coast gave it its worst. Champagne was twelve dollars a bottle in gold, and, generally speaking, sheol was focused on the region which Colonel Wilbur Fiske Sanders chose as the field for his professional labors.

His first public appearance was as the prosecutor of George Ives, a renowned member of Henry Plummer's gang of road-agents and murderers.

Plummer's band was the only well-organized power of any sort in the community; it was organized for crime. It consisted of two dozen or more of the evilest scoundrels then unhung, with a full quota of spies, scouts, decoys, and outside correspondents in every part of the gold-producing region. It had a perfect system of communication between the various members of the band, of designation of suitable objects of plunder, and of rescue and support in case of trouble. The road-agents wore mustaches and chin whiskers, and they knotted their neckties in a peculiar way. In action, they covered their faces with black handkerchiefs or a bit of blanket. They had early intelligence of every shipment of treasure or freight caravan out of the Territory, and they did not disdain to waylay and rob the arriving emigrant for the sake of the few dollars in his pockets. They held up coaches and express-wagons in the approved fashion of the frontier, too well known to require description.

On their individual account, the members of Plummer's band swaggered, bullied, robbed, and murdered without check. They fired at women to frighten them; butchered and scalped inoffensive Indians in pure wantonness; shot and killed men for vengeance, for personal dislike, and sometimes merely "for luck." Respectable citizens lived always in terror. Everybody knew the authors of the crimes that followed each other in daily succession, but nobody uttered his suspicions or proclaimed his knowledge. To speak out was to invite sudden death. There was no law to appeal to. The only constituted authority was a so-called sheriff. Nothing better illustrates the conditions of society at that time and place than the circumstances that the office of sheriff, both at Bannack and at Virginia, was held by Henry Plummer himself, and that his deputies were Buck Stinson, Ned Ray, and Jack Gallagher, three accomplished desperadoes selected on civil service reform principles from his own band of highwaymen.

The remarkable chief of this gang was a man of wily address and mild, polite manners, who had emigrated to Bannack from California early in the stampede. He had served as city marshal of a Cali-

fornia town, had received a nomination for the Assembly, had taken part in an attack on Wells & Fargo's bullion express, and had murdered not less than three men in that State. Plummer had a reputation as a lady-killer, and by his own sex he was respected as the quickest and surest revolver shot in the mountains. It was said that he could draw his pistol and empty its five chambers within three seconds, making every bullet tell. He was ambidextrous with the revolver. This consummate villain maintained almost up to the end of his career the semblance of amicable relations with law and order, and it was one of the polite conventions of life at Bannack to consult him as sheriff in cases of violent crime. He met on equal and friendly terms, during the day, the men he had already marked as the victims of that night's enterprise.

When Sam T. Hauser, long afterward president of the First National Bank of Helena and Governor of the Territory, started for the States with a train of treasure, Plummer pressed upon him a woolen neck-comforter and urged him to protect his throat well from the chilly night air. Down the road, Plummer's highwaymen were already waiting for a man with a woolen scarf. When J. M. Bozeman and others started for Salt Lake City with about eighty thousand dollars in gold, Plummer had already stationed Dutch John and Steve Marsland in ambush in Black-Tail Deer Cañon. When Oliver's Salt Lake coach rolled into Bannack, having been held up and robbed on the road from Virginia City by George Ives, Bob Zachary, and Whisky Bill, it was Plummer himself who first interviewed the passengers to ascertain what clues there might be to identify the highwaymen. In a hundred ways Plummer's social and official relations enabled him both to plan and to cloak the crimes his gang committed.

Under Plummer's masterly leadership were associated, besides the men already mentioned, Erastus Yager, known as "Red," G. W. Brown, George Lane, or "Club-Foot George," Frank Parish, Haze Lyons, Boone Helm, Bill Bunton, Cyrus Skinner, Bill Hunter, Aleck Carter, Joe Pizanthia, or Greaser Joe, and many other desperadoes whose names are famous in the early annals of Montana. The gang had its headquarters at Rattlesnake Ranch, and its wakiups and places of rendezvous everywhere. The reign of terror had reached the stage where no man's life was safe for a single day.

In the few months preceding the time of the first uprising against the power of Henry Plummer, not less than one hundred and two known murders had been charged to the account of this gang. The extent of the list of undiscovered or unproved crimes, of disappearances where the fate of the victim was never known and his corpse never found, can only be a matter of conjecture.

The murder of a German named Nicholas Tbalt in the Stinkingwater Valley, for the sake of the price of two mules which he had been sent to buy, was the immediate cause of the organization of the Montana Vigilantes. George Ives was caught red-handed. Twenty-five citizens dragged him out of a wakiup near Dempsey's Ranch, and escorted him to Nevada City. It was characteristic of the times that on their way back to town the party should organize a series of scrub races, in which captors and prisoner compared the speed of their cayuses in the most friendly way, and during which Ives almost escaped.

The news of impending proceedings spread rapidly, and people flocked into Nevada from every part of the surrounding country. The situation was not regarded as serious for Ives, least of all by the murderer himself. Prosecutions under such circumstances had ended in farce over and over again. This time the miners sent for Colonel Sanders to take charge of the prosecution.

A miner's jury of twelve men from Nevada City and twelve men from Junction was appointed. The trial occurred late in the afternoon of December 21, 1863, before a huge bonfire in the open air, and in the presence of the whole body of citizens. Ives was chained with a logging-chain to two other men accused of participation in the murder of Tbalt. The judge sat in a wagon.

With an ability and a courage that are still remembered in Montana, Colonel Sanders presented the case against the

murderer, and when the verdict was returned moved that Ives be hanged on the spot. The prosecutor's hold on life seemed for a time even more precarious than that of the prisoner, for the crowd around the bonfire was full of the friends of the gang, and Plummer's arrival from Bannack with a rescuing force was momentarily expected. Part of the mob made an attempt at rescue, but it was repulsed. A forty-foot pole was run out through the window of an unfinished house close by, and a rope fastened to its end. In fifty-eight minutes after his conviction, Ives's body was swung from the end of the pole. The campaign of extermination against Henry Plummer's gang had begun.

Colonel Sanders and his associates lost no time. Five men in Virginia City, one in Nevada City, and Colonel Sanders and three others in Bannack started the organization of the Montana Vigilantes, a secret tribunal which for more than twenty years continued to exert a powerful influence upon the conditions of life in the Territory.

There were no more public trials. The hand of vengeance descended directly and without warning. Border justice was dealt out with a speed and a vigor which have no parallels in the history of America. The methods by which it was administered are not to be justified except by the plea of absolute necessity. It was a question of killing or being killed; and public sentiment in Montana supported proceedings which under any other conditions would have been intolerable.

The story of the subsequent proceedings of the Montana Vigilantes in the early months of 1864 has been told with great minuteness in a little book published eight or ten years ago in Virginia City, and purporting to be written by a "Professor Thomas J. Dimsdale." This name is believed to conceal the identity of one of the principal actors in the events about which Colonel Sanders could tell so much. The terrible brevity of the first campaign of the Vigilantes cannot be exhibited in more striking form than by this table of the names, dates, and places of execution of Plummer's men:

		Hanged.
George Ives	Nevada City	Dec. 21, 1863
Erastus Yager, alias "Red"	Stinkingwater Valley	Jan. 4, 1864
G. W. Brown	" "	Jan. 4, 1864
Henry Plummer	Bannack City	Jan. 10, 1864
Ned Ray	"	Jan. 10, 1864
Buck Stinson	"	Jan. 10, 1864
John Wagoner, alias "Dutch John"	"	Jan. 11, 1864
Joe Pizanthia	"	Jan. 11, 1864
George Lane, alias "Club Foot"	Virginia City	Jan. 14, 1864
Frank Parish	"	Jan. 14, 1864
Haze Lyons	"	Jan. 14, 1864
Jack Gallagher	"	Jan. 14, 1864
Boone Helm	"	Jan. 14, 1864
Steve Marsland	Big Hole Ranch	Jan. 16, 1864
William Bunton	Deer Lodge Valley	Jan. 19, 1864
George Shears	Frenchtown	Jan. 24, 1864
Cyrus Skinner	Hell Gate	Jan. 25, 1864
Alexander Carter	"	Jan. 25, 1864
John Cooper	"	Jan. 25, 1864
Robert Zachary	"	Jan. 25, 1864
Wm. Graves, alias "Whisky Bill"	Fort Owens	Jan. 26, 1864
William Hunter	Gallatin Valley	Feb. 3, 1864

The incidents attending this series of illegal executions in the interest of law and order afford material for a hundred romances of frontier life. When a murderer or thief was caught, the captain of the party of Vigilantes would say:

"All in favor of hanging this man (or these men) step to the right side of the road, and those who are for letting them go stand on the left."

When "Red" Yager was hanged, he shook hands with all of his executioners and said:

"Good-by, boys; God bless you! You're on a good undertaking."

He was left swinging by the roadside, with the legend pinned to his coat:

Red, Road-Agent and Messenger.

Plummer weakened when in the hands of Colonel Sanders's Vigilantes, and the once formidable personage begged for his life, declaring with tears and sighs that he was too wicked to die. "Give a man time to pray!" were his last words. Boone Helm died game, telling Jack Gallagher, who was cursing and crying at the gallows, "not to make a damned fool of himself." As the Vigilantes pushed the box away from under Gallagher's feet, Boone Helm shouted to his late associate: "Kick away, old fellow, I'll be in hell with you in a minute!" Then he added, just as his own rope twanged, "Every man for his principles —hurrah for Jeff Davis! Let her rip!"

One of the most frightful tales that Colonel Sanders could tell was that of the execution of Joe Pizanthia, known as "the Greaser," at Bannack City. The Bannack Vigilantes had determined to arrest this Mexican desperado. A party started for his cabin, which stood on a hillside. The Greaser was summoned by the leader of the Vigilantes, but refused to come forth. Two of the Vigilantes, Smith Ball and George Copley, entered the hut and received a pistol shot each, Copley being killed.

The excitement in Bannack rose to madness. There was a dismounted howitzer somewhere in town. Under the direction of a Vigilante who had had military experience this was dragged up, loaded, and trained on the cabin. Three shots were fired from the howitzer, and then a few of the friends of law and order rushed into the Mexican's hut. They found him and dragged him forth, Smith Ball emptying his revolver into the wretched captive as he was pulled into the open air. The Mexican was then hung to a pole by a "jamb hitch," and as his body swayed to and fro a hundred shots were poured into it.

Meanwhile somebody had set fire to the cabin, and a proposition to burn up what was left of Pizanthia was received with exultation by the infuriated crowd. The body was thrown upon the pile, and burned so completely that not a trace of bone could be found. Colonel Sanders concludes his narrative of Pizanthia's fate with the horrible statement that the next morning some women actually panned out the ashes to see whether the Mexican had any gold in his purse.

On the whole, it must be said that the Montana Vigilantes acted with discretion, caution, and with a steady regard to the terrible responsibility they assumed when they put on masks and went forth, rope in hand, to hunt men against whom no magistrate had ever issued a warrant. Politics never influenced the decisions of the dreaded organization; personal interest or private malice, rarely. It was inevitable that the power thus wielded should be occasionally abused. None of the old Vigilantes will claim that no mistakes were made; mistakes terrible to the innocent victims.

"Did the courts of law in old settled communities never make a mistake?" is what would be asked in reply to such a suggestion.

The argument of the Montana Vigilante who has now laid aside his mask and his rope in the presence of regular courts of justice, able to enforce their decrees and to protect life and property, would be something like this:

"The good people were all with us. None of them feared us; none of them had reason to fear our midnight visits. There was no law in the Territory when we came together for self-preservation. We did unpleasant work with hands that never trembled. We made it possible for the peaceable to live in Montana, and for the industrious to accumulate and enjoy the fruits of industry. Just as fast as the consolidation of society rendered operative the ordinary processes of law, we retired. While its administration was still feeble or imperfect, we supplemented it. We made civil law respected, and when it came to full power we bowed to it and went out of business.

"The hanging of George Ives and the extermination of Plummer's band by Colonel Sanders and the fearless men associated with him was the critical event in the history of Montana. It made possible the State that exists to-day as the equal of New York or Illinois."

Proverbs of the American Indians.

THE American Indians have developed nothing that can properly be called literature; although some tribes, such as the Kiowas, have made attempts to record their myths in a sort of picture-writing. They also possess a body of curious folk-lore which has been transmitted orally from generation to generation. Every tribe has its legendary hero, of whom stories are told around the camp-fires in winter; and there are also tales in which animals, giants, and monsters figure. These things, however, constitute rather the germ of literature than literature itself. They resemble the folk-tales of the Indo-European peoples, out of which fiction ultimately developed, and of which traces are found scattered through the literatures of Greece and Rome, especially in the fables of Æsop.

Very characteristic of the North American Indians, however, is their proverbial philosophy. The Indian is naturally taciturn and prone to express such knowledge as he possesses in short, sententious utterances which are often full of shrewdness. The examples here given are sufficiently illustrative to be worthy of preservation.

THERE are three things it takes a strong man to hold—a young warrior, a wild horse, and a handsome squaw.

The coward shoots with shut eyes.

Small things talk loud to the Indian's eye.

The paleface's arm is longer than his word.

When a fox walks lame, the old rabbit jumps.

A squaw's tongue runs faster than the wind's legs.

Two men will live together in quiet and friendship, but two squaws never.

There is nothing so eloquent as a rattlesnake's tail.

The Indian scalps his enemy; the paleface skins his friends.

Before the paleface came there was no poison in the Indian's corn.

There will be nungry palefaces so long as there is any Indian land to swallow.

When a man prays one day and steals six, the Great Spirit thunders and the Evil One laughs.

No man ever repented of saying nothing.

A friendship made quickly is made too quickly.

JUNE ROSES AND JUNE BRIDES.

Poems, New and Old, Appropriate for the Lovely Month When Roses Bloom and Wedding-Bells Ring.

A WOMAN'S SONG.

By Nora Hopper.

DO you call my face a rose,
With the time of roses near?
Find a truer name than this
For the brow and lips you kiss.
For you know that roses die
In the autumn of the year.
And beside you, love, must I
Front the frost and face the snows.

I was never rose or star,
One's too near and one's too far.
I'm no pebble and no pearl,
But a living, loving girl.
Mouth to kiss you, hand to keep
Touch with you while you're asleep.
Eyes to kindle when you're glad,
Hope to climb where you would creep,
Tongue to comfort when you're sad.

Call me wife, and comrade, dear,
Call me neither star nor rose—
Then the day I need not dread
When the snow falls on my head,
Then my soul to yours shall be
Changeless, though my beauty goes,
And the eyes I love not see
Youth and grace forsaking me
As the bees forsake a rose
When the wind of autumn blows,
Soul on soul looks in and knows
All that's best of You and Me.

Westminster Gazette.

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LOVE'S SEASON.

By Amelie Rives.

THE wall-flowers to the frolic wind
Do dance their golden aigulets,
And elf-maids steal the hawthorn beads
To wear for fairy amulets.
The spring is here, the spring is here—
The love-time of the year, my dear!

All heavy hang the apple-boughs,
Weighed down by balls of yellow gold;
The poppy cups, so fiery bright,
Meseems would burn the hearts they hold.
The summer's here, the summer's here—
The kiss-time of the year, my dear!

The birds are winging for the South,
The elf-maids haste them to their bowers,
And dandelion balls do float,
Like silver ghosts of golden flowers.
The autumn's here, the autumn's here—
The wife-time of the year, my dear!

Now are the heavens not more gray
Than are the eyes of her I love;
More dainty-white than her sweet breast
The snow lies not the earth above.
The winter's here, the winter's here—
But love-time lasts the year, my dear!

Harper's Magazine.

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MY LOVE'S LIKE A RED ROSE.

By Robert Burns.

OH, my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my love's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in love am I:
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Till all the seas gang dry;

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt with the sun;
I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only love!
And fare thee weel a while!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

Oh, my love's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June;
Oh, my love's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

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GO, LOVELY ROSE!

By Edmund Waller.

GO, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee;
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous, sweet, and fair.

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THE EVE OF HER WEDDING.

By J. Hudson.

HUSH! Let me hide my happiness,
A little while let grief hold sway,
And sweetness blend with bitterness,
Before I give myself away.

Soon, soon, must pass for evermore
The scenes of old; new paths I choose;
Oh, let me count my treasures o'er,
That, winning love's delights, I lose.

Dear home! How all its nooks and trees
Recall my childhood's joys and tears,
Mixed with immortal memories
Of twenty tranquil, transient years.

O babbling brook, O darling glade,
Old church beside thine ancient yew,
Where oft my childish feet have strayed,
I bid you all a last adieu!

Dear simple souls, so stanch and true,
In cottage homes, o'er hill and dell,
A distant home is mine; to you
And yours I bid a last farewell!

My father smiles, and chides in vain
The tears my mother's love lets fall;
My sister's heart is wrung with pain—
Good-by! I soon must leave you all!

This little hour I give to grief,
With tender thoughts mine eyes are wet.
I almost seem to find relief
In reminiscence and regret!

One little hour! My woman's eyes
With waning childhood's dews are dim.
Away! Love calls! I must arise,
And hasten forth and follow him.

Chambers's Journal.

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ST. PATIENCE'S DAY.

By Kemper Bocock.

MERRILY bounded the usher's heart
Yestere'en as he bore his part.

Merrily beamed the usher's smile
Greeting fair faces in the aisle.

Rosily one sweet bridesmaid blushed
As that vast throng in the church was hushed,

And the man of God, by the altar side,
Called benisons down on groom and bride.

For the usher had caught the bridesmaid's eye,
And he gave a little impatient sigh.

She whispered no word, and she made no sign,
But her message came back from the sacred shrine:

"Be patient, patient, my love, to-night;
To-morrow is coming on wings of light."

Love makes the world go round, they say,
But it couldn't go fast enough to-day;
For the bells are ringing at eventide,
And usher and bridesmaid are groom and bride.—*Century Magazine.*

How To Live a Hundred Years.

By ALLAN L. BENSON.

Many Scientists Have Declared that Our Normal Length of Life Should Not Be Less than a Century—Few Agree in Their Directions for Attaining Longevity.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

AGAIN we have the word of a scientist for it that man should live a hundred years, and that so far as he falls short of the century-mark, he has been cut off before his time.

This statement, so often made by scientific men, is repeated by Sir James Crichton-Browne, a well-known London physician, and an official of the Royal Institution.

"In my opinion," says Sir James, "every man is entitled to his century, and every woman to a century and a little more, for women live longer than men. Every child should be brought up impressed with the obligation of living to a hundred, and should be taught how to avoid the irregularities that tend to frustrate that laudable ambition."

But Sir James differs from all other scientists who have expressed similar views concerning longevity, in that he believes the physician to be practically helpless. He believes the statesman and the political economist must do their duty before the doctor can do his.

In other words, Sir James finds that modern conditions are not conducive to long life. The struggle for existence, especially in the cities, is too hard. Nearly everybody is worrying about something. Nerves are stretched to the breaking-point. All of which constitutes an invitation to death to come—to hurry. Yet the physician's hands are tied.

"Certain great measures," says Sir James, "that lie beyond the scope of medicine are first of all necessary if we would prolong the days of the masses of the people. Regular employment must be secured and poverty diminished by our statesmen and economists, so that we may no longer have among us thirteen millions on the verge of hunger and dying in multitudes before their time."

The No-Breakfast Theory.

While hygienists agree that the average duration of human life is unnecessarily short, there is the greatest diversity of opinion among them concerning the best methods of prolonging life. The late Dr. Edward Hooker Dewey, for instance, of Meadville, Pennsylvania, attained a following on both sides of the Atlantic by advocating the fasting cure for disease and the no-breakfast plan for maintaining health. Dr. Dewey contended that in case of sickness the digestive organs are in no condition to perform their natural functions; that the introduction of food into the stomach at such a time merely results in the creation of poisons which retard the work of nature; and that feeding the sick "to keep up their strength" is therefore not only a delusion, but almost a crime.

Dr. Dewey advocated the no-breakfast plan on the theory that upon arising in the morning the system has the benefit of all the stored-up energy from the evening meal of the day before, and that until this energy has been exhausted the eating of another meal burdens the digestive organs, brings on headaches, and leads to more serious diseases.

Dr. Dewey's views were accepted, in whole or in part, by many educated persons on each side of the Atlantic. Dr. Andrea Rabagliati—who is an Englishman, in spite of his Italian name—in an exhaustive work on "Air, Food, and

Exercises," repeatedly speaks in the highest terms of Dr. Dewey's theories, and in writing the introduction to one of the Meadville philosopher's books, George F. Pentecost, the well-known American preacher and author, testified that both he and his family had practised the no-breakfast plan and the fasting cure for many years with good results.

Nevertheless, the fact remains that Dr. Dewey's theories did not enable him to live to be old. He died of paralysis, in 1904, without having quite reached threescore and ten.

A Foe of "Drug Doctors" and "Stuffers."

Another American physician who has original views concerning the maintenance of health and the cure of disease is Dr. J. H. Tilden, of Denver. Dr. Tilden believes that the volume of food consumed by the average individual should be reduced, and therefore sympathizes with the no-breakfast plan, or any similar plan that promises to bring about such a reduction. Dr. Tilden also agrees with Dr. Dewey that little or no food should be given during sickness. He is very bitter against what he calls the "drug doctors" and the "stuffers"—names by which he designates the physicians who prescribe medicine and food in copious quantities for the sick.

As the best method of keeping well, Dr. Tilden advocates, first of all, fresh air. He says no person should ever sleep in a room in which one large window is not wide open—and this at all times of the year. He holds that sleeping thus almost in the open gives practical immunity from colds, provided woolen underclothing be not worn. Wool, he thinks—thereby differing from many other authorities—irritates the skin, holds moisture, and is unsanitary. Linen underclothing, according to the doctor, should be worn both in winter and in summer.

Concerning foods, Dr. Tilden is not an extremist in any direction, unless it be in the value that he attaches to raw vegetables. Cooking, and particularly boiling, harms most vegetables, according to this Western physician, who would steam such vegetables as were not prepared in the form of salads. And there is this to be said about Dr. Tilden—he has a large following throughout the United States, who declare that experience has taught them the value of his theories; and he himself is hale and hearty, though nearing seventy.

The Famous Case of Luigi Cornaro.

But no one who has ever consciously gone about it to solve the problem of how to live long has ever met with the success that came to Luigi Cornaro, a Venetian of the fifteenth century, who was a physical wreck at forty, yet lived to one hundred and three. Cornaro's story, of course, has been told and retold with more or less accuracy for more than three hundred years, but it never becomes old, because in so many respects it is still abreast, or indeed ahead, of the best hygienic thought of the day.

Cornaro was wealthy, and until he was forty lived the life of the rich Italians of his period. He ate too much, drank too much, and slept too little, with the result that in his prime he was suffering intensely from various ailments and seemed about to die. At this point, his physicians told him that his only chance lay in the adoption of the "temperate and orderly life," to use his own words. Cornaro adopted the suggestion, and at the age of eighty-three wrote a pamphlet telling about it. At eighty-six he wrote another; at ninety-one another, and still another at ninety-five.

Nothing more vital exists in all the history of hygienic effort than this year-to-year narrative of an intelligent veteran, noting down the means by which he had built up his body and kept it alive. His first step was to confine himself to such foods as invalids might eat, and to take these only in small quantities. Incredible as the fact may seem, he says that at the end of a year he found himself cured.

Then he began to experiment to find out what kinds of food agreed with him, as he wished to enlarge his diet. On testing the proverb that "whatever tastes good will nourish and strengthen," he quickly discovered that the palate is a poor guide. Cold wine, cold melons, pastries, pork, and many other things tasted good to him, but distressed his stomach. Gradually he eliminated from his fare everything that disagreed with him, and he always made it a point to

leave the table with his appetite both for food and drink not quite satisfied.

Cornaro believed it important to guard against extremes of heat and cold, never to become excessively fatigued, never to remain long in a poorly ventilated room, and never to permit anything to interfere with the enjoyment of a proper amount of rest and sleep. He also believed it best to avoid melancholy, hatred, and anger, though he admitted that he was not always able to keep calm.

Cornaro's Sturdy Old Age.

Cornaro's belief in the immunity that he enjoyed because of his temperate life at the table carried him to ludicrous extremes—at least in one example. He believed that accidents could do him little damage, and told of an occasion when he was seriously bruised about the head and body in a runaway. On account of his age—seventy—the physicians were convinced that he could not live more than three days. They gave it as their professional opinion that bleeding or purging offered the only possibility of saving the old man. But Cornaro, firm in the faith that moderation in eating and drinking had made him immune against the effects of so trifling an accident as a runaway, refused either to be bled or purged, with the result that he quickly recovered, much to the amazement of his physicians.

The Venetian sage was strong in body and mind and composed in soul when he wrote his last treatise at the age of ninety-five. Speaking of those who held old age to be useless, and the desire for it a mistake, Cornaro said:

"I never knew the world was beautiful until I reached old age."

In his last treatise, he made the humorous statement—though it was uttered in all seriousness—that because he was born with a "poor constitution" he did not expect to live much more than a hundred years. As a matter of fact, he lived three years beyond his century, dying peacefully at his home in Padua, April 26, 1566. Cornaro's wife, who survived him, died almost at the same age and is buried beside him.

An interesting fact in Cornaro's family life shows one advantage that he derived from his great age. Cornaro's first and only child—a daughter—was born when he and his wife were approaching old age. Yet they both lived to see this daughter grow up and become the mother of eleven children.

The Golden Rule of Moderation.

So it will be seen that in this case, as in many others, the "doctors disagree." What, then, is the proper course for one who wishes so to regulate his habits that he will reach the full measure of his years? Possibly no general advice would be more likely to be correct than this:

Be temperate in all things pertaining to diet; never permit anything to worry you, unless what you are worrying about is worth more to you than your health; ventilate your sleeping-room so well at all seasons of the year that the air in the room will be approximately as pure as the air outside; take a reasonable amount of moderate exercise; be cheerful; and avoid extreme plans of all kinds either for maintaining or recovering your health.

It may seem like leaping into the chasm of dull mediocrity to advise against extreme measures when one's health is at stake. It is of course true that most of the progress in medicine has been made by extremists, but it is not true that most of the extremists have contributed to the advancement of the science of medicine—if it be a science, which some will dispute.

The middle course is probably more nearly safe; don't be a vegetarian, or exclusively a meat-eater. Use your common sense. Eat meat moderately in winter, when such food is needed to enable the body to withstand the cold; and the rest of the year heed the suggestion of Nature, and live mostly on the fruits, vegetables, and cereals that she provides in such abundance in the spring, summer, and autumn. Probably you will be wise to eat three times a day, not because much food is required to keep up your strength, but to keep you from becoming so hungry that you would overload your stomach at any one meal. And whenever your stomach is distressed by anything you have eaten, find out what that thing is and eliminate it from your bill of fare.

Rochester's Secret.

From "Jane Eyre."

BY CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

CHARLOTTE BRONTË (1816—1855), one of the most gifted of English novelists, was the daughter of a clergyman living in the lonely village of Haworth, among the Yorkshire moors, where the girl passed her early years with her sisters and one brother. At an early age she was left without a mother. Her father was an eccentric, solitary, and unsympathetic man, so that the children passed a melancholy life at home, seeing nothing of the world, and becoming much addicted to morbid introspection. Charlotte, after a time, became a teacher and a governess, returning home in 1844 to find that her father had lost his sight, and that her brother had become a drunkard. Necessity compelled the daughters to make an attempt at literature; and Charlotte, after publishing some poems and composing a novel for which no publisher could be found, wrote the story called "Jane Eyre," which appeared in 1847. Almost immediately it won a remarkable success. The book, which bore on its title-page the pen-name "Currer Bell," was praised alike by men of letters, such as Thackeray, and by the least sophisticated readers.

The most effective part of the novel has to do with *Jane Eyre's* relations with *Edward Rochester*. *Jane Eyre* is a young and inexperienced girl who is obliged to make her living as a governess. She obtains a position at Thornfield Hall, a large and rather gloomy country-house, where she takes up her abode in order to teach the little ward of *Mr. Rochester*, who at the time is away from home. At Thornfield Hall life passes quietly and pleasantly for *Jane*, though she gradually becomes aware of something like a mystery connected with the place. At times, in passing through a remote part of the mansion, she hears a sound of chill, mirthless laughter, although apparently there is no one near her. Gradually she comes to think that the mystery is associated with a servant named *Grace Poole*, who occupies a room distant from the part of the house which is in general use. Presently, *Mr. Rochester* returns—a rough, abrupt, reserved, and high-tempered Englishman who at first treats *Jane* almost with incivility; though after a time he begins to take pleasure in her society, and they are more and more together.

Meanwhile, strange things happen in the house. One night, a mysterious fire breaks out; on another, a guest of *Mr. Rochester's* named *Mason* is found wounded and in a state of unspeakable horror. Yet no satisfactory explanation is given by *Rochester*. At last he declares his love for *Jane Eyre*, who has for some time been in love with him. Arrangements are made for their speedy marriage. On the night before the wedding-day, *Jane* feels a strange premonition of evil, and she recounts to *Rochester* a dream which she has had. At this point the passage given here begins.

"WELL," said Rochester, after some minutes' silence, "it is strange; but that sentence has penetrated my breast painfully. Why? I think because you said it with such an earnest, religious energy, and because your upward gaze at me now is the very sublime of faith, truth, and devotion. It is too much as if some spirit were near me. Look wicked, Jane, as you know well how to look: coin one of your wild, shy, pro-

voking smiles; tell me you hate me—tease me, vex me; do anything but move me! I would rather be incensed than saddened."

"I will tease you and vex you to your heart's content when I have finished my tale; but hear me to the end."

"I thought, Jane, you had told me all. I thought I had found the source of your melancholy in a dream."

I shook my head.

"What? Is there more? But I will not believe it to be anything important. I warn you of incredulity beforehand. Go on."

The disquietude of his air, the somewhat apprehensive impatience of his manner, surprised me, but I proceeded.

"I dreamt another dream, sir — that Thornfield Hall was a dreary ruin, the retreat of bats and owls. I thought that of all the stately front nothing remained but a shell-like wall, very high, and very fragile-looking. I wandered, on a moonlight night, through the grass-grown enclosure within; here I stumbled over a marble hearth, and there over a fallen fragment of cornice. Wrapped up in a shawl, I still carried the unknown little child; I might not lay it down anywhere, however tired were my arms—however much its weight impeded my progress, I must retain it. I heard the gallop of a horse at a distance on the road. I was sure it was you; and you were departing for many years and for a distant country. I climbed the thin wall with frantic, perilous haste, eager to catch one glimpse of you from the top. The stones rolled from under my feet, the ivy branches I grasped gave way, the child clung round my neck in terror, and almost strangled me. At last I gained the summit. I saw you like a speck on a white track, lessening every moment. The blast blew so strong I could not stand. I sat down on the narrow ledge; I hushed the scared infant in my lap; you turned an angle of the road; I bent forward to take a last look; the wall crumbled; I was shaken; the child rolled from my knee; I lost my balance, fell, and woke."

"Now, Jane, that is all."

"All the preface, sir; the tale is yet to come. On waking, a gleam dazzled my eyes; I thought—oh, it is daylight! But I was mistaken; it was only candlelight. Sophie, I supposed, had come in. There was a light on the dressing-table, and the door of the closet, where, before going to bed, I had hung my wedding-dress and veil, stood open; I heard a rustling there. I asked, 'Sophie, what are you doing?' No one answered, but a form emerged from the closet; it took the light, held it aloft, and surveyed the garments pendant from the portmanteau. 'Sophie! Sophie!' I again cried; and still it was silent. I had risen up in bed; I bent forward. First surprise, then bewilderment, came over me, and then my blood crept cold through my veins. Mr. Rochester, this was not Sophie, it was not Leah, it was not Mrs. Fairfax; it was not —no, I am sure of it—it was not even that strange woman, Grace Poole."

"It must have been one of them," interrupted my master.

"No, sir, I solemnly assure you to the contrary. The shape standing before me had never crossed my eyes within the precincts of Thornfield Hall before; the height, the contour, were new to me."

"Describe it, Jane."

"It seemed, sir, a woman, tall and large, with thick and dark hair hanging long down her back. I know not what dress she had on; it was white and straight; but whether gown, sheet, or shroud, I cannot tell."

"Did you see her face?"

"Not at first. But presently she took my veil from its place; she held it up, gazed at it long, and then she threw it over her own head, and turned to the mirror. At that moment I saw the reflection of the visage and features quite distinctly in the dark, oblong glass."

"And how were they?"

"Fearful and ghastly to me—oh, sir, I never saw a face like it! It was a discolored face—it was a savage face. I wish I could forget the roll of the red eyes and the fearful blackened inflation of the lineaments."

"Ghosts are usually pale, Jane."

"This, sir, was purple; the lips were swelled and dark; the brow furrowed; the black eyebrows widely raised over the bloodshot eyes. Shall I tell you of what it reminded me?"

"You may."

"Of the foul German specter—the Vampire."

"Ah? What did it do?"

"Sir, it removed my veil from its gaunt head, rent it in two parts, and, flinging both on the floor, trampled on them."

"Afterward?"

"It drew aside the window-curtain and looked out; perhaps it saw dawn approaching, for, taking the candle, it retreated to the door. Just at my bedside the figure stopped; the fiery eye glared upon me—she thrust up her candle close to my face, and extinguished it under my eyes. I was aware her lurid visage flamed over mine, and I lost consciousness; for the second time in my life—only the second time—I became insensible from terror."

"Who was with you when you revived?"

"No one, sir, but the broad day. I rose, bathed my head and face in water, drank a long draft; felt that though enfeebled I was not ill, and determined that to none but you would I impart this vision. Now, sir, tell me who and what that woman was?"

"The creature of an overstimulated brain; that is certain. I must be careful of you, my treasure; nerves like yours were not made for rough handling."

"Sir, depend on it, my nerves were not in fault; the thing was real; the transaction actually took place."

"And your previous dreams—were they real, too? Is Thornfield Hall a ruin? Am I severed from you by insuperable obstacles? Am I leaving you without a tear—without a kiss—without a word?"

"Not yet."

"Am I about to do it? Why, the day is already commenced which is to bind us indissolubly; and when we are once united there shall be no recurrence of these mental terrors; I guarantee that."

"Mental terrors, sir! I wish I could believe them to be only such. I wish it more now than ever, since even you cannot explain to me the mystery of that awful visit."

"And since I cannot do it, Jane, it must have been unreal."

"But, sir, when I said so to myself on rising this morning, and when I looked round the room to gather courage and comfort from the cheerful aspect of each familiar object in full daylight, there—on the carpet—I saw what gave the distinct lie to my hypothesis—the veil, torn from top to bottom, in two halves!"

I felt Mr. Rochester start and shudder; he hastily flung his arms round me.

"Thank God," he exclaimed, "that if anything malignant did come near you last night, it was only the veil that was harmed! Oh, to think what might have happened!"

He drew his breath short and strained me so close to him I could scarcely pant. After some minutes' silence, he continued cheerily:

"Now, Janet, I'll explain to you all about it. It was half dream, half reality. A woman did, I doubt not, enter your room, and that woman was—must have been—Grace Poole. You call her a strange being yourself; from all you know, you have reason so to call her—what did she do to me? What to Mason? In a state between sleeping and waking you noticed her entrance and her actions; but feverish, almost delirious as you were, you ascribed to her a goblin appearance different from her own. The long, disheveled hair, the swelled black face, the exaggerated stature, were figments of imagination, results of nightmare. The spiteful tearing of the veil was real; and it is like her. I see you would ask why I keep such a woman in my house. When we have been married a year and a day I will tell you, but not now. Are you satisfied, Jane? Do you accept my solution of the mystery?"

I reflected, and in truth it appeared to me the only possible one. Satisfied I was not, but to please him I endeavored to appear so—relieved, I certainly did feel; so I answered him with a contented smile. And now, as it was long past one, I prepared to leave him.

"Does not Sophie sleep with Adèle in the nursery?" he asked, as I lit my candle.

"Yes, sir."

"And there is room enough in Adèle's little bed for you. You must share it with her to-night, Jane; it is no wonder that the incident you have related should make you nervous, and I would rather you did not sleep alone. Promise me to go to the nursery."

"I shall be very glad to do so, sir."

"And fasten the door securely on the inside. Wake Sophie when you go upstairs, under pretense of requesting her to rouse you in good time to-morrow; for you must be dressed and have finished breakfast before eight. And now, no more somber thoughts; chase dull care away, Janet. Don't you hear to what soft whispers the wind has fallen? And there is no more beating of rain against the window-panes; look here"—he lifted up the curtain—"it is a lovely night."

It was. Half heaven was pure and stainless; the clouds, now trooping before the wind, which had shifted to the west, were filing off eastward in long, silvered columns. The moon shone peacefully.

"Well," said Mr. Rochester, gazing inquiringly into my eyes, "how is my Janet now?"

"The night is serene, sir, and so am I."

"And you will not dream of separation and sorrow to-night, but of happy love and blissful union."

This prediction was but half fulfilled. I did not indeed dream of sorrow, but as little did I dream of joy; for I never slept at all.

Sophie came at seven to dress me; she was very long indeed in accomplishing her task—so long that Mr. Rochester, grown, I suppose, impatient of my delay, sent up to ask why I did not come. She was just fastening my veil—the plain square of blond after all—to my hair with a brooch; I hurried from under her hands as soon as I could.

"Stop!" she cried in French. "Look at yourself in the mirror; you have not taken one peep."

So I turned at the door; I saw a robed and veiled figure, so unlike my usual self that it seemed almost the image of a stranger.

"Jane!" called a voice, and I hastened down. I was received at the foot of the stairs by Mr. Rochester.

"Lingerer," he said, "my brain is on fire with impatience; and you tarry so long."

He took me into the dining-room, surveyed me keenly all over, pronounced me "fair as a lily, and not only the pride of his life, but the desire of his eyes," and then, telling me he would give me but ten minutes to eat some breakfast, he rang the bell. One of his lately hired servants, a footman, answered it.

"Is John getting the carriage ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"Is the luggage brought down?"

"They are bringing it down, sir."

"Go you to the church; see if Mr. Wood (the clergyman) and the clerk are there; return and tell me."

The church, as the reader knows, was but just beyond the gates; the footman soon returned.

"Mr. Wood is in the vestry, sir, putting on his surplice."

"And the carriage?"

"The horses are harnessing."

"We shall not want it to go to church; but it must be ready the moment we return, all the boxes and luggage arranged and strapped on, and the coachman in his seat."

"Yes, sir."

"Jane, are you ready?"

I rose. There were no groomsmen, no bridesmaids, no relatives to wait for or marshal; none but Mr. Rochester and I. Mrs. Fairfax stood in the hall as we passed. I would fain have spoken to her, but my hand was held by a grasp of iron; I was hurried along by a stride I could hardly follow; and to look at Mr. Rochester's face was to feel that not a second of delay would be tolerated for any purpose.

I wonder what other bridegroom ever looked as he did—so bent up to a purpose, so grimly resolute, or who, under such steadfast brows, ever revealed such flaming and flashing eyes?

I know not whether the day was fair or foul. In descending the drive, I gazed neither on sky nor earth; my heart was with my eyes; and both seemed migrated into Mr. Rochester's frame. I wanted to see the invisible thing on which, as we went along, he appeared to fasten a glance fierce and fell. I wanted to feel the thoughts whose force he seemed breasting and resisting.

At the churchyard wicket he stopped; he discovered I was quite out of breath.

"Am I cruel in my love?" he said. "Delay an instant; lean on me, Jane."

And now I can recall the picture of the gray old house of God rising calm before me, of a rook wheeling round the steeple,

of a ruddy morning sky beyond. I remember something, too, of the green grave-mounds; and I have not forgotten, either, two figures of strangers, straying among the low hillocks and reading the mementoes graven on the few mossy head-stones. I noticed them because, as they saw us, they passed round to the back of the church; and I doubted not they were going to enter by the side-aisle door and witness the ceremony. By Mr. Rochester they were not observed; he was earnestly looking at my face, from which the blood had, I dare say, momentarily fled; for I felt my forehead dewy, and my cheeks and lips cold. When I rallied, which I soon did, he walked gently with me up the path to the porch.

We entered the quiet and humble temple; the priest waited in his white surplice at the lowly altar, the clerk beside him. All was still; two shadows only moved in a remote corner. My conjecture had been correct; the strangers had slipped in before us, and they now stood by the vault of the Rochesters, their backs toward us, viewing through the rails the old time-stained marble tomb, where a kneeling angel guarded the remains of Damer de Rochester, slain at Marston Moor in the time of the civil wars, and of Elizabeth, his wife.

Our place was taken at the communion-rails. Hearing a cautious step behind me, I glanced over my shoulder; one of the strangers—a gentleman, evidently—was advancing up the chancel. The service began. The explanation of the intent of matrimony was gone through; and then the clergyman came a step farther forward, and, bending slightly toward Mr. Rochester, went on:

"I require and charge you both, as ye will answer at the dreadful day of judgment, when the secrets of all hearts shall be disclosed, that if either of you know any impediment why ye may not lawfully be joined together in matrimony, ye do now confess it; for be ye well assured that so many as are coupled together otherwise than God's word doth allow, are not joined together by God, neither is their matrimony lawful."

He paused, as the custom is. When is the pause after that sentence ever broken by reply? Not, perhaps, once in a hundred years. And the clergyman, who had not lifted his eyes from his book, and had held his breath but for a moment, was proceeding; his hand was already stretched toward Mr. Rochester, as his lips unclosed to ask, "Wilt thou have this woman for thy wedded wife?" when a distinct and near voice said:

"The marriage cannot go on: I declare the existence of an impediment."

The clergyman looked up at the speaker, and stood mute. The clerk did the same.

Mr. Rochester moved slightly, as if an earthquake had rolled under his feet; taking a firmer footing, and not turning his head or eyes, he said, "Proceed."

Profound silence fell when he had uttered that word, with deep but low intonation. Presently Mr. Wood said:

"I cannot proceed without some investigation into what has been asserted and evidence of its truth or falsehood."

"The ceremony is quite broken off," subjoined the voice behind us. "I am in a condition to prove my allegation; an insuperable impediment to this marriage exists."

Mr. Rochester heard, but heeded not; he stood stubborn and rigid, making no movement but to possess himself of my hand. What a hot and strong grasp he had, and how like quarried marble was his pale, firm, massive front at this moment! How his eyes shone, still, watchful, and yet wild beneath!

Mr. Wood seemed at a loss. "What is the nature of the impediment?" he asked. "Perhaps it may be got over—explained away?"

"Hardly," was the answer. "I have called it insuperable, and I speak advisedly."

The speaker came forward, and leaned on the rails. He continued, uttering each word distinctly, calmly, steadily, but not loudly:

"It simply consists in the existence of a previous marriage. Mr. Rochester has a wife now living."

My nerves vibrated to those low-spoken words as they had never vibrated to thunder—my blood felt their subtle violence as it had never felt frost or fire; but I was collected, and in no danger of swooning. I looked at Mr.

Rochester; I made him look at me. His whole face was colorless rock; his eye was both spark and flint. He disavowed nothing; he seemed as if he would defy all things. Without speaking, without smiling, without seeming to recognize in me a human being, he only twined my waist with his arm, and riveted me to his side.

"Who are you?" he asked of the intruder.

"My name is Briggs, a solicitor of —— Street, London."

"And you would thrust on me a wife?"

"I would remind you of your lady's existence, sir; which the law recognizes, if you do not."

"Favor me with an account of her—with her name, her parentage, her place of abode."

"Certainly." Mr. Briggs calmly took a paper from his pocket, and read out in a sort of official, nasal voice: "'I affirm and can prove that on the 20th of October, A.D.'"—a date of fifteen years back—"'Edward Fairfax Rochester, of Thornfield Hall, in the county of ——, and of Ferndean Manor, in ——shire, England, was married to my sister, Bertha Antoinetta Mason, daughter of Jonas Mason, merchant, and of Antoinetta his wife, a Creole, at —— Church, Spanish Town, Jamaica. The record of the marriage will be found in the register of that church; a copy of it is now in my possession. Signed, Richard Mason.'"

"That—if a genuine document—may prove I have been married, but it does not prove that the woman mentioned therein as my wife is still living."

"She was living three months ago," returned the lawyer.

"How do you know?"

"I have a witness to the fact, whose testimony even you, sir, will scarcely controvert."

"Produce him—or go to hell."

"I will produce him first—he is on the spot. Mr. Mason, have the goodness to step forward."

Mr. Rochester, on hearing the name, set his teeth; he experienced, too, a sort of strong convulsive quiver; near to him as I was, I felt the spasmodic movement of fury or despair run through his frame. The second stranger, who had hitherto lingered in the background, now drew near; a pale face looked over the solicitor's shoulder—yes, it was Mason himself. Mr. Rochester turned and glared at him. His eye, as I have often said, was a black eye; it had now a tawny, nay, a bloody light in its gloom; and his face flushed—olive cheek and hueless forehead received a glow, as from spreading, ascending heart-fire; and he stirred, lifted his strong arm—he could have struck Mason—dashed him on the church-floor—shocked by ruthless blow the breath from his body—but Mason shrank away, and cried faintly:

"Good God!"

Contempt fell cool on Mr. Rochester—his passion died as if a blight had shriveled it up; he only asked:

"What have *you* to say?"

An inaudible reply escaped Mason's white lips.

"The devil is in it if you cannot answer distinctly. I again demand, what have you to say?"

"Sir, sir," interrupted the clergyman, "do not forget you are in a sacred place." Then, addressing Mason, he inquired gently: "Are you aware, sir, whether or not this gentleman's wife is still living?"

"Courage!" urged the lawyer. "Speak out."

"She is now living at Thornfield Hall," said Mason, in more articulate tones. "I saw her there last April. I am her brother."

"At Thornfield Hall!" ejaculated the clergyman. "Impossible! I am an old resident in this neighborhood, sir, and I never heard of a Mrs. Rochester at Thornfield Hall."

I saw a grim smile contort Mr. Rochester's lips, and he muttered:

"No, by God! I took care that none should hear of it—or of her under that name." He mused—for ten minutes he held counsel with himself; he formed his resolve, and announced it: "Enough—all shall bolt out at once, like a bullet from a barrel. Wood, close your book, and take off your surplice; John Green"—to the clerk—"leave the church; there will be no wedding to-day." The man obeyed. Mr. Rochester continued, hardly and recklessly: "Bigamy is an ugly word! I meant, however, to be a bigamist,

but fate has outmaneuvered me, or Providence has checked me—perhaps the last. I am little better than a devil at this moment; and, as my pastor there would tell me, deserve no doubt the sternest judgments of God, even to the quenchless fire and deathless worm. Gentlemen, my plan is broken up! What this lawyer and his client say is true: I have been married, and the woman to whom I was married lives!

"You say you never heard of a Mrs. Rochester at the house up yonder, Wood; but I dare say you have many a time inclined your ear to gossip about the mysterious lunatic kept there under watch and ward. Some have whispered to you that she is my bastard half-sister; some, my cast-off mistress; I now inform you that she is my wife, whom I married fifteen years ago—Bertha Mason by name, sister of this resolute personage, who is now, with his quivering limbs and white cheeks, showing you what a stout heart men may bear. Cheer up, Dick! Never fear me! I'd almost as soon strike a woman as you. Bertha Mason is mad, and she came of a mad family—idiots and maniacs through three generations! Her mother, the Creole, was both a mad woman and a drunkard—as I found out after I had wed the daughter; for they were silent on family secrets before. Bertha, like a dutiful child, copied her parent in both points. I had a charming partner—pure, wise, modest; you can fancy I was a happy man. I went through rich scenes!

"Oh, my experience has been heavenly, if you only knew it! But I owe you no further explanation. Briggs, Wood, Mason, I invite you all to come up to the house and visit Mrs. Poole's patient and *my wife!* You shall see what sort of a being I was cheated into espousing, and judge whether or not I had a right to break the compact, and seek sympathy with something at least human. This girl," he continued, looking at me, "knew no more than you, Wood, of the disgusting secret. She thought all was fair and legal, and never dreamt she was going to be entrapped into a feigned union with a defrauded wretch, already bound to a bad, mad, and embruted partner! Come, all of you, follow."

Still holding me fast, he left the church; the three gentlemen came after. At the front door of the hall we found the carriage.

"Take it back to the coach-house, John," said Mr. Rochester coolly; "it will not be wanted to-day."

At our entrance Mrs. Fairfax, Adèle, Sophie, and Leah advanced to meet and greet us.

"To the right about—every soul!" cried the master. "Away with your congratulations! Who wants them? Not I! They are fifteen years too late!"

He passed on and ascended the stairs, still holding my hand, and still beckoning the gentlemen to follow him; which they did. We mounted the first staircase, passed up the gallery, proceeded to the third story. The low, black door, opened by Mr. Rochester's master-key, admitted us to the tapestried room, with its great bed and its pictorial cabinet.

"You know this place, Mason," said our guide; "she bit and stabbed you here."

He lifted the hangings from the wall, uncovering the second door; this, too, he opened. In a room without a window there burnt a fire, guarded by a high and strong fender, and a lamp suspended from the ceiling by a chain. Grace Poole bent over the fire, apparently cooking something in a saucepan. In the deep shade, at the farther end of the room, a figure ran backward and forward. What it was, whether beast or human being, one could not at first sight tell. It groveled, seemingly, on all fours; it snatched and growled like some strange wild animal; but it was covered with clothing, and a quantity of dark, grizzled hair, wild as a mane, hid its head and face.

"Good morrow, Mrs. Poole," said Mr. Rochester. "How are you? and how is your charge to-day?"

"We're tolerable, sir, I thank you," replied Grace, lifting the boiling mess carefully on to the hob; "rather snappish, but not 'rageous."

A fierce cry seemed to give the lie to her favorable report; the clothed hyena rose up and stood tall on its hind feet.

"Ah, sir, she sees you!" exclaimed Grace. "You'd better not stay."

"Only a few moments, Grace; you must allow me a few moments."

"Take care, then, sir! For God's sake, take care!"

The maniac bellowed; she parted her shaggy locks from her visage, and gazed wildly at her visitors. I recognized well that purple face, those bloated features. Mrs. Poole advanced.

"Keep out of the way," said Mr. Rochester, thrusting her aside. "She has no knife now, I suppose?—and I'm on my guard."

"One never knows what she has, sir, she is so cunning; it is not in mortal discretion to fathom her craft."

"We had better leave her," whispered Mason.

"Go to the devil!" was his brother-in-law's recommendation.

"'Ware!" cried Grace.

The three gentlemen retreated simultaneously. Mr. Rochester flung me behind him. The lunatic sprang and grappled his throat viciously, and laid her teeth to his cheek; they struggled. She was a big woman, in stature almost equaling her husband, and corpulent besides; she showed virile force in the contest—more than once she almost throttled him, athletic as he was. He could have settled her with a well-planted blow; but he would not strike, he would only wrestle.

At last he mastered her arms; Grace Poole gave him a cord, and he pinioned them behind her; with more rope, which was at hand, he bound her to a chair. The operation was performed amid the fiercest yells and the most convulsive plunges. Mr. Rochester then turned to the spectators; he looked at them with a smile both acrid and desolate.

"That is *my wife,*" said he. "Such is the sole conjugal embrace I am ever to know—such are the endearments which are to solace my leisure hours! And *this* is what I wished to have"—laying his hand on my shoulder—"this young girl, who stands so grave and quiet at the mouth of hell, looking collectedly at the gambols of a demon. Wood and Briggs, look at the difference! Then judge me, priest of the Gospel, and man of the law, and remember, with what judgment ye judge, ye shall be judged! Off with you now. I must shut up my prize."

We all withdrew.

THINGS ARE NOT WHAT THEY ARE CALLED.

Wrong Names for Every-Day Things Are Common, but We Use the Words So Often That We Can't Stop to Change Them.

NOTHING succeeds like mistakes. Fasten a wrong title to a thing, and the name will almost outlive the language. There is the case of Irish stew. It is no more an Irish dish than American or English, and the term "Irish stew" would not be understood in the Emerald Isle; but the name is bound to stick.

No more does "Prussian blue" depend for its supply on the output of the kingdom of Prussia. Its name is derived quite otherwise, from prussiate of potash. Nor is there anything specially German about "German silver." The alloy can be made, like Irish stew, anywhere you will. India ink is unknown in India, while the turkey is really a native of the New World, and has no more reason to be called by his present name than a bad guess on the part of Englishmen, when he was newly imported, that he came from the realm of the Sultan.

Rice paper is not made from rice. Catgut is not levied from the domestic cat, but from the comparatively silent sheep. Galvanized iron is zinc-coated, but no longer by the process of Galvani. The copper pennies which form a part of our small change are not made from copper, but from an alloy more properly termed bronze.

It is among the little articles of dress and personal use that the false names are most plentiful. Dogskin gloves rob few dogs, and kid gloves fewer kids. As with catgut, the sheep again supplies the material; the other animals do nothing except to furnish the name. We can be pretty sure that our linen—collar, shirt, and cuffs—is cotton. Even our sealing-wax is waxless.

How They Got On in the World.

Brief Sketches of Interesting People Who Have Won Their Way to Fame and Success.

Compiled and edited for THE SCRAP BOOK.

HAD TO WAIT LONG FOR RECOGNITION.

Nearly Twenty Years Elapsed Before the Inventor of a New Engine Could Prove the Value of His Idea.

GEORGE B. SELDEN, who discovered and patented the internal combustion engine, passed through many struggles, reverses, and disappointments before the world accepted his work at its true valuation. Eight years ago there were only about fifty automobiles in America, and they were regarded by most people as curiosities rather than as machines of any practical value. At present, in the United States alone, there is something like forty million dollars invested in the construction of automobiles, and more than a hundred thousand cars of all types are in use. The motive power of fully seventy per cent of these is supplied by the long-neglected type of engine first constructed by Selden years ago.

From the time when the inventor patented it up to a very few years ago, no one wanted it. To-day Selden is reaping the reward of his years of work and waiting, and royalties are pouring in on him. Automobiles do not take all of his engines by any means, for hundreds of them are used to drive boats and machinery; and because of the amount of power they generate and the small amount of room they take, their use is steadily spreading.

Selden was born in 1847. His father was a lawyer who did some professional work in the patent line, and who took considerable interest in mechanical theories and experiments. It was a period at which the United States was beginning to make itself felt as an inventive and industrial nation, and able men were working fruitfully to find ways to make machinery execute much of the work then done by hand. Selden's father had decided that his son should be a lawyer, but the boy himself found greater attractions in his little workshop than in his books. Almost from the time when he could begin to hold a wrench and a screw-driver, he labored away at the construction of toy machines; and though his efforts were wholly unaided and unguided, he managed to develop a fair degree of skill.

A Lawyer with a Bent for Mechanics.

He followed his father's wishes in the matter of studying law, and in 1865 entered Yale. His four years there did not give him a very high standing in his class, for all his spare time, and a good deal of the time that should have been given to his text-books, was passed in studying mechanics or carrying on experiments. Even then he was specially interested in self-propelling vehicles, but he could find almost nothing written on the subject. Plenty of matter along this line has come since 1869, when Selden left Yale, and to-day he could fill a couple of cases with books, magazines, and pamphlets, and still have an overflow.

Two years after leaving Yale he was admitted to the bar, and went into his father's office in Rochester. Business was not heavy, and in a little workshop which he had fitted up in his home he found leisure to make tests that ultimately led to a highly important discovery.

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

Several men had made experiments in the use of fuel other than coal for the generation of steam, and numerous gas-engines and petroleum-engines were in use. All these machines, however, were heavy, cumbersome, and defective; and as all Selden's work was directed toward finding an engine for a self-propelling vehicle, they were utterly worthless. His work was tedious, and often discouraging, for he had little scientific knowledge, and what he finally achieved was hammered out only after the most exhaustive labor.

Selden's Idea of a New Engine.

His law-practise had not flourished, and as he had a family to support he was unable to put much money into materials or to hire mechanics to assist him. In 1876, when he was nearly thirty, he felt that he had made little progress toward fame or fortune. The prospect brightened somewhat when he branched out into the field of patent cases, for in this line he could do effective work, and clients soon came to him. He got money for his experiments, and tested scores of different engines. Having eliminated all other types, he decided that the only one he could use for his road-wagon was an internal combustion engine fed with liquid fuel.

His relatives had opposed his experiments, and had fought against what they termed waste of time and neglect of business. His brother said to him:

"You're making a fool of yourself. You might as well take your money and throw it into the Genesee."

Selden felt the criticism deeply, but he clung to his idea. He worked day and night at his new engine, and finally got to the point of having drawings made for the application for a patent. The man who did this part of the work was amazed. Such an engine struck him as the most ridiculous idea that had ever appeared in mechanics; and the model, built up out of sections of gas-pipe, second-hand parts from other machines, and odds and ends picked up in a junk-shop, was the most impossible thing that had ever been constructed in brass and steel.

Nevertheless, the engine was finished early in 1878, and was tried out. Selden hung over it, watching breathlessly to see whether or not his years of work had come to nothing. After the first turn of the fly-wheel the sharp, short explosions came with perfect regularity, and the engine that was to open the way to the successful self-propelling vehicle was running smoothly.

The Discouragements of an Inventor.

Selden's resources were exhausted by this time, and though he had the model of his engine, and owned a patent that secured him in his rights, he found it almost impossible to get a hearing for his new idea. He applied first to manufacturers of farm implements, but they would not listen to him. Such a thing had no place on a farm, they contended, and it was no use to talk about it.

"No sane man," one of them said, "would risk his neck on that explosion-buggy, even if it worked."

Next Selden tried engine-builders, and manufacturers in several other lines, attempting to persuade them to take up his invention; but they turned him back with disheartening regularity. One man, to whom he offered a half interest for five hundred dollars, laughed and said:

"Five hundred dollars for that? I don't know as I'd take it if you gave it to me for nothing."

Europe awoke to the advantages of the gasoline motor earlier than America. In England there had been various experiments with self-propelled vehicles, the most successful being the steam-wagon of the Earl of Caithness, built in 1860, and capable of making eight miles an hour over ordinary roads. The French builders were the first to turn from steam to gasoline as a motive-power; and when they did so, they found the proper engine ready. Motoring was established in France and Germany before Americans began to see that they were losing an opportunity, and it was not until 1896 that the first automo-

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

bile of American manufacture was placed on the market; but a few years later there began a marvelously rapid development. One of its results has been to make Selden a rich man. It is said that within the last four years his royalties have amounted to more than a million dollars.

A MICHIGAN SENATOR WAS ONCE A NEWSBOY.

The Self-Made Lawyer and Public Man Who Has Succeeded the Late General Alger in the United States Senate.

WILLIAM ALDEN SMITH, who succeeded the late Russell A. Alger as United States Senator from Michigan, was, thirty years ago, a newsboy on the streets of Grand Rapids. He was born in Dowagiac, Michigan, in 1859, and lived there until 1872, attending school and helping to supplement his father's scanty income by doing farm work. In 1872 the family moved to Grand Rapids, and the boy, then thirteen years of age, went into the streets to sell papers. A little later his father was taken ill, there was no money saved to meet such an emergency, and young Smith found himself confronted with the task of earning bread and butter, not only for himself, but for the rest of the family. By working morning and night routes, and by running errands and doing odd jobs during the day, he managed to accomplish it.

When he was fifteen years old he heard that there was an opening as newsboy on the trains, and he applied for the place.

"All right," the superintendent said. "Begin when you like. You can leave your ten dollars' deposit now, or bring it around when you are ready."

Smith looked at him in dismay.

"Ten dollars!" he said. "Why, I never had that amount together at one time in my life!"

Without the money the job was beyond his reach, but he left the office determined to get it together in the shortest possible time. He continued his work as newsboy, and also got a place as messenger in the local telegraph-office. Between the two he managed to keep his household going, and in the course of a few months he had put aside the necessary ten dollars. Then he became a train newsboy.

How Smith Got to Lansing.

Traveling all over the State, he found chances to make friends, and shortly before he was twenty years old he received an appointment as page in the Michigan House of Representatives. He was in Grand Rapids when the appointment came, and after he had given up his place as newsboy he made preparations to go to Lansing, the capital. He had no pass, and no money with which to pay his fare; and it happened that the conductor on the train did not know him. Smith explained who he was, but the official was not moved, and at the first station the young man was ejected from the train.

When the conductor made his next round, however, he found that Smith had climbed back, and was sitting comfortably in the last car. At the second stop the conductor again put him off, threatening him with summary and harsh handling if he again attempted to ride free; but the train was scarcely under way again when he once more discovered the persistent Smith.

"Say," said the trainman, going up to him, "I'll give you one more chance. I'll put you off again, and if you board the train I'll throw you off good and hard!"

Smith was put off for a third time, but as soon as his ejector's attention was diverted he once more jumped on board. The train was already half way to Lansing, and when the conductor found that neither threats nor rough handling could shake the lad's determination to get to the capital, he relented.

"I'm going to go to Lansing," said

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

Smith, mistaking the conductor's hesitation for the preliminary lull before an outburst, "even if I have to be fired from every train that passes for the next two days!"

"Well, I like your grit," said the conductor, with something of admiration in his tone, "and I'm tired of putting you off. So you can stay here if you want to go as much as all that."

Smith went through without further molestation. Twelve years later he became counsel for this same railroad.

His duties as page were not very onerous, and in his spare time he worked to make up the deficiencies of his education. Contact with members of the Assembly aroused in him an ambition to become a lawyer, and in his second year he was able to take up the study of law. In 1883 he was admitted to the bar, and his acquaintance was sufficiently wide to give him a good practise almost from the first day he hung out his sign.

Smith as a Political Campaigner.

He had always been interested in politics, and when he was squarely on his feet financially he entered actively into political work. In 1888 he became a member of the Republican State Committee, and did splendid service in the contest which resulted in the election of Harrison to the Presidency. His speaking was one of the features of the campaign, and it did much to build up his reputation throughout the State. He continued on the committee for six years, and resigned because the demands of his profession were such that he could not spare time for politics.

In 1894 the Republicans of the Fifth Congressional district of Michigan placed him in nomination. The district had gone Democratic by ten votes in the election of 1892, and outward indications were that the Democrats would now win easily. Smith knew the fine points of political campaigning, however, and he proceeded to put them into practise. He managed his own fight, and toured the district, speaking in practically every city and township. Before election day he had made himself known to practically every voter in the district, and had spoken to such advantage that he was elected by the unprecedented plurality of ten thousand votes.

"If the campaign had lasted a few days longer," said one of his friends when the returns came in, "he would have made it unanimous!"

At each of the next five elections Smith was confirmed in his position, the last time by no less than eighteen thousand majority. At Washington he made a record for hard, intelligent work, and became recognized as the leader of the Michigan delegation in the House. Finally, when Senator Alger died, Smith was selected as the man best qualified to represent his State in the Senate.

HOW A STENOGRAPHER BUILT UP AN INDUSTRY.

An Expert Reporter Who Was the First to Make the Manufacture of Phonographs Successful on a Large Scale.

EDWARD DENISON EASTON, president of the Columbia Phonograph Company, was born at Gloucester, Massachusetts, fifty-one years ago. His father was a schoolteacher; and as the salaries of pedagogues were meager in those days, the Easton family had to live economically and work hard. Young Easton studied in the public schools, and got additional teaching at home. In 1868 his father moved to the village of Arcola, New Jersey. The boy went to school there and in the neighboring city of Paterson until he was fifteen years old, and then he began to earn his own living.

He took a place as office-boy on a New York newspaper, and before he was seventeen years old he got a chance to try his hand at reporting. He "made good" as a reporter, and was commissioned to cover a number of important cases. During his spare time he im-

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

proved his knowledge of stenography, which he had begun to study several years before; and as he rapidly improved in speed and accuracy his standing in the newspaper business became assured. At eighteen, however, he left New York to become stenographer to the United States Lighthouse Board at Washington.

An Expert Stenographer's High Fees.

His salary was now more than his father had received as a school-teacher, and there was a sure living in routine department work; but this was not what young Easton wanted. By constant study and practise he was acquiring exceptional skill, and was pushing forward as one of the best and most rapid stenographers in Washington. Private work was soon bringing him more money than he could earn in the government service. Technical work and difficult cases were his specialty, and they came to him so plentifully that his income soon exceeded that of any other stenographer in the country. Extraordinarily large fees were paid for his services. In one year he earned thirty thousand dollars, and the demands on his time were so heavy that he was obliged to turn much work away.

The most noted case with which Easton's name is connected is that of the trial of Charles J. Guiteau for the murder of President Garfield. The difficulties in the way of satisfactory reporting were great, for the prisoner fought desperately and skilfully to the end, and the abruptness and rapidity with which he interposed all sorts of objections and interruptions gave the court stenographers a task with which few could cope. The stenographic record, furthermore, was of the highest legal importance. Easton came out of the test with a reputation that placed him practically at the head of American stenographers. Since that time other men have earned large incomes through shorthand, but Easton was really the pioneer in a new field. At the beginning of his career he worked alone, largely because there were very few men qualified to assist him; and in some cases the amount of matter he took care of single-handed was enormous.

After the Guiteau trial he entered Congressional reporting, where he was matched with some of the best men in the country, and as a side-line undertook important conventions and trials. His court work gave him a fair grounding in law, and he determined to take advantage of this and fit himself for the bar. It meant giving up a good many thousands of dollars a year, but he entered the law school of Georgetown University, meanwhile continuing his work as a stenographer in the time that he could spare from his studies and lectures. His legal work was also supplemented by studies in medicine and science. At thirty years of age Easton had an enormous number of words at perfect command, and was ready to jump into almost any case, whether it was an important debate in Congress or some hearing on a most intricate technical subject, and report it with unfailing accuracy.

The Development of the Talking-Machine.

He had been carefully watching the development of the talking-machine, and in 1889 he organized the Columbia Phonograph Company to build an improved type of mechanism. Edison's invention of 1877 had led others to experiment with new kinds of sound-recording and sound-reproducing devices, but most of them were unsatisfactory. Until well into the eighties they were seldom seen, except at exhibitions; the machines were too costly and were too imperfect to come into general use. Several firms had at various times attempted to build up a market for phonographs, and had failed in their efforts.

It did not seem to be a promising business, but Easton was willing to risk it. His company held several valuable patents, and the machines that it placed on the market gave satisfaction and created a new demand. The energy and enterprise behind the new firm swung it on

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

to success where others had failed. Easton knew the value of having men who were thoroughly equipped, and he placed them in every department. Constant experiments were made in the company's factory, and each new type showed an advance in construction. The records were improved, and the very best vocalists and instrumentalists were engaged to sing and play for the machines. As a result, the market widened until the use of the phonograph had spread to every part of the civilized world.

It has been estimated that in the United States alone there are to-day nearly a million sound-recording and sound-reproducing machines, and of this vast total those with the Columbia trademark form a generous proportion.

THE ARGONAUT OF THE BANANA TRADE.

How Captain Lorenzo D. Baker Brought Back from the West Indies a Cargo That Was as Good as Gold.

LORENZO DOW BAKER has made bananas almost as common as potatoes in the United States, and incidentally he has done much to make Jamaica a thriving island instead of one sunk in poverty. Thirty-five years ago bananas could occasionally be purchased in our seaboard cities for fifty or seventy-five cents a dozen. To-day they can be had in almost any American fruit-shop for ten or fifteen cents a dozen. Captain Baker is responsible for that. He was the originator of the banana trade; he persisted in it when there seemed little hope, and developed it in spite of all obstacles.

Baker was born in Wellfleet, on Cape Cod, and his father was a whaler, doing fairly well when the business was at the height of its prosperity, but coming down in the world when the demand for whale-oil decreased. The son went on his first long voyage when he was ten years old, and he remained a sailor thereafter. At fifteen he was cook on a fishing-schooner sailing out of Gloucester, and at twenty-one he was a skipper of a vessel of his own. Exposure, hard work, and the chilly fogs of the Grand Banks wore him out, and a slight hemorrhage seized him one night while he was standing on deck. Another sailor near gave him a look of anxious inquiry as Captain Baker wiped the blood from his lips.

"'Tisn't consumption," said Baker. "'Tisn't anything to worry about. The fog has choked me up. All my people were long-lived, and I guess I don't differ much from them."

But he saw that his career on the Banks was ended, and that if he wanted to keep up the Baker record for longevity he must sail where the climate was milder and the work was less exacting. He brought his ship into port, and started to look around for some other cruise that would not subject him to the terrible wear and tear of fishing.

A Voyage of Mercantile Discovery.

His schooner was an old one, battered by many years of service in the most perilous of trades, but she was good enough for the coasting business, and she was handled by a man who could take her safely anywhere in the world. Baker rounded up a cargo for a South American port, and started on the voyage that was to begin his own fortune, to open up a large and profitable industry, and to bring into the market a new and valuable food-product.

A return load was more difficult to obtain than the outward cargo had been, for Baker's boat was not one that shippers cared to trust for valuable goods. He touched without result at a few ports in South America and the West Indies, and finally reached Port Morant, Jamaica. Here he secured a consignment of coffee, and as an experiment took a few bunches of yellow bananas, a variety hitherto unknown to him, as indeed it was to most people in the United States.

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

Much of the fruit went bad before he reached his home port, but enough of it remained sound to convince those who tested it that the yellow banana was a superior article. The trip was a financial failure, and he spent the following winter knocking around the near-by fishing-grounds, so as to raise enough capital to go into the banana business.

His fisher-friends gibed him unmercifully about his new hobby.

"Who ever heard of bananas, anyway?" asked one.

"I'll let every one hear about 'em before I'm through," said Captain Baker.

"But how'll you get your shipment? The niggers are too lazy to raise bananas."

"I'll teach 'em. As soon as they see there's money in it, they'll be only too glad to raise bananas."

Bananas Paid Better than Fishing.

He returned to Jamaica again with a load of truck for barter, and there, after much difficulty, he obtained about fifteen hundred bunches of green fruit. When he reached Boston he sold them at a clear profit of nearly two thousand dollars. Fishing was not a comparison to such a trade as that, and as soon as he could take on a return load Baker headed for Jamaica again.

When he got back to the island his hardest work began. He had to teach the people how to grow bananas for market, and he had to convince them that it was worth their while to raise and sell them. The demand for the fruit in the United States was certain, though during the first couple of years New York and Boston were the only two ports that could be supplied. His original little schooner, and the more capacious sailing vessel that succeeded it, kept up the work until 1880, when it was found imperative to introduce steam in the fruit-carrying business.

Even at that time general knowledge of the good things the tropics afforded had spread over only a comparatively small part of the United States; but when swift, capacious steam-vessels were introduced the bananas and pineapples could be shipped when the crop was ready instead of at irregular periods, as had formerly been the case, and they could always be delivered promptly and in good condition.

This lifted the trade, for the first time, to a sound business basis. The cultivators had learned that with comparatively little trouble they could raise a crop for which they could always get cash. Before that time bananas had not been regularly cultivated in Jamaica; they had merely been gathered from the plants that grew wild. Before Baker had been at the head of affairs for three years a five-thousand-acre grove was under cultivation, and before five years had passed there were two or three such plantations. The new industry has proved a veritable godsend to the island, which during the last twenty years has suffered so severely from the decline of the demand for cane-sugar, formerly its staple product.

Organizing the Tropical Fruit Trade.

At first, there were only two steamers in the trade. The business of distributing was unorganized in the United States, and some costly mistakes were made before Baker formed the Boston Fruit Company, of which he was the guiding spirit and the chief stockholder. Under the new régime the fleet of vessels was increased and the distributing end perfected. In turn, as the trade grew, the Boston Fruit Company was succeeded by the United Fruit Company, which has absorbed several rival concerns and today has a practical monopoly of the importing of tropical fruit.

Millions of bunches of bananas are now brought into the United States each year. Baker started the trade, returned to it when he met with discouragement, and stuck to it when a hurricane destroyed the plantations in Jamaica, thereby almost wiping out his accumulated profits. He educated both producer and consumer. It was a line of business of which no one had thought of before—or, if any one had thought of it, he had not con-

HOW THEY GOT ON IN THE WORLD—CONTINUED.

sidered it worth the necessary toil and expense. Baker not only tried it, but pushed it to a remarkable degree of financial success and economic importance.

BRAND WHITLOCK, MAYOR OF TOLEDO.

The Political Heir of "Golden Rule" Jones—Lawyer, Author, Reformer, and a Rising Figure in Public Life.

IF, while still well under forty, a man is established as a successful lawyer, is a recognized contributor of short stories and essays to the magazines, is the author of widely read novels, and is, moreover, the elected mayor of a thriving Western city, he may unquestionably be said to have "got there," in the slang of the day.

In March of this year, Brand Whitlock, of Toledo, reached his thirty-eighth birthday and published his most ambitious book. Whatever may be said for or against "The Turn of the Balance" as a novel, it must be recognized as the expression of a keen and original mind, and of a character in which the predominant traits are courage and force. Altogether, it is interesting to see just how its author reached the place where he now is.

Brand Whitlock came of good Ohio stock. His father is a Methodist clergyman of distinction, and has occupied several pulpits in Toledo, Urbanna, and elsewhere, his present ministry being in Fostoria. Then, too, Whitlock had the good fortune to marry young and happily. His wife, who was Ella Brainard, of Springfield, Illinois, a niece of Senator Palmer, candidate for the Presidency in 1896, shared his interests and ambitions, which, from the first, seem to have been pretty clear in his mind.

Learning the Trade of Authorship.

While his father was preaching in Toledo, young Whitlock, then about eighteen, became a reporter on one of the Toledo papers. He succeeded so well that he decided to go to Chicago and do newspaper work there; but with him newspaper work was only a means to an end. He loved writing, and he enjoyed the political work assigned to him in Chicago, where he speedily established himself as one of the best of the younger writers; but he wished to produce stories and novels, and he was also determined to become a lawyer. While in Chicago he became associated with George Ade, Finley Peter Dunne, and others of the group of clever young men who were then doing newspaper work there. He was also a member of the famous Whitechapel Club, an eccentric organization of newspaper writers, long since disbanded.

After a few years of work in Chicago, a place in the State government employ at Springfield was offered him. It gave him a comfortable salary, and sufficient leisure for the study of law. While in Springfield he married and passed his bar examinations; then he resigned his position, moved to Toledo, and began his law career. Meanwhile, his hard work did not make him forget his love of literature. By day he toiled at his law-office, becoming known as a lawyer who took poor clients with no expectation of getting paid, and at night he wrote short stories One of the first of these appeared in *Munsey's Magazine,* and gradually the name of Brand Whitlock began to be known to magazine-readers.

Whitlock and "Golden Rule" Jones.

In Toledo the name and the man that went with it speedily attracted attention. The "Golden Rule mayor," Samuel M. Jones, found out the young lawyer and made him a friend. Not only did Whitlock sympathize with Jones's efforts to help the people, but he shared the mayor's literary enthusiasm for Emerson and Walt Whitman, and for other writers distinguished for their human spirit. Moreover, when the mayor, who had spent many years in the oil-fields

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and in superintending the manufacture of sucker-rods, and knew very little about the law, wanted advice on legal technicalities, it was easy for him to telephone to Whitlock.

For many reforms they worked together, including what was perhaps Whitlock's pet reform, the taking of children from the criminal courts and placing them under the jurisdiction of a court of their own, where they would not be classed as criminals, and where they would have a chance to escape being made into criminals. By this time, Whitlock had acquired the belief that the branding of any people as criminals is folly and sin, and that all human beings, whether in prison or not, are just human, a mixture of good and bad, with the good predominating and always strong enough to be fostered.

Every Sunday afternoon he used to go to Golden Rule Hall, on the top floor of the Jones sucker-rod factory in Toledo, to assist the mayor in conducting the meetings there, to express his own ideas, and to labor for the brotherhood of man. It was a remarkable group that Jones gathered about him, a group of unselfish enthusiasts; and when he died, it was natural that Whitlock, who was his executor, should take his place. The people thought so, too, and as soon as they had a chance they gave him the office that Jones had filled so long and admirably.

Meanwhile, in spite of all his public activities and his increasing law-practise, he had written "The Thirteenth District," declared by W. D. Howells to be the finest novel of American political life ever written; "Her Infinite Variety," a story of what might be called the feminine side of politics; and "The Happy Average," in which the author's own experience in newspaper work and in the law could be distinctly traced.

His Book, "The Turn of the Balance."

Three years ago he conceived the plan of writing a novel dealing with phases of life in the law-courts. The work grew under his hand until it became an arraignment of our whole judicial system. Those who believe in things as they are will have little patience with it; those who believe, as many people are coming to believe, that our methods of dealing with crime tend to increase rather than to check it, will find in the book the promise of a wholesome and widespread intellectual revolt.

In appearance, Whitlock expresses his character. He is tall, slender, and active, with a clear-cut, attractive face, marked by keen eyes, glimmering through glasses. He speaks with simple directness, with clear speech, and in a manner of most persuasive sincerity. Personally, he is immensely popular.

Though he finds his public work interesting, what he cares for most in the world is writing—not only his own writing, but the writing of others, for he is a man of intense literary enthusiasms. His library in Toledo is filled with books and with pictures of authors, many of them his personal friends. But literature does not keep him from loving life in all its best expression. He is especially fond of outdoor life, and is an ardent golfer.

THE EPITAPH OF MARY LYON.

IN the grounds of Mount Holyoke Seminary, overlooking the beautiful valley through which the Connecticut flows seaward, is a monument to Mary Lyon, the Massachusetts teacher who founded the college. On it is inscribed a sentence of her own: "There is nothing in the universe that I am afraid of but that I shall not know and do all my duty."

MOLLY PITCHER.

ON June 28, 1778, a hundred and twenty-nine years ago, a British army under Sir Henry Clinton was moving across New Jersey from Philadelphia to New York, closely followed in its retreat by the Americans under Washington. The two forces were equal in number, each consisting of about fifteen thousand troops; and they were practically equal in discipline, equipment, and fighting qualities, for the American soldiers had now been seasoned by three years of warfare and had been properly armed by the aid of French gold. Washington was eager for a decisive battle, and had assigned the immediate command to Lafayette; but at the last moment he put in his place General Charles Lee, an English soldier of fortune, who ranked the young French officer. Lee had been Washington's rival for the chief command, and was intensely jealous of his chief. He was a man of violent temper and intense self-conceit, and there is grave reason to question his loyalty to the cause that he was serving.

The armies came in touch at Monmouth Court-House, near the town of Freehold. The Americans attacked the British rearguard, and were conducting a successful flanking movement, when Lee ordered a retreat, to the astonishment of Lafayette and "Mad Anthony" Wayne, who were compelled, however, to obey. The American lines fell back, and disorder was fast spreading, when Washington suddenly appeared, riding his great charger into the midst of the troops. For once, at least, his habitual austerity and calmness gave way before a wrath that was sublime. With a terrific oath he turned on Lee and demanded what this movement meant. Lee cowered before the fury of his commander, and slunk to the rear. The Americans rallied and moved once more to the attack, under the inspiration of Washington himself. All day the battle raged under a burning sun; and when night came, the Americans camped upon the field, while Sir Henry Clinton drew off his troops, having yielded the ground which he had gained through the misconduct, if not the actual treachery, of Lee.

One picturesque incident of the battle has been commemorated in the poem here reprinted. An American gunner, while serving his cannon, was shot down by a British bullet. His wife, who had followed him through the campaign, immediately took his place and discharged his duty through the whole bloody day. After the battle, Washington directed that she should receive henceforth a sergeant's pay, and she became known throughout the army as "Sergeant Molly."

BY KATE BROWNLEE SHERWOOD.

'TWAS hurry and scurry at Monmouth town,
For Lee was beating a wild retreat;
The British were riding the Yankees down,
And panic was pressing on flying feet.

Galloping down like a hurricane,
Washington rode with his sword swung high,
Mighty as he of the Trojan plain,
Fired by a courage from the sky.

"Halt, and stand to your guns!" he cried,
And a bombardier made swift reply;
Wheeling his cannon into the tide,
He fell 'neath the shot of a foeman nigh.

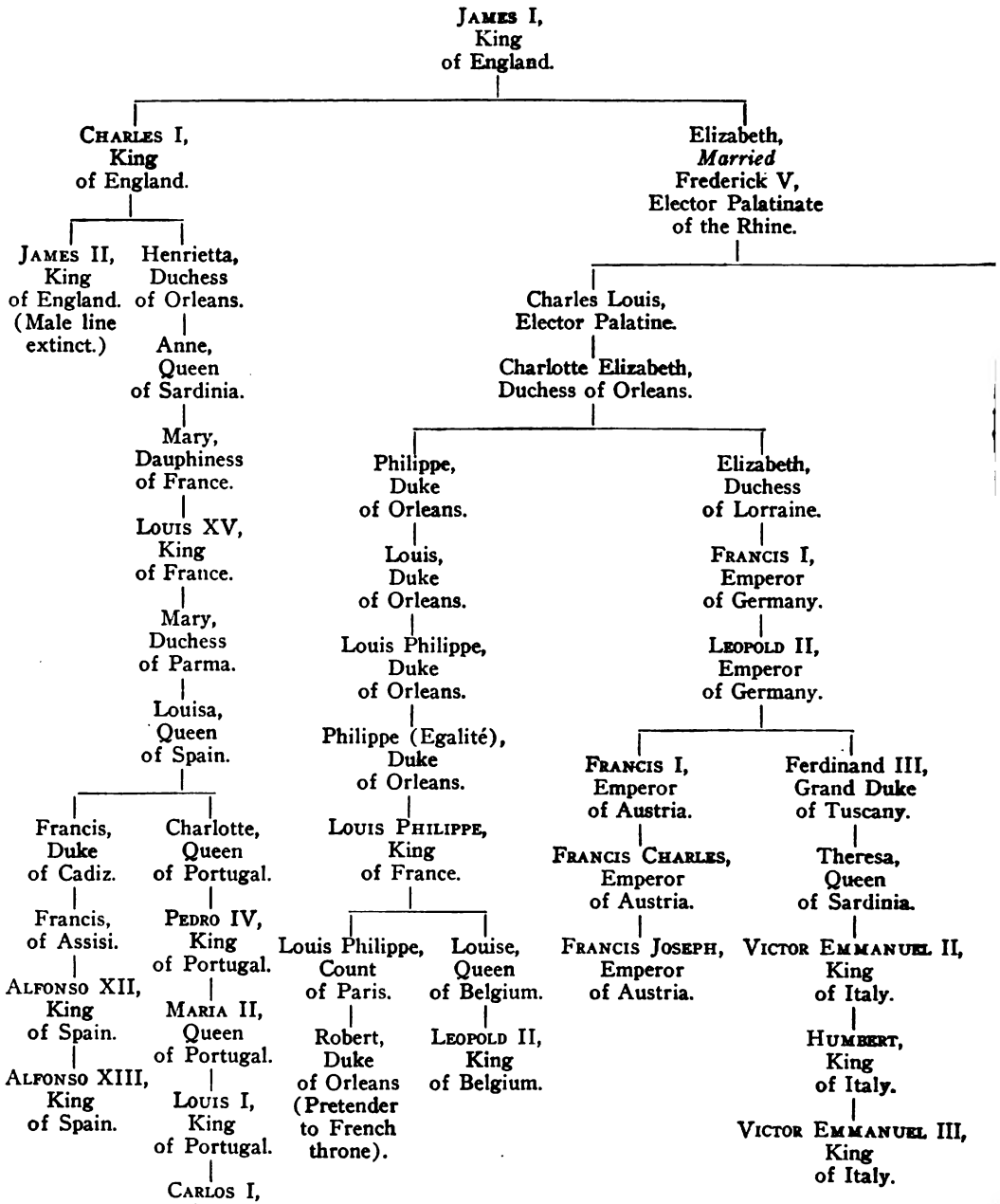
Molly Pitcher sprang to his side,
Fired, as she saw her husband do;
Telling the king, in his stubborn pride,
Women, like men, to their homes are true.

Washington rode from the bloody fray
Up to the gun that a woman manned.
"Molly Pitcher, you saved the day,"
He said, as he gave her a hero's hand.

He named her sergeant with manly praise,
While her war-brown face was wet with tears—
A woman has ever a woman's ways,
And the army was wild with cheers!

THE ROYAL FAMILY OF EUROPE.

A Genealogical Table Showing the Common Ancestry of the Reigning Sovereigns of Twelve European Countries.



NOTE.—The table on this page and the preceding shows that all the more important European sovereigns are cousins, being directly descended from James I, the first Stuart to wear the crown of England. The list includes the titular rulers of twelve nations—Great Britain, Germany, Austria, Russia, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, Denmark, Norway, and Greece—besides the Bourbon pretender to the extinct throne of France. This covers every monarchical country in Europe except the minor German states—some of whose princes might be added to the table if space permitted—the little kingdoms of the Balkans, and Sweden. King Oscar of Sweden is, genealogically speaking, a mere bourgeois, being a grandson of Marshal Bernadotte, who began life as a French private soldier.

In the accompanying table the name of the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I, is repeated in order to show the point of connection between the two pages.

Elizabeth,
Married
Frederick V,
Elector Palatinate
of the Rhine.

Sophia,
Electress
of Hanover.

GEORGE I,
King
of England.

GEORGE II,
King
of England.

Frederick,
Prince
of Wales.

GEORGE III,
King
of England.

Edward,
Duke
of Kent.

VICTORIA,
Queen
of England.

Victoria,
Empress
of Germany.

WILLIAM II,
Emperor
of Germany.

EDWARD VII,
King
of England.

Louisa,
Queen
of Denmark.

Louisa,
Duchess
of Hesse-Cassel.

Louisa,
Duchess
of Schleswig-Holstein.

CHRISTIAN IX,
King
of Denmark.

FREDERICK VIII,
King
of Denmark.

Christian,
Crown Prince
of Denmark.

HAAKON,
King
of Norway.

Dagmar,
Empress
of Russia.

NICHOLAS II,
Emperor
of Russia.

GEORGE I,
King
of Greece.

Anne,
Princess
of Orange.

William,
Prince
of Orange.

WILLIAM I,
King
of Holland.

WILLIAM II,
King
of Holland.

WILLIAM III,
King
of Holland.

WILHELMINA I,
Queen
of Holland.

The Apparition of Mrs. Veal.

BY DANIEL DEFOE.

THIS short narrative, by the author of "Robinson Crusoe," was published as a pamphlet in 1706. It is pure fiction from beginning to end; but it is told in so sober and matter-of-fact a way as to convince the reader that the apparition of *Mrs. Veal* actually occurred. Here is realism of the first order.

An English critic says of this tale: "'The Apparition of Mrs. Veal' could never have happened in reality; and yet it is perhaps the most perfect thing of its kind that was ever written." It is so plausible, in fact, that one of Defoe's biographers has seriously considered whether, after all, the story was not actually told to Defoe by a lady of his acquaintance, to whom he gives the name of *Mrs. Bargrave*. There is no doubt, however, that the whole thing is an invention of Defoe himself, intended partly to hoax the public and partly to make a profit from its sale.

THIS thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer.

Mrs. Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs. Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance; though since this relation she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs. Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavor what they can to blast Mrs. Bargrave's reputation and to laugh the story out of countenance. But by the circumstances thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs. Bargrave, notwithstanding the unheard-of ill-usage of a very wicked husband, there is not the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now, you must know Mrs. Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence.

She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man, to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null or quash the story.

Mrs. Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs. Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs. Veal's circumstances were then mean. Her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships; and Mrs. Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing, while Mrs. Veal wanted for both; so that it was in the power of Mrs. Bargrave to be very much her friend in several instances, which mightily endeared Mrs. Veal; insomuch that she would often say:

"Mrs. Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance in life shall ever dissolve my friendship."

They would often condole each other's adverse fortune, and read together "Drelincourt Upon Death," and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr. Veal's friends got him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs. Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs. Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs. Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a half; though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs. Bargrave had been absent from Dover, and this last half-year had been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the 8th of September last (1705), she was sitting alone, in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though her condition seemed hard.

"And," said she, "I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still; and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me;" and then took up her sewing-work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door.

She went to see who it was there, and this proved to be Mrs. Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding-habit. At that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

"Madam," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;" but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs. Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched; and then Mrs. Veal drew her hand across her own eyes and said: "I am not very well," and so waived it. She told Mrs. Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first.

"But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "how came you to take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have so fond a brother."

"Oh," says Mrs. Veal, "I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey."

So Mrs. Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs. Veal set her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs. Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs. Veal knock. Then says Mrs. Veal:

"My dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are one of the best of women."

"Oh," says Mrs. Bargrave, "don't mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it."

"What did you think of me?" said Mrs. Veal.

Says Mrs. Bargrave: "I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me."

Then Mrs. Veal reminded Mrs. Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the time of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's "Book of Death," which was the best, she said, on that subject ever wrote. She also mentioned Dr. Sherlock, and two Dutch books which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others; but Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death and of the future state of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs. Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt.

She said: "Yes."

Says Mrs. Veal: "Fetch it."

And so Mrs. Bargrave goes up-stairs and brings the book down. Says Mrs. Veal:

"Dear Mrs. Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says. Therefore, be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favor; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of

future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings; for I can never believe"—and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which indeed ran through most of her discourse—"that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state; but be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them in a short time."

She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that Mrs. Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs. Veal mentioned Dr. Horneck's "Ascetick," at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said their conversation was not like this of our age; "for now," says she, "there is nothing but frothy, vain discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith; so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were; but," said she, "we might do as they did. There was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?"

Says Mrs. Bargrave: "'Tis hard indeed to find a true friend in these days."

Says Mrs. Veal: "Mr. Norris has a fine copy of verses, called 'Friendship in Perfection,' which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the books?" says Mrs. Veal.

"No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "but I have the verses of my own writing out."

"Have you?" says Mrs. Veal; "then fetch them."

Which she did from above-stairs, and offered them to Mrs. Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying, holding down her head would make it ache; and then desired Mrs. Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring 'Friendship' Mrs. Veal said:

"Dear Mrs. Bargrave, I shall love you forever."

In the verses there is twice used the word Elysian.

"Ah!" says Mrs. Veal, "these poets have such names for heaven!" She would often draw her hand across her own eyes and say: "Mrs. Bargrave, don't you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?"

"No," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I think you look as well as ever I knew you."

After all this discourse, which the apparition put in words much finer than Mrs. Bargrave said she could pretend to, and was much more than she can remember—for it cannot be thought that an hour and three-quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does—she said to Mrs. Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such, and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs. Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself in a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fit should occasion it—for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side; and to divert Mrs. Veal, as she thought, she took hold of her gown-sleeve several times and commended it. Mrs. Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs. Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs. Bargrave she must not deny her; and she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had an opportunity.

"Dear Mrs. Veal," said Mrs. Bargrave, "this seems so impertinent that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman!"

"Well," says Mrs. Veal, "I must not be denied."

"Why," says Mrs. Bargrave, "'tis much better, methinks, to do it yourself."

"No," says Mrs. Veal, "though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reason for it hereafter."

Mrs. Bargrave then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink; but Mrs. Veal said:

"Let it alone now, and do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;" which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting; and so she promised her.

Then Mrs. Veal asked for Mrs. Bargrave's daughter. She said she was not at home: "but if you have a mind to see her," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll send for her."

"Do," says Mrs. Veal.

On which she left her, and went to a neighbor's to send for her; and by the time Mrs. Bargrave was returning, Mrs. Veal was got without the door in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs. Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey until Monday; and told Mrs. Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's before she went whither she was a going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs. Bargrave in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three-quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs. Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before death, in which time she received the sacrament.

The next day after Mrs. Veal's appearance, being Sunday, Mrs. Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's to know if Mrs. Veal were there. They wondered at Mrs. Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word that she was not there, nor was expected.

At this answer, Mrs. Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs. Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there.

Says Mrs. Bargrave: "I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours."

They said it was impossible; for they must have seen her, if she had. In comes Captain Watson while they are in dispute, and said that Mrs. Veal was certainly dead, and her escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs. Bargrave, who went to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family, and what gown she had on, and how striped, and that Mrs. Veal told her it was scoured.

Then Mrs. Watson cried out: "You have seen her indeed, for none knew but Mrs. Veal and myself that the gown was scoured." And Mrs. Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; "for," said she, "I helped her to make it up."

This Mrs. Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs. Bargrave's seeing Mrs. Veal's apparition; and Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs. Bargrave's house to hear the relation from her own mouth. And then it spread so fast that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and skeptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, which at last became such a task that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs. Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favor and esteem of all the gentry, and 'tis thought a great favor if they can but get the relation from her own mouth.

I should have told you before that Mrs. Veal told Mrs. Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her.

Says Mrs. Bargrave: "How came you to order matters so strangely?"

"It could not be helped," says Mrs. Veal.

And her sister and brother did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs. Veal was expiring.

Mrs. Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea.

Says Mrs. Veal: "I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant this mad fellow"—meaning Mrs. Bargrave's husband—"has broke all your trinkets."

"But," says Mrs. Bargrave, "I'll get something to drink in for all that."

But Mrs. Veal waived it, and said: "It is no matter; let it alone;" and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs. Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs. Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs. Bargrave—that old Mr. Breton allowed Mrs. Veal ten pounds a year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs. Bargrave till Mrs. Veal told it her.

Mrs. Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in a neighbor's yard adjoining to Mrs. Bargrave's house heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs. Veal was with her. Mrs. Bargrave went out to her next neighbor's the very moment she parted with Mrs. Veal, and told what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it.

Drelincourt's "Book of Death" is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed that, notwithstanding all this trouble and fatigue Mrs. Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of anybody, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

Mrs. Veal's often drawing her hand over her eyes, and asking Mrs. Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs. Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs. Bargrave, as the effects of her fits coming upon her; and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her, and care of her, that she should not be affrighted; which indeed appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the daytime, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr. Veal should think this relation a reflection—as 'tis plain he does by his endeavoring to stifle it—I can't imagine, because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were to comfort Mrs. Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs. Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs. Veal's death the very first moment), without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest, too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked, too, than any indifferent person, I dare say, will allow.

I asked Mrs. Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown. She answered modestly: "If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it."

I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hand upon her knee. She said she did not remember she did; and she said: "She appeared to be as much a substance as I did, who talked with her; and I may," said she, "be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear; I received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not," says she, "give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it. Nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public."

But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation, and that she had told it to a room full of people at a time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs. Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact because we cannot solve things of which we have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me. Mrs. Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

The Extravagance of Lucullus.

FROM PLUTARCH'S "LIVES."

PLUTARCH was a Greek of noble family who lived during the first and second centuries after Christ, at a time when the Roman Empire was at the height of its magnificence. He had been highly educated and had traveled extensively. Of a genial nature, he made many friendships and was regarded with great favor by the emperors Trajan and Hadrian. But Plutarch best loved the quiet life of his native town—Chæronea, in Bœotia—where he held a priestly office and where he could devote himself to the cultivation of literature. He himself educated his four sons, and with them the sons of his friends and neighbors, all of whom formed a group of attentive and eager listeners while Plutarch taught them, in an informal and most delightful way, history, philosophy, and the other subjects of which he was a master.

For these young hearers he originally prepared not only his moral essays but especially the famous biographies, which have never been equaled in the interest of their treatment and in the sureness of the human touch that he imparted to them. These biographies, to the number of forty-six, are mostly arranged in groups of two, one celebrated Roman and one celebrated Greek, so that Plutarch might compare and contrast their lives and characters. He had an intimate knowledge of human nature and an unequaled power of delineating character by a myriad of little touches, all of which went to make a complete and living picture of the individual whom he portrayed. His influence is traceable in all subsequent writers of biography, and Shakespeare, in particular, owes much to him.

Lucius Lucullus, from whose biography the accompanying passage is taken, was a Roman commander of great ability who won many victories for the Roman arms, but whose indolence and love of luxury led him to prefer a life of ease at Rome to the hardships of the camp. He was enormously wealthy, owned magnificent villas, and was famous for his lavish hospitality. He was not, however, a mere sensualist, but a man of high cultivation, possessing a fine library, which he opened to the public, and numbering scholars and philosophers—of whom Cicero was one—among his friends.

The translation given here is by the great English man of letters, John Dryden (1631—1700), and is a good example of his easy, vigorous prose.

LUCULLUS'S life, like the old comedies, presents us at the commencement with acts of policy, and of war, at the end offering nothing but good eating and drinking, feastings and revelings, and mere play. For I give no higher name to his sumptuous buildings, porticos, and baths, still less to his paintings and sculptures, and all his industry about these curiosities, which he collected with vast expense, lavishly bestowing all the wealth and treasure which he got in the war upon them; insomuch that even now, with all the advance of luxury, the Lucullian gardens are counted the noblest the emperor has.

Tubero, the Stoic, when he saw his buildings at Naples, where he suspended the hills upon vast tunnels, brought in the sea for moats and fish-ponds round his house, and built pleasure-houses in the waters, called him Xerxes in a gown. He had also fine seats in Tusculum, belvederes, and large open balconies for men's apartments, and porticos to walk

in; where Pompey, coming to see him, blamed him for making a house which would be pleasant in summer, but uninhabitable in winter; whom he answered with a smile:

"You think me, then, less provident than cranes and storks, not to change my home with the season."

When a prætor, with great expense and pains, was preparing a spectacle for the people, and asked him to lend him some purple robes for the performers in a chorus, he told him he would go home and see, and if he had got any, would let him have them; and the next day, asking how many he wanted, and being told that a hundred would suffice, bade him to take twice as many; on which the poet Horace observes, that a house is but a poor one, where the valuables unseen and unthought of do not exceed all those that meet the eye.

Lucullus's daily entertainments were ostentatiously extravagant, not only with purple coverlets, and plate adorned with precious stones, and dancings, and interludes, but with the greatest diversity of dishes and the most elaborate cookery, for the vulgar to admire and envy. It was a happy thought of Pompey in his sickness, when his physician prescribed a thrush for his dinner, and his servants told him that in summer-time thrushes were not to be found anywhere but in Lucullus's fattening coops, that he would not suffer them to fetch one thence, but observing to his physician, "So if Lucullus had not been an epicure, Pompey had not lived," ordered something else that could easily be got to be prepared for him.

Cato was his friend and connection, but, nevertheless, so hated his life and habits that when a young man in the senate made a long and tedious speech in praise of frugality and temperance, Cato got up and said:

"How long do you mean to go on making money like Crassus, living like Lucullus, and talking like Cato?"

It is plain from the anecdotes on record of him that Lucullus was not only pleased with, but even gloried in, his way of living. For he is said to have feasted several Greeks upon their coming to Rome day after day, who of a true Grecian principle, being ashamed, and declining the invitations, where so great an expense was every day incurred for them, he with a smile told them:

"Some of this, indeed, my Grecian friends, is for your sakes, but more for that of Lucullus."

Once, when he supped alone, there being only one course, and that but moderately furnished, he called his steward and reproved him; who professing to have supposed that there would be no need of any great entertainment, when nobody was invited, was answered:

"What, did not you know, then, that to-day Lucullus dines with Lucullus?"

Which being much spoken of about the city, Cicero and Pompey one day met him loitering in the Forum, the former his intimate friend and familiar, and, though there had been some ill-will between Pompey and him about the command in the war, still they used to see each other and converse on easy terms together. Cicero accordingly saluted him, and asked him whether to-day were a good time for asking a favor of him, and on his answering, "Very much so," and begging to hear what it was, "Then," said Cicero, "we should like to dine with you to-day, just on the dinner that is prepared for yourself."

Lucullus being surprised, and requesting a day's time, they refused to grant it, neither suffered him to talk with his servants, for fear he should give order for more than was appointed before. But thus much they consented to, that before their faces he might tell his servants that to-day he would sup in the Apollo—for so one of his best dining-rooms was called; and by this evasion he outwitted his guests. For every room, as it seems, had its own assessment of expenditure, dinner at such a price, and all else in accordance; so that the servants, on knowing where he would dine, knew also how much was to be expended, and in what style and form the dinner was to be served. The expense for the Apollo was fifty thousand drachmas, and thus much being that day laid out, the greatness of the cost did not so much amaze Pompey and Cicero, as the rapidity of the outlay. One might believe Lucullus thought his money really captive and barbarian, so wantonly and contumeliously did he treat it.

The Author of "Old Grimes."

BY JOHN L. HARRISON,

Librarian of the Providence Atheneum.

Judge Albert Gorton Greene, Who Eighty-Five Years Ago Sent to a Newspaper in Providence, Rhode Island, a Quaint Poem Which Has Ever Since Been One of the Most Familiar Songs.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THERE appeared on January 16, 1822, in the upper left-hand corner of the fourth page of the Providence *Gazette,* under the caption "Original Poetry," a piece of verse that has since come to occupy a unique place in American literature—the familiar poem, "Old Grimes." The author's name was not printed, but in lieu of a signature there was a final verse, which has since disappeared, embodying the *nom de plume* "Esek Short."

The poem was written by Albert Gorton Greene, who was born in Providence, Rhode Island, on February 10, 1802. He graduated from Brown University in 1820, and was admitted to the Rhode Island bar in 1823. For many years he served as clerk of the common council and as clerk of the municipal court, of which latter he was elected judge in 1858. He held this office until 1867, when he was compelled to resign on account of ill health, and went to Cleveland, Ohio, to take up his residence with his daughter, the wife of the Rev. Dr. Samuel White Duncan, pastor of a Baptist church in that city. He died in Cleveland on January 3 of the following year.

Judge Greene was devoted to American, English, and German literature. He gathered a library of twelve thousand volumes, one of the best and largest private collections in Rhode Island. He was actively identified with the Providence Atheneum, and for fourteen years was president of the Rhode Island Historical Society. In 1833 he started a quarterly called the *Literary Journal,* which did not prove a financial success.

Mrs. Duncan, in speaking of her father, has said that he could not help writing verse. She instanced one occasion when, rising early and looking across the street at the vane on the old First Congregational Church, he picked up a piece of charcoal from the hod in the grate and wrote several stanzas of his poem "To the Weathercock on Our Steeple." A number of his songs and ballads, including the above, "Old Grimes," "The Baron's Last Banquet," and the "Song of the Windmill Spirits," appear in that rare volume, "The Rhode Island Book," edited by Anne C. Lynch Botta and published in 1841.

Judge Greene's Story of the Poem.

"Old Grimes" seems to have become popular immediately on its publication, and was copied far and wide. Evidently interest in the authorship was aroused as early as 1833, for in the Providence *Daily Journal* of May 14 of that year appeared the following:

TO THE EDITOR OF THE *Daily Journal:*

DEAR SIR—In compliance with your request, I send you the enclosed copy of "Old Grimes." It was first published, I think, in 1823, in one of the Providence papers, for which purpose a copy had been requested of me by the editor.

In reply to your question respecting the

authorship of the stanzas, I answer that the first verse, for aught I know to the contrary, may have been repeated and sung from time immemorial. Whether it formed part of some earlier production, now forgotten, or was one of those fragments of verse of which no one can tell the origin or author, I know not. That verse was used as a file-leader for the remainder. The piece has met with much more attention than it ever deserved, as the whole humor of the thing consists in the whim of describing in the two first lines of each verse some trait of the *character* of the individual, and in the two last some portion of his *dress*.

With respect to the enclosed stanzas, I need only add that, with the exception of the first, every line of them was written by myself.

Respectfully yours,
ALBERT G. GREENE.

To this letter the editor of the *Journal* added a note to the effect that Mr. Greene's letter "would seem to be decisive" as to the paternity of "Old Grimes." "We cannot agree with the author, however," he added, "that the stanzas have attracted more attention than they have deserved." A reprint of the poem followed, the thirteenth verse being omitted.

In 1867 "Old Grimes" was published in book form by Messrs. Sidney S. Rider & Brother, of Providence, with illustrations by Augustus Hoppin (1828—1896), a member of a well-known family of artists. In this version the punctuation and in a few cases the wording of the lines were changed.

Mrs. Duncan has recorded her impression that her father had not any particular individual in mind as the original of *Old Grimes*. He told her that the poem was written in his college days, and was intended to be sung by the boys to one of the tunes of the day.

At Hubbardston, in Worcester County, Massachusetts, there is a local tradition that the original was one Ephraim Grimes, of that place. Some of the New England newspapers recently mentioned this in reporting the destruction by fire of what was known as the "Old Grimes House" in Hubbardston. There does not seem, however, to be any evidence to support the legend.

It may be noted that the first stanza of the song, which Judge Greene did not claim as original, is practically the same as an old verse given in Halliwell's "Nursery Rhymes of England":

Old Abram Brown is dead and gone—
You'll never see him more;
He used to wear a long brown coat
That buttoned down before.

The poem as here reproduced is an exact copy of the form in which it was originally published in 1822.

OLD GRIMES.

TUNE—"JOHN GILPIN WAS A CITIZEN."

OLD Grimes is dead.—That good old man,
We never shall see him more.
He used to wear a long black coat
All buttoned down before.

His heart was open as the day,
His feelings all were true;
His hair was some inclined to gray—
He wore it in a queue.

Whene'er was heard the voice of pain
His breast with pity burned.—
The large, round head, upon his cane
From ivory was turned.

Thus, ever prompt at pity's call,
He knew no base design.—
His eyes were dark, and rather small;
His nose was aquiline.

He lived at peace with all mankind,
In friendship he was true.
His coat had pocket-holes behind—
His pantaloons were blue.

Unharmed—the sin which earth pollutes,
He passed securely o'er;
And never wore a pair of boots
For thirty years or more.

But poor *Old Grimes* is now at rest,
Nor fears misfortune's frown.
He had a double-breasted vest—
The stripes ran up and down.

He modest merit sought to find,
And pay it its desert.
He had no malice in his mind—
No ruffles on his shirt.

His neighbors he did not abuse,
Was sociable and gay.
He wore large buckles in his shoes,
And changed them every day.

His knowledge, hid from public gaze,
He did not bring in view—
Nor made a noise town-meeting days,
As many people do.

His worldly goods he never threw
In trust to fortune's chances;
But lived (as all his brothers do)
In easy circumstances.

Thus undisturbed by anxious cares,
His peaceful moments ran;
And everybody said he was
A fine old gentleman.

Good people all give cheerful thought
To Grimes's memory;
As doth his cousin, ESEK SHORT,
Who made this poetry.

CLOTH AND COAT MADE IN SEVEN HOURS.

A Pennsylvania Cloth-Manufacturer Far Surpasses a Record Established in England Nearly a Hundred Years Ago.

AN article published in the February number of this magazine has aroused just indignation in Monroe County, Pennsylvania, and a local newspaper, the Stroudsburg *Daily Times,* has used some large capital letters in calling our attention to the fact.

The offending item was an account of the complete manufacture of a coat between sunrise and dinner-time, the sheep being shorn, the wool woven, and the cloth cut and fitted, in thirteen hours and twenty minutes. This was done by the workmen of one John Coxeter at Newbury, in England, on June 25, 1811; and THE SCRAP BOOK's account of the feat added that it still remained a record.

It appears that the English manufacturer was far outdone, nine years ago, by the late Thomas J. Kitson, of Stroudsburg. On May 18, 1898, at half-past six in the morning, Mr. Kitson had a couple of sheep sheared at the Stroudsburg Woolen Mills. "In rapid succession," says the *Daily Times,* "the wool was taken to a dozen departments and underwent eighteen processes of manufacture before it was finally placed in the hands of the tailor. It was just fifty-eight minutes past twelve o'clock when the suit was ready for Mr. Kitson to put on, and a few minutes thereafter that a large dinner, commemorative of the occasion, was given in the Kitson home. The treat given the men who were engaged in the hours of hustle, an elegant affair, was a lamb dinner, one of the sheep having taken another process during the making of the clothes.

"The cloth made by Mr. Kitson," the *Times* continues, "was widely different from that turned out by the English firm. In the latter instance but one kind of wool was used; but in the Kitson trial there was a mixture of black and white, producing a plaid effect. The recounting of the feat is not made with a boastful intent; however, it is with a considerable degree of pride that the facts are requoted in order that people who have formed recent opinions may get the truth of the matter, supported by several hundreds of affidavits, if necessary."

Monroe County, where the mountain brooks ripple down from the pine-clad Poconos to the pleasant valley of the Delaware, has long been famous for its scenic beauty, but it also deserves credit for the enterprise and energy of its citizens. With all desire to do honor where honor is due, THE SCRAP BOOK apologizes for ignoring the achievement of the skilful cloth-makers of Stroudsburg. We are glad to know that they were rewarded with an "elegant lamb dinner," and we wish them continued prosperity.

SAYINGS OF HENRY WARD BEECHER.

THE fact that Henry Ward Beecher was born on the 24th of June makes appropriate the following selection of sentences from his numerous sermons and addresses. They are not to be described as epigrams; inasmuch as Beecher's oratorical style was fluent and diffuse rather than terse and pungent. These sentences, however, show very clearly the intense humanity of the great American orator, and they illustrate the cast of his thought, which was not so much reflective and given to deep pondering as it was sympathetic, sensitive, and inspired by warm and generous feeling. His ethics are practical ethics, and he is most interested in the problems of daily life and in the relation of man to his fellow men. Now and then he hits upon a striking image, but he does not elaborate it, preferring to pass on in that rich flow of thought which made his spoken utterances so fascinating to his hearers.

THERE are a great many poor men who are very rich, and a great many rich men who are very poor.

What is a menial calling? It is a calling that makes a man *mean*. The moment any calling makes a man a *man*, he has dignified it and glorified it.

Sorrow is a school in which the schoolmaster is very stern, and in which his rules are very strict.

What is a fiction? A truth clothed with imaginary circumstances.

I do not know that there is one thing, outside of love to God, that is more important to be understood than that there is a law of equity which runs through every department of human life, and that you cannot get more than you pay for.

The world at large is not made to meddle with the delicacies of love; and in every nature there is a vast realm of silence where, if patience be not found, wo be to it!

It makes all the difference in the world whether you begin at the bottom and act from the lowest motives up, or whether you begin at the top and act from the highest motives down.

Generosity is the militia that enlists for three months, while benevolence is the regular force that enlists for the war.

Many men build as some cathedrals were built—the part nearest the ground finished; but that part which soars toward heaven, the turrets and the spires, forever incomplete.

He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will find the flaw when he may have forgotten its cause.

A library is but the soul's burial-ground. It is the land of shadows.

Laws and institutions are constantly tending to gravitate. Like clocks, they must be occasionally cleansed and wound up and set to true time.

A LITERARY CURIOSITY.

A Composite Poem Made Up of Lines From More than Thirty Different Authors Ingeniously Woven into Connected Couplets.

A READER of THE SCRAP BOOK has sent us the following peculiar poem, a mosaic of quotations ingeniously strung together so as to make a connected whole, to which the compiler, Mrs. H. A. Deming, of San Francisco, has affixed the title "Life." As will be seen, it includes lines from Shakespeare, Herrick, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Congreve, Quarles, Young, Crabbe, Gray, Addison, Cowper, Byron, Longfellow, and a score of other poets, more or less famous.

LIFE.

WHY all this toil for triumphs of an hour? —*Young.*
Life's a short summer—man is but a flower. —*Dr. Johnson.*
By turns we catch the fatal breath and die; —*Pope.*
The cradle and the tomb, alas, how nigh! —*Prior.*
To be is better far than not to be, —*Sewell.*
Though all man's life may seem a tragedy; —*Spencer.*
But light cares speak when mighty griefs are dumb, —*Daniel.*
The bottom is but shallow whence they come. —*Raleigh.*
Thy fate is the common fate of all; —*Longfellow.*
Unmingled joys no man befall; —*Southwell.*
Nature to each allots his proper sphere, —*Congreve.*
Fortune makes folly her peculiar care. —*Churchill.*
Custom does not reason overrule, —*Rochester.*
And throw a cruel sunshine on a fool. —*Armstrong.*
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven. —*Milton.*
They who forgive most shall be most forgiven. —*Bailey.*
Sin may be clasped so close we cannot see its face, —*French.*
Vile intercourse where virtue has no place; —*Somerville.*
Then keep each passion down, however dear, —*Thompson.*
Thou pendulum betwixt a smile and tear! —*Byron.*
Her sensual snares let faithless Pleasure lay, —*Smollett.*
With craft and skill to ruin and betray; —*Crabbe.*
Soar not too high to fall, but stoop to rise; —*Massinger.*
We masters grow of all that we despise. —*Crowley.*
Oh, then, renounce that impious self-esteem; —*Beattie.*
Riches have wings and grandeur is a dream. —*Cowper.*
Think not ambition wise because 'tis brave, —*Davenant.*
The paths of glory lead but to the grave; —*Gray.*
What is ambition? 'Tis a glorious cheat, —*Willis.*
Only destructive to the brave and great. —*Addison.*
What's all the gaudy glitter of a crown? —*Dryden.*
The way to bliss lies not on beds of down. —*Quarles.*
How long we live, not years, but actions tell; —*Watkins.*
That man lives twice who lives the first life well. —*Herrick.*
Make, then, while ye may, your God your friend, —*William Mason.*
Whom Christians worship, yet not comprehend. —*Hill.*
The trust that's given guard, and to yourself be just, —*Dana.*
For live we how we may, yet die we must. —*Shakespeare.*

Gil Blas and Dr. Sangrado.

BY ALAIN RENÉ LE SAGE.

ALAIN LE SAGE (1668—1747) has been described as the first Frenchman who was able to earn a livelihood by his pen. As a young man he studied law; but presently he took to literature, without much immediate success, for he had not yet developed the powers that were in him. A friendly clergyman granted him a small pension which enabled him to struggle on as a translator and adapter of the work of other men. It was not until he reached his fortieth year that he attained success with two plays which were acted at the Théâtre Français. After that, he wrote a number of one-act pieces and operettas, intended to please the populace, and for performance in little open-air theaters.

In 1707 Le Sage produced the first novel of his which showed anything like genius. This was "Le Diable Boiteux" ("The Limping Devil"), a story in which a demon, who has been rescued from captivity by a magician, takes his benefactor through a city at night; and, as they pass over the houses, removes the roofs so as to disclose the secrets, the sufferings, and the sins in each home. The book was imitated from a Spanish novel. For years Le Sage had studied Spanish literature and had made himself familiar with Spanish life. This intimate knowledge is wonderfully shown in his greatest novel, "Gil Blas," which took its author twenty years to write, and which is so intensely Spanish that many persons have held it to be, not an original work, but a translation. Recently discovered evidence, however, makes it plain that Le Sage borrowed nothing from any other writer, but that he had so steeped himself in a knowledge of Spain as to become himself a Spaniard in thought and feeling.

Le Sage's famous book tells the story of *Gil Blas*, a Spanish youth, who sets out in search of a fortune, and who, before attaining it, passes through many curious adventures. He is adroit, witty, tactful, and fundamentally good-hearted, though of very easy-going morality. As the result of his experiences, however, he discovers that in the long run it is wiser to be honest; and so, when he reaches the period of middle life, he settles down to become a sober citizen.

Le Sage was an inimitable story-teller, and he has drawn the life and people of his time with wonderful accuracy as well as humor. His book was warmly welcomed throughout western Europe, and was translated into English by Smollett. Its influence can be plainly seen in the fiction-writing of Smollett himself and of Henry Fielding. "Gil Blas," therefore, is really the forerunner of the modern English novel. The story given here relates the hero's experiences as apprentice to a quack doctor in Valladolid.

AS I was on my way, who should come across me but Dr. Sangrado, whom I had not seen since the day of my master's death. I took the liberty of touching my hat. He knew me in a twinkling.

"Heyday!" said he, with as much warmth as his temperament would allow him, "the very lad I wanted to see; you have never been out of my thought. I have occasion for a clever fellow about me, and pitched upon you as the very thing, if you can read and write."

"Sir," replied I, "if that is all you require, I am your man."

"In that case," rejoined he, "we need

look no further. Come home with me; you will be very comfortable; I shall behave to you like a brother. You will have no wages, but everything will be found you. You shall eat and drink according to the true scientific system, and be taught to cure all diseases. In a word, you shall rather be my young Sangrado than my footman."

I closed in with the doctor's proposal, in the hope of becoming an Esculapius under so inspired a master. He carried me home forthwith, to install me in my honorable employment; which honorable employment consisted in writing down the name and residence of the patients who sent for him in his absence. There had indeed been a register for this purpose, kept by an old domestic; but she had not the gift of spelling accurately, and wrote a most perplexing hand. This account I was to keep. It might truly be called a bill of mortality; for my members all went from bad to worse during the short time they continued in this system. I was a sort of bookkeeper for the other world, to take places in the stage, and to see that the first come were the first served. My pen was always in my hand, for Dr. Sangrado had more practise than any physician of his time in Valladolid. He had got into reputation with the public by a certain professional slang, humored by a medical face, and some extraordinary cures more honored by implicit faith than scrupulous investigation.

He was in no want of patients, nor consequently of property. He did not keep the best house in the world; we lived with some little attention to economy. The usual bill of fare consisted of peas, beans, boiled apples, or cheese. He considered this food as best suited to the human stomach; that is to say, as most amenable to the grinders, whence it was to encounter the process of digestion. Nevertheless, easy as was their passage, he was not for stopping the way with too much of them; and, to be sure, he was in the right. But though he cautioned the maid and me against repletion in respect of solids, it was made up by free permission to drink as much water as we liked. Far from prescribing us any limits in that direction, he would tell us sometimes:

"Drink, my children; health consists in the pliability and moisture of the parts. Drink water by pailfuls; it is a universal dissolvent; water liquefies all the salts. Is the course of the blood a little sluggish? This grand principle sets it forward. Too rapid? Its career is checked."

Our doctor was so orthodox on this head that, though advanced in years, he drank nothing himself but water. He defined old age to be a natural consumption which dries us up and wastes us away; on this principle he deplored the ignorance of those who call wine "old men's milk." He maintained that wine wears them out and corrodes them; and pleaded with all the force of his eloquence against that liquor, fatal in common both to the young and old—that friend with a serpent in its bosom—that pleasure with a dagger under its girdle.

In spite of these fine arguments, at the end of a week I felt an ailment which I was blasphemous enough to saddle on the universal dissolvent and the new-fangled diet. I stated my symptoms to my master, in the hope that he would relax the rigor of his regimen and qualify my meals with a little wine; but his hostility to that liquor was inflexible.

"If you have not philosophy enough," said he, "for pure water, there are innocent infusions to strengthen the stomach against the nausea of aqueous quaffings. Sage, for example, has a very pretty flavor; and if you wish to heighten it into a debauch, it is only mixing rosemary, wild poppy, and other simples with it—but no compounds!"

In vain did he sing the praise of water, and teach me the secret of composing delicious messes. I was so abstemious that, remarking my moderation, he said:

"In good sooth, Gil Blas, I marvel not that you are no better than you are; you do not drink enough, my friend. Water taken in a small quantity serves only to separate the particles of bile and set them in action; but our practise is to drown them in a copious drench. Fear not, my good lad, lest a superabundance of liquid should either weaken or chill your stomach; far from thy better judgment be that silly fear of unadulterated drink. I will insure you against all consequences; and if my authority

will not serve your turn, read Celsus. That oracle of the ancients makes an admirable panegyric on water; in short, he says in plain terms that those who plead an inconstant stomach in favor of wine, publish a libel on their own viscera, and make their constitution a pretense for their sensuality."

As it would have been ungenteel in me to run riot on my entrance into the medical career, I pretended thorough conviction; indeed, I really thought there was something in it. I therefore went on drinking water on the authority of Celsus; or, to speak in scientific terms, I began to drown the bile in copious drenches of that unadulterated liquor; and though I felt myself more out of order from day to day, prejudice won the cause against experience. It is evident therefore that I was in the right road to the practise of physic.

Yet I could not always be insensible to the qualms which increased in my frame, to that degree as to determine me on quitting Dr. Sangrado. But he invested me with a new office which changed my tone.

"Hark you, my child," said he to me one day; "I am not one of those hard and ungrateful masters who leave their household to grow gray in service without a suitable reward. I am well pleased with you, I have a regard for you; and without waiting till you have served your time, I will make your fortune. Without more ado, I will initiate you in the healing art, of which I have for so many years been at the head. Other physicians make the science to consist of various unintelligible branches; but I will shorten the road for you, and dispense with the drudgery of studying natural philosophy, pharmacy, botany, and anatomy. Remember, my friend, that bleeding and drinking warm water are the two grand principles—the true secret of curing all the distempers incident to humanity.

"Yes, this marvelous secret which I reveal to you, and which nature, beyond the reach of my colleagues, has not been able to conceal from me, is comprehended in these two articles, namely, bleeding and drenching. Here you have the sum total of my philosophy; you are thoroughly bottomed in medicine, and may raise yourself to the summit of fame on the shoulders of my long experience. You may enter into partnership at once, by keeping the books in the morning and going out to visit patients in the afternoon. While I dose the nobility and clergy, you shall labor in your vocation among the lower orders; and when you have felt your ground a little, I will get you admitted into our body. You are a philosopher, Gil Blas, though you have never graduated; the common herd of them, though they have graduated in due form and order, are likely to run out the length of their tether without knowing their right hand from their left."

I thanked the doctor for having so speedily enabled me to serve as his deputy; and by way of acknowledging his goodness, promised to follow his system to the end of my career, with a magnanimous indifference about the aphorisms of Hippocrates. But that engagement was not to be taken to the letter. This tender attachment to water went against the grain, and I had a scheme for drinking wine every day snugly among the patients. I left off wearing my own suit a second time to take up one of my master's and look like an experienced practitioner. After which I brought my medical theories into play, leaving those it might concern to look to the event.

I began on an *alguazil* (constable) in a pleurisy; he was condemned to be bled with the utmost rigor of the law, at the same time that the system was to be replenished copiously with water. Next I made a lodgment in the veins of a gouty pastry-cook, who roared like a lion by reason of gouty spasms. I stood on no more ceremony with his blood than with that of the *alguazil,* and laid no restriction on his taste for simple liquids. My prescriptions brought me in twelve *reales* (shillings)—an incident so auspicious in my professional career that I only wished for the plagues of Egypt on all the hale citizens of Valladolid.

I was no sooner at home than Dr. Sangrado came in. I talked to him about the patients I had seen, and paid into his hands eight *reales* of the twelve I had received for my prescriptions.

"Eight *reales!*" said he, as he counted them. "Mighty little for two visits!

But we must take things as we find them." In the spirit of taking things as he found them, he laid violent hands on six of the coins, giving me the other two. "Here, Gil Blas," continued he, "see what a foundation to build upon. I make over to you the fourth of all you may bring me. You will soon feather your nest, my friend; for, by the blessing of Providence, there will be a great deal of ill-health this year."

I had reason to be content with my dividend; since, having determined to keep back the third part of what I recovered in my rounds, and afterward touching another fourth of the remainder, then half of the whole, if arithmetic is anything more than a deception, would become my perquisite. This inspired me with new zeal for my profession.

The next day, as soon as I had dined, I resumed my medical paraphernalia and took the field once more. I visited several patients on the list, and treated their several complaints in one invariable routine. Hitherto things had gone well, and no one, thank Heaven, had risen up in rebellion against my prescriptions. But let a physician's cures be as extraordinary as they will, some quack or other is always ready to rip up his reputation.

I was called in to a grocer's son in a dropsy. Whom should I find there before me but a little black-looking physician, by name Dr. Cuchillo, introduced by a relation of the family. I bowed round most profoundly, but dipped lowest to the personage whom I took to have been invited to a consultation with me.

He returned my compliment with a distant air; then, having stared me in the face for a few seconds, "Sir," said he, "I beg pardon for being inquisitive; I thought I was acquainted with all my brethren in Valladolid, but I confess your physiognomy is altogether new. You must have been settled but a short time in town."

I avowed myself a young practitioner, acting as yet under the direction of Dr. Sangrado.

"I wish you joy," replied he politely; "you are studying under a great man. You must doubtless have seen a vast deal of sound practise, young as you appear to be."

He spoke this with so easy an assurance that I was at a loss whether he meant it seriously, or was laughing at me. While I was conning over my reply, the grocer, seizing on the opportunity, said:

"Gentlemen, I am persuaded of your both being perfectly competent in your art; have the goodness without ado to take the case in hand, and devise some effectual means for the restoration of my son's health."

Thereupon the little pulse-counter set himself about reviewing the patient's situation; and after having dilated to me on all the symptoms, asked me what I thought the fittest method of treatment.

"I am of opinion," replied I, "that he should be bled once a day, and drink as much warm water as he can swallow."

At these words, our diminutive doctor said to me, with a malicious simper, "And so you think such a course will save the patient?"

"Not a doubt of it," exclaimed I in a confident tone; "it must produce that effect, because it is a certain method of cure for all distempers. Ask Señor Sangrado."

"At that rate," retorted he, "Celsus is altogether in the wrong; for he contends that the readiest way to cure a dropsical subject is to let him almost die of hunger and thirst."

"Oh, as for Celsus," interrupted I, "he is no oracle of mine; he is as fallible as the meanest of us; I often have occasion to bless myself for going contrary to his dogmas."

"I discover by your language," said Cuchillo, "the safe and sure method of practise Dr. Sangrado instils into his pupils! Bleeding and drenching are the extent of his resources. No wonder so many worthy people are cut off under his direction!"

"No defamation!" interrupted I, with some acrimony. "A member of the faculty had better not begin throwing stones. Come, come, my learned doctor, patients can get to the other world without bleeding and warm water; and I question whether the most deadly of us has ever signed more passports than yourself. If you have any crow to pluck with Señor Sangrado, publish an attack on him; he will answer you, and we shall soon see who will have the best of the battle."

"By all the saints in the calendar," swore he in a transport of passion, "you little know whom you are talking to! I have a tongue and a fist, my friend; and am not afraid of Sangrado, who with all his arrogance and affectation is but a ninny."

The size of the little death-dealer made me hold his anger cheap. I gave him a sharp retort; he sent back as good as I brought, till at last we came to fisticuffs. We had pulled a few handfuls of hair from each other's head before the grocer and his kinsman could part us. When they had brought this about, they feed me for my attendance, and retained my antagonist, whom they thought the more skilful of the two.

Another adventure succeeded close on the heels of this. I went to see a huge singer in a fever. As soon as he heard me talk of warm water, he showed himself so adverse to this specific as to fall into a fit of swearing. He abused me in all possible shapes, and threatened to throw me out of the window. I was in a greater hurry to get out of his house than to get in.

I did not choose to see any more patients that day, and repaired to the inn where I had agreed to meet Fabricio. He was there first. As we found ourselves in a tippling humor, we drank hard, and returned to our employers in a pretty pickle; that is to say, so-so in the upper story. Señor Sangrado was not aware of my being drunk, because he took the lively gestures which accompanied the relation of my quarrel with the little doctor for an effect of the agitation not yet subsided after the battle. Besides, he came in for his share in my report; and, feeling himself nettled by the insults of Cuchillo—

"You have done well, Gil Blas," said he, "to defend the character of our practise against this little abortion of the faculty. So he takes upon him to set his face against watery drenches in dropsical cases? An ignorant fellow! I maintain, I do, in my own person, that the use of them may be reconciled to the best theories. Yes, water is a cure for all sorts of dropsies, just as it is good for rheumatisms and the green sickness. It is excellent, too, in those fevers where the effect is at once to parch and to chill; and even miraculous in those disorders ascribed to cold, thin, phlegmatic, and pituitous humors. This opinion may appear strange to young practitioners like Cuchillo, but it is right orthodox in the best and soundest systems; so that if persons of that description were capable of taking a philosophical view, instead of crying me down they would become my most zealous advocates."

In his rage, he never suspected me of drinking; for to exasperate him still more against the little doctor, I had thrown into my recital some circumstances of my own addition. Yet, engrossed as he was by what I had told him, he could not help taking notice that I drank more water than usual that evening.

In fact, the wine had made me very thirsty. Any one but Sangrado would have distrusted my being so very dry as to swallow down glass after glass; but, as for him, he took it for granted in the simplicity of his heart that I had begun to acquire a relish for aqueous potations.

"Apparently, Gil Blas," said he, with a gracious smile, "you have no longer such a dislike to water. As Heaven is my judge, you quaff it off like nectar! It is no wonder, my friend; I was certain you would before long take a liking to that liquor."

"Sir," replied I, "there is a tide in the affairs of men; with my present lights I would give all the wine in Valladolid for a pint of water."

This answer delighted the doctor, who would not lose so fine an opportunity of expatiating on the excellence of water. He undertook to ring the changes once more in its praise; not like a hireling pleader, but as an enthusiast in a most worthy cause.

"A thousand times," exclaimed he, "a thousand and a thousand times of greater value, as being more innocent than our modern taverns, were those baths of ages past, whither the people went, not shamefully to squander their fortunes and expose their lives by swilling themselves with wine, but assembling there for the decent and economical amusement of drinking warm water. It is difficult to admire enough the patriotic forecast of those ancient politicians who established places of public resort where water was

dealt out gratis to all comers, and who confined wine to the shops of the apothecaries, that its use might be prohibited save under the direction of physicians. What a stroke of wisdom! It is doubtless to preserve the seeds of that antique frugality, emblematic of the golden age, that persons are found to this day, like you and me, who drink nothing but water, and are persuaded they possess a prevention or a cure for every ailment, provided our warm water has never boiled; for I have observed that water when it is boiled is heavier, and sits less easily on the stomach."

While he was holding forth thus eloquently, I was in danger more than once of splitting my sides with laughing. But I contrived to keep my countenance; nay, more, to chime in with the doctor's theory. I found fault with the use of wine, and pitied mankind for having contracted an untoward relish for so pernicious a beverage. Then, finding my thirst not sufficiently allayed, I filled a large goblet with water, and, after having swilled it like a horse—

"Come, sir," said I to my master, "let us drink plentifully of this beneficial liquor. Let us make those early establishments of dilution you so much regret live again in your house."

He clapped his hands in ecstasy at these words, and preached to me for a whole hour about suffering no liquid but water to pass my lips. To confirm the habit, I promised to drink a large quantity every evening; and to keep my word with less violence to my private inclinations, I went to bed with a determined purpose of going to the tavern every day.

SOME JOKES ON ROYALTY.

Even the German Kaiser, With All the Majesty that Hedges Him, Cannot Overawe the Funny Man Who Sometimes Trifles With His Dignity.

RULERS do not always escape the practical joker, although royalty, as a rule, is impatient of trifling and sensitive to ridicule. Even the Kaiser is ruffled, now and then, by an irreverent jest at his expense.

What makes these jokes the funnier to the world in general is the fact that the joker has to beware of diverse and dreadful penalties for *lèse majesté*. The monarch himself may not notice them, but there are always obsequious officials who think to recover the royal dignity by pursuing the humorist.

A couple of years ago a German paper, presumably for a joke, published a paragraph to the effect that the favorite flower of the Kaiser was a red carnation. The paragraph was copied in almost every paper in the country, and when, a few days later, the emperor visited Aix-la-Chapelle, all those deputed to receive him wore red carnations in their buttonholes.

The Kaiser frowned angrily, but no one knew why until next day, when some one, a little wiser than the rest, informed them that the flower was the emblem of his pet abominations, the Social Democrats.

One of the most extraordinary hoaxes on record is said to have been played upon the Dewan Lalla Moolraj, a native potentate of the Punjab, during the second Sikh War, in the winter of 1848-1849. The British army, commanded by Sir Hugh Gough, had shut up the Dewan and his forces in the fortified city of Mooltan. One day the besiegers were amazed by the thunderous sound of a most extraordinary cannonade, followed, not by shot or shell, but by an assortment of miscellaneous provisions in a very fragmentary condition raining into the British lines.

The Sikh chieftain, it was afterward discovered, had found in the city a large store of canned meats, of the nature of which he was completely ignorant. A native spy in British pay gravely informed him that they were powerful explosives, and, hence, for some days the British camp was greeted with showers of Strasburg pâtés and other more or less mangled but perfectly eatable tinned food.

The Story of Playing-Cards.

BY PHILIP COAN.

One of the Oldest Popular Diversions of Mankind—How the Packs, the Suits, the Cards, and the Games Have Varied in Different Countries and at Different Times.

An original article written for THE SCRAP BOOK.

THE monarch of the oldest reigning house in Christendom is probably the King of Hearts. He has not lost his lands, for they were never broader than the card-table; and though the Jacobin *sans-culottes* of 1789, in their war on all crowned heads, drove him out of the pack with his family and his three allies, he came back to his own with the rest of them, and rules even to this day.

He is older in lineage than are his royal brother of spades, diamonds, and clubs; for they were preceded by various suits, bearing bells, leaves, acorns, and such obsolete marks. In fact, we can trace the King of Hearts back about as far as we can the pack. And the pack vanishes in antiquity.

There is no positive evidence to show whether cards were invented in Europe or imported by merchants from the Indies; but the commonly accepted tradition derives them from the East. They may well have come from China. The Hindu Brahmans claim that they have used cards from primeval days, but the Chinese are at once more exact and more modest. They point to the great Chinese dictionary, "Ching-Tsze-Tung," published about the year 1678, which records the invention of cards in the year 1120 of our era, under the good emperor Seun-Ho.

Time hung heavily in the palace of this domestic monarch, whose wives were as many as its apartments. The ladies, old and young, found the palace pleasant, but the hours long, so that they cried to their lord and master to bid some wise man devise a new pastime. So the emperor did, entrusting the commission to one of his wisest. The savant went forth to do the imperial bidding, and, when he came back to the emperor's presence, bore in his hands the first pack of playing-cards. These he displayed before his master, and taught him how to use them. Did he let the royal pupil beat him on the second effort, at his own game? Possibly. And did the emperor then hasten from the throne and teach each one of the wives, and did the court stationer straightway receive orders for several hundred packs? Perhaps, but the dictionary fails to tell us.

Playing-Cards at the French Court.

Christendom, with its stricter ideas on the subject of multiple wives, was at least two hundred and fifty years behind Cathay. The earliest authentic record of cards in Europe is found in the household accounts of Charles VI of France for the years 1392 and 1393, which contain an item of fifty-six *sols* (or *sous,* worth one cent apiece) for "three packs of cards, in gold and divers colors, adorned with sundry devices." The fifty-six *sols* were paid to Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter who did odd tasks about the court, a sort of limner in ordinary, who evidently prepared the cards with his own hand and brush. They could hardly have been an article of commerce at that date, it is clear; for then the mad King Charles, instead of waiting for results of the brush, would have sent his seneschal forth to the shops.

An Italian historian, one Covelluzzo, says that merchants who traded with the

East brought the first cards into his town of Viterbo, forty miles from Rome, in the year 1379. As Covelluzzo wrote at some time in the following century, his date may or may not be exact; but it is in general agreement with the rest of the small amount of evidence available.

After their introduction in Paris, cards seem to have swept in with a rush. Their popularity is attested by an edict of 1397, which forbids the working people to waste their time at bowls, dice, tennis, or card-playing. They went from court to camp, and soldiers and merchants spread them in foreign countries. Spain, Germany, and England soon learned the new and fascinating form of amusement.

How the Early Cards Were Made.

The earliest cards known to us are hand-painted, as were those of King Charles VI. This made them expensive; no doubt those first packs were shuffled and cut and dealt, torn and patched and picked out of the mud, as long as they held together. That may be a reason why the early packs are so rare to-day.

The demand for cards was great enough to produce something like gilds of card-makers, within a few years following 1418, in three German cities, Ulm, Nuremberg, and Augsburg. If, as some think, these medieval card-makers were wood-engravers, and stamped the designs with blocks, cards may be intimately connected with the beginnings of printing. It is more likely, however, that they used stencils, with brushes and pots of paint, to speed their labor, just as, after cards were printed from a press, the color was laid over the figure with a stencil.

Packs were made of various sorts and sizes, some of much more than fifty-two cards. These fell more or less into two kinds, both in existence at the present day, though few people know of more than one of them. The ordinary deck that is to be found from Senegambia to Cape Nome is the numeral kind. In certain upland parts of France, Italy, and Germany, folk still use the other variety, called *tarots* in French, in Italian *tarocchi*.

The *tarots* were once used in many countries and for many games. They form a pack of seventy-eight cards. There are four suits of fourteen cards each, the fourteenth being a *chevalier*, or knight, ranking betwixt queen and knave. The remaining twenty-two cards of the pack belong to no suit and have no numbers. They bear emblems, which give them their names—the world, the sun, death, love, and so on. They run in a recognized order, just like the numeral cards, up to the twenty-second. This last card is the fool; it has no value alone, but increases the value of any card that it is played with. It is surely an elderly relative of our own well-known joker. The emblematic cards are together called *atouts*, in French, which is the word used also to designate trumps, in games with the ordinary pack.

The earliest packs had no queen. In her stead was the knight, who fought, logically, between king and knave. It was the Italians, says common belief, who paid the ladies the compliment of admitting one into each given card family. It was among French cards, however, that the innovation first took. Thence it gained way slowly to other countries.

The Four Suits Under Many Names.

The suits were at first everywhere differently styled and marked. In Italy they were *spade* (swords), *bastoni* (clubs), *coppe* (cups), and *danari* (coins). In Germany, and therefore on the cards that German makers sent abroad, they were *herzen* (hearts), *schellen* (bells), *grün* (leaves), and *eicheln* (acorns). Spain used either the Italian suits or a pack of hearts, diamonds, swords, and clover-leaves *(trifolio)*. These latter were supposed to represent four estates or classes—clergy, men of heart; nobles, of the sword; merchants with their treasure; peasants, of the soil. The modern suits are those which finally came into favor in France in the sixteenth century.

But even here there are national differences that still persist. In English, it is hearts and diamonds, in French the like; but where we say "spades," they call it "*pique*," and for our "clubs" their word is "*trèfle*." Our "spades" is taken from the Italian *spade*, or the Spanish equivalent, *espada*, both meaning "swords." England took what she

wished where she would—the name in Italy, the thing in France. Again, what bears the French or Spanish shape of the trefoil, we call clubs, a translation of the Italian *bastoni.*

Changes in the Cards.

The modern familiar deck of cards is more or less of a reversion to the oldest of the designs. Every court-card is as close to its model as are the complicated letters of the Chinese alphabet to theirs. Our cards are indeed but so many characters—pictures no longer. The numbers on the upper left-hand corner are new—they came there within a generation. The two-headed court-cards, guaranteed not to turn up heels first, are an improvement generally introduced within little more than half a century past.

Packs were printed and widely used in the United States as lately as 1848, which banished all such treasonable cards as kings and queens. They substituted Washington, John Adams, Franklin, and Lafayette for the kings, and gave these gentlemen, as consorts, the goddesses Venus, Fortune, Ceres, and Minerva, while Indian chieftains did duty as jacks. A like tendency to originality was rife in France during the Revolution and under Napoleon. In some sets figure designs ran through the whole pack. Amid the riot of fancy—dragoons, ladies promenading, dancing figures, generals—it took keen eyes to tell the cards apart in play.

The Old-Time Card Games.

The games that we play nowadays are a set of upstarts. Even whist, which Charles Lamb praised, is a recent matter of a century or two. Before its day there were dozens of good old games in great vogue at one time and another, now all of them forgotten. No one to-day has any idea how to play the venerable games of ombre, trump, gleek, mauve, or primero—of which latter Falstaff said: "I never prospered since I forswore primero." Piquet is one of the few old games still understood. Though rarely played nowadays, it is at least not a mystery, while a host of its fellows that had periods of equally great popularity now survive in name alone.

Ruff was one of them. It was played in England, in France, everywhere, for nearly two hundred years. It is mentioned in letters, memoirs, gazettes, but the allusions are too vague to tell us how it was played. Gleek — which Pepys learned from his aunt, and called "a pretty game"—has fared better than most, since there is at least a partial account of its methods.

The Spanish chronicler Herrera records that it was the unfortunate Montezuma's delight, in the days of his downfall, to watch the Spanish soldiers playing cards to fill up dull days. Thus early did the diversion invade the New World. Cortez's adventurers, when they destroyed their ships, had evidently put their cards in their pockets; but we cannot tell by what rules they played. The fifty-two bits of cardboard have given birth to many games of many sorts, yet if there is anything more surprising than their number and variety, it is the way that they seem to have of dying out of recollection when once disused.

The Ancient Art of Fortune-Telling.

One ancient use of cards, though it has fallen from its former standing, has never quite perished. It is cartomancy, the art of reading events by cards, once a mystery that kings and their most astute councilors held in respect, just as they believed in astrology and lent a credulous ear to alchemy.

Fortunes are still told, wherever the gipsy wagons travel. There are fortune-tellers of a more imposing front to be found, too, in out-of-the-way corners of every considerable city. But clever as these practitioners may be, and learned in their pretended art, they fall lamentably short of the older wizards. Their very cards are corrupt. Fortunes you may tell almost in any way—an apple-peel is enough, on Hallowe'en; but cartomancy—the genuine cartomancy, such as the by-gone seers practised—can be carried on only with a pack of the older sort of *tarots,* and one specially designed for the mystic purpose, at that.

To-day the methods of the early wizards, which formed almost a sort of cabalistic ritual, are no longer remembered, and are preserved only in a few curious books. The temples of the old cult have moved from palaces to the cheaper sort of

theatrical boarding-houses, where it hides among its skulls and sextants and stuffed crocodiles—mummery that the adepts would have scorned. They did not rely on the modern method of a bit of rigmarole with the cards, and a quick eye helped out by an instinctive knowledge of human nature, and completed by a bold pose. They depended on the cards. Every member of their elaborate pack was margined on each of its four edges with a phrase, of purport too deep to be sounded by the uninitiated.

The card as it fell might lie with any one of its four edges uppermost. The inscription on the topmost edge, combined with the general significance of the card and with its position among its neighbors, determined its mystic meaning. The possible variations were countless, but everything about the art was accurate and subject to rule.

Such was cartomancy at its best. Its grand period was the eighteenth century; hardly farther back, you see, than the time of our great-grandfathers. Paris and the court of the old régime were its headquarters. Its devotees were ladies who hungered for superstition as a new sensation; idle aristocrats who found the cult a pleasant amusement; and imaginative and credulous people who believed in the paltry science with all their might, simply because the age of reason had frightened their beliefs forth from all better shelter. Here was again the spectacle that has edified moralists since Rome—the old absurdity of a skeptical city fallen into a mental dotage of credulity.

Ruff may be forgotten—ruff, once the one game at which Mynheer and Don and Frenchman and Englishman could all sit together and play with equal skill. Lansquenet and piquet may be going the road of ruff. Probably the wisest poker-player in the West would not be able to go to a museum and tell one card from another in a pack three hundred years old. The names and the emblems on the cards may still differ in various countries. Yet, after all, cards are always the same, as the old players are in the habit of saying. Men always play for the same reason, and find the same interest in playing, whether it be here and now, or in the courtyard of Montezuma.

Cards are as old as dueling. Though the chase is man's most ancient pastime, and undoubtedly was his chief business in days before cards, or even tables or chimneys, were known, yet cards are older than most of the styles of hunting still practised nowadays. They antedate the modern theater. They were popular before music in its existing scale and harmonies had progressed beyond rudiments. They are, save war and love, perhaps the oldest popular diversion of mankind.

A BONANZA POKER GAME.

In the Flush Days of the Western Mining Boom the New-Made Millionaires Played for Stakes That Were Really Worth While.

POKER, say those who can remember back to the times of the old West, has seen its best days. No longer are such royal battles waged over the green cloth as when the newly fledged mining millionaires met with money to burn and with plenty of sporting spirit to burn it.

"It was in the famous Silver Bow Club, at Helena, Montana, that they used to play big poker," says a man who remembers. "At the game one night sat Marcus Daly, Senator Hearst, and J. B. Haggin, when there burst in a radiant New York drummer, who had a two weeks' card to the institution. He marched up to the players and politely asked if he might take a hand.

"'Why, yes; come right in,' said Daly.

"The drummer threw a hundred-dollar note on the table. 'Let me have chips for that,' he said gravely.

"He went to hang up his coat and hat. When he returned the bill still lay on the table.

"'What's the matter, gentlemen?' the traveling man haughtily inquired; 'ain't my money good?'

"'Why, yes, to be sure,' said Daly. 'Hearst, give the gentleman one white chip.'"

The Castle of Giant Despair.

From "The Pilgrim's Progress."

BY JOHN BUNYAN.

INTRODUCTION, BY LYNDON ORR.

IT has been said that, as Shakespeare is the supreme master of dramatic composition, so John Bunyan is the supreme master of the allegory. Bunyan, who was born in 1628, was a man of very humble station. His father was a tinker, and Bunyan himself followed the same pursuit in his early years. During the contest between Parliament and Charles I Bunyan served as a soldier, though on which side it is impossible to say; since at that time he had not yet fallen under the strong religious influence which was later brought to bear upon him, and may therefore have fought for the king. These early years he afterward deplored as having been marred by vice; and in his tract called "Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners," he wrote of himself as having been in youth one of the vilest of men. Yet his own testimony cannot be accepted; for after he had become deeply religious, he exaggerated the shortcomings of his youth. Indeed, there is no evidence that he was ever guilty of anything much worse than a fondness for ale and for playing hockey and tip-cat—things which seemed shocking to a severely Puritan conscience.

Marriage with a very devout woman brought Bunyan into the Puritan fold, and he afterward became a Baptist preacher. His education was very limited. He had read few books except the Bible and Fox's "Book of Martyrs"; but he had a strong imagination, a command of vigorous Saxon speech, and an experience of lowly life which made his preaching exceedingly effective. All through the midland counties of England he was well known and was sought for by the congregations of his own faith. This irregular preaching, however, was then forbidden by the laws of England; and Bunyan was arrested and imprisoned in Bedford Jail, where he remained for twelve years (1660—1672), supporting his family by making "tagged laces," and writing the first part of the book which has made him immortal, and which he finished during a second imprisonment many years afterward.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" conveys the meaning of an allegory, while at the same time telling a story which has all the vividness and reality of actual fact. Bunyan takes abstract qualities—despair, faith, doubt, and others—and so invests them with flesh and blood and personality as to make us follow their adventures with the same curiosity and deep interest as would be excited by the scenes of an actual drama. Here we have, as has been said, "the sublime and the grotesque, the tender, the terrible, and the humorous," for Bunyan had a genuine English sense of humor, attaining sometimes even to a comic element which is very droll. He had the creative instinct and largeness of nature; and he could, moreover, express the feeling of the people in their own plain, vigorous, and yet picturesque idiom. His study of the Bible had made his vocabulary almost wholly Saxon, so that in literature his style has been compared to an architectural structure with robust pillars and stout arches, for which the combination of rugged stone and imperishable heart of oak assured an illimitable existence.

The story of "The Pilgrim's Progress" is the story of the Christian traveling on through doubts and difficulties and dangers, until at last he reaches the great City of God shining in the sun and giving rest and peace and happiness forever. But the journey is marked by many perilous adventures, and *Christian's* path is beset by incessant dangers and temptations. There is the bad advice of *Mr. Worldly-Wiseman,* the frivolities of Vanity Fair, the Hill of Difficulty, the Slough of Despond, the Castle of *Giant Despair,* and the terrors of the Valley of the Shadow of Death. One of the most famous passages is that which is given here. Finding the road difficult, *Christian* and his comrade, *Hopeful,* at the former's suggestion, turn off into a by-path which looks easier; but they lose their way, are overtaken by darkness, and fall asleep in unknown ground.

NOW there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair; and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore, he getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant:

"You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me."

So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant therefore drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men.

Here then they lay from Wednesday morning to Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did. They were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now in this place Christian had double sorrow, because 'twas through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence. So, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further with them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counseled him, that when he arose in the morning he should beat them without mercy.

So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste; then he falls upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress; so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations.

The next night she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them that since they were never likely to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go.

With that he looked ugly upon them, and, rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits—for he sometimes, in sunshiny weather, fell into fits—and lost for a time the use of his

hands; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do.

Then did the prisoners consult between themselves, whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse.

"Brother," said Christian, "what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether is best, to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life; and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the giant?"

HOPEFUL—"Indeed, our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus forever to abide. But let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, 'Thou shalt do no murder;' no, not to another man's person; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the Hell whither for certain the murderers go? For 'no murderer hath eternal life.' And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or but he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while; the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers."

With these words, Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together, in the dark, that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, toward evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive. And truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them that, seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply, as followeth:

"My brother," said he, "rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee; nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement hast thou already gone through! And art thou now nothing but fears? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant hath wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death. Wherefore let us, at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in, bear up with patience as well as we can."

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied:

"They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves."

Then said she: "Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched; and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou

wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them."

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him.

"These," said he, "were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and when I thought fit I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again!"

And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay therefore all day on Saturday, in lamentable case, as before. Now when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and withal the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor his counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied:

"I fear," said she, "that they live in hopes that some one will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape."

"And sayest thou so, my dear?" said the giant. "I will therefore search them in the morning."

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half-amazed, brake out into this passionate speech:

"What a fool," quoth he, "am I, to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle."

Then said Hopeful: "That's good news; good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try."

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try it at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door, that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went desperately hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who, hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them.

Then they went on, and came to the king's highway again, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

THE MYSTERY OF DEATH.

By LUIS DE GRANADA (1504—1588).

OH, Death, how bitter is the thought of thee! How speedy thy approach! How stealthy thy steps! How uncertain thy hour! How universal thy sway! The powerful cannot escape thee; the wise know not how to avoid thee; the strong have no strength to oppose thee; the rich cannot bribe thee with their treasure. Thou art a hammer that always strikes—a sword that is never dull—a net into which all fall—a prison into which all must enter—a sea on which all must venture—a penalty which all must suffer—a tribute which all must pay. Oh, Death, Death! Implacable enemy to the human race! Why didst thou enter into the world?

Solitude.

BY HENRY D. THOREAU.

AT the present time, when so many are teaching the doctrine of the "simple life" and of a "return to nature," it is interesting to recall the life and work of one who practised what others are now preaching. Henry D. Thoreau (1817—1862) was a native of Concord and an intimate friend of Emerson. He was of French extraction on his father's side, and of Scottish on his mother's side. He graduated from Harvard, and for a while taught school; but his temperament and tastes made him averse to any settled occupation. He detested cities and shunned large gatherings of his fellow men; although to individuals he was friendly and cordial. It was gradually impressed upon him that our modern way of living is unnatural, and that a man should not be a working animal, but should rather lead a life of contemplation, getting close to the heart of nature, and concerning himself as little as possible about material things.

Following out this idea, Thoreau built himself a hut on the edge of Walden Pond, near Concord, Massachusetts; and there for several years he lived a life of extreme simplicity. He worked at times, mending fences, gardening, making lead pencils—his father's trade—and in fact, doing anything that was given him to do, but only so far as was necessary to supply himself with food and clothes and books. He spent many hours paddling on the Concord River; and again he would take long tramps on foot, delighting to live in the woods and to observe the phenomena of nature, for he was a keen naturalist, knowing trees and plants and animals as most of us know men and women.

He embodied the record of this isolated life in several books, and especially in the volume called "Walden" (1854), which has been greatly admired, alike for its self-revelations, its comments upon woodland things, and its lucid, unaffected literary style. In his later years he gave up his hut and lived with his sister in the town of Concord, always preserving the same ideals and caring little for what most men value highly. The passage selected for reproduction here forms the conclusion of "Walden."

THIS is a delicious evening, when the whole body is one sense, and imbibes delight through every pore. I go and come with a strange liberty in Nature, a part of herself. As I walk along the stony shore of the pond in my shirt-sleeves, though it is cool as well as cloudy and windy, and I see nothing special to attract me, all the elements are unusually congenial to me. The bullfrogs trump to usher in the night, and the note of the whirpoorwill is borne on the rippling wind from over the water. Sympathy with the fluttering alder and poplar leaves almost takes away my breath; yet, like the lake, my serenity is rippled but not ruffled. These small waves raised by the evening wind are as remote from storm as the smooth reflecting surface.

Though it is now dark, the wind still blows and roars in the wood, the waves still dash, and some creatures lull the rest with their notes. The repose is never complete. The wildest animals do not repose, but seek their prey now; the fox, and skunk, and rabbit now roam the fields and woods without fear. They are Nature's watchmen—links which connect the days of animated life.

When I return to my house I find that visitors have been there and left their cards, either a bunch of flowers, or a wreath of evergreen, or a name in pencil on a yellow walnut leaf or a chip. They who come rarely to the woods take some little piece of the forest into their hands to play with by the way, which they leave, either intentionally or accidentally. One has peeled a willow wand, woven it into a ring, and dropped it on my table. I could always tell if visitors had called in my absence, either by the bended twigs or grass, or the print of their shoes, and generally of what sex or age or quality they were by some slight trace left, as a flower dropped, or a bunch of grass plucked and thrown away, even as far off as the railroad, half a mile distant, or by the lingering odor of a cigar or pipe. Nay, I was frequently notified of the passage of a traveler along the highway sixty rods off by the scent of his pipe.

There is commonly sufficient space about us. Our horizon is never quite at our elbows. The thick wood is not just at our door, nor the pond, but somewhat is always clearing, familiar and worn by us, appropriated and fenced in some way, and reclaimed from nature. For what reason have I this vast range and circuit, some square miles of unfrequented forest, for my privacy, abandoned to me by men? My nearest neighbor is a mile distant, and no house is visible from any place but the hilltops within half a mile of my own. I have my horizon bounded by woods all to myself; a distant view of the railroad where it touches the pond on the one hand, and of the fence which skirts the woodland road on the other. But for the most part it is as solitary where I live as on the prairies. It is as much Asia or Africa as New England. I have, as it were, my own sun and moon and stars, and a little world all to myself.

At night there was never a traveler passed my house, or knocked at my door, more than if I were the first or last man; unless it were in the spring, when at long intervals some came from the village to fish for pouts—they plainly fished much more in the Walden Pond of their own natures, and baited their hooks with darkness—but they soon retreated, usually with light baskets, and left "the world to darkness and to me," and the black kernel of the night was never profaned by any human neighborhood. I believe that men are generally still a little afraid of the dark, though the witches are all hung, and Christianity and candles have been introduced.

Yet I experienced sometimes that the most sweet and tender, the most innocent and encouraging society may be found in any natural object, even for the poor misanthrope and most melancholy man. There can be no very black melancholy to him who lives in the midst of nature and has his senses still. There was never yet such a storm but it was eolian music to a healthy and innocent ear. Nothing can rightly compel a simple and brave man to a vulgar sadness. While I enjoy the friendship of the seasons I trust that nothing can make life a burden to me. The gentle rain which waters my beans and keeps me in the house to-day is not drear and melancholy, but good for me, too. Though it prevents my hoeing them, it is of far more worth than my hoeing. If it should continue so long as to cause the seeds to rot in the ground and destroy the potatoes in the lowlands, it would still be good for the grass on the uplands, and, being good for the grass, it would be good for me.

Sometimes, when I compare myself with other men, it seems as if I were more favored by the gods than they, beyond any deserts that I am conscious of; as if I had a warrant and surety at their hands which my fellows have not, and were especially guided and guarded. I do not flatter myself, but if it be possible they flatter me. I have never felt lonesome, or in the least oppressed by a sense of solitude, but once, and that was a few weeks after I came to the woods, when, for an hour, I doubted if the near neighborhood of man was not essential to a serene and healthy life. To be alone was something unpleasant. But I was at the same time conscious of a slight insanity in my mood, and seemed to foresee my recovery.

In the midst of a gentle rain, while these thoughts prevailed, I was suddenly sensible of such sweet and beneficent so-

ciety in nature, in the very pattering of the drops, and in every sound and sight around my house, an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me, as made the fancied advantages of human neighborhood insignificant, and I have never thought of them since. Every little pine-needle expanded and swelled with sympathy and befriended me. I was so distinctly made aware of the presence of something kindred to me, even in scenes which we are accustomed to call wild and dreary, and also that the nearest of blood to me and humanest was not a person nor a villager, that I thought no place could ever be strange to me again.

Mourning untimely consumes the sad;
Few are their days in the land of the living,
Beautiful daughters of Toscar.

Some of my pleasantest hours were during the long rainstorms in the spring or fall, which confined me to the house for the afternoon as well as the forenoon, soothed by their ceaseless roar and pelting; when an early twilight ushered in a long evening, in which many thoughts had time to take root and unfold themselves. In those driving northeast rains which tried the village houses so, when the maids stood ready with mop and pail in front entries to keep the deluge out, I sat behind my door in my little house, which was all entry, and thoroughly enjoyed its protection.

In one heavy thunder-shower the lightning struck a large pitch-pine across the pond, making a very conspicuous and perfectly regular spiral groove from top to bottom, an inch or more deep and four or five inches wide, as you would groove a walking-stick. I passed it again the other day, and was struck with awe on looking up and beholding that mark, now more distinct than ever, where a terrific and resistless bolt came down out of the harmless sky eight years ago.

Men frequently say to me, "I should think you would feel lonesome down there and want to be nearer to folks—rainy and snowy days and nights especially." I am tempted to reply to such—This whole earth which we inhabit is but a point in space. How far apart, think you, dwell the two most distant inhabitants of yonder star, the breadth of whose disk cannot be appreciated by our instruments? Why should I feel lonely? Is not our planet in the Milky Way? This which you put seems to me not to be the most important question. What sort of space is that which separates a man from his fellows and makes him solitary? I have found that no exertion of the legs can bring two minds much nearer to one another. What do we want most to dwell near to? Not to many men, surely—the depot, the post-office, the bar-room, the meeting-house, the schoolhouse, the grocery, Beacon Hill, or the Five Points, where men most congregate—but to the perennial source of our life, whence in all our experience we have found that to issue, as the willow stands near the water and sends out its roots in that direction. This will vary with different natures, but this is the place where a wise man will dig his cellar.

I one evening overtook one of my townsmen, who has accumulated what is called "a handsome property"—though I never got a fair view of it—on the Walden road, driving a pair of cattle to market, who inquired of me how I could bring my mind to give up so many of the comforts of life. I answered that I was very sure I liked it passably well; I was not joking. And so I went home to my bed, and left him to pick his way through the darkness and the mud to Brighton—or Bright-town—which place he would reach some time in the morning.

A CROWD IS NOT COMPANY.

BUT little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth. For a crowd is not company; and faces are but a gallery of pictures; and talk but a tinkling cymbal, where there is no love.—*Bacon's Essay on Friendship.*

BEN BOLT.

THIS widely known ballad first appeared in 1843 in the New York *Mirror*, then edited by Nathaniel P. Willis. As a poem it is extremely crude, and was so regarded by its author. The plaintive and melodious air, however, written for it by Nelson Kneass, gave to the words a setting that accounts for the enduring favor which the simple ballad has enjoyed both in England and in the United States.

Readers of Du Maurier's famous novel "Trilby" will remember the effective way in which the song is introduced in that story. When the vogue of "Trilby" revived an interest in "Ben Bolt," most Englishmen supposed the ballad to have been of British origin, and such was the belief of Du Maurier himself.

Thomas Dunn English was a native of Philadelphia, where he was born on June 29, 1819. He practised medicine for a while, and then studied law, which introduced him to politics. He was a member of the New Jersey Legislature during the Civil War, and subsequently served two terms in the National House of Representatives. Throughout his life he was active as a writer and editor, in addition to his other occupations; but this slight ballad, "Ben Bolt," is the one production of his that seems likely to be long remembered. He died in 1902.

BY THOMAS DUNN ENGLISH.

DON'T you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt—
Sweet Alice whose hair was so brown,
Who wept with delight when you gave her a smile,
And trembled with fear at your frown?
In the old churchyard in the valley, Ben Bolt,
In a corner obscure and alone,
They have fitted a slab of the granite so gray,
And Alice lies under the stone.

Under the hickory-tree, Ben Bolt,
Which stood at the foot of the hill,
Together we've lain in the noonday shade,
And listened to Appleton's mill.

The mill-wheel has fallen to pieces, Ben Bolt,
The rafters have tumbled in,
And a quiet which crawls round the walls as you gaze
Has followed the olden din.

Do you mind of the cabin of logs, Ben Bolt,
At the edge of the pathless wood,
And the buttonball-tree with its motley limbs,
Which nigh by the doorstep stood?
The cabin to ruin has gone, Ben Bolt,
The tree you would seek for in vain;
And where once the lords of the forest waved
Are grass and the golden grain.

And don't you remember the school, Ben Bolt,
With the master so cruel and grim,
And the shaded nook in the running brook
Where the children went to swim?
Grass grows on the master's grave, Ben Bolt,
The spring of the brook is dry,
And of all the boys who were schoolmates then
There are only you and I.

There is change in the things I loved, Ben Bolt,
They have changed from the old to the new;
But I feel in the deeps of my spirit the truth,
There never was change in you.
Twelvemonths twenty have passed, Ben Bolt,
Since first we were friends—yet I hail
Your presence a blessing, your friendship a truth,
Ben Bolt of the salt sea gale!

The Tournament at Smithfield.

BY EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON.

AMONG the historical novels written by Bulwer-Lytton, "The Last of the Barons," written in 1843, possesses the most enduring merit. Its central theme has to do with the conflict between the Earl of Warwick, known in history as the King-Maker, and the Plantagenet monarch, Edward IV. Warwick was the last of the great feudal lords who had overawed both parliament and king. Edward IV, though not a commanding historical figure, did, nevertheless, lay the foundations of the absolute monarchy which was to flourish in England under the Tudors. Edward is, indeed, the harbinger of a new régime, and in many respects his character and tastes were modern. Thus, instead of despising trade, he fostered it, and he turned away from the traditions of the old nobility to the aspirations of the people at large. He married one of his own subjects, Elizabeth Woodville, the widow of a country knight, and made her Queen of England. His popularity in the city of London was boundless. At the same time he was a lover of luxury, fond of sumptuous entertainments and of splendid pageantry, amid which he was himself a gallant and martial figure.

The episode related here concerns a tournament given by King Edward in honor of the Count de la Roche, half-brother to the Duke of Burgundy, who had come to England with a glittering retinue of Burgundian nobles. It was the last of the great tournaments given on English soil; for already the use of gunpowder had become known, and soon the advent of musketoons and rude artillery was to make the knight in armor useless on the battle-field. The spirit of the time has been well caught by Bulwer-Lytton in his description of the passage at arms between the Burgundian and Sir Anthony Woodville, the queen's brother. It should be contrasted and compared with that which Scott conveys to the reader in the account of the tournament at Ashby-de-la-Zouche three centuries earlier, given in "Ivanhoe," and reprinted in the April number of THE SCRAP BOOK. It may be noted that the author purposely uses a number of archaic terms, the less familiar of which are followed in this reprint by explanatory words.

AND now the day came for the memorable joust between the queen's brother and the Count de la Roche. By a chapter solemnly convoked at St. Paul's, the preliminaries were settled; upon the very timber used in decking the lists, King Edward expended half the yearly revenue derived from all the forests of his duchy of York. In the wide space of Smithfield crowded London's holiday population; and yet, though all the form and parade of chivalry were there—though, in the open balconies, never presided a braver king or a comelier queen—though never a more accomplished chevalier than Sir Anthony, Lord of Scales, nor a more redoubted knight than the brother of Charles the Bold, met lance to lance—it was obvious to the elder and more observant spectators that the true spirit of the lists was already fast wearing out from the influences of the age; that the *gentleman* was succeeding to the *knight,* that a more silken and scheming race had become the heirs of the iron men who, under Edward III, had realized the fabled Paladins of Charlemagne and Arthur.

But the actors were less changed than the spectators—the well-born than the people. Instead of that hearty sympathy in the contest, that awful respect for the

champions, that eager anxiety for the honor of the national lance, which, a century or more ago, would have moved the throng as one breast, the comments of the bystanders evinced rather the cynicism of ridicule, the feeling that the contest was unreal, and that chivalry was out of place in the practical temper of the times. On the great chess-board, the pawns were now so marshaled that the knights' moves were no longer able to scour the board and hold in check both castle and king.

"Gramercy," said Master Stokton, who sat in high state as sheriff, "this is a sad waste of moneys; and where, after all, is the glory in two tall fellows, walled a yard thick in armor, poking at each other with poles of painted wood?"

"Give me a good bull-bait!" said a sturdy butcher, in the crowd below. "That's more English, I take it, than these fooleries."

Among the ring, the bold 'prentices of London, up and away betimes, had pushed their path into a foremost place, much to the discontent of the gentry, and with their flat caps, long hair, thick bludgeons, loud exclamations, and turbulent demeanor, greatly scandalized the formal heralds. That, too, was a sign of the times. Nor less did it show the growth of commerce that on the seats very little below the regal balconies, and far more conspicuous than the places of earls and barons, sat in state the mayor (that mayor a grocer!) and aldermen of the city.

A murmur, rising gradually into a general shout, evinced the admiration into which the spectators were surprised when Anthony Woodville, Lord Scales—his head bare—appeared at the entrance of the lists—so bold and so fair his countenance, so radiant his armor, and so richly caparisoned his gray steed, in the gorgeous housings that almost swept the ground; and around him grouped such an attendance of knights and peers as seldom graced the train of any subject, with the Duke of Clarence at his right hand, bearing his bassinet (helmet).

But Anthony's pages, supporting his banner, shared at least the popular admiration with their gallant lord. They were, according to the old custom, which probably fell into disuse under the Tudors, disguised in imitation of the heraldic beasts that typified his armorial cognizance; and horrible and laidly (hideous) looked they in the guise of griffins, with artful scales of thin steel painted green, red forked tongues, and gripping the banner in one huge claw, while, much to the marvel of the bystanders, they contrived to walk very statelily on the other.

"Oh, the brave monsters!" exclaimed the butcher. "Cogs bones, this beats all the rest!"

But when the trumpets of the heralds had ceased, when the words *"Laisses aller!"* were pronounced, when the lances were set and the charge began, this momentary admiration was converted into a cry of derision by the sudden restiveness of the Burgundian's horse. This animal, of the pure race of Flanders, of a bulk approaching to clumsiness, of a rich bay—where, indeed, amid the barding (armor) and the housings (ornamental trappings) its color could be discerned—had borne the valiant Bastard through many a sanguine field, and in the last had received a wound which had greatly impaired its sight. And now, whether scared by the shouting, or terrified by its obscure vision and the recollection of its wound when last bestrode by its lord, it halted midway, reared on end, and, fairly turning round, despite spur and bit, carried back the Bastard, swearing strange oaths that grumbled hoarsely through his vizor, to the very place whence he had started.

The uncourteous mob yelled and shouted and laughed, and wholly disregarding the lifted wands and drowning the solemn rebukes of the heralds, they heaped upon the furious Burgundian all the expressions of ridicule in which the wit of Cockaigne (London) is so immemorially rich. But the courteous Anthony of England, seeing the strange and involuntary flight of his redoubted foe, incontinently reined in, lowered his lance, and made his horse, without turning round, back to the end of the lists in a series of graceful gambadas and caracoles (springs and turns).

Again the signal was given, and this time the gallant bay did not fail his rider; ashamed, doubtless, of its late misdemeanor, arching its head till it almost touched the breast, laying its ears level

on the neck, and with a snort of anger and disdain, the steed of Flanders rushed to the encounter. The Bastard's lance shivered fairly against the small shield of the Englishman, but the Woodville's weapon, more deftly aimed, struck full on the count's bassinet, and at the same time the pike projecting from the gray charger's chaffron (head armor) pierced the nostrils of the unhappy bay, whom age and shame had blinded more than ever.

The noble animal, stung by the unexpected pain, and bitted sharply by the rider, whose seat was sorely shaken by the stroke on his helmet, reared again, stood an instant perfectly erect, and then fell backward, rolling over and over the illustrious burden it had borne. Then the debonair Sir Anthony of England, easting down his lance, drew his sword, and dexterously caused his destrier (war-horse) to curvet in a close circle round the fallen Bastard, courteously shaking at him the brandished weapon, but without attempt to strike.

"Ho, marshal!" cried King Edward. "Assist to his legs the brave count."

The marshal hastened to obey.

"*Ventrebleu!*" quoth the Bastard, when extricated from the weight of his steed, "I cannot hold by the clouds, but though my horse failed me, surely I will not fail my companions!"

And as he spoke, he placed himself in so gallant and superb a posture, that he silenced the inhospitable yell which had rejoiced in the foreigner's discomfiture. Then, observing that the gentle Anthony had dismounted, and was leaning gracefully against his destrier, the Burgundian called forth:

"Sir knight, thou hast conquered the steed, not the rider. We are now foot to foot. The pole-ax, or the sword—which? Speak!"

"I pray thee, noble *sieur*," quoth the Woodville mildly, "to let the strife close for this day, and when rest hath—"

"Talk of rest to striplings—I demand my rights!"

"Heaven forefend," said Anthony Woodville, lifting his hand on high, "that I, favored so highly by the fair dames of England, should demand repose on their behalf. But bear witness," he said—with the generosity of the last true chevalier of his age, and lifting his vizor, so as to be heard by the king, and even through the foremost ranks of the crowd—"bear witness, that in this encounter my cause hath befriended me, not mine arm. The Count de la Roche speaketh truly; and his steed alone be blamed for his mischance."

"It is but a blind beast!" muttered the Burgundian.

"And," added Anthony, bowing toward the tiers rich with the beauty of the court, "the count himself assureth me that the blaze of yonder eyes blinded his goodly steed."

Having delivered himself of this gallant conceit, so much in accordance with the taste of the day, the Englishman, approaching the king's balcony, craved permission to finish the encounter with the ax or brand (sword).

"The former, rather, please you, my liege; for the warriors of Burgundy have ever been deemed unconquered in that martial weapon."

Edward, whose brave blood was up and warm at the clash of steel, bowed his gracious assent, and two pole-axes were brought into the ring.

The crowd now evinced a more earnest and respectful attention than they had hitherto shown, for the pole-ax, in such stalwart hands, was no child's toy.

"Hum," quoth Master Stokton, "there may be some merriment now—not like those silly poles. Your ax lops off a limb mighty cleanly."

The knights themselves seemed aware of the greater gravity of the present encounter. Each looked well to the bracing of his vizor; and poising their weapons with method and care, they stood apart some moments, eying each other steadfastly—as adroit fencers with the small-sword do in our schools at this day.

At length the Burgundian, darting forward, launched a mighty stroke at the Lord Scales, which, though rapidly parried, broke down the guard, and descended with such weight on the shoulder that but for the thrice-proven steel of Milan the benevolent expectation of Master Stokton had been happily fulfilled. Even as it was, the Lord Scales uttered a slight cry—which might be either of anger or of pain—and, lifting his ax with both hands, leveled a blow on the Bur-

gundian's helmet that well-nigh brought him to his knee.

And now, for the space of some ten minutes, the crowd, with charmed suspense, beheld the almost breathless rapidity with which stroke on stroke was given and parried; the ax shifted to and fro—wielded now with both hands—now the left, now the right—and the combat reeling, as it were, to and fro—so that one moment it raged at one extreme of the lists, the next at the other; and so well inured, from their very infancy, to the weight of mail were these redoubted champions, that the very wrestlers on the village green, nay, the naked gladiators of old, might have envied their lithe agility and supple quickness.

At last, by a most dexterous stroke, Anthony Woodville forced the point of his ax into the vizor of the Burgundian, and there so firmly did it stick, that he was enabled to pull his antagonist to and fro at his will, while the Bastard, rendered as blind as his horse by the stoppage of the eye-hole, dealt his own blows about at random, and was placed completely at the mercy of the Englishman. And gracious though the gentle Sir Anthony was, he was still so smarting under many a bruise felt through his dinted mail that small mercy, perchance, would the Bastard have found—for the gripe of the Woodville's left hand was on his foe's throat, and the right seemed about to force the point deliberately forward into the brain—when Edward, roused from his delight at that pleasing spectacle by a loud shriek from his sister Margaret, echoed by the Duchess of Bedford, who was by no means anxious that her son's ax should be laid at the root of all her schemes, rose, and crying "Hold!" with that loud voice which had so often thrilled a mightier field, cast down his warderer (staff).

Instantly the lists opened—the marshals advanced—severed the champions—and unbraced the count's helmet. But the Bastard's martial spirit, exceedingly dissatisfied at the unfriendly interruption, rewarded the attention of the marshals by an oath worthy his relationship to Charles the Bold; and hurrying straight to the king, his face flushed with wrath and his eyes sparkling with fire—

"Noble sire and king," he cried, "do me not this wrong! I am not overthrown, nor scathed, nor subdued—I yield not. By every knightly law, till one champion yields, he can call upon the other to lay on and do his worst."

Edward paused, much perplexed and surprised at finding his intercession so displeasing. He glanced at the Lord Rivers, who sat a little below him, and whose cheek grew pale at the prospect of his son's renewed encounter with one so determined—then at the immovable aspect of the gentle and apathetic Elizabeth—then at the agitated countenance of the duchess—then at the imploring eyes of Margaret, who, with an effort, preserved herself from swooning; and, finally, beckoning to him the Duke of Clarence, as high constable, and the Duke of Norfolk, as earl marshal, he said:

"Tarry a moment, sir count, till we take counsel in this grave affair."

"The count bowed sullenly—the spectators maintained an anxious silence—the curtain before the king's gallery was closed while the council conferred. At the end of some three minutes, however, the drapery was drawn aside by the Duke of Norfolk; and Edward, fixing his bright blue eye upon the fiery Burgundian, said gravely:

"Count de la Roche, your demand is just. According to the laws of the list, you may fairly claim that the encounter go on."

"Oh, knightly prince, well said. My thanks. We lose time—squires, my bassinet!"

"Yes," renewed Edward, "bring hither the count's bassinet. By the laws, the combat may go on at thine asking—I retract my warderer. But, Count de la Roche, by those laws you appeal to, the said combat must go on precisely at the point at which it was broken off. Wherefore brace on thy bassinet, Count de la Roche—and thou, Anthony Lord Scales, fix the pike of thine ax, which I now perceive was inserted exactly where the right eye giveth easy access to the brain, precisely in the same place. So renew the contest, and the Lord have mercy on thy soul, Count de la Roche!"

At this startling sentence, wholly unexpected, and yet wholly according to those laws of which Edward was so learned a judge, the Bastard's visage fell.

With open mouth and astounded eyes, he stood gazing at the king, who, majestically reseating himself, motioned to the heralds.

"Is that the law, sire?" at length faltered forth the Bastard.

"Can you dispute it? Can any knight or gentleman gainsay it?"

"Then," quoth the Bastard gruffly and throwing his ax to the ground, "by all the saints in the calendar, I have had enough. I came hither to dare all that beseems a chevalier, but to stand still while Sir Anthony Woodville deliberately pokes out my right eye were a feat to show that very few brains would follow. And so, my Lord Scales, I give thee my right hand, and wish thee joy of thy triumph and the golden collar."

"No triumph," replied the Woodville modestly, "for thou art only, as brave knights should be, subdued by the charms of the ladies, which no breast, however valiant, can with impunity dispute."

So saying, the Lord Scales led the count to a seat of honor.

HEAD-HUNTERS—HOW THEY HUNT HEADS.

They Ambush Men, Women, and Children, and Carry Home Their Heads as Trophies to Appease Their Gods and Adorn Their Gates.

TO a certain extent—just to what extent, we leave Congress and the courts to decide—the Filipino head-hunter is now an American. He is probably the most peculiar, and certainly the most ferocious, of those who can claim that title.

Numerically, the head-hunting Calinga forms one of the least important of the insular tribes, for he lives only in the wild mountain region of northern Luzon, and in a way that cannot support great numbers. And, indeed, his small numbers are pretty nearly the only good thing about him.

Dr. Thomas E. Moss, a surgeon in the Philippine constabulary, had opportunities, while in the service, to visit these people and observe their ways. Their strange practise of head-hunting he has described in a recent interesting article in the *Journal of Clinical Medicine:*

The Calingas, he says, are not thick-lipped, nor have they any other of the characteristics of the negro; they have thin lips, regular features, and small hands and feet. They make their homes in the most inaccessible mountains, often many miles from their fields. From much climbing they get strong, wiry limbs.

They are all a murderous lot. There are no good Calingas but dead ones. Head-hunting is their religion and they are all good church members. Every year, just as soon as crops are planted, they start out after heads. They say if they do not get some heads at this time the crops will fail and they will all starve. Don't think, however, that they do not hunt heads between times as well. This crop-planting time is just a sort of revival.

When a head-hunting expedition is planned, about six of the best men start out at night, armed with spears, shields, and head-axes. They decide on a certain *rancheria* (village), probably twenty or thirty miles away. They travel entirely at night and do not take the trail, but hike through the mountains. They try to reach the *rancheria* just at dawn.

When the people come out of the houses the hunters rush in, kill all they can, cut off a head apiece, and are gone before the *rancheria* has time fully to realize what is being done. They either do this, or in the dead of night throw a burning brand on to the roof of a house, and kill the inmates as they rush out. The Calinga spares neither woman nor child, but kills everything in sight.

When the expedition is successful, the head-hunters return. If there has been but one head taken, it is cut up equally and divided among the members of the party. When they reach their own *rancheria* they have a big feast and dance. They place the heads among others previously collected, at the gates of their dwellings, in baskets.

Sometimes the Calingas hunt in pairs; they then generally lie concealed by the side of the trail, having first placed little sharp spines of wood in the path, so that any one passing will wound his foot. While he is occupied in pulling out the sliver, the concealed Calinga spears him, cuts off his head, sticks his head-ax into it, and goes home.

Sidelights from Stageland.

By MATTHEW WHITE, Jr.

Collected and written for The Scrap Book.

WHY STAGE AFFAIRS FILL THE NEWSPAPERS.

A Reporter Declares That the Department Stores Deserve More Space Than the Theaters, and Get Practically None.

"DID you ever stop to consider what an enormous amount of space is devoted in the newspapers to matter about the stage?"

On my assenting to the statement, as must any one who lives in a big city, the speaker—a newspaper man himself—went on:

"On the face of it, if self-interest was the greatest concern of the editors, you would suppose that the big dry-goods stores would receive the most attention. Their advertising is worth ten times that of the theaters, and it continues all the year round. No wonder the railroads are said to have abandoned the practise of paying for publicity in the newspapers. Whenever they get any free mention it is generally by way of recording some awful accident. But the theaters! Good heavens, a leading man has only to slip on a banana-peel to get at least a quarter of a column printed about him the next morning. On the other hand, the big stores are very seldom mentioned, though the newspapers almost live on their advertising bills."

"Very good," I made answer. "If the stores did not get the worth of their money they would not advertise. Besides, if a newspaper ever criticized Wanamaker's or McCreery's latest importations as they sometimes criticize a new play, how long do you think the regular advertisement would be permitted to stand in that paper? No, my dear sir, if the theaters receive what you may consider an excessive amount of space, it is only because the general public loves to read about them. The papers, you see, have a chance to get even by allowing their reviewers to say just what they think about new productions. As for the dry-goods stores, go to any editor with a bit of inside information about one of them, such an item as they would be eager to get hold of were it theatrical, and you will discover that not a paper will print it, for fear of some darky in the woodpile that may offend a concern that controls so much advertising."

CLYDE FITCH OBLIGES WITH A FULL HOUSE.

A Rehearsal Episode in Connection with "The Coronet of a Duchess" and Mrs. Bloodgood's Leading Man.

THEY were rehearsing "The Coronet of a Duchess" at the Garrick Theater, in New York, with Clyde Fitch, the author of the play, in full charge. Mrs. Bloodgood, it will be remembered, was the star; Ernest Lawford, her leading man, was the duke. Since then, by the way, Mr. Lawford, for the past two seasons, has had a steady job with Maude Adams, doubling the parts of the father and the pirate king in "Peter Pan." At the moment Mr. Fitch was trying to induce Mr. Lawford to play a certain scene in a particular manner and having some trouble over it.

"Yes, I understand, Mr. Fitch," said Lawford finally. "I can do it that way when the house is full. It will be all right then; but I can't play up with an

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

empty auditorium staring me in the face."

Fitch said nothing, and presently disappeared. The rehearsal went on, but a little later some one happened to glance out front, and there, in about the sixth row, sat Mr. Fitch, and propped up on the chair beside him the sign all managers love to use "House Full."

The company caught the joke, and there was no more rehearsing that morning. The incident must have impressed itself seriously on Lawford's mind, however, for although the play was a failure, he made a distinct hit in it.

A NARROW ESCAPE FOR A POPULAR PLAY.

Channing Pollock Tells of the Close Margin by Which "The Road to Yesterday" Escaped Rejection.

"HOW do you like 'The Road to Yesterday'?" I said to Channing Pollock not long since.

"I bought it," was the succinct reply of the former press-agent for the Shuberts. "It was a skin of the teeth affair at that," he added.

As the piece ran for more than four months in New York last winter, I was interested in learning the particulars, which Mr. Pollock kindly proceeded to give me.

"Mrs. De Mille, the agent, sent it over to Mr. Lee Shubert one morning with a request that he would give her a report on it by the next day, if possible. Mr. Shubert was very busy at the time, and came to me with the manuscript.

"'Mr. Pollock,' he said, 'here is a play Mrs. De Mille wants to hear from at once. Can you find time to take a look at it?'

"All I could do was to offer to take it home with me, which I did, and stayed up far into the night to finish the reading. It was called 'A Midsummer's Eve' then, and the next morning I handed it to Mr. Shubert with the report that I thought it very interesting and worthy of production.

"'All right, thank you,' he said. 'I'll read it.'

"An hour or so later he sent for me. I found a messenger-boy standing in his office.

"'Pollock,' said Mr. Shubert, 'here is a boy from Mrs. De Mille. He has come for a report on that play. I haven't had time to read it yet. What was it you said about it?'

"'I said I liked it.'

"'Oh, yes, but of course, if she can't wait till I can look into the thing myself, we may as well send it back. Here, boy;' and he picked up the package from his desk.

"The boy took it and started for the door. He had his hand on the knob, when Mr. Shubert called out: 'Wait a minute, boy.' Then, turning to me, he added: 'You think it a good play, Pollock?'

"'I certainly do,' was my answer.

"'Very well, then, boy. Bring that bundle back. You needn't take it, after all.'

"And that is how 'A Midsummer's Eve' came to be 'The Road to Yesterday.'"

A MANAGER'S MEMORY OF AUGUSTIN DALY.

Harry Leonhardt, Once on Mr. Daly's Stage Staff, Talks of New York's Most Famous Manager.

THE end of April marked the expiration of the Augustin Daly estate's lease on the theater which has borne this distinguished name since the autumn of 1879. The lease is taken up by the Shuberts, and the house passes under the direction of Henry Miller, a manager in every way worthy to carry out the Daly traditions. Not one stick of furniture or shred of trappings

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

is to be left behind; the Shuberts come into possession only of the bare walls of the building, with no more to recall its history during the past twenty-eight years than if Wood's Museum (the former name of the place) had continued its occupancy ever since.

Apropos of this transfer, I was chatting with a man who for eight years was in close association with Mr. Daly. This is Harry Leonhardt, now manager for Keith & Proctor's Twenty-Third Street Theater.

"Mr. Daly felt it keenly," said Mr. Leonhardt, "when he found that his patrons preferred he should give them musical comedy rather than Shakespeare. The success of 'The Geisha' proved this beyond doubt, but it was a blow to his artistic sense of the fitness of things from which I think he never wholly recovered. For one thing, though, he always had to be grateful—throughout all his changes in policy he contrived to have about him people who could appreciate his point of view and help him make Daly's Theater so different from all others that as soon as one entered the stage-door one realized that here was an atmosphere of quiet devotion to the work in hand for the work's sake, rather than for profit.

"His memory was something remarkable. Did he want a particular drop, he could tell you instantly in which scene dock it was to be found. Nor was he to be swerved from his principles, no matter how pressing the need of the hour. Never a stroke of work was allowed to be done in his theater on Sunday. If midnight on Saturday came around when you were hurrying to complete a job, you must leave it then and there. You could come back to finish it on Sunday at midnight if you chose, but during the twenty-four hours of the day of rest no one, except Mr. Daly and the watchman, was allowed inside the place.

"At rehearsals he was soft-spoken always, unless some one offended through sheer stupidity. Then his tones were raised to a pitch that the victim was not likely soon to forget.

"For conceit and arrogance he had no mercy. I remember that once, in Philadelphia, Dorothy Morton, singing one of the principal parts in 'The Geisha,' fell ill. Her understudy took her place, and received so much applause that she swelled up like a peacock. Mr. Daly never gave her another opportunity."

A PLAY THAT KEEPS PEOPLE GUESSING.

A Discussion of "The Silver Box" Which Reveals Unsuspected Merits in a Maligned Production.

THEY were talking of Ethel Barrymore's startling departure in making a charwoman of herself in "The Silver Box."

"In spite of the fact that the critics have been pretty nearly unanimous in roasting the piece," observed my friend Last-Nighter, "I claim that it is one of the most artistic plays presented in New York this season."

"You are forgetting Belasco," chimed in a member of the group.

"Why shouldn't I?" was the answer. "Mr. Belasco has no monopoly on the whole realm of dramatic art because he makes people talk about his sunsets, his sunrises, and the entire paint-box of color effects he uses to enchant the eyes. There are other senses to be gratified besides that of sight. What I call the artistic work in 'The Silver Box' lies in the fact that it seems like taking a look at an episode in real life through some peep-hole. The people in the drama are quite unconscious that we are looking at them, and consequently do not pair themselves off in a conventional dénouement at the end, just for our benefit and to round out the evening."

"Yes, the play has no real ending," remarked the Belasco adherent.

"And that's what I liked about it," exclaimed Mrs. Last-Nighter. "It isn't another of that endless procession

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

of plays that drive the people into reaching after their wraps fully five minutes before the final curtain. Why, instead of everybody coming on the stage, they all go off, leaving Miss Barrymore standing there, forlorn and despairing. You think, of course, that something is going to turn up to help her out, but instead down plumps the curtain."

"Very unsatisfactory indeed," declared the Belascoite.

"Just as it is in real life, nevertheless," insisted Mr. Last-Nighter; and as usually happens, he had the final say on the matter.

LONG RUNS IN LONDON, PARIS, AND NEW YORK.

Berlin and Vienna the Only Cities Where One Can See a Different Play Every Day in the Year.

IN spite of the fact that New York, Paris, and London, the great capitals of stageland, have so many theaters—New York leading the list, in proportion to population—a resident of any of those cities, if he resolved to go to the theater every night, would soon be brought to a halt unless he cared to see the same show twice. In all three, the "long run" system reigns supreme. On the other hand, in Berlin and Vienna, which may be said to stand fourth and fifth as dramatic centers, the stock company and the repertory program are in the ascendant, and as a result there is an almost endless variety for the playgoer to choose from.

In Berlin, for example, during a week in the height of the season last winter, out of a list of thirteen theaters devoted to drama, only three housed runs, and one of these alternated its bill between two plays from the English—"The Hound of the Baskervilles" and "Sherlock Holmes," both by Conan Doyle. The other two shows were comedies—"You Have Nothing to Declare?" presumably a skit on custom-house methods, and the second a military piece—"The Hussar Craze."

In Vienna, during the same week, among ten theaters we find only three where the same bill was given continuously. Here, too, one of the plays enjoying a run was from the English, being none other than Oscar Wilde's "Ideal Husband." Wilde seems to have a special popularity in Vienna, for during that same week two more of his plays were being given in the city on the Danube—"A Woman of No Importance" at the Volkstheater, and "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Burgertheater.

Translations from the English, I may add, have had the call to a large extent on the German stage during the past season. Dickens's "Little Dorrit" has been given extensively both in the Fatherland and in Austria, and the repertoire of the Deutschestheater in Berlin is practically made up of Shakespeare, the record for the week already cited showing that "Romeo and Juliet" was presented on Sunday, Monday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday; "A Midsummer Night's Dream" on Tuesday, and "The Merchant of Venice" on Friday.

LUCK AND ABILITY MAKE A GOOD TEAM.

The Case of a Young Actor Who Got His Only Training by Working for Six Dollars a Week.

AS it is only fair to show both sides of a medal, I want to tell those aspiring Thespians who have no money to spend on schools of acting that I know of a graduate who secured a position last year with a regular company, rehearsed twice, and was then informed that he was hopeless. He is now in the bookkeeping department of his father's business house.

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

On the other hand, I know a young man in Baltimore who acted two or three times in amateur theatricals, and decided that he would rather make a career of the stage than devote his days to enameling-work. He came to New York a year ago last autumn, having no friends in the metropolis, but bringing a letter of introduction to a dramatic critic to whom a Baltimore acquaintance chanced to be related.

When he presented himself, the critic threw up his hands in horror. He had just gone through a siege of trying to get positions on the stage for people who wanted them, and his protégés had had a tough time of it. Even when the places were landed, the plays failed, and the task had to be begun all over again. But he took the young Baltimorean up along the line of the Broadway managers, and to an attaché of one of the offices he said:

"What in your opinion is the best opening wedge this young man can use to get into some stock company?"

"Pull," was the instantaneous answer. "Give him a letter to somebody you know."

This was done, and although there was no vacancy in the regular cast, the Baltimorean got an offer of a position as extra man, at six dollars a week. With some money from home, he was able to live on this, and went on as a soldier, part of a mob, or some other silent addition to the stage picture, as might be needed. This lasted until February, when he was promoted to a small speaking part—two of them, in fact—in "The Little Minister." His pay was increased to ten dollars, then to twelve.

In the company he met a man who got him a job for the summer in a stock company playing in Troy, and here he met somebody else, through whose good offices he landed, last September, as leading juvenile in a road company playing a former Broadway success in the dollar houses. His salary is now twenty-five dollars a week, with every prospect that the season will continue for forty weeks. Not bad for a young fellow of twenty-two, but so exceptional that the rank and file of young people eager to go upon the stage need not regard it as encouraging to their aspirations. Besides, it must not be forgotten that he chanced to have the "pull" at the outset.

WHEN CRITICS TALKED FROM THE SHOULDER.

An Example of Play-Reviewing Thirty-Four Years Ago, When Spades Were Called by Their Proper Names.

TALK about your "palmy days of the drama," when Wallack and Palmer and Daly were at the height of their fame and success in New York! From an extract I came across the other day in a weekly periodical under date June 28, 1873, it would appear those were the palmy days of the critics. Sometimes, at any rate, in that period, the professional censors spoke so freely and so clearly that their readers could tell whether the play under discussion was worth going to see or not. Nowadays it seems to be their chief object to show how much they know, or else they make such desperate efforts to be funny that all else goes by the board, and the public seldom thinks of taking their comments for more than so much smart writing.

I quote from a department headed "Art, Music, and Drama" in *Appleton's Journal,* a New York weekly which was discontinued more than twenty years ago:

Boucicault's "Mora," at Wallack's, only repeats the thousand vulgarities, inconsistencies, and absurdities that seem inevitably to fall to the lot of the New York local drama. We have the same old police-court business, and all the situations growing out of innocence accused of crime, with which everybody is so familiar, supplemented by the peculiar vulgarity that dramatists always display in the American drama.

"Mora," in story and situation, belongs

SIDELIGHTS FROM STAGELAND—CONTINUED.

to the Bowery, but the Bowery theater-goers would never submit to its inanities. The play is not worth seeing, and is only worth noticing because we have a right to expect better things at Wallack's Theater.

THE SCHOOL GRADUATE AND HIS PROSPECTS.

Speculations Suggested by Attending a Graduation Ceremony at which Francis Wilson Gave Some Good Advice.

A VISIT to the theater that I enjoy as much as any during the entire season is that March afternoon at the Empire when the students of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts receive their diplomas after a two years' course. The leading speaker of the occasion is always a player of prominence, and even were it not interesting to hear what an actor has to say when he is speaking his own words instead of those written for him by somebody else, there is a certain fascinating solemnity in looking up on the stage at the assembled graduates—this year there were thirty-two of them—and wondering how many of them may some day rise to fame, and perchance win fortune, on those very Empire boards.

Such a speculation is by no means an absurd fancy. This particular school is now twenty-three years old, and among the guests at its latest exercises were three graduates who have already taken stellar rank in the profession—Alice Fischer, Fernanda Elliscu—now leading woman at the Grand Theater, in New York, where she plays in Yiddish—and Brandon Tynan. Among the others who did not happen to be present are Margaret Anglin and Owen Fawcett.

The speaker *de résistance* this year—one time it was Richard Mansfield, who told the graduates how to use a knife and fork on the stage—was Francis Wilson. Possibly Mr. Wilson may not take it as a compliment when I say I have never seen him to so great an advantage. The advice he gave those young men and women was both practical and sensible. For instance, he told them how they should dress and deport themselves when away from the theater.

"Leave your posings along with your paint in the dressing-room," he adjured them.

And after this I shall look at Mr. Wilson's programs in full expectation of finding the author's name in bigger type than the star's; for while on the subject of vanity, he said:

"Don't accept success as too personal. *Hamlets* and *Juliets* have come and gone, but the plays go on forever."

Among other things he told his hearers to "know a great deal about their own profession and as much as they could about everything else." Which recalled to me the fact that Edmund Breese, who for the last two seasons has been the millionaire in "The Lion and the Mouse," went down to a session of the Thaw trial because, as he explained to me, he might some time be called upon to act a part calling for knowledge of court-room procedure.

A GREAT AMERICAN ACTRESS ON HER ART.

I THINK I love and reverence all arts equally, only putting my own just above the others; because in it I recognize the union and culmination of them all. To me it seems as if when God conceived the world, that was Poetry; He formed it, and that was Sculpture; He colored it, and that was Painting; He peopled it with living beings, and that was the grand, divine, eternal Drama.

—Charlotte Cushman (1816—1876).

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